ELOPED WITH A BRAKEMAN.

An Heiress Braves Her Family's Displeasure and Marries Her Choice.

A Pulaski, N.Y., despatch says: The disappearance of Miss Alice Wrightson, of Parish, in this county, heiress of the late Philip Wrightson, together with that of Henry McAulay, a railroad brakeman, has caused a great sensa ion in this section. Miss Wrightson inherits about $30,000 from her father. She is a pretty blonde, has fascinating manners and a superior education, having been attendant at Mount Holyoke Academy for two years. She is 19 years of age and has been the belle in society at Parish for two years. She came home on vacation from school six weeks ago and became acquainted with Henry McAulay, a railroad brakeman, at Parish. The acquaintance very quickly ripened into a love match. The young lady's mother was scandalized at her daughter's intimate acquaintance with McAulay, whom she considers far beneath the young lady in social position, and forbade McAulay to call upon or speak to her daughter. Miss Wrightson's brothers guarded her almost constantly and refused to have McAulay visit the family residence. Notwithstanding this the young lady had many clandestine meetings with him and an elopement was arranged. She started ostensibly alone for a prayer meeting last evening, and has not yet returned. It is known that McAulay met her and, hiring a carriage from a farmer, drove to Mexico, where cars were taken for the west. Miss Wrightson mailed a letter at Parish last evening announcing her elopement. She said she could not live without McAulay, and no matter what his lot she would share it with him. Her brothers vow they will shoot McAulay on sight, but have made no effort to find him or their sister. Many people at Parish say that McAulay has a wife and child in Brooklyn. He is 34 years of age, far from prepossessing, and can scarcely read. Miss Wrightson will come in possession of her fortune in three years. She had $90 with her when she fled last night.

AWFUL MINE DIS STER.

Ten Miners Thrown Down a Shaft—Four Killed and Six Seriously Injured.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: Intelligence has reached this city of a frightful accident at Luzgrneborough, four miles distant. The carriage at Waddell's shaft, used for hoisting coal, was about to be lowered into the pit, 300 feet deep. Upon it were ten miners. When within 100 feet of the bottom the carriage became stationary and the rope began to slacken. Before the engineer could take up the slack the carriage suddenly descended with great force, throwing four of the men off, and they fell to the bottom of the pit. James Johnston and Hugh Monaghan were horribly mangled and instantly killed. Wm. Boyd and John Blight were picked up fatally injured. The legs and arms of each were broken in several places and they were badly crushed. The six others were seriously injured and badly shaken. Wm. Boyd and John Blight were still alive at 8 o'clock, and Chase Conningham and John Lloyd, who were also frightfully injured, still live, but the death of all these men is expected at any moment.

THEY LICKED AN EDITOR.

High School Girls Whip a Newspaper Man.

A Hammond, Ind., despatch says Misses Belle Guthrie, Bertie Hammond and Julia Potter, high school girls, published a communication in the *Weekly Independent* on Tuesday, saying that Porter B. Towle, editor of the *Evening Echo*, had a silly brain, was a mass of conceit and belonged to a club-footed race. Towle replied in Thursday's issue of the *Echo* by denouncing the high school girls. He said the writers of the article were things and readers of immoral papers. Last evening seven young women of the high school met Towle in the street and threw red pepper in his eyes, while three of them horsewhipped him most unmercifully. He threatened to shoot, but fled instead and took refuge in an outhouse in fear of his life. Citizens had prepared to pelt Towle with rotten eggs, but they arrived too late. Much indignation is felt here, all endorsing the action of the high school girls, who are of the best families. Porter B. Towle is a brother of the millionaire mayor of this city.

Counterfeiters in the States.

A Washington despatch says: The annual report of the Chief of the Secret Service Division of the Treasury was made public to-day. It shows that there were 355 persons arrested by officers of the service during the past fiscal year for violations of laws against counterfeiting, etc. Of this number 70 were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. The report says that the counterfeiting now being done is principally the work of Italians, who operate in bands in different portions of the country. The counterfeiting done during the past year amounted practically to nothing, the only attempts in that direction being a $10 silver certificate and a $2 silver certificate, and these were such poor imitations as to be practically harmless. The report refers to the fact that all but two of the many skilled operators arrested since the war for counterfeiting United States bonds are now at liberty, and says they may be expected to resume their nefarious operations at any time.

Caught a Wolf in the Streets of Chicago

A Chicago despatch says: As John Steller, a night-watchman, was returning home at an early hour yesterday, he was met at the gate by a strange-looking animal that he drove away. Mr. Steller entered his house, only to be called out shortly after by the cry of "Wolf!" The animal that had met Mr. Steller at the gate had returned to his doorstep. A lively chase ensued and resulted in the capture of the wolf. He was a young one, dark gray, with shaggy hair and alert ears. Not being satisfied with the blood of a cow which he had bitten he put his teeth into Mr. Steller and drank briefly of that gentleman's life current, but was finally secured. The wolf was bound with a heavy rope, but he promptly severed it with his sharp teeth.

—The proof of a weather prediction is in the patience that waits long enough for it to come true.

A CLERICAL WINDFALL.

A Poor Methodist Preacher Secures a Fortune by Accident.

A Middletown, N.Y., despatch says: The poverty of Methodist ministers who serve on country circuits is proverbial. Rich men among them are as scarce as hens' teeth. When one does get rich it is not by accumulations from his scanty salary, but by some such lucky windfall as has just now blessed the lot of Rev. A. J. Van Cleft, the esteemed pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of the neighboring village of Norwich. Seven years ago Rev. Mr. Van Cleft was officiating as presiding elder of the Wyoming district, and as pastor of the principal church of the denomination at Scranton, Pa. Among his associates in the ministry of the district was the Rev. William Stevens, an Englishman, who in his youth had worked in the tin mines of Cornwall, in that country. The elder was something of an enthusiast in mineralogy, and one day he exhibited to his brother clergyman some curious specimens of tin ore that had been presented to him by a friend from the Black Hills of Dakota, and that came from an undeveloped lode in that region. Rev. Mr. Stevens was struck with the apparent richness of the specimens, and impressed his views of the probable value of the mines from which they came on Elder Van Cleft. The result was that the elder and two friends made up a moderate purse and sent Rev. Mr. Stevens to Dakota, with instructions to buy the property if his judgment and experience approved of the venture; under these instructions they became the owners of seventy acres of land covering the supposed valuable lodes. But the purchase had exhausted all their means, and the property has since lain idle and unproductive to the owners. Last summer, however, the attention of a party of English capitalists was attracted to the property, and they sent over Captain John R. Cook, a Cornwall mining expert, to examine it with a view to its purchase. The expert's report was favorable, and the Englishmen have now paid Rev. Mr. Van Cleft and his associates $250,000 for the property.

BEATEN TO DEATH.

A Father Charged With Revolting Cruelty to His Own Child.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., despatch says. Oragon Hamilton, of Woodville, is under arrest at Newaygo for the murder of his infant child. Hamilton is a man of vicious character, and the facts, as nearly as can be ascertained, are that the child was brutally beaten and literally whipped to death, and the verdict of the coroner's jury is that the child came to its death by violent means. Hamilton's wife, the mother of the child, died about a year ago, and this child was being kept by Mrs. Ellsworth, who came here under the name of Marsden. Nellie Oberholzer, wife of the constable who had Hamilton in charge at the coroner's inquest, covered him (Hamilton) with a Winchester rifle during the proceedings. It is the prevailing opinion that the relations of Hamilton and the woman who took care of the child were not the most savory. The body of the child presented a sickening sight when viewed at the inquest. It was black from its little arms to its knees. Its father manifests no sorrow in the least, but since his imprisonment has been trying to throw the whole crime upon the woman who had it in charge, while it is the general belief that both are equally guilty, and a warrant has been issued for her arrest. Had the prisoner not been removed immediately after the inquest the county would have been saved any costs in trying the wretch, as forces from mills and camps were concentrating and would have lynched him.

HURT BY AN ACCIDENT.

Passengers and Brakeman Injured by a Mishap on the K. & P.

A Kingston despatch says: The regular passenger train on the K. & P. Railway, going north, was derailed by an accident near Clyde Forks. A car on the track was caught by the catcher and thrown on one side clear of the engine and tender, but must have rolled back from the side of the cutting to the track, derailing the passenger car and detaching it from the other part of the train. In its descent the car, it is said, rolled completely over two or three times, of course overturning all the passengers, of whom Mr. MacLean, a student of Queen's University on his way to preach at Arnprior, was badly cut. Only one passenger escaped without injury. The brakeman was badly burned by the stove being upset. It pinned him down until the other train hands recovered themselves sufficiently to go to his assistance. His hands were badly burned in his efforts to release himself. The car caught fire, but the flames were soon quenched.

Another Child of Satan.

A Jersey City, N.J., despatch says: Fred. Riley, aged 10, is an inmate of the Home of the Sisters of the Peace, in which are living over a hundred children. Riley is a very vicious boy and the other inmates fear him and avoid him as much as possible. Yesterday Riley found little Tommy Jones, 3 years old, playing in the kitchen alone. Riley caught the little fellow, gagged him with a handkerchief, and then after removing his clothing, held him down on the top of a red-hot stove. Jones succeeded in getting the handkerchief from his mouth and his cries brought Sister Evangeline to his assistance, but not until he was terribly burned and it is thought that he will die. Riley was turned over to the police. His father is dead, and his mother, being unable to control him, had put him in charge of the institution.

An Old Lady's Enterprise.

Mrs. Charlotte Forse, of Windham, Norfolk County, in the last three months of her 78th year, pieced and quilted a quilt which contains 1,598 pieces. It is a splendid piece of workmansnip, and considering the lady's age is a remarkable achievement. Who can beat it? Mrs. Forse is an old Norfolk girl, having been born in the Township of Charlotteville, and has resided in Norfolk county ever since.

A Scene in the United States Senate.

Gorman, George and Edmunds signed together, and George blew his nose with his fingers while waiting his turn for the pen, to the horror of Mrs. Cleveland, who whispered vehemently to her spectacled companion about the matter.—*Washington Special.*

TRAIN ROBBERY.

Three Masked Men Get Away With About $40,000 Worth of Valuables.

A Little Rock, Ark., despatch says: The train bound north over the St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Railroad was stopped by train robbers ten miles this side of Texarkana, Ark., last night, and the express car was robbed. The mail and passengers were not molested.

The robbery occurred at 7 o'clock. R. P. Johnson, the post clerk on duty at the time, says the train was suddenly stopped when moving out of Geneva station. He saw three rough-looking men board the engine, and he knew something was wrong, so he blew out the lamps in his department and locked the doors. The express messenger did the same thing. The three robbers were armed with a Winchester rifle and a couple of pistols each. They ordered the doors open, and fired several shots through the windows. They then used a pick-axe and Johnson fired one shot out through the window, which was answered by a volley.

Finding resistance useless, and the lives of the engineer and fireman at stake, the express messenger opened his doors, when a light was struck, and search by the robbers began. The leader of the robbers was much agitated, and the mail clerk told him he was more scared than he (Johnson) was. Johnson says he would know one of the men anywhere. The leader weighs 200 pounds, and is thick and heavy set. There was a panic among the passengers, who seemed paralyzed with fear.

After going through the express car the men entered the mail car. Johnson expostulated that that was Uncle Sam's dominion and that they already had a good deal of booty, and if they disturbed the mails it would go hard with them. One replied, "That's so," and that they would not touch the mails.

Great excitement prevails in the region of the robbery, and mounted men are scouring the woods everywhere. Gov. Hughes has offered $200 for the arrest and conviction of each robber. The railroad company also offers several thousand dollars reward. The amount taken is said to reach $40,000.

The Canadian Northwest.

The Pine Portage Mine, Lake of the Woods, has been sold for $200,000. On the property is a ten-stamp mill.

Kupferschmidt, the alleged Catholic priest who eloped from Dakota to Langenburg, N.W.T., with a young lady of 18, became partially insane after the lady returned home with her mother, and yesterday, while being taken before a justice of the peace for trial, committed suicide by cutting his jugular vein. He was in the back part of the sleigh and committed the act before the man in charge had any suspicion of his intention.

Sir Adolphe Caron and General Middleton inspected the infantry school barracks to-day and left for the East to-night. Sir A. Caron called upon Archbishop Tache to-day. While at Victoria, B.C., the Minister of Militia selected a site for the infantry school barracks. At the Victoria banquet he spoke in opposition to Commercial Union, saying he believed it meant annexation to the United States.

A meeting of citizens was held yesterday to take preliminary steps towards petitioning the Dominion Government for the immediate improvement of the Red River, so as to render navigation between this city and Lake Winnipeg practicable.

G. Rushbrook, a Moose Mountain settler, set out on November 22nd in search of a band of ponies and has not since been heard from. He is supposed to have missed the trail and perished on the prairie. He is a young Englishman of 22.

Intelligence received from Cumberland House states that influenza and measles have caused a great amount of sickness, and starvation is threatening the residents of that district. The Dominion Government will be applied to for relief.

Gossip of a Day.

A single foggy day in London costs the town something like $40,000 for extra gas.

A law has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

"Jernmantfakturbolagsforsjalningsmagagin" in Swedish means, in English, "The Iron Manufacturing Company's sale shop."

Old Temple Bar was being removed on the 25th ult. from Farringdon street, London, to Thebolds Park, Cheshunt, where it will be erected on Sir Henry Meux's estate.

Lord Stanley, of Preston, who is spoken of as the probable successor of Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada, is heir presumptive to the earldom of Derby.

While a lady of Xenia, O., was preparing feed for her chickens recently the diamond in her engagement ring dropped into the mixture, and the loss was not noticed until the feed had been eaten by the fowls. It became necessary to massacre ten chickens before the stone was found, but it was found at last.

Thomas Randall, of Buffalo, owes his life to the reprehensible habit of wearing celluloid collars. In a quarrel which he had with a laborer named McNerney, the latter drew a knife and made a lunge at Randall's neck, but the collar broke the force of the blow and he escaped with slight injuries.

Rev. Dr. Malcolm Douglass, who was buried at East Wareham, Mass., the other day, provided in his will that his body should go to the earth in a pine box, and that nobody should run the risk of catching cold by standing bareheaded at his grave.

Don't Forget That

Every time you borrow you take a hack at your self-reliance.

Every time the mercury drops the price of coal goes skyward.

Every time you gush over classic music you play the hypocrite.

Every time you snub a reporter the gods will unite and smite you.

Every time you do good and tell of it you lose the fruit of the action.

Every time you buy that which you can't afford you prove yourself a fool.

Every time you throw a banana-peel on the sidewalk you endanger somebody's neck.

Every time you call a man a liar he will knock you down—if he has any style about him.

Every time you talk about your own worth you convince your hearers that you have none.

"THE LAND O' CAKES."

Latest Scottish Jottings from All Over.

Wm. Rae, forester to Colonel Stirling, of Kippendavie, has been appointed custodian of Dunblane Cathedral.

The other day a kingfisher, in full plumage, was captured by a cat at Rutherford boathouse, in the parish of Maxton.

Mr. Wm. Renwick, a native of Jedburgh, who went to Peru many years ago, has recently died, and left a silver mine as a gift to his native town.

Mr. C. S. Parker, M.P., addressing his constituents at Perth, recently, spoke strongly in favor of granting Home Rule to Ireland.

There died on the 12th ult. at Pittyvaich, Dufftown, Henry Gordon-Cumming, eldest surviving son of the late Sir W. Gordon-Cumming, Bart., of Altyre and Gordonstown, aged 65 years.

In memory of the late Rev. John Murker, for half a century minister of the Congregational Church in Banff, a memorial stone has been erected over his grave in the churchyard there.

Mr. John Collier, Hatton of Carnoustie, died on the 13th ult., aged 83 years. He was a well-known and highly-respected agriculturist, and his services as a valuator were much sought after.

Rev. Andrew Douglas, Arbroath, in a soiree speech, condemned the proposal to appoint lady deaconesses as most absurd. Its authors, in his opinion, showed an extraordinary want of knowledge of human nature.

Major-General A. L. Littleton-Annesley, who will have the command of the military forces in Scotland in a short time, on the retirement of Major-General Elliot, C.B., is a cavalry officer, having joined the 11th Hussars in 1854, in time to have a share in the Crimean campaign.

A new underground railway is projected from Glasgow and suburbs. Starting from St. Enoch Square it goes up Buchanan street, Cowcaddens, Great Western Road, then to Dowanhill and Partick, crosses the river to Govan, and strikes eastward to Ibrox, Kinning Park, Shields Road, West street, Bridge street, and completes the circle by again crossing the river to St. Enoch Square.

The Seaforth Highlanders, whose chief depot is at present at Edinburgh Castle, will be removed soon either to Glasgow or Dublin, and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders will take possession some time in March or April. The entire regiment is at present stationed at Devonport. The Royal Scots will leave Glasgow for Aldershot, and the Scottish Rifles (Cameronians) go from Curragh to Cork.

The following recent advertisement is beyond comment: "Stonehaven Free Church.—Rev. John Robertson will (*D.V.*) preach on Sabbath as under: 11.30 a.m.—Children's sermonette, 'The Biggest Rock in the World;' sermon, 'God with His Coat Off;' 6 p.m.—First monthly sermons to young men, 'Make Room for Your Uncle;' 7.30 p.m.—Old Mission Town Hall, 'Unclaimed Cash of Yours.'"

A good story regarding the shortness of the straw this season comes from Strathmore. In a small town not far from Forfar two farmers met, and in the course of their remarks began to speak about the exceedingly bad crops of corn. First Farmer: What like's your crap the year, M——? Second Farmer: Oh, it's naething ava; the langest o't is just aboot that length (indicating on his staff about eight or nine inches). First Farmer: Ay, weel, you've nae need to complain. If you only saw mine; the very craws hae to gang doon on their knees to get a peck at the heads o't.

Shortly before the forenoon service began in Stockbridge Free Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday, 13th ult., a young man named James Fairbairn came quietly in at the church door, and as soon as he had got inside he rushed with outstretched arms along the passage and up into the pulpit. Coming to the front, he cried out in a loud voice, "I am Elijah the prophet." This caused much commotion among those of the congregation already assembled. Several attempts were made to remove the intruder, and at length force had to be used. It seems Fairbairn is liable to mental derangement. His family are connected with the Church.

The Clyde-built steamer Ormuz, of the Orient Line, has made the passage to Australia in 24 days.

The Clyde Locomotive Company have secured the contract for the locomotives for the Midland Uruguay Railway.

Colonel Balfour, of Balfour, died in Edinburgh on the 19th ult., aged 76 years. He was an extensive landowner in Orkney.

Winan's deer forest extends across Scotland, from Beauly Firth on east to Kintail on west coast, 346 square miles, 221,700 acres.

President Meiklejohn, St. Andrews, has again been selected as the candidate in the Gladstonian interest for the Tradeston Division of Glasgow.

The order for the closing of Dingwall prison on March 1st has been received, and the prisoners will be transferred to the prison at Inverness.

Rev. P. Mackercher, the deposed minister of Kilmore, preached a valedictory sermon to his old parishioners recently in the schoolhouse at Dunach.

The Lord's Supper has been this year dispensed in two parishes, Barvas and Lochs, in the Lewis, for the first time perhaps since the Disruption.

The author of a remarkable forthcoming volume against teetotalism is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and a probationer of the Free Church of Scotland.

Norman Macleod's old church at Newmilns was the only one in that parish which had services on the Fast-day last month, all the other churches having ceased to observe it.

Mr. Wm. Macdonald, editor of the *North British Agriculturist*, died on the 19th ult., after a short illness, at his residence in Sylvan Place. He leaves a widow and four children.

Rev. Dr. Alex. Whyte, discoursing on "Some Autobiographies," declared that of all works in this department religious autobiographies were infinitely and incomparably the best.

Prof. Mackinnon, the occupant of the Gaelic chair at Edinburgh, says the name of the Clyde is derived from *clewe*, "to wash," so that in modern Gaelic the name signifies "the clear or pure river."

There were three appeals before the House of Lords the other day relating to the will of the late Dr. Boyd Baxter, Dundee. Strange that so celebrated a lawyer could not make his own will explicit.

The ministerial jubilee of the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D. D., of Edinburgh, which was to have been celebrated this month, has been postponed, on account of the venerable doctor's indisposition, till March, 1888.

Rev. Herbert Bell, of John Knox Church, Aberdeen, threw himself on the 21st ult. in front of the afternoon express as it was passing Kittybrewster and was cut to pieces. Recently he had been in poor health, caused by severe domestic affliction.

At a meeting of the Lord Provost's Committee of the Edinburgh Town Council, held on Nov. 23rd, it was unanimously agreed to recommend to the Council that Dr. Chambers' statue be erected in the centre of Chambers street, opposite to the Industrial Museum.

Considerable excitement was caused in Glasgow Royal Exchange on the 24th ult. by the discovery that 15,000 tons of pig iron had been sold at the afternoon market, in compliance with a forged order purporting to be signed by James Watson & Co. A searching investigation will be made int the scandalous affair.

A laird of Speyside, who had just received a commission as a County Magistrate, said to a half-witted individual who had been sent on an errand on horseback, "Oh! Josie, you are riding on a horse to-day; would not an ass suit you better?" "Ou aye," returned Josie, "but asses are unco scarce noo-a-days—they've a' been made Justices o' the Peace."

A curious sacrilege case has caused some talk in Glasgow lately. Jane Watson, 25 years of age, who is employed in a Glasgow warehouse, was arrested one Sunday recently at Adelaide Place Baptist Church on a charge of having stolen £2 from the collection plate at the door when she was entering. The young woman, who is respectably connected, has been for several years an adherent of the church. After being two days in prison she was dismissed by the Magistrate (Bailie Colquhoun) with "an admonition."

Cute Sayings by the Little Ones.

TOMMY'S EXPERIENCE IN SCHOOL.

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" asked his auntie.

"Didn't learn anything," said Tommy.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

WHAT CHARLEY OBJECTS TO.

Little Charley puzzled his mamma one day with the inquiry, "Mamma, do all good people go to heaven when they die?"

"Yes, my son."

"And will grandpa go to heaven, too?"

"I hope so, my boy."

"Then I don't want to go to heaven."

"Why not?" asked the astonished mother.

"Because grandpa will say, when he sees us boys there, 'Whew! whew! whew! What's all these boys doing up here."

CLOSE REASONING.

A little chap uptown who called himself Doctor Sol says wiser things than one would expect from a three-year-old.

"When will baby talk?" he said to his mother the other day.

"When she gets her teeth," said his mother.

"All her teeth?"

"All."

"Well, I don't believe it," said the little fellow after reflection. "Grandfather has only one tooth and he talks you to death."

Something About Footwear.

Fifty years ago boots had the preference. To-day shoes. Formerly, in all weathers, the boot was worn outside of the trousers. To-day, when worn at all, the legs of the boots are covered by the legs of the trousers. The whirligig of time is bringing boots into the fashion again, at least for winter wear, and it seems to be in the interest of good health. It stands to reason that it should be so. Everybody respects the force of the general hygienic principle that it is necessary to keep the head cool and the feet warm if good health is sought. Boots cover not only the feet, but the ankle and the lower leg, and hence fight off rheumatism that delights in attacking those parts. Woolen stockings are possibly too heating and make the feet perspire. With a pair of good boots, cashmere socks are better. The sole of a winter boot should be thick, but, being thick, it isn't necessary that it should be heavy. Cork soles are excellent, and they make a light-weighted boot, while protecting the foot from the wet. A pair of fancy leather tops, say of the best morocco, will last many years, and so, with footing, boots eventually cost as little as shoes. The boot legs should fit as snugly to the limbs as the size of the feet will permit. This makes the legs of the trousers fit the better. Eschew galoshes. They injure by "drawing." Let thick soles serve their purpose. If the feet get wet put them into cold water, next dry them thoroughly, and then, with a change of socks, they will fairly glow with warmth.—*New York Times.*

Nearly a Checkmate.

They tell it on a member of the club, but it may only be a gross slander. He had been playing chess at the club-rooms until a late hour, and after he got outside he stood on the sidewalk meditating. A policeman, unperceived, made his approach. "Move on," he said, gruffly. "It's your move," said the absent-minded citizen, and if mutual recognitions had not occurred it might have been the policeman's.

Many years ago—it was when the four Harper brothers, of New-York, were living—a well known physician came into their office one day and was talking with one of them, who noticed that his visitor's coat sleeve was torn. He called his attention to it, saying that it would be well if he would ask his wife to mend it, as it did not look well for a gentleman to go about with his clothes in that condition. "Sir," announced the doctor, sternly, "I prefer that it should remain as it is. A tear may be the accident of a day, but a darn is the sign manual of penury."