CURRENT TOPICS.

A HARTFORD despatch to the New York *Post* says that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's health remains in the same condition in which it has been for the past year. She shows the effect of her age, but is still able to attend church and visit neighbors. It was thought best that she should not attend the funeral of her brother. During the last visit of Henry Ward Beecher last autumn he told Mrs. Stowe that he was expecting death, and that apoplexy would be the cause.

AMATEUR astronomers who are ambitious to lead a forlorn hope with the chance of covering themselves with glory would do well to watch the sun to-morrow. On that day, according to the calculations of Oppolzer, the mysterious planet Vulcan, if there is any such body, may be seen crossing the face of the sun. As there are no spots upon the sun, the appearance of a small black object upon its dusk, particularly if it were perfectly round, would be suspicious, and if the motion of this object were such as to carry it across the sun in a few hours, the fortunate observer might have reason to hope he had at last caught sight of the long sought and much-mistrusted Vulcan.

DR. C. E. SAUNDERS, writing in the *Sanitary Record* of the purification of rivers, states that it is his firm belief--and he has had ample opportunities for observation during the past two years—that diphtheria finds an especially congenial habitat in sewage ditches; that it is, in fact, as it used to be considered, a filth disease; and that the cases which baffle discovery of the cause, in isolated, well-drained, well-watered houses, frequently owe their source of infection to a neighboring sewage ditch along which persons may have passed unconsciously, or over which they may have reached to pluck flowers from the edges or have otherwise been brought within the baneful influence of such sewage emanations. There is scarcely a village in the country which does not in some form or other pollute water-courses, and not a few in which such pollution is direct and flagrant.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY had a big fall, but it was as nothing to the fall of King Christian, of Denmark, the other night. It happened at Copenhagen. King Christian was not playing "Copenhagen," however, though he was dancing with the kissable Miss Estrup, and that was next thing to the game aforesaid. In front of the Queen's Throne the waxed floor was as slippery as ice, Down went a couple in the waltz, and a moment later the heels of His Majesty kicked at the heavens. King Christian fell flat on his back at full length. His head struck the corner of a step to the throne. He was stunned and lay as still as death. Miss Estrup was thrown and slightly cut. Great was the hubbub. Comtesse Reventlow was seized with a *crise de nerfs* and some ladies fainted. By and by King Christian came to and was put to bed. He is up and out now, and is down on dancing.

PATRICK CHALMERS, whose father was a bookseller in Dundee, Scotland, fifty years ago, has been arguing before committees and the public for twenty years in defence of his claim that his father was the originator of the adhesive postage stamp now in general use. The credit of this useful device has hitherto been usually given to Sir Rowland Hill, the eminent postal reformer. It now appears from letters of both Hill and the Scotch bookseller that the latter brought his plan to Hill's notice. The defence of his father's claims to the honor for twenty years and its final acknowledgment by the English Dictionary of National Biography is a singular instance of persistency. The junior Chalmers has been elected a member of several historical societies in acknowledgment of his proof of his father's claims.

A LONDON correspondent learns from a private letter received from Vienna that a magnificent dinner service of the Dresden bright yellow ware, only used for royal presents, is being made there by order of the Emperor William for the Queen for presentation on the occasion of her jubilee. Each plate will have five medallions, having on them either allegorical pictures recalling memorable incidents of the Victorian era or portraits of celebrities of the Queen's reign. There are to be in all 288 large and 120 small plates, and 72 dishes of all sizes, besides tureens, sauce-boats and fruit dishes. The centre piece for flowers and fruit will be surmounted by a statuette of the Queen, and have medallion portraits in relief—white on gold—of the members of the royal family of England.

REPORTS from France indicate that if a war should soon break out, the future strategist of the French army would be Gen. Saussier, a man of whom very little is heard, for the reason that he keeps his mouth shut, and does not mix very largely with the representatives of the social and political world in Paris. But for years past Gen. Saussier has been preparing plans for a possible campaign against Germany, and hence, if hostilities begin, his countrymen will act under much more intelligent guidance than that which directed their course seventeen years ago. At that time Gen. von Moltke was the only man who had a definite plan, and there were no strategical movements on the French side that were worth the name. But this time the great German strategist will find that the lesson of the past has not been lost, and that there are others who can practise the methods that have proved so serviceable to him.

KING WILLIAM IV. died about 2 o'clock in the morning of June 20th fifty years ago, and as he left no children to succeed to the throne the Crown passed to the daughter of his brother, the dead Duke of Kent, Alexandrina Victoria, than only a little more than 18 years of age. Victoria, therefore, became Queen on the 20th of June. Immediately upon the death of the King the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Hawley, and the Marquis of Conyngham started for Kensington Palace to inform the girl of 18 that she was the ruler of the great British people. They arrived about 5 o'clock in the morning, and, upon their sending word that their business was urgent, Victoria came down to them in her white night dress, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, slippers upon her feet and her hair falling down her back, but perfectly collected and dignified. Victoria met the Cabinet at 11 o'clock the same morning, and presided with as much dignity and composure as Mrs. Cleveland manifested at her first reception. The coronation did not take place until more than a year later, June 25th, 1838.

FIFTEEN years ago, according to the London *Economist*, at least one-half of the wheat consumed in the United Kingdom was raised there. At present the proportion has shrunk to 30 per cent., while 70 per cent. is imported. The anuual average consumption of wheat per capita at the former date was 343 pounds, valued at $7.12½. At present the consumption is 337 pounds, valued at $4.80. The authority quoted says that bread has decreased in value in that period 40 per cent. Notwithstanding the cheapening of the staple product, it will be learned with surprise that the consumption has decreased 1¾ per cent. The cause of this apparent infringement of economic laws is to be found in the increased consumption of vegetable food, such as potatoes and other garden products, thus indicating a decided change in the character of the food eaten. Bread was formerly almost the sole food of most factory operatives and the agricultural classes. Free imports of foreign meats and vegetables, added to the fact that much land formerly devoted to cereals is now devoted to raising garden products, has enabled consumers to diversify their bill of fare.

How Much Can Be Dreamt in Five Seconds

I was sitting with a police official at his office, and we were discussing some fantastic story, when an employee came in and sat down beside us, leaning with his elbows on the table. I looked up and said to him, "You have forgotten to make the soup." "No, no; come with me." We went out together, going across long corridors, I walking behind him, at the college where I had been brought up. He went into the wing of the house which I knew well, and which led to the class rooms. Under the stairs he showed me a stove on which stood an oyster shell with a little white paint in it (I had been mixing water colors the evening before). "But you have forgotten the vegetables. Go to the porter at the other end of the courtyard; you will find them there on a table." I waited for a long time; at last I saw him making signs to me that he had found nothing. "It is at the left hand side," I shouted, and saw him cross the yard, coming back with an immense cabbage. I took a knife from my pocket, which I always kept there, and at the moment when I was going to cut the vegetable I was awakened by the noise of a bowl of soup being put heavily on the marble top of the table next to my bed.

It appears to me that the idea of soup was suggested to me by the smell at the moment when the door was opened by the servant bringing in the soup while I was asleep and it takes five seconds at the most to walk from the door to the bed.—*Revue Scientifique.*

Never Believed Him Guilty.

I attended the Beecher-Tilton trial from first to last, and was in court both when the first juror was called and when the final verdict was rendered half a year afterwards. I heard all the testimony of every witness and all the other evidence that was introduced. I listened to the whole of every speech of all the lawyers on both sides week after week. I was personally acquainted with all the parties in the case, from Beecher and Tilton to Moulton, the "Mutual Friend." I made notes of all the features of the trial that were published from day to day. And yet, when all was over, I left the court-room wholly unconvinced that Beecher was guilty of the charge brought against him. I stated this fact often in print when he was alive, and I repeat it now that he is dead.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

The Millionaire.

I tell you, Mike, the men who have no other ambition in this world but to accumulate millions of dollars are the worst enemies to liberty and national peace. Let a man start out once to become a millionaire, and long before he has reached the coveted wealth he has lost all love for his fellow man and fear of God. The misery and distress of the lower classes move him no more than the hoot of the night owl, and he will crush the peace, joy and prosperity of a whole State to gain his end—and buy a seat in the Senate. It takes more brute than brains to make a million of dollars.—*Correspondence New York Standard.*

How Widows Do Not Woo.

Omaha Girl—Engaged to Mr. De Lovel! Dear me! How do you widows manage to step in among us young girls and carry off our nicest beaux.

Young Widow—Well, in the first place if we really like a man, we don't act as if we hate the very sight of him.

"You don't?"

"No, and if he forgets himself and happens to touch our hands, we don't jump as if he were a reptile."—*Omaha World.*

Rough on Dumley.

Dumley (irately)—"I understand, Robinson, that you have said that I look like a monkey."

Robinson—"I believe I did say something of the sort. Dumley."

Dumley (threateningly)—"Well, you will have to apologize."

Roninson—"All right, Dumley. The first time I see a monkey I'll apologize."

A Courteous Retort.

Loving Young Wife—You forgot my birthday, Jack.

Cool Husband—I thought it occurred on the 1st of April.

Wife--Other people might think so after seeing my husband.—*Chicago Ledger.*

An Early Bird.

Jones had asked to be called at 6 a. m.

Mike—"Say, boss, are you within there?"

Jones—"What's the row? It can't be 6 o'clock."

Mike—"No, yer honor; I jist shtopped to till yez that ye've got only two hours more to shlape."—*Boston Beacon.*

It is said that a sharp saw used on small bundles of cornstalks is a convenient mode of cutting them into short lengths.

A Notary Public of Newark, N. J., had occasion recently to swear a man on a Bible, but couldn't find one in any of the offices of the building. He went to the public library, and while looking for a Bible there saw a copy of the Koran, and, taking it, hurried back and swore his client on it.

EATEN BY WOLVES.

A Young Man's Terrible Adventure in Dakota.

There passed through St. Paul Sunday *en route* to the east a man whose appearance was loathsome in the extreme, and whose life in the future will be a burden to him. As a reporter was walking about the Union depot he came upon a man with his face wrapped up so that nothing but his eyes were visible. Thinking perhaps that some accident had befallen him, the reporter, accosting him, was told that as soon as an eastern train could be boarded he would let the reporter ascertain for himself as to whether an accident had occurred. As soon as the sleeper was reached the man took from his head the many bandages, and the sight that met the reporter's gaze was a shocking one. The nose and left ear were entirely gone, and the other ear looked as if it had been slit with a knife in a dozen places. Great pieces of flesh had been torn from each cheek, and taken all together the man's face little resembled the features of a human being. The man gave his name as John C. Hazzard, and his story, which was told with many painful halts, was as follows:

"If you want it I will give you the circumstances of an adventure which has left me in this condition. I am a young man of considerable means, and came from southern Ohio last winter to invest in Dakota lands. I was in St. Paul about the 1st of December, and left over the Northern Pacific for Knife River, Morton county, Dakota. After reaching there I learned that an old friend of mine was living some twenty-five miles from there, and started to pay him a visit. Taking a horse I started out early one morning, thinking I would get there along in the afternoon. I had travelled probably fifteen miles when one of those terrible blizzards set in. It turned cold suddenly, and the wind cut like a knife. The snow fell so fast that it was impossible to see but a short distance, and losing my bearings I was soon riding around the open prairie, completely lost. I did not stop for a moment, hoping to come across a house or at least some place where shelter could be found. It did not take long to be thoroughly chilled, and my horse began to show signs of exhaustion. Night came on, and I had made up my mind to kill the horse, and seek shelter by his carcass, when I heard a sound which did not by any means raise my spirits. It was nothing less than a pack of wolves following the scent of our partially covered tracks. The storm had by this time partially abated. The horse heard the howl of the wolves, and made a struggle to increase his pace; but it was no good, for the beast had become so chilled and tired that he could scarcely move. Coming to a little rise in the prairie I saw, a short distance away, a light shining through the window of a shanty, and I thought I was safe. I heard the wolves coming nearer and nearer, and was congratulating myself that I would not be the means of giving them a square meal, when my horse stumbled and fell, with me partly under him, my head striking some hard substance. That is the last I remember until the next day. I was afterwards told by the man who lived in the shanty which I was trying to reach, and to whom I owed my rescue, that the howl of the wolves had attracted the attention of the dogs, and together they had driven the beasts off, but not until I had been almost killed. I was within ten rods of the shanty when found. I will stop in Chicago to see if something cannot be done for me, and if not will go to Europe. At first I feared hydrophobia, but the wounds are healing and I may escape that. I have had the wounds cauterized. I have heard of instances where an artificial nose has been made from flesh taken from some portion of a person's body, and this is the relief I will try to obtain."

The case no doubt will attract considerable interest among medical men where the operation will be performed.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

A Modern Bridal Outfit.

Not long since a Spanish cavalier was married in Paris to a young lady of aristocratic birth. On the day before the wedding the bridegroom went in company with some of his friends to inspect the *trousseau*, which was "on view." Amid a profusion of pearls, lace and other precious articles he noticed a locked casket. After much pressing the bride consented to open it, and there lay, pillowed on a layer of pink wadding, a six-barrelled revolver, a Spanish poignard and a large bottle of vitriol. "That is for you, if ever you cease to love me," said, with a bewitching smile, the hopeful young bride to her future husband. *El Dia.*

Time Does Much.

"People used to think it wicked to fiddle, remarked the clergyman, laying down the violin.

"So I have heard," replied an auditor.

"Years ago if my congregation had heard me play they would have considered me beyond redemption. But they don't mind it now."

"I suppose," responded the other speaker, "they have become used to it."

And then the minister looked interrogation points, but said nothing.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Curiosities of the Far West.

There are places in this State where soda may be taken out in solid blocks as ice is out of a pond, and some of it is almost as transparent as ice. The finding of this solid soda by the immigrants who crossed the plains in 1850 and 1852 gave rise to the widely circulated story that under the sands of some of our deserts were solid masses of ice of unknown thickness and extent.—*Dayton (Nev.) News-Reporter.*

Hung Out His Own Death Signal.

An Olean, N.Y., despatch says: Crape was found to-day on the door of the residence of an old man named George Wood. He was found in the bed sweltering in blood, having shot himself in the head. He may recover. He placed the crape on the door before shooting himself.

A letter from Panama says cholera is playing havoc along the whole course of the Acoucaqua River, Chili. In Lovcampo, Chili, a small town, from 16 to 20 deaths were occurring daily, and the people abandoned the place.

ETHEL ROWE.

That Extraordinary Disappearance of a Ward in Chancery from Dublin.

Dublin has been much excited during the past week over the disappearance of a youthful ward of the English Court of Chancery named Ethel Roe, a girl aged about 13 years, who resided with her grandmother at 27 Pembroke road. On Saturday morning, February 19th, the little girl's room was found empty, her clothes being left on a chair beside the bed. The hall door was found open and it was supposed that the child must have been kidnapped, and that narcotics must have been used. The police made every effort to trace the missing child, but without success. Yesterday the *Freeman's Journal* published an explanation which appears to be almost as mysterious as the original mystery itself. A letter has been received from the child herself, dated Metz, February 26th, and this document states that she left of her own free will, as a child very naturally and rightly wishes to be with her mother. The composition of the letter is in itself noticeable, in view of the age of the child, who, however, is stated to have been highly educated She writes: "I therefore profited of the first opportunity afforded me to escape, and was accompanied by a faithful friend to my present destination. I need not add how delighted I am to be in my home and with my mother, sisters and brothers, whom, for the past four and a half years, I earnestly longed to join. I shall also express a hope that all advocates of liberty of conscience will approve of the step I have now taken, as it will afford me an opportunity of practising the Roman Catholic religion, in which I have always believed, and which, of late years, I have been always taught to execrate." The *Irish Times* showed the letter to the friends of the girl in Dublin, and received from her uncle a letter in which he states his conviction that she wrote at the dictation, and most probably under the compulsion, of the person stated to be her faithful friend. He states that the mother gave her up voluntarily to the grandmother in September, 1882, and never asked to have her back since. Ethel is said to have been most happy and contented in her home, and to have taken the greatest delight in studying the Scriptures, and her uncle denies that she was taught to execrate any form of religion. Our Nationalist contemporary gives some explanations of a rather startling kind, and from these it would appear that "a plain working man not connected with the plan at all," asked the child whether she desired to be free from "the thraldom," and restored to her mother. She replied, it is said, in the affirmative, and, in accordance with an agreement, walked out of the house on the Saturday morning on which she was missed, met the plain working man, with whose assistance and that of "a faithful woman servant," she was taken, disguised as a boy, and with her hair cut off, to Belfast, thence to Greenock, from Greenock to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to Leith and from Leith by steamer to France, where the girl, it is stated, is happy and contented with her mother, her brothers and sisters. The two "poor humble working people" who aided in the escape are said to have had "no other motive in this matter but one of pity of the child and a desire to rescue a human soul." The child's grandmother was, of course, a Protestant. The whole story is a most extraordinary one, and the mystery seems to be by no means solved by the explanation offered.—*Belfast Whig, March 2nd.*

What 10 Cents Will Do.

A 10 cent bottle of Polson's NERVILINE will cure neuralgia or headache. A 10 cent bottle of Nerviline will cure toothache or faceache. A 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline is sufficient to cure colds, diarrhœa, spasms, dysentery, etc. Nerviline is just the thing to cure all pains, whether internal or external. Buy at your druggist a 10 cent sample of Nerviline, "the great pain cure." Safe, prompt and always effectual. Large bottles at any drug store only 25 cents.

How Space is Annihilated.

Nothing, perhaps, could give a better idea of the distance India was from England between seventy and eighty years ago than the fact that George III.'s jubilee was celebrated out there the year after its celebration at home. It was kept in the summer of 1810. Calcutta was illuminated for the battle of Waterloo on Monday, Dec. 18th, 1815, the news having arrived a few days before. Nowadays sporting men do not leave the club at Allahabad for bed before they have heard what horse won the Derby that afternoon.—*London World.*

Some Old Men.

Mr. John Blue, sen., Orford, who is in his 100th year, walked nearly a mile to vote at the late election.

A large portion of the world is at the present time governed by very old men. The Emperor of Germany is 90 years of age, Von Moltke is 86, Prince Bismarck is 71, M. Grevy is 76 and Mr. Gladstone is 77.

Mr. Wm. Brown, of Tiverton, Bruce county, claims he is the oldest printer in Canada. He is 89 years of age, and worked as compositor in Scotland for over forty years.

Some Snow in March.

Don't you forget it, young man, and be sure and make a record of it, for threescore years from now when you tell the story they will not believe it, that on the 10th day of March, in the year of our Lord 1887, the ground throughout Eastern Maine was covered with snow to the depth of seven feet.—*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

Fine Old Maple Sweetening.

This is good maple sugar weather. The same old recipe is good for all seasons—ten pounds of glucose and one pound of maple.—*Peoria Transcript.*

A clerk in a St. Louis store fell ill and was likely to die, and a telegram was sent to his relations in Springfield, Ill., saying that he was not expected to live long. The answer that came back was: "Can't come at present. When he dies ship body to us."

A New York physician has informed 5 o'clock tea parties that their brass teapots generate a very poisonous substance, and society has concluded to limit their use of brass to doorknockers and other things.

A BUDGET FOR WOMEN.

Spring Bonnets Seen at a Wedding in London—Current Paragraphs.

There was such a very pretty wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Saturday that we did wish for you to be there to see it. The bride was Lady Adela Rous, and she looked charming in her marriage gown of white moire, with a small wreath of orange blossoms fastened on with multitudinous diamond stars, and a magnificent bouquet of lilies and other white flowers. The bouquet, I am glad to say, was not cumbrously large, as some brides' bouquets have been of late, and the arrangement of lovely blooms was perfect. The train of the wedding dress was carried by two of the very tiniest pages I have ever seen. They were dressed in white satin. The bridesmaids wore really tasteful dresses of some pale blue or eau-de-Nil material, relieved with brown velvet. Their hats had high crowns of either straw or brown velvet, but the brims were blue. Their bouquets were azaleas, in lovely tones of pink and coral intermingled. This attire looked warm and comfortable. I always think that white or cream-colored dresses for bridesmaids look cold and chilling at any time save summer and early autumn. I have never seen such bonnets as those worn by the smart people in the congregation. One lady appeared in a very spring-like bonnet of white straw, trimmed with a high bunch of Naples violets. A large cluster of similar flowers was tucked in the bosom of her dark heliotrope-velvet bodice. A necket of cut amber lay upon folds of white lace, which came down in points upon the sombre velvet. The ear-rings were amethysts, just a little too blue in tone to assort comfortably with the pale mauve of the violets. This lady carried a delicious little wrap made of tiger-skin—just the sort of thing that a very wealthy woman dare buy, for it could not possibly be worn more than half a dozen times in the year, being too conspicuous. A handsome brunette had a ruby velvet jacket quite tight-fitting, edged with beaver. Her bonnet was red and so was her gown, but the former was velvet, the latter silk. A tall and splendid blonde, with glorious coils of pale brown glossy hair, wore a bodice and overdress of putty-colored ottoman over a skirt and plastron of brightly-striped silk. The collar and cuffs were of the stripes. The small bonnet was embroidered and edged with a fluff of silk chenile, just a shade darker and a tone richer than the putty tint of the silk. It was trimmed with a group of red roses or poppies. The ear-rings were very long and very old-fashioned, but they were of diamonds and pearls of the rarest. A short ruby-velvet mantle, trimmed with sable tails, just matched the flowers in the bonnet. Two sisters in half-mourning were beautifully dressed—one in black velvet trimmed with chinchilla, and bonnet to match; the other also in black velvet, with trimmings of rich, finely cut steel. A handsome but morose-looking woman had no less than three diamond stars in her bonnet strings. A blonde who was present had something black in her hair. We could not make out what it was, so decided that she had truffled her hair as a refreshing novelty.—*Loving Cousin Madge in London Truth.*

Something New

and most important. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, can furnish you work that you can do at great profit and live at home, wherever you are located. Either sex; all ages. Asa P. Rand, Westboro', Mass., writes us that he made $60 profit in a single day. Every worker can make from $5 to $25 and upwards per day. All is new. Capital not required; you are started free. Full particulars free. Send your address at once.

Fannie Rasche, a beggar well known on the streets of New Orleans for years past, died in her miserable hovel the other day, and hidden in her room were a bank book and securities representing $4,500.

N. O. Shelnutt, of Jackson county, Ga., was hanged twice by a mob in January last and still lives to tell the tale. He says that it is a great mistake to think that death by hanging is painful. "There is no pain about it," he says, "and a man can die mighty easy."

A fact is a stubborn thing, and so was rheumatism until the discovery of McColom's Rheumatic Repellant, which is taken internally and cures thoroughly. Sold by druggists at $1 and trial bottles 25 cents each.

There was a report that during last week the snowfall in the Selkirks was already over 19 feet.

A few days ago Mrs. Mary Pitts, of Darcy Ark., was bitten by a mad dog. A madstone was procured and applied to her wounds. It remained upon each some time, and was repeatedly applied. Hope is expressed that a cure has been effected Mrs. Pitts is the fourth person bitten there recently, all of whom have been treated with a madstone.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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