Fastness: a Parody.

Many a poet, in these bad times, is robbed of his
life's most cherished joys;
Many a poet is bothered, and bullied, and worried, and harried by printers' boys.

Raving editors, never at rest, and never letting
contributors be—
What is it all but a clamor for millions of billions
of trillions of rhymes from me?

Rhymes to this word, rhymes to that word, poems
enough to fill the *Times*,
Thousands of publishers yelling to me for a
popular torrent of rhymes upon rhymes.

Stately images, noble similes, harrowing sentiments, wonderful tropes,
Lines that will scan, and lines that won't scan,
racial tendencies, far reaching scopes.

Life is a hurry and bustle for poets exactly as if
they were common place men;
Truly, whenever they publish nonsense they're
sure to be called on to do it again!

Tireless energy, such as the patriot's, sturdily
tolling the chapel bell
Tireless—aye!—till the last death-ruckle—and
what a death-ruckle is, who can tell?

Lines, and rhymes, and verses and stanzas—all
old forms that have been on earth;
All new-old hack-writer's devices run out again—
what are they all of them worth?

What the facility, what the rapidity, what the
fertility misunderstood?
What the true poetry lost in the meaningless,
much that is rubbish, and little that's good?

What is it all, if they all of them only want something that poetry might have been;
Scribbled with fastness, lost in dulness, drowned
in the deeps of a cheap magazine?

What but a screeching of asses that bray, and of
apes that gibber, and snobs that bawl?
* * * * *

Peace, let them be! there are fish in the sea; and
that is the principal thing, after all.

—*Saturday Review.*

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

But, in the midst of this agony of separation, a proud triumph entered his soul. A wife who loves her husband does not leave him when all wavers and dissolves around him; and she had gone from him—had gone under the protection of her father and brother, leaving him back alone, resigning him a prey to all. This it was which had stricken the proud Berkow, who was not to be crushed by hatred and threats, by the fear of violence and insurrection, by ruin itself. And even though with this calm forehead he deceived all others, he could not deceive his enemy. The blow had gone to his heart.

"I need not tell you what has happened of late," began Arthur; "you are just as well, even better informed, than I. The other works have followed your example; to all appearance we are on the eve of a long conflict. Are you sure of your comrades?"

Ulrich was startled at the last question. "What do you mean by that, Herr Berkow?"

"I was thinking whether we could manage things down here without outside assistance. It seems they cannot at the other mines. From the forges they have already called upon the State for help. You certainly know all about the outbreak there, and can judge whether such help is necessary. I shall not resort to such means, unless in the most extreme case; but such a case may occur. Already several of my officers have been insulted; and that crowd of your men I met the other day in the forest were on the point of insulting me. Make no calculations upon my patience or my weakness. Much as I wish to avoid extreme measures, I will meet violence with violence."

At the chief's first words, Ulrich had glanced up in sullen astonishment. He had expected something far other than such a declaration; but the calmness with which it was made robbed it of all its defiance, and compelled even the rival to moderation. There was still a slight touch of irony in his voice as he replied—

"That is nothing new to me. Violence against violence! I knew from the first that some day it would come to this?"

"And which bears the blame if it comes to this—the resistance of the many, or the obstinacy of a single man?" asked Arthur, looking him steadily in the face.

"The obstinacy of a single man! Quite right, Herr Berkow. You know that at the cost of a single word from you your works would all be in activity to-morrow."

"And you know that I cannot speak this word, because it involves an impossibility. It is your duty to yield. I pledge you my honor to all I have promised."

"Really?" said the young miner, this time with a new outbreak of derision, "Is it because the whole Province is in rebellion, and we have a guard and a support in our comrades?"

Berkow, with a sudden movement, drew himself up to his full height, and his eyes flashed. "It is because we shall compel you by arms to respect that order which you now seek to tread under your feet, and because I would spare this result to my workmen. Have done with this irony, Hartmann, in which you yourself do not believe. Whatever has happened between us, or may happen, I think we may each exculpate the other from the charge of cowardice."

There was again the same tone and glance as in the conference chamber. Ulrich, with mingled rage and admiration, gazed upon the young chief who in such an hour dared thus speak to him; when, from the scene in the forest, he must know what was to be feared from such a meeting. His words proved that he did know this perfectly; and yet he had to-day, of his own free will, sought this interview.

The park was quite deserted; no human being was to be seen upon the meadow, and the houses lay far distant. None of the officers would have ventured upon a solitary meeting with Hartmann—not even the bold engineer; only the once despised weakling dared this. Ah, yes! from the reproach of cowardice, his rival had long since absolved him.

Arthur seemed to feel the impression he had made. He drew a step nearer.

"And do you not see, Hartmann, that by this behavior you are ruining your future?" he asked gravely. "You think, perhaps, by this last movement of your comrades to make an impression upon me. I allow myself to be influenced by no effort at compulsion; rely upon that; but I respect in you powerful though mistaken abilities. They have hitherto been employed only to my injury; and yet through all, I have seen what they could accomplish if not turned against me. Give ear now to the voice of reason; content yourself with the attainment of possibilities, and I gladly offer you liberty to remain upon my works, and a free road to advancement. I know what I risk in this, in retaining an element like you among my workmen; but I will risk it, if my confidence can have a like return."

Such a proffer to a man went to consider all concession as weakness was, indeed, venturesome enough; but Berkow seemed not to have reckoned upon this. Ulrich did not answer he showed no sign of compliance; but, for a nature like his, it was a great concession not to immediately repel the offer with morose distrust.

"I have hitherto sought your confidence in vain," continued Arthur. "You have to this hour denied it me. I came here a stranger; if not to the place itself, to the mines and to you, I was a stranger. You met me with a declaration of war, without even asking what I would be willing to change and improve. You receive and have treated me as an enemy, without once asking whether I would be your enemy."

"We are at war!" said Ulrich curtly. "There, everything is fair."

Arthur lifted his face, just before so pale, but now flooded with the flaming glow of the twilight, whose reflection shone around both.

"Must it, then, be war between us? I do not mean the present quarrel which will end sooner or later—I mean must this secret, imbittered warfare, this hardness and compulsion on the one side, this rancor and hatred on the other, keep endlessly coiling and spinning on? So it has been for years long. I know it; and so it will be again, if force compels you to yield. We would make peace before blood has been shed on both sides. We might now, since nothing has as yet happened; in a few days it will perhaps be too late."

With all its calmness, the voice of the young chief had a pathos that was very touching; and the passionate emotion of Hartmann's face betrayed that he had not been unsusceptible to this. The haughty miner, who, the more he had become accustomed to rule his equals, suffered all the more from wounded pride, and a fear of his superiors he could illy conceal, saw himself now placed upon an elevation no one as yet had granted to him. He very well knew that Berkow would not have spoken in this manner with any other of his underlings, perhaps not even with his officers; that for this kind of treatment he must thank his individuality alone. The chief spoke to him as man to man, of a matter upon which hung the weal or woe of both; and he might have been conquered had his chief been any other man than Arthur Berkow. Ulrich's was far too lawless and passionate a nature to be able to do justice where he hated with his whole soul.

"To give our confidence has been made difficult enough for us," he said bitterly. "Your father has for all these years robbed us of so much that none at all is left for the son. I believe you, Herr Berkow, that your proffer does not arise from fear of any other I would not believe this; of you I believe it. But, as we both have decided to help ourselves, I think we will fight it out to the end, And one of us at last will be sure to win."

"And your comrades? Will they take upon themselves all the care, the want, the misery, this fighting it out to the last will involve?"

"I cannot change matters. All I have done is for them."

"No, it is not done for them," said Arthur firmly, "but solely for the ambition of their leader, who would win the mastery for himself, and then become a worse despot than their late hated master ever was. If you still believe in your so called mission, Hartmann, you cannot deceive me with it, now that I see you cast aside as worthless all I hold myself ready to do for bettering the lot of your comrades. You refuse all my offers, because you wish to attain a goal I but too well know. In the future you would dictate, and have me and my officers powerless. Speaking in the name of a blindly obedient rabble, you would arrogate to yourself all the rights of a master, and leave me only with the name. You do not so much wish the recognition of your party as the suppression of every other; and that is why you stake all upon this throw. You will lose it."

The speech, to such a man, was bold enough; and Ulrich trembled with rage.

"Ah! since you know all so exactly, Herr Berkow, well and good. You are quite right; the question is not merely one of higher wages and a little more safety in the mines. That may be enough for those who are anxious for only wife and children, and know nothing more their whole life long. The courageous ones among us seek more. We will have the reins in our hands; we will be respected as equals. This may be a hard lesson for our sovereign gentlemen to learn, but we are in the way of teaching it to them. We at last understand that it is our hands which win for you that wealth of which you alone enjoy the fruits. You have used our arms in slaves' work long enough, and now you shall learn to feel it."

The words were hurled forth with a fearful violence as if every one of them were in itself a weapon to strike and to kill. The whole immeasurable passion of Ulrich Hartmann once more broke forth; and the whole hatred he felt for a class was for the moment directed against its one representative who stood before him.

Arthur's position was hazardous in the extreme, as he stood opposite this man, who, the veins of his forehead swollen with rage, and with clinched fists, seemed ready to let deeds follow his words.

But not even an eye-lash trembled; not a step did Arthur retreat from that dangerous nearness. He stood there with that bearing of cold, proud repose, his large eyes steadily fixed upon his rival, as if with those eyes alone he had the power to vanquish him.

"I believe, Hartmann, you must for the present allow the reins to remain in the hands which are accustomed to them, and are in a position to rule," he said. "That you will soon learn. By brute force you may raise insurrections, and pull down structures, but they cannot be built by this. Try to conduct the mines here with your own hands, if to those hands that hated element be wanting which gives direction to them, motive power to the machinery, and intellect to the work. And for the present that remains with us. Place yourself by the side of your equals, and men will not deny you your rights. What you now have to throw into the scale, weapons alone, will never secure you the leadership."

Ulrich sought to answer, but passion choked his voice. Arthur glanced over to the forest where the twilight glow was fading away into the darkness, and turned to go.

"If I had before known that every word of reconciliation would be unavailing, I would not have sought this interview. I offer you peace and liberty to remain upon the works. Perhaps no other would have made such a concession, and it was difficult enough for me to force myself to it. But you have repulsed even this with scorn and hatred. You are determined to be my enemy. Well, so be it then; but take upon yourself the responsibility of all that happens. I have done my best to prevent all this, but in vain. However the quarrel may end, we are now done with each other."

"*Gluck auf!*" cried Hartmann morosely. The words sounded like cutting irony, as they were indeed at such a moment as this. The chief seemed no longer to hear. He was already some steps distant, and now went in the direction of the houses.

Ulrich remained behind. Over his head swayed the willow branches, as they moved to and fro in the evening wind; along the meadows crept a white vapor; and over the firs yonder burst a sudden glow, weird, ominous, and red as blood, and then faded slowly away.

The young man stared dumbly into the flaming evening sky. The ominous glow lay also upon his free.

"'We are done with each other?' Not yet, Herr Arthur Berkow; we are just beginning! I would not confess, even to myself, the cowardice that has as yet held me back. I would not venture to attack him when *she* was at his side. Now the path is clear; now we will balance our accounts!"

CHAPTER XVI.

In the residence reigned all the varied life and activity of a summer's afternoon. Throngs of idle promenaders, of business people and workmen, in a perpetually changing tide, surged to and fro. There was an endless Babel of voices, a rattling of cart and carriage wheels. From all sides rose eddying clouds of dust; and the glowing beams of the sun, already declining toward the west, lighted up the whole busy, animated scene.

At a front window of the Windeg House, which stood upon one of the principal streets, a young lady had stationed herself, and was gazing down upon all this commotion, which she had almost forgotten in the solitude of her wooded mountains.

Eugenie had returned to her father's house, and all its inmates seemed inclined to blot from memory the brief period of her married life. In the family circle this topic was seldom touched upon, and then only when they spoke of the approaching divorce. In this respect the sons followed the example of their father, who seemed resolved that a dead oblivion should rest upon that event, while in secret he took the necessary steps the law of divorce required. Until then the world was not to canvass the matter.

The servants and the few acquaintances at this time present in the Residence supposed that the young wife was making a brief visit to her family, rendered necessary by the distracted state of affairs at her husband's mines.

Eugenie again occupied the chamber which had been hers before her marriage. Nothing in its furniture or arrangements was changed: and, as she now stood at the corner window, outside the well known objects met her gaze, just as if she had never been absent. The last three months must and should be to her only a sad, oppressive dream, out of which she now awakened to the old freedom of her girlhood years, and to a better freedom than before; for now the grim phantom of anxiety no longer brooded threatening ly over every step taken by herself and her family; now every new day did not bring new humiliations and new sacrifices; now every hour of the home life was no longer haunted by the fear that perhaps before the morrow financial ruin, with all its terrible consequences, would have fallen upon them all. The old race of Windeg could again step forth in the full splendor of power and wealth. Whoever possessed the Rabenau estates was rich enough to cover all early losses, and secure for himself and his a brilliant future.

In truth, one shadow yet brooded over all this new sunshine—the plebeian name so hated by the baron, and once so hated by Eugenie. But this could only be a question of time. The beautiful intellectual girl had once, in spite of the well known embarrassments of her father, found in her own circle many admirers, who, soon or late, would have become wooers. Eugenie Windeg had been a girl to make a man forget that he took to his home and bears the daughter of an impoverished, insolvent family.

Old Berkow, with rough hand, had subverted all the baron's plans for a brilliant alliance for his daughter, and wrested the prize for his son. His had been the power to demand where others must sue, and he had known how to use it.

But now Eugenie would again be free; the present lord of Rabenau could secure a rich dowery; and he knew more than one man, her equal in birth, who would rejoice, and not from mercenary motives alone, to efface the name and last remembrance of that unfortunate alliance, and, by a marriage worthy of her rank, raise the young baroness to a position as high, and even higher, than birth had given her. Then the last stain would be wiped from the Windeg escutcheon, and it beam again in its ancient splendor.

But the young woman did not see things in the joyous, hopeful light one might have expected she would, now that the sun of her fortune shone so resplendent. She had already been some weeks in her father's house; but the color would not return to her cheeks, nor her lips learn again their olden smile. Here in her own home, surrounded by the fondest love and care of her family, she remained pale and silent as she had ever been by the side of the husband she had been forced to wed.

At this very moment she gazed down upon the crowd below; but not one of those changing forms, in its ebbing and flowing tide, succeeded for a moment in fettering her attention. She gazed; but it was with that vacant, dreamy glance, which, lost to the nearest surroundings, sees something entirely different and in a different place. "In your Residence one unlearns all, especially the longing after his woodland solitudes." These words seemed not to apply to her. Eugenie looked as if she was filled with a painful longing after them.

Before the horseback ride, in which the baron usually indulged toward evening, he was accustomed to come to his daughter. He came to-day; but his manner was more grave than usual, and he held a paper in his hand.

"I must annoy you with a business matter, my child," he began after a brief salutation. "I have just had a conference with our lawyer which has proved satisfactory beyond my expectation. Berkow's attorney is endowed with full power to meet all our wishes; both legal gentlemen have already agreed upon the necessary steps; and the whole matter will probably be adjusted far more quickly and easily than we ventured to hope. Will you please sign your name to this paper?"

He reached the paper. Eugenie made a movement as if to snatch it from him, but all at once her hand fell.

"What am I to do?"

"Simply to affix your name to this paper, nothing more!" said the baron coolly, as he placed the sheet on the writing table, and moved her a chair. Eugenie hesitated.

"It is a legal document; must I not first read it?"

Windeg smiled faintly. "If it had been an important document, we should, of course, have laid it before you for inspection," he said; "but it is only the petition for divorce, which the judge is to present in your name, and to which he needs your signature—a mere formality in the conduct of the case. The details will follow hereafter. But if you wish to know the wording of this"—

"No, no!" interrupted the young woman evasively. "I do not wish that. I will sign this paper, but it need not be just at this moment. Just now I am not in the mood for it."

The baron looked very much surprised. "*Mood?* Nothing is needed here but your signature. It will take but a moment; and I have promised our attorney to send him the paper to-day, as he intends to present it to-morrow."

"Well, then, this evening I will bring it to you with my signature. But not at this moment. I cannot sign it now."

The tone of the young woman's voice was singularly plaintive, almost agonized. The father shook his head as if in displeasure.

"This is a strange whim, Eugenie," he said, "one which I do not at all understand. Why will you not just now, here in my presence, make this simple stroke of the pen? But if you insist upon the delay, I rely upon your handing me back the document at tea this evening. There will then be time enough to send it away."

He did not remark his daughter's deep sigh of relief at these words. He stepped to the window, and gazed down the street.

"Will Curt not come to me?" asked Eugenie after a moment's pause. "I have seen him only once to-day, at the dinner table."

"He must be weary from his journey, and is perhaps taking some rest. Ah, there you are, Curt, just as we were speaking of you!"

The young baron, who entered at this moment, must have reckoned upon finding his sister alone; for he said with evident and not quite gratified surprise—

"*You* here, papa? I thought you were having a conference up in the library with our lawyer."

"Our conference is at an end, as you see," replied the baron.

Curt seemed to wish that the said conference had been longer. Meantime he made no reply, but went to his sister, and confidentially sat down by her side. Only to-day noon he had come unexpectedly from the province. It was a singular, and in the baron's opinion, an unfortunate circumstance, that the regiment to which his eldest son belonged had just been stationed in the town which lay nearest to the Berkow estates, just now, when his family had broken off all relations there.

It would be useless to request a long furlough for the young officer, as the riot just broken out among the miners had thrown the whole Province into commotion. It was expected the military would be called upon to quell the disturbance, and so Curt could not be spared for the present. He had gone to his new garrison, where, of course, Berkow was well known, with an express command from his father to be silent respecting the divorce. The baron held firmly to his first conclusion, to take the preliminary steps in secret, as he must the final ones in the face of the world; and he naturally supposed that his son would as much as possible avoid all personal relations with his brother in-law.

He seemed to have been right in the supposition. Arthur's name was never mentioned in Curt's letters; and only casual inteligence had been received as to how matters stood upon the Berkow estates, until Curt, in a military capacity, was ordered to the Residence. Curt had been at home but a few hours; and at dinner the presence of guests had thrown a restraint upon the family; but now, when from his having just asked Eugenie's signature to the petition for divorce, this usually forbidden topic was uppermost in the baron's mind, with an indifference one might show in relation to the affairs of the most distant acquaintance, he asked how matters stood upon the Berkow estates.

"Badly, papa, very badly!" replied Curt, turning to his father, but not relinquishing his place near Eugenie. "Arthur manfully resists the ruin which threaten him from all sides; but I fear he must at last yield. It is tenfold worse with him than with his colleagues at the other mines. He must now atone for all the sins his father committed in twenty years of tyranny and dishonesty, as well as bear the result of his senseless speculations during these later years. I do not understand how he has so long held his own in the conflict. Any other man would have been vanquished long ago."

"If the outbreak is getting beyond his mastery, I wonder that he does not summon military aid," said the baron rather coolly.

"That is the very point on which he will not listen to reason; I"—here all the aristocratic imperiousness of the young heir of Windeg broke out—"I would long ago have had these fellows shot down, and have forced the rebels to submission. They have given provocation enough for it; and if their leader continues to goad them on, as he is now doing, they will the next thing burn Arthur's house over his head; but all this does not influence him. 'No, and no again,' he says; 'so long as I can defend myself, no stranger force sets foot in my works.' Neither arguments nor entreaties move him.

"And to confess the truth, papa, we, in our regiment, are very glad our help is not likely to be asked. During the last few weeks we have been obliged to lend it only too often. It was not half so bad at the other mines as at Berkow's; but still, at the very first, their owners and officers placed themselves on a war footing with their own workmen, and demanded military aid. Harrowing and violent scenes have taken place, and we soldiers have been compelled to extreme measures. It is best not to resort to violence when it can be avoided; and still, on the other hand, a master should not give up his authority, and let things go as they will, for he must be responsible for all that happens. Our colonel and officers have a high respect for Arthur, because he has thus far kept even with his rebels; and I think he will keep even with them, although things with him now are bad as possible."

Breathlessly intent, Eugenie had listened to her brother, who seemed to believe her quite unconcerned in the matter, for his recital had been addressed to his father. But the baron, who, with ever increasing displeasure had marked the term "Arthur" his son had repeatedly employed, said now in a tone of cold rebuke—

"You and your comrades seem to be very minutely informed of all Herr Berkow's affairs."

"Why, they are the talk of the whole town?" replied Curt naively. "As for myself, I have been over to Arthur's pretty often."

The baron sprang from his chair at this confession. "You have visited him at his estates? and that very often?

(To be continued).

SOLD HER CHEAP.

Man Selling His Wife for Twenty-five Shillings.

At Hamilton (Scotland) the other day, before Sheriff Birnie, David Ferguson Neilson, miner, Cambuslang, pleaded guilty to a charge of bigamy, by having married a domestic servant in Cambuslang on 4th September last, while Anne Maria Davies, to whom he was married at Bellshill, on 3rd July, 1880, was still alive. The Fiscal stated that accused and his wife lived unhappily from incompatability of temper, and having agreed to separate he disposed of her for 25s.

The Sheriff—Sold her to another man

The Fiscal—Yes, my lord.

Mr. Campbell, accused's agent—He denies that.

The Sheriff—If you are going to deny that, you had better get him to plead not guilty.

Mr. Campbell—It would not alter the case.

The Sheriff, in passing sentence of twelve months' imprisonment, said he could not have believed such a thing possible, and a more horrible case he could scarcely conceive.

Anne Maria Davies (a well-dressed young woman with a child in her arms) was next charged with marrying a man in Wishaw while her husband, the above accused, was still alive. She pleaded guilty. Mr. W. T. Hay, writer, who appeared for accused, said the case was a most painful one. Married to a man ten years her senior when only 17, the marriage was soon seen to be a mistake. His treatment of her was very bad, and culminated, after repeated insults, in his offering, as stated, to sell her for 25s to a friend of his who came about the house, and who, thinking it a joke, laid down the money, Prisoner left thereupon in disgust, and having afterwards failed in an attempt at reconciliation, handed him back her wedding ring and thought she was done with him. She went to live with her sister, and six months afterwards married the man to whom she was sold, and to whom she had three children, their life together having been a happy one. The Sheriff said the case was one he had never heard of before. Her husband had treated her more than cruelly, and in the peculiar circumstances he dismissed her with an admonition.

Advice to Amateur Poets.

Work, work of some kind is the business of men and women, not the making of jingles! No—no—no! I want to see the young people in our schools and academies and colleges, and the graduates of these institutions, lifted up out of the little Dismal Swamp of self-contemplating and self-indulging and self-commiserating emotionalism which is surfeiting the land with those literary sandwiches—thin slices of tinkling sentimentality between two covers looking like hard-baked gilt gingerbread. But what faces these young folks make up at my good advice! They get tipsy on their rhymes. Nothing intoxicates one like his—or her—own verses, and they hold on to their metre-ballad-mongering as the fellows that inhale nitrous oxide hold on to the gas-bag.—*December Atlantic.*

The Dominion Guild of Wholesale Grocers met in Toronto yesterday in secret session. The Secretary states that the business transacted is of no interest to the public. Delegates from other cities were last night entertained to dinner in the National Club.

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

What a British Engineer Saw in the Land of King Thebaw—A Novel Ear Ornament for a Woman.

(From the St. James' Gazette.)

It was my heavy task to do with the crop destroying Irrawaddy what Canute admitted his inability to do with the sea; in other words, I was told off to construct an embankment against a river that destroyed on an average one crop in every three.

I had 16,000 Burmese working for me, men, women and children. The embankment was seventy miles, the swollen water would have run over it had it been less than twenty feet high; and would have whirled it into the plain if its base had not been a hundred feet broad. Then we could only work by snatches even in the dry months, and not at all during the long and dreary wet season. My workpeople returned to their homes for the wet months, but I stayed on to see that our foundation was not washed away. My best laborers were the women. The mass of them were not from British Burmah, but slaves of the King of Kings, the Burmese of the highlands. It is from these that the King of Burmah draws his army. Had they their own way, I am quite certain that there would be no war. In the heat of the day, when work was out of the question, I have listened with astonishment and pity to their talk over the everlasting cheroot. It was evident that such an idea as not carrying out to the letter the mandates of the King was inconceivable to them. I have said that my workpeople returned to their homes during the wet season. There was no option in the matter; they had to do it. The King takes a fatherly interest in them, and sees that they pay for it if they desert him. His favorite method is to keep hostages, and my laborers had to leave their families in his hands before they came to me. Had they failed to render an account of themselves by the stipulated time, the hostages would have been given over to the State, and, if the King desired it, trampled to death by the elephant, which in Burmah discharges the duties of public executioner. Out of every rupee I paid my laborers part had to be laid aside for the King. The Burmese smoke to a man, to a woman, I might almost say to a child. I was physician-in-chief to those under me, and I soon learned to rely upon it that when a patient gave up smoking he or she was really ill. The Burmese ladies have a very peculiar cigar case. But there are two objections to its ever becoming popular here, of which the less important is that each cigar case only holds one cigar. And then the cigar case is the lady's ear. Instead of wearing ordinary earrings, the Burmese women have a large hole in their ears and wear a cheroot in it till wanted. The really great advantage of this cigar case is that it is never left behind. The men would think it beneath their dignity to carry cheroots in this manner, but they do not mind helping themselves from the wife's case. When the King of Kings wants to keep his women folks together or to punish them, he strings them, so to speak, by the ear. A long cane is passed through the holes made for cheroots, a dozen women or even more going to one cane.

Beecher a Contradiction Ever.

The *Interior* has been prosecuting a chemical analysis, and here is the result: Mr. Beecher preached in Centenary Methodist Church, Chicago, last Sabbath. His sermon, like all that he has preached since the conclusion of his nonsensical series on Evolution, was singularly rich, spiritual, evangelical. It was one of those sermons which have won for him a great Christian following in all lands. Lord Byron said of himself that he had no character, and all critics who have studied him agree in his statement concerning himself. It is equally true of Mr. Beecher. He is a bundle of contradictions which defy reconciliation so as to show a unit—a character. His recent sermons would be moonshine in a fog if his assaults on evangelical faith had any truth in them. His lecture on "Money" is thoroughly epicurean, and so far as it has had any influence, that influence was to destroy the foundations of morals, and set up selfishness and sensuality as the only motives worth following, and to place no limit on them except prudence. He has sought to destroy all doctrinal bases for morals in his sermons. Then he turns about and discourses of spiritual things with the unction of a saint and the eloquence of an angel, and with a sincerity, too, that is beyond question. Such a genius is not analyzable. He is a chemical agent which reacts upon everything it touches, and comes out in new forms and colors at each succeeding contact.

Bewilderingly Pretty Stockings.

Stockings are very gay. The gold embroidered and beaded roses and lilies of the present new styles have tiny drooping tassels of silk and fine beads; in others the artistic mingling of colors has never been surpassed in harmonious blendings of pale olive, brown and blue, brown and wine color, flesh color and a warm olive, and dark red and olive. Pretty stripes are seen in moss green and rose pink, black and red, blue and cardinal. Vertical stripes of brilliant colors are divided by a narrow stripe of lace. Another still daintier style has feet of rose color and moss green tops, and other feet of delicate colors with artistic contrasts. The finest silk stockings of plain black have fine ecru silk soles, and black lace stockings are exquisite enough for gloves. Black spun silk stockings are finished with unbleached soles, and handsome fine walking styles have balbriggan feet and black silk tops. Sober gray is a favorite shade, as a strong contrast to the butterfly brightness of the others, and *café au lait* where there is more milk than there is coffee, sage, peacock blue, strawberry red, and all shades of blue make up the rest.—*New York Tribune.*

Losing Faith in Gladstone.

Vanity Fair says that an enthusiastic Liberal grocer in Birmingham had the other day printed in large letters on a board placed over his shop door the following words: "Mr. Gladstone says 'jam is the best substitute for butter.' Try our home-made jam." A woman entered his shop, bought two pots of "our home-made," and carried them off. In a few days she returned, laid one pot of the jam on the counter, and with an indignant air exclaimed, "I've been brought up to believe that every word Mr. Gladstone spoke was truth. I'll never believe him again." "Indeed, madam, why not?" inquired the bewildered grocer. "Why?" repeated the indignant matron, "Because he said jam was the best substitute for butter. It is not. It won't fry my fish!"

He Wasn't Acquainted.

Miss Clara (to young Featherly)—"Mamma and I were discussing a certain rule of table etiquette just before you came in, Mr. Featherly. Mamma thinks it is perfectly proper to take the last piece of bread on the plate, while I contend that to do so is violating a rule as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. You must decide for us, Mr. Featherly."

Mamma—"Yes, Mr. Featherly, please do so."

Mr. Featherly—"Well — er — really, ladies, you place me in a somewhat embarrassing position. You see, I am only slightly acquainted with the Meades, and I've never even met the Persians."—*Exchange.*

A married woman named Carroll, residing on Yonge street, Toronto, died suddenly on Tuesday night, and as it was suspected there might have been foul play, an inquest was held yesterday afternoon. The jury, however, returned a verdict of "died from natural causes."

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1886.

Morsels of Fun Abstracted From the Collection.

"Beware of imitations," as the monkey said to the dude.

MISUNDERSTOOD

The Doctor—Your wife's case is getting desperate. I should like to call in a specialist.

The Husband—I told my wife a week ago that we had better send for a capable physician, but she thought it might offend you.

THE PUG MANIA.

Bella—I don't see what you find to admire about Mr. Grigeby; he's far from handsome.

Eva (who is awfully fashionable)—Why! look at his nose, a most lovely *pug*.

FLATTERING.

She—Indeed, Mr. Dawbin, *yours* were the only pictures I looked at in the Exhibition.

Dawbin—Ah, you flatter——

She—No. The others, you know, were so surrounded by the crowd!

ENGLISH.

(Respectfully submitted to friends in Quebec.)

Though anything singular cannot be plural, yet there are cases of plurals being very singular; here are a few of them:

Though ox in the plural should always be oxen.
The plural of box must be boxes, not boxen.
And goose in the plural's not gooses but geese,
Yet fleece becomes fleeces, and never is fleece.
Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice,
But house becomes houses and ne'er can be hice.
The plural of root is roots and not reet,
Though foot isn't foots but is properly feet.
A sweep becomes sweeps in the plural, but sheep
Can never be sheeps but their singular keep.
Rabbi becomes Rabbin—oh, my! what a stab in
The heart of a cabby to call two of 'em cabbin.

JUST TWO CLASSES.

Old Skinflint (after refusing to contribute anything)—Er—how are you succeeding in your mission?

Charitable Collector—Oh, so, so. Some give according to their means; and others according to their meanness.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

His Honor—Have you ever been punished for a similar offence?

Prisoner—No, sir; this is the first time they ever caught me.

NOT FAR OUT.

The Teacher—Now, Johnny, can you tell the meaning of the word "demagogue?"

Johnny (slightly confused on account of the visitors)—A jug that holds whiskey, gin, beer, wine and everything like that.

THE BABY'S NAME.

A good way to name a new baby is to write a great many names on slips of paper, shake them up in a hat and take the top paper. If the name thus obtained doesn't suit, keep shaking the hat till you get a suitable one on top. If the baby is a boy, let the wife manage the hat; but if it is a girl, let the husband manage it. This precaution should be taken to prevent "stuffing" the hat or any unfair manipulation of the returns.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

Now, the sweet girl graduate of 45, home for the vacation, starts out on her lecturing tour and meets with a bold, bad man.

He—Where are you going, my pretty maid?
She—I'm going a-lecturing, sir, she said.
He—May I go with you, my pretty maid?
She—The subject won't suit you, sir, she said.
He—What is the subject, my pretty maid?
She—The Total Suppression of Man, she said.
He—Then I won't marry you, vile old maid.
She—Nobody axed you, sir, she said.

A FAIR START.

Happy Young Husband—My love, I trust we will in all matters be of one mind.

Happy Young Bride—Of course, ducky; but it depends upon whose mind it is!

CONSCIENTIOUS.

Milkman—Now, Tommy, be sure you put the water in first. We want to be able to say honestly that we never put any water in our milk. We've got to keep up our good name, you know.

Health Hints by an M. D.

If people were only as particular about the intermarriage of disease as the intermarriage of poverty, there would be less disease transmitted from parent to child, and fewer people would suffer from their parents' errors and follies.

In winter, not only wear heavier clothing than in summer, but eat more food.

If we would keep body and mind in perfect health, we must learn to hold the passions in subordination to the reason and the will.

There is one safe remedy for the aches and pains of body and mind which result from the use of alcoholic stimulants, and that is to abstain from their use entirely.

Animal food should be eaten fresh. The custom of eating game after it has become rotten may be aristocratic, but it is exceedingly foolish and hurtful.

Occupations of every kind require to be alternated with rest and recreation, in order to secure the best and most effective work.

Never allow air to enter a room that smells offensively; pure air has no odor, and air with odor is never pure.

The simplest bath is the best—and that is the ordinary sponge both; plunge baths shower baths, and such like, are amusements in the bathing line while the sponge bath is the steady working and always serviceable institution.

Unclean clothes are unhealthy clothes, for, long worn, the clothing becomes saturated with excretions from the body, and acts like a poison bath.

Mental labor never kills unless associated with mental worry.

Maintain the body always in an equable temperature of about 65 degrees, and never exceed that in a sleeping room.

Campaigning in the Balkans.

The Servian staff affirms that all military movements in the Balkans are now retarded by terrible weather in the mountains. Nevertheless it was not in November, but in January, that Gourko made his wonderful march from Plevna to Sofia and Philippopolis, and Radetski and Skobeleff and crossed the Balkans, crushed a Turkish army, and swooped down upon Adrianople and San Stefano. The veteran engineer Todleben, after the capitulation of Plevna, advised the commander-in-chief to put his army in winter quarters and to wait until spring. The bolder spirits counselled action, and marching orders were issued in dead of winter. Campaigning in November is easy work in comparison with the terrible marches across the mountains by which the Russian campaign was brought to a close. It was in January of the same year that the Servians themselves captured Nisch, and Suleiman led his army in full retreat across the Rhodope mountains to Kavala.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Turn."

Sam Jones' "turn" story, as told at the Methodist Church on Friday night, is as follows: "There was a married couple with half a dozen children and only one bed. The whole family slept on that bed—and were so thick that one couldn't turn over unless all did. So when any one got tired sleeping on one side he'd say 'Turn'—and over the whole family went. They got so used to it that even when they heard the word 'turn' in their sleep they would hustle over. One day the old man was fishing on a low bridge over the river. The sun was hot and the fish wa'n't biting, and he fell asleep balanced on the log. One of the boys saw him and thought he would try a joke, and hallooed out 'Turn!' Over the old man went kerflop into the water. Now I want the temperance men to halloo 'Turn!' until the anti-men who are asleep on the bridge over the prohibition river will hear and drop in."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE.

Spicy Bits Picked up in the Currents of Newspaper Humor.

The Detroit Woman Who Overdid It—"Depression" in Scotland—Very Hard to Swallow—Smile-Provoking Squibs.

QUITE A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"Well," said Mr. Snaggs, looking up from his paper, "a seat in the New York Stock Exchange has just been sold for $84,000."

"Mercy!" commented Mrs. Snaggs, "who is going to sing?"

"Sing!" howled Snaggs. "What would they sing for at a stock exchange? Have you got an idea it is a kind of a concert?"

"Well, don't get cross, dear. I thought some foreign singer was going to be there or seats wouldn't be so dear."

A DETROIT WOMAN'S GREAT SCHEME.

There is a woman living down Howard street who reads the newspapers. She read in a newspaper the other day that a Boston woman cured her husband of running out nights by making him jealous. The idea was a good 'un. She let her sister into the plot, and the sister's husband might have been seen sneaking into and out of the house at a late evening hour. Some of the neighbors got hold of it, and some one wrote to the husband:

"Beware! As a friend I would advise you to watch your wife!"

His wife saw the bud of suspicion in his eye, and was hugely pleased. She told her sister, and there was great cackling. Sister told her husband and he slapped his legs and exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! ha! We've got him on the run!"

The other night the Howard street man went out as usual. The brother-in-law disguised himself and went over to the house, taking care to be seen. He was just mounting the steps when a horsewhip began to play over and round him, and as he started to run he was knocked down and stepped on and walked over until he scarcely had the strength left to climb out of the yard in front of a No. 9 boot. The injured husband then entered the house and broke up $500 worth of furniture, and destroyed jewelery and dresses costing as much more. His wife had to explain the plot in order to save her life, but that didn't restore the goods nor heal the brother-in-law's bruises. It is very quiet down there now. The husband goes out of nights as usual and the Boston idea has been coated with tar and buried in the back yard until wanted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AMERICA IN PARIS.

First passenger (in railroad train)—"You are from Chicago, I see."

Second passenger (with pride)—"Yes, sir."

First passenger—"Commercial traveller, I suppose?"

Second passenger—"Yes, sir."

First passenger—"I thought so. There are certain characteristics peculiar to Chicago travelling men that distinguish them from the ordinary run of people."

Second passenger (highly delighted)—"Yes?"

First passenger—"Oh, yes. Will you please take your feet off the seat, so that I can sit down?"—*Paris News.*

"DEPRESSION" IN SCOTLAND.

Tourist (tipping the old grave-digger, who had shown him over the cathedral)—"I suppose, now so many visitors are in the town, you'll be doing well?" Grave-digger—"Oh, aye; there's a wheen folk gaun aboot, but"—(gloomily)—"there's terr'ble little deein' in the diggin' ways!"

HARD TO SWALLOW.

At a mess dinner the conversation turned on animal training. "Ah!" said Major Binks, "I remember when I was at Bogglewallah I tamed an oyster. He used to follow me all over the house like a dog. He would sit on the table at my side, with his shell open and crack filberts—most affectionate little creature." "Have you got him still, Major?" asked a doubting auditor. "No, sir; he came to an untimely end. A friend of mine came into the dining-room in my absence, saw the oyster with his shell open and swallowed him. I shall never have such another pet!" exclaimed the Major, with a sigh. "No doubt your friend swallowed the oyster," said the President, "but I'm afraid we can't swallow the story."

QUIET SMILES.

A western lecturer recently advertised a lecture for ladies