

After Dark.

When Twilight gathers in her shaves,
And wheezing swallows skim the flume
The ploughman, turning homeward, leaves
His plough mid-furrow in the broom,
And through the melancholy eyes
The orange drops its milk-white bloom.

The old delights that go and come
Through sorrow, in the falling dew,
Like waves that wear a wreath of foam
The darker that the waters grow,
How round my solitary home
At evening, when the stars are few.

So, sad and sweet as bridal tears
For broken homes, to see withdraw
The child we love, have gone the years
We climbed the frosty hills, and saw
Second on all the frozen meres
The sunlight breaking through the thaw.

Like one who in the driving snow,
When all the untrodden paths are dim,
Tears far-off voices, fat and low,
Across the woodland calling him,
Hear the loved of long ago
Singing among the seraphim.

And as the soft, dissembling light
Falls, shadowing into dusky red,
Think how beautiful the night
With gathering stars is overlaid,
Like seeds of many an old delight
Through sheaves of sorrow harvested.

VILL WALLACE HARNET, in Harper's Magazine for December.

The Wife's Ambition.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's a hard rub to get along, little wife,
'tis it," said Gerald May, as he closed his
count book, and looked somewhat ruefully,
the solitary one dollar bill which was all
that remained of his month's salary, after the
aforementioned bills were settled, and the rent
paid, and the outstanding accounts at the
grocery store balanced up satisfactorily.
Mabel May was kneeling on the hearth
stove, toasting a piece of bread for her hus-
band's supper. She turned around, with
her cheeks flushed by the fire-light, and rosy lips
set.

"Oh! Gerald," said she, "I do try so
hard to be economical!"
"Of course you do, little chick," said May,
"ning over to capture one particular curl of
dick brown hair that was drooping, in
rals of gold, over the fair forehead, and
ing it an affectionate little twitch. "Don't
now that, without you telling me?"
"But I wish I could help you," cried out
Mabel. "Oh, I wish I knew of any way to
earn money myself!"

Gerald May looked at her with an amused
smile. "My dear," said he, "one would so
soon get an oversized doll to earn money!"
"Other women do," said Mabel, critically
eyeing the slice of bread, to make sure
it was artfully browned on both sides.
"But you are such a child!"
"I am two-and twenty," said Mabel sol-
emnly.

"Nonsense!" said Gerald. "What could
you do to earn money?"
Mabel colored a little at the depreciatory
tone of the words.
"Gerald," said she, "I do wish you would
do more like a woman and less like a
child. Don't you suppose that I have as
much talent as the rest of my sex?"
Gerald laughed good humoredly. "Pour
the tea, cara," said he, "before you go
rhapsodizing! Of course, I know that
you are a dear little puss, and can make an
exquisite or a shirt with any woman in
the land! But you can't write a stirring
book like George Eliot, nor paint a grand
picture like Rosa Bonheur!"

"Of course, I don't aspire to any such
ambition as that," said Mabel, impatiently;
"but I can sing!"
"You've got a nice little voice enough,"
said her husband, patronizingly, "for the
color; but as to making money out of it I
doubt you'll find it so easy."

"You don't think I can do anything,"
said Mabel, half indignantly. "Only just
because I am a woman."
"Some women can drive Fate single-
crossed," said Gerald May, sipping his tea
with provoking nonchalance; "but you're
one of the sort, my dear!"

But long after Gerald had lighted his stu-
dent lamp and commenced his evening avo-
cation of copying law papers, by which
he could add a slender sum to the income
which would otherwise have been quite in-
sufficient for even the slender wants of the
young married pair, Mabel sat with folded
hands gazing into the red coals, as if she
could read there some clue to the problem of
life.

"Only one dollar left of our month's
money after our month's bills are all settled,"
said Mrs. Mabel to herself, screwing up her
lips rosy of a mouth. "Oh, dear! this
is the way to get rich. We must make a
little more money somehow. I can't write
stories and poetry, and I won't sew for
extravagant prices; and I don't see my way
to being a shop girl or a cashier, even
if anybody would employ me, because
my dear old Gerald to be looked
after and be kept comfortable. But
I think I could sing, if only I obtained a
license. M. Martelli, at the boarding school,
used to say I had a good soprano. I'll ask
Mrs. Laey, upstairs, to let me practice a little
on her piano, and then I'll try my fortune.
Gerald would say it was all nonsense; but I
don't mean to ask Gerald's advice!"

And three or four weeks afterwards, when
Mrs. May presented herself, trembling and
blushing, before Signor Severo, that musical
coarct viewed her, with favorable eyes,
though an immense pair of tortoise-shell eye-
glasses.

"You advertised for a soprano, sir," said
Bel, turning carmine and white by turns.
"Certainly, madame, I did," said the sig-
nor. "For ze choir of St. Eudocia, in
Magnolia Square."

most capricious—we will give you ze salary
of six hundred dollars ze year. I plaz ze
organ; I lead ze choir, when it will be led at
all," with a comical shrug of his shoulders,
"and I shall you most cordially recom-
mend."

Six hundred dollars! Mable May tripped
home as if her light feet were flying over
rose-clouds, instead of muddy March pave-
ments. Why, that was as much as Messrs.
Stint & Scrape paid Gerald for his drudgery
work behind the book-keeper's desk. Six
hundred dollars! It would double their little
income at once, and enable them to lay some-
thing by for a rainy day that comes to every
one sooner or later. Oh! could it be possible
that such good luck was in store for her?

It was late one Sunday night, when Gerald
May sat yawning before his solitary fire.
Mabel had been spending the day and even-
ing with a friend—or at least so she said—
and Gerald was beginning to realize how
lonely home was without its pervading
spirit.

At length the door opened and Mabel came
in, rosy and dimpled and wrapped in a huge
shawl.

"Have you been very lonesome, dear?"
she said, radiantly.

"I've felt just exactly like Robinson
Crusoe on his desert island," said Gerald,
with a grimace. "And what sort of a day
have you had, little woman?"

"Oh, pleasant enough," evasively. "But
tell me, Gerald, how have you whiled away
the time?"

"I've been to a fashionable church," said
Mr. May. "St. Eudocia's, in Magnolia Square.
And I must take you there, Mabel, to hear the
music! Why, it's equal to an oratorio! The
tears came out of my eyes as I listened—it
seemed as if my soul were floating up, and
up, and up, on the current of that divine
melody!"

"Was it very fine?" Mrs. May's face was
turned away as she was fastening a loose but-
ton in her boot.

"The finest soprano I have ever heard,"
cried Gerald, enthusiastically. You must
listen to her, Mabel!"

The young wife turned to him with brim-
ming eyes and cheeks suffused with crimson.
"Gerald," said she, "I must tell you a
secret. I, too, was at St. Eudocia's Church
this morning."

"And you heard that delicious soprano?"
"Yes—no—I don't know whether I did or
not. Gerald," flinging her arms around his
neck, "I was the soprano at St. Eudocia's.
Oh, Gerald, forgive me for keeping you in
ignorance so long, but I dared not tell you
until I knew positively that I should either
succeed or fail. And, heaven be praised! I
have succeeded!"

Gerald's eyes, too, were full, in spite of his
assumed stoicism.

"My little darling," he whispered, carress-
ingly. "And I suppose they pay you some
trifling salary?"

"Six hundred dollars a year, Gerald," she
answered, with innocent triumph.

"What!" he involuntarily exclaimed.

"That's something worth having. Why, you
must be a genius, little wife!"

"We can save a little money, now, dear,"
she said lightly; "and you needn't take any
more of that tiresome law copying, and I can
hire a piano to practice with, and—and—oh!
Gerald, I am so happy!"

For Mabel May had at last succeeded in at-
taining the goal of her feminine ambition,
and she wouldn't have envied England's
Queen that night.

Only a Printer's Dream.

WHAT HE LEARNED OF THE FATE OF MEN WHO
DON'T PAY UP.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots
were patched and his coat thread-bare, and
his face looked weary and worn with care.
While sadly thinking of business debt, old
Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before
he knew it he soundly slept, and sleeping he
dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and
toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a
cow-bell tolled for the peaceable rest of the
cowhide sole. As he wandered among
the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower
Hades, he shortly observed an iron door
that creakingly swung on hinges sjar,
but the entrance was closed with a red-
hot bar, and Satan himself stood peep-
ing out, waiting for travellers there-
abouts, and thus to the passing printer spoke:
"Come in, my dear; it shall cost you noth-
ing, and never fear. This is the place where
I cook the ones who never pay their subscrip-
tion sums; for though in life they may escape,
they will find when they're dead it is too late;
I will show you the place where I melt them
thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin,
and also where I comb their heads with
broken glass and melted lead, and if of re-
freshments they only think, there's boiling
water for them to drink; there's the red-hot
grindstone to grind his nose, and the red-hot
rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention
they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths
with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you
should see them squirm, while I roll them
over and cool to turn."

With these last words the printer awoke,
and thought it all a practical joke; but still
at times so real did it seem, that he cannot
believe it was all a dream; and often he
thinks with a chuckle and grin of the fate
of those who shove their tin and never pay
the printer.

Ms. SPURGEON'S OCCUPATIONS.—A London
correspondent writes:—Mr. Spurgeon is a
man of enormous energy. He keeps up what
a clerical friend of mine calls the "biggest
preaching shop in England." He manages
some of the finest orphanages in the three
kingdoms. He edits a magazine. He has a
college for Baptist pastors. He is always
preaching or lecturing somewhere for charity
or his denomination. He finds time for the
gout and for visits to the Continent; and
though he will not go to America he has been
contributing to one of the American maga-
zines whose proprietors gave him £200 for a
set of "religious and moral" papers espe-
cially intended for American readers. The
Yankees think that if he can spare time to
write for them so he ought to spare time to
visit them and to lecture to them. But though
busy men have more time than idle ones,
and Mr. Spurgeon is a very busy man, he
yet pleads that he cannot spare time to cross
the American ferry.

According to a report from the American
Consul at Lyons, the raw silk product of the
globe amounted in 1867 to 30,000,000
kilograms, and in 1876 to a little over seven
and a half million kilograms. Should the
news of the smallness of the Japanese crop
be confirmed, the entire product for 1878
will not exceed that of 1876. Notwithstand-
ing this great decrease, prices have also de-
creased in a remarkable degree.

LONDON WOMEN.

How the best Girls of Society Outstrip
their Parisian Sisters.
(From the London World)

Ladies who a few years ago would have
considered the idea appalling calmly array
themselves in the glorified dressing robe
known as a "tea gown" and proceed to dis-
play themselves to the eyes of their admirers.
The reason, perhaps, is not very far to seek.
Certain adventurous dames who determined
some years since on the invasion of man's
last stronghold, the smoking-room, arrayed
themselves for conquest in bewitching robes
de chambre. Their less enterprising sisters,
not quite daring to follow them to nocturnal
extremities, were unwilling to be defrauded
of the opportunity of adding another weapon
to the arsenal of the toilet, hence the origin
of the tea gown. Of course it in no way re-
sembles the dressing-gown of utility. It is
of elaborate design and infinite cost. It is
worn for about an hour in the day, and yet,
in a country-house visit of a week, the same
must on no account be exhibited more than
twice, if, indeed, so much may be allowed.
It is absolutely useless and utterly ridiculous;
but this is not the worst that may be said
about it. It is to all intents and purposes a
deshabille; and so great is the force of
association that the conversation is ex-
ceedingly apt, nay almost certain, to
become deshabelle as well. The gentlemen
in houses where tea gowns prevail relieve
themselves of their shooting attire, and re-
appear very frequently in gorgeous
smoking-suits; there is an ease and sans
facon about the whole proceeding that
favors laxity of discourse, and advantage is
generally taken of the latitude afforded. At
their first beginning tea-gowns only put in an
appearance when the beverage from which
they take their name was dispensed in the
hostess's boudoir, and only a rare and favored
specimen of the opposite sex was admitted on
suffrance. But such old-fashioned prudery
has long been thrown aside in the eager
desire for more admirers of such becoming
raiment; the tea-gowns have descended to the
drawing-room and the hall, and have become
more marvellous and more voyant in the
transit. With the graceful negligé toilet there
has come in a habit of lounging, which is
certainly of most doubtful grace. Hands
are not infrequently to be seen clasped above
or behind the head, thus often liberally ex-
hibiting the arm by the falling back of the
loose sleeve; feet and ankles are lavishly dis-
played as dainty slippers are rested on the
fender. More ardent spirits recline in ostenta-
tious repose on various sofas. It is con-
sidered the thing to suit the action to the
attire and exhibit in it the supremacy of ease.
In some very Bohemian establishments it is
voted a bore to dress again for dinner; that
meal is partaken of in the easy masquerading
attire, and, as a not unnatural sequel, there is
a prompt adjournment to the smoking room
and a brisk demand by the ladies for cigar-
ettes.

Lord Dufferin at Belfast.

On arriving at Belfast our late Govern-
General was received by the Mayor and
notables, who presented him with an address
of welcome. On his leaving Ireland for
Canada six years ago he received the good
wishes of Belfast in a similar way.

The Earl of Dufferin, in responding, said:—
In reply to the address with which you have
honored me I can only say that I am quite
overwhelmed by such extraordinary marks
of your confidence and regard, by the
thoughtful consideration which has invested
your welcome with so delightful a character,
by the flattering manner in which you have
alluded to my official life in Canada; and,
above all, by the affectionate terms in which
you refer to the previous friendly intercourse
it used to be my privilege to enjoy with the
citizens of Belfast. (Cheers.) No one, I
fear, can be more conscious than myself how
greatly in excess of my deserts are your kind
remarks—(no, no)—but, on that very ac-
count, they are all the more grateful to my
feelings, as incontestably proving the large
amount of personal friendship which must
have contributed to inspire them. I shall
never forget the way in which, six years ago,
you welcomed my appointment to the Gov-
ernor-Generalship of Canada, and started me
on my career. Your indulgent anticipations
on that occasion served the purpose of a most
effectual letter of credit to our fellow-
subjects on the other side of the
Atlantic, and insured me a sympathetic re-
ception at their hands; and I can truly say
that one of my most cherished desires has
been to deserve the good character you then
bestowed upon me. To find on returning
that I have not fallen short of your anticipa-
tions, that my conduct has merited your
approval, is the most precious reward I can
receive. I have also to thank you for the
kind terms in which you allude to the Coun-
tess of Dufferin. It would not become me
to refer to the way in which she discharged
the functions appertaining to her respon-
sible position. Those amongst you who have
been in Canada will have become aware of
the feelings with which the people of
the Dominion of Canada regard her.
(Cheers.) In conclusion, I must ask you to
excuse the imperfect manner in which I have
replied to your address. This is not an
occasion upon which any one would trust
himself to say much, and, even if it were, the
hurried nature of my morning's journey would
have rendered any expression of thanks in-
adequate. I can only say that I shall never
forget the degree of happiness your reception
has given me, and that I look forward with
the greatest pleasure to devote my best en-
ergies to promote, by every means in my power,
the interest and wishes of the people of Bel-
fast. (Loud cheers.)

We were called on by a knight of the road
(vulgarily speaking, a tramp) yesterday after-
noon. He wished to engage with us to re-
port, at which he was "just lightning" (j)—
eighty words a minute. Of course, he didn't
drink now, though he used to indulge some,
and he had once kept the pledge faithfully for
twelve long months. He breathed a ten-cent
drink on us and said, "Hi'm down him the
mud just now," and we thought he had been
there when we took stock of his trouser-
looms. We didn't need a reporter, however, and this
"blawsted fellow" seized his bundle, which
consisted of a shirt of the stars and stripes
design, and with a "tra-la-la" to the boys,
he left for Toronto via the Big Shoe line.—
Port Hope Guide.

The first lady ever admitted to practice law
by the Supreme Court of Ohio was Miss
Agnes Scott, ofiffin, who received her cer-
tificate on Tuesday. This occurs under the
new law passed last winter and the lady is
probably the advance guard of a large num-
ber who will compete with their male breth-
ren for legal honors and emoluments. May
success attend them.

The Afghanistan Difficulty.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—By the time this
reaches you I apprehend that you will be
more engrossed in the question of the recep-
tion of your new Governor General than the
subject I am about to write upon. How-
ever, having taken up the matter in my
former letter, I am bound to conclude it.
Therefore I will take up the Afghan ques-
tion from the thread where I left off at.
The bungling, I think, was what I commented
upon in our administration of affairs Afghan.
In addition to those blunders I enumer-
ated in my former letter, a clause in an old
Treaty was dug out which conferred the right
of the British to occupy Quetta in Baluchis-
tan. Quetta, was occupied. Shere Ali's
fury knew no bounds. Such an act was
looked upon as demonstrative
of an advance next made upon Herat
and Cabul. Russia—never slothful—took
advantage of the Ameer's irritation.
Communications passed between Russian
emissaries and the Court of Cabul offering
the Ameer an allowance, at the same time
pointing out that there was another claimant
to the throne living under Russian protection
in Central Asia. Keeping this in view they
advised the Ameer that it would be bet-
ter to come to terms. Abdoul Rahman, a
nephew of the present sovereign, is the
claimant I refer to. Both the English and
Russian Governments deny any knowledge of
such a proposition, but that such was made
cannot be truthfully denied by Russia. At
the time the whole of the affection of the
Ameer towards the great northern power was
attributed to the influence of "Russian gold"
instead of the peculiarity—I will not give it a
more harsh term—of English diplomacy. At
that time an occupation of Afghanistan was
looked upon both at home and in India as im-
minent. Sir Lewis Pelly was thereupon ac-
credited with the charge of a mission to the
Ameer, but the least said is soonest mended
regard to the secret treaty with which he
went armed the better. Under false pretences
we were on the verge of occupying Afghan-
istan, thus compelling Russia to make a
counter move and enable us to declare war
against the Emperor. The scheme, as is
pretty generally known here, was defeated
consequent upon Shere Ali repudiating the
terms offered him by Sir Lewis Pelly. The
latter suggested that as preliminary of the
new arrangement between Great Britain and
Afghanistan all past and existing under-
standings as to subsidies and the like should
be swept away and both parties should start
afresh. On this being agreed to, Sir Lewis
produced the bases of the secret treaty he
was empowered to ask Shere Ali to sign,
and although the Government have used
every endeavor against the publication of
the document I am in a position to lay
some of the clauses before your readers:—
"A strong guard of British troops should
be stationed at the Ameer's Court for the
protection of a British Resident.
" That English officers should be permitted
to organize and discipline the Ameer's army.
" That British Residents should be perma-
nently stationed at Cabul, Candahar, Herat,
Jellalabad, Balkh or such other places in
Afghanistan as the progress and nature of
political events might render necessary; and
" That in the event of any future aggres-
sive advance of the British before Quetta in
the direction of Herat, and of an European
war, the British were to have the right of
free passage of their troops through Afghan-
istan, and their temporary location there at
such places as the Government might select
with reference to their strategic or other im-
portant position."

In fact, this treaty was one which practically
would annex Afghanistan and in Asia effect
that which we have been unable to accomplish
in Europe—provoke Russia to give us a
casus belli. I need hardly state that Shere
Ali declined to entertain the proposition, but
it may surprise your readers to learn that Sir
Lewis Pelly went so far as to declare that all
the honorable pledges with reference to sub-
sidies and arms which had been given by the
Ameer and his father should be withdrawn
unless he assented to the terms of the treaty.
The Foreign Office never published the
treaty, but it endeavored to prove that the
Pelly mission was successful, inasmuch as it
was intended only as a ruse, and
consequently with the same intent a
failure. They contended (the authorities
in our Foreign Office) that as the
British found their verbal bargain with
Afghanistan inconvenient, our diplomatists
had put that bargain into a treaty, which they
so concocted as to render its repudiation by
Shere Ali a certainty, and in this way we
were assured that they had triumphantly got
rid, by a bit of mean chicanery, of the obliga-
tion which the original bargain embodied.
Pelly returned to England in pretended
triumph. We were told that the Ameer
would be forced to sue for an alliance,
and that the mere cutting off of his subsidies
would compel him to capitulate. How stands
the matter now? Appearances look very
much against his suing or surrendering. But
Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission would
make it appear that the boot was on the other
foot. This is British diplomacy! The
Ameer has beaten us in Afghan diplomacy.
While Russia was amusing our Premier with
imaginary concessions at Berlin, she was
outwitting us further eastward.

By getting the start—and a long start—of
us in planting her envoy at Cabul, she out-
generaled the English Government and forced
it to go hat in hand to Shere Ali, following
her at respectful distance. The Ameer co-
quets with Russia. Worse than all this,
Russia has made it clear to the Ameer that we
care nothing for him or his people, and that
we would not so much as offer to redeem our
pledges to him, were it not that we are afraid
to let a Muscovite envoy have possession of
his ear at Cabul. In conclusion, let me ask
what is for this? The chaotic state we are
at present in with the Ameer? The carrying out
of a policy which is likely to embroil us in
war and for which the Government took such
infinite credit to themselves and decorated
their envoys to whom they entrusted the in-
terest and cause of England on the Afghan
frontier. For what? To humiliate the
Ameer? or whom? I'll not comment further,
but it appears to me that should we have to
fight the Afghans we shall owe the war to
imbecile diplomats.

Mr. Foley, of Satord, England, the age of
him sixty-eight, wedded a young wife. On
their marriage-night she asked him to unlace
her boots. He wouldn't do it; there was a
quarrel, and the end of it was he tried to
brain her with the tongs. Mr. Foley is pass-
ing a honeymoon six months long in jail.

Newspaper Chaff.

In a discussion on cremation at a London
club a member is credited with the argument:
" We earn our living, why should we not ura
our dead?"

STRANGE.—Miss Flirtington says she has
one ardent admirer who is so awfully hard
up that he cannot even pay his addresses to
her.

William M. Everts' mouth will hold four
yards of the English language without crowd-
ing.—Boston Post.

The Whitehall Times wants to know what
kind of wood a sunbeam is made of. Oh,
almost any kind of light wood.

Why is it that some people never cry until
laughter the trouble has ended?—Boston
Post. That's moan we can tell.—Diffford
Miniature.

A Nevada politician was elected on the
merits of a single speech. All he said was,
" Follow countrymen, follow me to yonder
refreshment saloon."

SOMETHING IN THAT.—Poor little Tom
Harduppe says he always gives Mrs. H. her
own way, because it is the only thing he has
to give her.

A strippling of eighteen in Salem, Mass.,
saw a pretty girl every Sunday for a month
at choir practice, and then eloped with her.
They met by chaunts, as it were.—New
Orleans Times.

A good looking young lady was caught the
other evening smoking a cigar, and gave as a
reason for the act that " it made it smell as
if there was a man around."

" Is your master up?" asked an early
visitor of a nobleman's valet. " Yes, sir,"
answered the valet, with great innocence;
" the butler and I carried him up about
three o'clock."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has just been
elected honorary member of the Carriage-
Builders' Association. Holmes is a good
fellow, and an excellent after-dinner speaker.—
Burlington Hawkeye.

" Two for a cent," as the drug clerk said
when a young couple entered the store and
asked for a bottle of cologne.—Norristown
Herald. Likewise the mountain guide who
charged two dollars for his services.

An aristocratic papa, on being requested
by a rich and vulgar young fellow for per-
mission to marry " one of his girls," gave
this rather crushing reply: " Certainly;
which would you prefer, the waitresses or the
cook?"

Mademoiselle X—, meeting one of her
old boarding-school friends who has just
been married: " Well, are you happy? Do
you get along well together?" " Happy?
Yes, without a doubt; but we squabble a
great deal." " Already! and about what?"
" Paul pretends always that it is he who
cares the most for me, and I'm very sure that
it's I."

The cactus plant will take root on a stone
window sill, and be nourished with the
promise of rain. Men who make a living by
writing, consequently, have a sympathetic
interest in the cactus.—Turner's Falls
Reporter.

" The British lion is kindly requested not
to growl. It might scare the fish."—Chica-
go Times. And, furthermore, it might rouse
Mr. Chandler, who has always firmly be-
lieved that with a fair tail-hold he could
yank the life out of the royal beast.—Louis-
ville Courier Journal.

A skunk got into the basement of Grace
Church at Gananoque, Ont., one evening last
week while a prayer-meeting was in progress,
and the congregation was dismissed without
waiting for the benediction.

Canada charged with Heartlessness.

Capt. Kiah, now suffering from small-pox
in the Buffalo Pest House, is a resident of
this city, and from all accounts he has had a
hard time of it. His friends will be glad to
know now that his speedy recovery is
assured. Anent his long stay on board his
ship, the Detroit Free Press says—" A de-
spatch in yesterday's Free Press announced
the arrival of the propeller Canada at Buffalo,
stated that she was quarantined, and that the
captain being afflicted with small-pox had
been taken to the pest-house. The action of
the authorities in Buffalo in not allowing the
Canada to come to the wharves was undoubt-
edly the right thing to do, and the removing
of the captain to the pest-house was a
humane act in view of the fact that he, a
Canadian, was not allowed to be taken ashore
at Windsor, a Canadian port. The owner of
the Canada and a gentleman from this city,
it is said, visited the proper authorities at
Windsor and endeavored to get their consent
to having the captain, David Kiah, taken
ashore. The request was refused on the
ground, it is understood, that the propeller
did not bring freight to Windsor, but instead
plied between Canada ports and Buffalo. So
she was compelled to seek a port where she
was in the habit of landing freight. She
went to Buffalo. Had the authorities there
desired they could have furnished as flimsy
an excuse as did those at Windsor, and thus
have kept Captain Kiah out of the city. As
it is, a Canadian captain of a Canadian
vessel, sick with a disease contracted at a
Canadian port, finds attention and care in
Buffalo instead of in a town of his own
country."

FLOUR AND WHEAT.—A meeting of the
Millers' Association was held in Waterloo on
Tuesday of last week. Amongst other things
agreed upon was that the Government be
asked to place a duty of 50 cents a barrel on
flour and 10 cents a bushel on wheat. One
of the chief grievances which Canadian mill-
ers suffer is in the matter of freights. The
actual fact is that a barrel of flour is carried
from St. Louis or Chicago to Halifax for 45
cents, when the cost of sending it from any
part of Canada is from 70 to 75 cents. In-
this alone the Western States have a pro-
tection of from 30 to 35 cents a barrel over
Canadians in Canadian markets. This grievous
injustice is one of the first things requiring
the new Government's attention.—News.

DIFFERING WITH VENOR.—An Iowa weath-
er prophet lets loose the following: The gen-
eral character of the coming winter I have
calculated as follows: December very cold, the
temperature going below zero eight times,
the lowest being ten or fifteen, with but a
light or moderate snowfall; a spell of warm,
thawing weather in the central part of the
month. After the first week of January, gener-
ally warm, with bare ground for the next six
weeks or two months; there will be some
cold days in the latter part of January, and a
spell of quite cold weather in February. In
March there will probably be two weeks of
cold winter weather. Mr. Venor predicts an
unusually severe winter.