Building Monuments.

Through life we build our monuments
Of honor and, perhaps, of fame;
The little and the great events
Are blocks of glory or of shame.

The modest, humble and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carven statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay;
But deeds of pity, faith and trust
No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies;
They glow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

Our building must be good or bad;
In words we speak, in deeds we do;
On sand or granite must be laid
The shaft that shows us false or true.

How do we build—what can we show
For hours and days and years of toil?
Is the foundation firm below?
Is it on rock or sandy soil?

The hand that lifts the fallen up,
That heals a heart or binds a wound,
That gives the needed crust and cup,
Is building upon solid ground.

Is there a block of stainless white
Within the monumental wall,
On which the sculptured skill can write:
"He builded well; so should we all!"

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A Fish Jewel Case.

Giles Busby, a Toledo fishmonger, was cleaning a white fish last Monday, and in the larger intestines of the fish he found a diamond ring. The ring had engraved upon its inner surface "J. A. B., Chicago, '69." Busby forwarded the ring to the Chief of Police in this city. Yesterday Mrs. Julia A. Lennox, of 12 Lennox place, identified and recovered the ring. She tells an interesting story of its loss. In 1869 she, as Miss Bennett, became engaged to Mr. Lennox, and he gave her this diamond ring, for which he paid $450. Upon their bridal trip in 1871 Mrs. Lennox lost this ring; while she was washing her hands in the toilet room of the Pullman car the ring slipped from her finger and dropped through the waste pipe. As the train happened to be crossing the bridge over the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, just at that time the bereaved bride had no hope of recovering the ring. There are no white fish in the St. Lawrence; the theory is that a small fish seized upon the ring, and that at some future time this small fish, while cruising about the lakes, fell a prey to the white fish in which the long-lost ring was discovered. Giles Busby, the Toledo fishmonger, received from Mr. Lennox a check for $100 for his honesty.—*Chicago News.*

Is a Bustle a Garter?

Mr. Justice Kekewich was occupied yesterday with the bearing of an action relating to patents in dress improvers. The court was strewn with various specimens of these articles, and considerable amusement was caused by the spectacle of a judge and several leading counsel, including the Attorney-General, arguing gravely on the intricacies of the various designs for dress improvers.

Mr. Justice Kekewich, after looking at several designs, said: I hope you are going to produce another of these articles, Mr. Aston, which I do not see here. It is called the Jubilee. (Laughter.)

Mr. Aston—I have never heard of it, my Lord.

His Lordship—It is one which when a lady sits down plays the National Anthem. (Great laughter.)

Later on Mr. Aston argued that a dress improver was virtually the same as a garter.

His Lordship—Do you mean that seriously.

Mr. Aston—Yes I do, my Lord. They are the same, though not in size.

His Lordship—Very well, Mr. Aston, I can see I shall want a jury of matrons on this case before it is done.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The City Man as a Farmer.

(From Our Country Home.)

CAPITAL STOCK FIRST YEAR.

O Conceit.
O Money.
O Farm.
O Practical Knowledge.
O Experience.

CAPITAL STOCK END OF TEN YEARS.

O Experience.
O Practical Knowledge.
O Farm.
O Money
O Conceit.

Attacked by a Steer.

Mr. Andrew Aitken, of Paris station, was attacked by a steer on the road the other day. After dodging the first charge, Mr. Aitken made for the fence, but before he got there the wild steer was upon him, threw him to the ground, and began a savage attack on his prostrate form. Mr. Aitken is not only a courageous man but a man of cool nerve. He kept his presence of mind at this moment of deadly peril and managed by a series of quick movements to avoid a thrust from the long, sharp horns. Finally the opportunity he wanted arrived. Turning quickly on his back he grasped the nose of the beast as it made a blind lunge at him, and held it by the cartilage in a vice like grip. His extraordinary strength enabled him to retain his hold, which he increased with the other hand, and so he held the steer until the drover got a rope and tied its horns to its fore leg.

Lonely Jacob's Ladder.

On Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in California, at a level 14,000 feet above the sea and 1,500 feet above the timber line, where there is no soil and no moisture save snow and hail and ice, there grows a little flower shaped like a bell flower, gaudy in colors of red, purple and blue. It is called Jacob's Ladder, and its fragrance partakes of the white jasmine. It blooms alone, for it not only has no floral associate, but there is no creature, not even a bird or insect, to keep it company.—*Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.*

It is only within the past 500 years that women have danced publicly with men. Italy first began the custom, but the Church condemned it.

A DIABOLICAL CONCERT.

Hon. S. S. Cox Describes the Song of the Donkeys of Prinkipos.

The following is an extract from the Hon. S. S. Cox's recent Tammany speech: Last summer it was my pleasure to live in one of the isles of the princes. It is called Prinkipos. It is a few miles below Constantinople in the Sea of Marmora. It is a sort of Saratoga for pleasure and health seekers, set on a mountainous island of pines—a paradise—a new South, bursting out of the old harried Propontis! There was one drawback to the pleasures of Prinkipos. The isle, like that of Shakspeare's "Tempest," was "full of strange noises"—not the nightingale in the evening, nor the cocks at dawn, nor the shepherds, nor the vendors of fish, nor the dry cicada, nor the flap of the American flag in front of our legation. These were pleasures, and they did not interrupt my morning dreams, but hark! when the sun paints in gold and purple the Asian mountains, I hear an equivocal sort of bruit. Is it the distant thunder of Jove from Mount Olympus, in sight of our isle? Is it the rolling of the Ismid train across the channel? It starts afar! It approaches! It is—No? Yes? It is the grand diapason of the jackasses. (Roars of prolonged laughter.) It frights the isle from its propriety.

Be it known that the isle is full of donkeys. They carry water and vegetables—and tourists—up and down and over the mountains. I am not unfriendly to the donkey. He has a good name for patience and industry. I was familiar with them in and out of Congress. I admire their courage. They can whip a California grizzly.

When Jack salutes Jenny, though miles apart, then the jubilee of noisy affection begins. It is an infernal concert, amorous, jocund and ear-benumbing. It starts with an exaggerated case of asthma. (Laughter.) This rasps your soul. The beast loses, then catches its breath with a harsh, squeakish sibilation, until a roar as of forty hungry lions comes to its relief. (Laughter.) All the powers of wheezy, whistling, gasping suction are exhausted. Then follow terrific expirations of the bellowing monster. (Laughter.) Suction and emission—repeated with "damnable iteration"—until the noise dies out in an agony unutterable. I used to hear when a boy the creaking of the untarred wheels of the Conestoga waggon from Pennsylvania. I have lately heard the screaming shadoof, turned by blind buffalos, pumping the Nile upon the fruitful land of Egypt, but never before or since have I heard such a diabolical concert as this braying of the donkeys of Prinkipos.

How the Monkey Stole the Money.

In a house on the Boulevard Napoleon of Toulouse, a woman locked up her money in a desk and went out shopping; on her return she missed three napoleons, a gold five-franc piece and a franc in silver. There was no trace of a burglary. Very much bewildered by these losses, the good woman was deep in reflection over the matter when she heard a roar of laughter from her neighbor's garden. "Oh, the thief!" cried several persons at once. "Where has he stolen this?" The dame descended instantly, ran out and said: "Oh! my money, messieurs; where is the thief?" "He is up a tree, madame," pointing up to a monkey in a high branch above them, "but here is the money!" The monkey, who certainly would be an invaluable assistant to a burglar, had been seen to climb into the window of one of the good lady's rooms, had unlocked a drawer, found the money and, concealing it in his jowl, had brought it to his master. I find that no less an authority than Buffon declares that a female chimpanzee who went out to service at Loango made the beds, swept the house and so far assisted in the cooking as to turn the spit. M. de Grandpre, an officer of the French navy, tells of another chimpanzee, on board a French man-of-war, which assists the cook and turns the capstan and furls sail as well as any of the sailors. In China monkeys help in the tea picking, and Lord Monboddo used to gravely contend that apes could talk readily enough, but that their superior cunning told them to hold their tongues lest they should be put to hard work.—*Leeds Mercury.*

A Life Wasted on Perpetual Motion.

George Johnson, aged 78, died at the Bristol Town Farm on Sunday. He was an interesting character, his chief notoriety being in his effort to perfect perpetual motion. He became so engaged in this subject about 40 years ago, at the time of the perpetual motion craze, that his mind became unbalanced, and since that time he contrived several ingenious devices which are curiosities. Mr. Johnson was a mechanic of more than common skill in the use of tools, yet he was never able to use his ability to accumulate any property.—*Hartford Times.*

Slow Starvation.

Rev. D. Frank Culley, missionary to Labrador coast of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has published a letter in the St. John's (Nfld.) *Mercury*, in which a painful account of the slow starvation of the people is detailed. He cites instances where villages had to subsist on rock cod for months; where men walked hundreds of miles for flour and could only get one barrel.

Driven to Desperation.

Jack—What! Are you smoking cigarettes?

Harry—Yes, dash it all! Cora refused my offer of marriage last night, and I don't care now what becomes of me.—*Tid Bits.*

Sound Advice.

An innocent Cheyenne man wrote to a Denver sport the other day and asked the question: "How can a man get rich at poker?" The sport promptly replied: "Don't poke."—*Denver News.*

A Cheerful Believer.

A farmer stood at the Ithaca gas well yesterday and sadly declared it was just ruining Bible prophecy to dig such things. On being asked to explain he said: "If the oil and gas is all pumped out of the earth, don't it stand to reason that there will be nothing left inside for the final burning up of the world. It is just spoiling Bible prophecy, and ought to be stopped."—*Elmira Gazette.*

HALTER OR ALTAR.

A Sarnia Man Prefers Death to Matrimony.

A passenger who arrived here last evening from Sarnia tells of a startling tragedy that took place in that town yesterday. It would seem that a carpenter named Frank Howard has recently been paying marked attentions to a Miss Lafarge, whose friends are said to live in Tilbury Centre. Matters finally came to a crisis, and the pair were to have been married yesterday at the Farmers' Hotel in Sarnia. All the preparations were made, the would-be bride, the witnesses and the clergyman were on time, but the bridegroom was missing. After waiting for a considerable time a general search was instituted, and the dead body of Howard was found suspended by a rope to one of the beams in the barn on the hotel premises. It was evidently a case of suicide, the motive for which has not yet transpired.—*London Advertiser.*

Latest from the Northwest.

Superintendent White, of the C.P.R., who has just returned from the West, says the trestle bridges between Calgary and Donald, B.C., will be made to give place to iron bridges.

Mr. Burgess, Deputy Minister of the Interior, has returned from his Western trip and will await here the arrival of the Minister of the Interior.

Gophers are doing considerable damage in some portions of the Territories. Mr. Crawford, a member of the Northwest Council, says that the municipality of Indian Head, which offers a bonus for their destruction, in the month of May last paid for seventy-five thousand tails at three cents per tail.

The United States authorities having granted the extradition of Fant, Chief McRae's assailant, he was brought to the city to-night.

Mr. Daly, M.P., was banquetted by his constituents at Brandon to-night. The general tone of the speeches shows that the Province is entirely united on the subject of disallowance, though a portion of the West does not like the way in which Winnipeg has been, according to their views exclusively running things.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch states that the Grand Trunk Railway will apply to the British Columbia Legislature at its next session for a franchise for a railway through Yellowhead Pass and Chilcoutin county via Bute Inlet to Esquimalt.

Already between five and six miles of the Red River Valley Railway have been graded.

Captain W. C. B. Graham, Dominion Immigrant Agent, has received a despatch informing him that 822 Icelanders left Glasgow *en route* to Manitoba on July 7th by the steamer Buenos Ayres. The party is expected to arrive in Quebec on Monday and to reach Winnipeg at the end of next week. The Icelanders who arrived last Saturday have not yet taken up land, but have nearly all secured situations.

Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Duncan McIntyre passed through the city for Banff this morning. The ex-Premier appeared to be still very weak.

About $100,000 will be expended this year in the construction and repair of Northwest Mounted Police barracks.

It is believed that there is every likelihood of the construction of the Northwest Central Railway being deferred for at least another year.

The Scribe at the Circus.

Oh, the drums were heard and the piccolo note, as the circus up-town paraded, and the shorn-off mule and whiskered goat and the elephant umber shaded. I followed it calmly at early morn, my work and my labors spurning, and I harked to the sound of a rusty horn with a wild and unhallowed yearning. Few and short were the tunes they played, and they paused not at all to monkey; so I slowly followed the route they made at the heels of the lop-eared donkey. I bought up a seat at the show that night, and looked at the limber woman, who tied herself in a knot so tight she seemed more like hemp than human. And I eagerly looked at the wondrous bloke who swallowed some cotton blazing, and blew from his nostrils a cloud of smoke till I thought he was sheol raising. And I watched the clown as he ran and rolled and stood in a dozen poses, and worked off a string of jokes so old they came from the time of Moses.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

The Address of Venus and Adonis.

The non-delivery of a telegram sent from Manchester to Lichfield a week or so ago was attended by some amusing circumstances. Some old tapestry was lent by Mr. Litchfield, an art dealer, to the Jubilee Exhibition, and, requiring the return of a certain panel, he particularized in his telegram by stating the size and subject, "Venus and Adonis," ending the message with sender's name "Litchfield." A clerk at once replied to "Venus and Adonis, Lichfield," and after making every effort to deliver the message, the Post-Office officials were constrained to wire back to Manchester that no Venus and Adonis could be found in the cathedral city.—*Electrical Review.*

French as She is Spoke.

Mrs. A. (who is taking French lessons)—"Now, Bridget, when Prof. Blanque comes you must say 'entrez' to him, and he will know what you mean and come into the parlor." The bell rings and Bridget goes to the door. It is the professor. "Ontario," says Bridget. "Wud ye walk into the parlor, sur?" The professor walked in, and Bridget reported her triumph to the cook.—*Harper's Bazar.*

War to the Knife.

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis to Miss Breezy, of Chicago)—"Well, how is everything in Chicago? Dull, as usual, I suppose."

Miss Breezy—"No, things are looking very bright. How is the pasturage in St. Louis"—*Charleston News and Courier.*

In a series of experiments made by the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station on cabbage worms, the most efficacious remedy was found to be a mixture of one ounce of pyrethrum with buckwheat flour.

That is the last novel I shall ever read," said a gentleman, throwing the book down in disgust. "What's the matter, dear?" inquired his wife, "doesn't it end happily?"

No, they were married."

A Cure for Whooping Cough.

Maryhill is a large and important suburb of Glasgow. On Thursday a travelling candy-man and rag-gatherer, with a cart drawn by an ass, drew up in front of a row of houses known as Pirrat's row, a little off the highway at Maryhill, Glasgow. Two children living in this quarter are suffering from whooping cough. After a short conversation with the proprietor of the ass, the mothers of the two children took up a position, one on each side of the animal. One woman then took one of the children and passed it below the ass's belly to the other woman, the child's face being toward the ground. The woman on the other side caught hold of the child, and, giving it a gentle somersault, handed it back to the other woman over the ass, the child's face being toward the sky. The process having been repeated three times, the child was taken away to the house, and then the second child was similarly treated. While this was going on two other children were brought to undergo the magical cure. In order that the operation may have its due effect the ass must not be forgotten, and at the close of the ceremony each mother must carry her child to the head of the animal and allow it to eat something, such as bread or biscuits, out of the child's lap. This proceeding having been performed in turn by the four mothers, the prescribed course was concluded. When it began there was not many people present, but before it was finished quite a number of spectators had gathered. From inquiries made it seems the mothers are thoroughly satisfied that their children are the better of the enchantment.—*Notes and Queries.*

Egyptian Street Cries.

The street cries of any city are full of interest, but those of Eastern thoroughfares are particularly significant. The Muskee, of Cairo, its great native street, is a singular, Oriental looking place, always crowded with strange people, calling somewhat after this fashion:

Seller of sugar and water—Refresh thy heart! Quench the heat!

Seller of raisin water—It is well clarified. Oh my son! By the life of thy father, it is well clarified!

Milkman—Let our morning be white!

Pretzel seller—O all nourisher! O all good! O determiner! O omniscient pretzels!

Beggar—I am the guest of God and of the prophet. I have not yet breakfasted.

Passer-by (in reply)—God opens to thee the hearts of men!

Another (to one sneezing)—Praise God! Thank God!

All present—God have mercy on you!

The sneezer—God guide me and you! God reward you

Muezzin (from a mosque)—God is greatest! I declare that there is no god but God! I declare that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to salvation! Prayer is better than sleep! God is very great! There is no God but God!

Seller of wheat cake—These belong to thee, O fasting man! How they did knead thee in the night, O cakes!

Rose seller—The rose was a thorn; she bloomed from the sweat of the prophet.

And thus the cries continue, hour after hour and day after day.

Ethics of Gambling.

Paterfamilias (at the breakfast table)—"Mabel, I have learned that young Goithard, who comes to see you, gambles occasionally."

Daughter (composedly)—"Oh, you mustn't believe all you hear, pa."

P.—"Well, I know he has been seen playing billiards, and you must drop him. Nice way for a young man to begin life. Let me have the part of the paper with the stock market, please."

D.—"Certainly, pa. I don't think there is a great deal of harm in billiards."

P. (warmly)—"The loser pays, and what is that but gambling, eh? (Consults his paper.) Yes, gambling. That's the only word for it—— What! hello! Big drop in Sou'-sou' west-half-west-little-western! Gracious gimeni! Five hundred gone at a single slap! Whew! I was an idiot to risk it."

D.—"What's the matter, pa?"

P.—"Ah—a—a—nothing, nothing. A little disappointment; that's all."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Why Hannah Left the Church.

A lady was relating to me the other day her trials and tribulations in the matter of arranging the household machinery so that the inevitable hitches and jars of the inner workings should not be apparent to the outside world. In describing the various idiosyncrasies of servants which had come under her notice she said: "Some years ago I had a good settled white woman as house servant, who, though of most exemplary deportment in every other respect, seemed to consider Sundays as in nowise different from the other days of the week. Finally I said to her: 'Hannah, why don't you take your Sundays off? You should take some advantage of the oppportunity to go to church.' You can appreciate my feelings when she replied: 'Well, Mrs. ———, I used to go reglar to church, but I never jined. My next door neighbor was a shoutin' member, and I tell you what she done—she scalded my dog. That's ben twenty years ago and I ain't never went to church since.'"—*Washington Capital.*

The Old Maids at the Jubilee.

An elderly maiden lady, living near Sidcup, wrote to the Lord Chamberlain a few weeks ago saying that she believed every class of Her Majesty's subjects would be represented at the Abbey excepting one, "the old maids" of Her Majesty's Dominions, and she asked for two tickets to have the honor of representing the "old maids," wishing to have a lady friend to accompany her. In due course she received a polite reply from Lord Lathom, saying that he was "quite unable to resist the force of her argument," and would, therefore, send her a ticket for the Abbey, whither, of course, the old lady went on Tuesday week.—*London Court Journal.*

Lord Palmerston used to say that one of his best services to the country was the purchase of the camp ground at Aldershot for fifteen pounds per acre. Since then, and largely as a consequence of the establishment of the camp, land at Aldershot has been sold at the rate of a thousand pounds an acre.

The Passing Crowd.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
In the light of a city lamp,
And list to the tread of the million feet
In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro,
'Tis a pleasant sight between,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives stalks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

When time shall have beaten the day's tattoo,
And in dusky armor night
Is treading with echoless footstep through
The gloom of the silent night,
Some few of these shall be daintily fed
And sink to slumbers sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed
With never a crumb to eat!

Ah, me! when the hours go joyfully by,
How little we stopped to heed
Our brothers' and sisters' despairing cry
In their woe and bitter need.
Yet such a world as the angels sought
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love our Father taught
Was felt by each for all.

A Cat and a Parrot.

The Danbury *News* says: Dr. Snow has a very fine cat and a parrot. Both occupy prominent quarters in his office, the cat most of the time monopolizing his chair, and the parrot confined in a cage hangs beside a window. As is natural, the cat and parrot have become friends and take great interest in each other. The other day the doctor returned from his round of calls, and on entering his office was met by his cat, which seemed to be evincing great uneasiness. She ran on before him and kept looking up and mewing; she would advance a short distance ahead of him and then run back. The doctor concluded that she was hungry and went and procured a piece of meat and offered it to her. She refused to touch it, but kept up her running back and forth. Finally she sprang upon the sill of the open window and looked out and mewed. This called the doctor to the window, and he looked out, and then discovered the cause of the cat's distress, the parrot, which was walking majestically about the yard in the grass. He had escaped from his cage and flown out of the window, and the cat was trying to tell her master about it. She succeeded by her sign language. The parrot was easily captured and returned to his quarters.

A Toronto Boy's Romantic Adventures.

Four years ago Willie Noland, then aged 9, ran away from his home in this city, bent on striking out for himself. His family made every effort to locate him, but without avail. His brother, Mr. Richard Noland, of the Montreal House, never, however, gave up the search, and as late as Wednesday last wrote to a friend in the States inquiring if he had seen or heard anything of the adventurous lad. By a strange coincidence the youngster turned up at the hotel yesterday—well dressed, healthy and with more than "$15 in his inside pocket." The joy attending the reunion between the two brothers may be imagined. Young Noland has been all over the continent since he left Toronto, having got into the circus business. His presence in the city at this time is due to the fact that he is travelling with Burk's show as a contortionist. His professional name is Willie Leroux, and his performances are wonderfully clever. There was a happy time at the Montreal House last night over the lost having been found.—*Toronto World.*

Two Midsummer Love Stories.

A young German carpenter was married to a pretty Bohemian girl in Omaha the other day after a six months' courtship, which must have been conducted entirely in pantomime, as neither can speak a word of the other language. The services of an interpreter were needed at the altar, but the young couple seemed as happy as if they had talked sweet nothings into each other's ears all their lifetime.

A romantic wedding took place at Edwardsville, Ill., the other day, when Prof. James O. Duncan, of Vandalia, a widower, was married to Mrs. Lillie Carroll, of Springfield, a widow. The marriage was the culmination of a series of coincidents in the lives of the wedded pair. The Rev. J. B. Thompson, who performed the ceremony, officiated in the same capacity at Prof. Duncan's first marriage and also at Mrs. Carroll's first marriage, and preached the funeral sermon at the death of Prof. Duncan's wife and at the death of Mrs. Carroll's husband. It was this strange fatality of circumstances which induced the couple to seek again the services of Mr. Thompson.

A Jubilee Story.

Two Scotch fishwives in London were talking about the Jubilee the other day. "Eh, wumman," said one to the other, "can ye tell me what a jubilee is, for I hear a' the folk spakin' aboot it?" "Ou, ay," replied the other, "I can tell ye that; ye see, when a man and a wumman has been marrit for five-and-twenty year, that's a siller waddin'; and when they've been marrit for fifty year that's a gouden waddin'; but when the man's deed, that's a jubilee!"

Cute John.

Chinamen entertain very exalted ideas of justice. The other day a citizen, who left a shirt at a Chinese laundry to be washed and dressed, was told when he went to get it that it had been lost. The Celestial washerman said he might, perhaps, find the missing article some day.

"But I want it now," said the owner.

"Belly good. Don't be aflaid," was the reply. "If I no find shirtee, you no pay for washee."—*Toronto Mail.*

Knew Their Friends.

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits.

"Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me lready."

"Does Mr. Stirling live here?" asked a mechanic of a woman he met at the door. "Yes, sir." "I have come down to clean out his furnace". "You're just a littlet late; the sheriff has just been here."