Enough.

I will not ask my neighbor of his creed,
Nor what he deems of doctrine old or new;
Nor what rites his honest soul may need
To worship God—the only wise and true;
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;
Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset
His humane heart, now self-debased and sore;
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;
Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more."
Between his soul and God that business lies;
Not mine to cavil, question or despise.

I ask not by which name among the rest
That Christians go by, he is named or known;
Whether his faith has ever been "professed"
Or whether proven by his deeds alone;
So there be Christhood in him all is well;
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung;
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—
Friend of the friendless, poor and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,
So full, that nothing further I demand.
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,
But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.
In his white life let me the Christhood see;
It is enough for him, enough for me.

Shelter Belts and Screens.

Now that the season for transplanting trees is on it may be well for owners of farms in regions liable to be swept by hard winds to note the advantages of providing shelter for their fields in the form of belts of timber trees. This protection, says the *Country Gentleman*, would be of great use where land has been reduced in value and its crops by stripping it entirely of the original forests. By setting the right kind of trees, valuable timber will be afforded in twenty years; and, by planting the belt two or three yards wide, one-half of the width may be cut at alternate periods, and thus always have a belt growing. We have seen several striking instances where such shelter has proved of great benefit, by increasing the growth of crops, and by preventing their destruction from the sweep of storms. They are also a benefit to the animals which graze such farms, and they would often add greatly to the picturesque appearance of the country. The tornadoes and wild blizzards which have swept many portions of the country the past winter have afforded an eloquent argument in favor of this protection. A few years ago a western town was nearly destroyed by a cyclone, with the exception of the few buildings which were amply protected by a grove of large trees. On these buildings the cyclone made little or no impression. It is well worth while for all towns and cities in regions liable to the sweep of such storms to provide on their windward sides ample belts or groves of dense and rapidly growing timber trees. They might prove worth many times their cost, to say nothing of the protection to human life which they would afford.

Dr. Talmage and His Guests.

A New York despatch says: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, before delivering his sermon yesterday, made the following personal statement: "An infamous falsehood has gone into every city and neighborhood of this country and been discussed by hundreds of newspapers, the report saying that recently entertaining the officers of the 13th Regiment at my house I gave them four kinds of wine. There was not a drop of wine or any kind of intoxicating liquor, the twenty-five gentlemen then present being witnesses. I will give $1,000 reward to any one who will prove that one drop of wine was offered, or will give that amount to any charitable institution that may be named by any respectable clergyman, lawyer or detective, such person being the judge in the whole matter. That which I supposed was told as a joke is being used all over the land to give the impression that temperance men are hypocrites. I respectfully ask that the newspapers which have been misled by the report correct it."

The Hackman's Perplexity.

A cab was called recently to the door of a hotel in Princes street, Edinburgh, at a very late hour. Three gents were helped out of the hotel into the cab, all pretty much the worse of liquor. Boots explained to cabby that the one sitting on the front seat was to be set down at No. so and so in such and such a street; the one on the off side on the other seat was to be set down in another street, and the third was to be set down at another given address. Away the cabby drove, but in a short time the hotel bell was rung again, and on Boots opening the door he discovered the same cabman standing in a state of great perplexity. "These three gents," he explained, "you gave me have all tumbled down in the bottom of the cab and got mixed and I want you to come out and put a ticket on them for me."

Southern Strawberries.

The strawberry shipping season is now in full activity in Florida; probably 800 bushels left Lawley station, Bradford County, last week for various northern cities. We had frosts as late as March 24th, which destroyed a good deal of bloom, and the yield has been much reduced besides by the rust, a disease whose causes are not yet well understood. The diminished yield and the increasing warmth in the North have given an upward tendency to prices: 45c to 55c a quart is our last quotation from Philadelphia, and 50c to 60c from New York. Two weeks ago 30c was about the average price. Your correspondent shipped his first bushel of early Ohio potatoes this season, April 4th. Orange trees have not bloomed yet in this section of the State, and it is believed that we are to have an "off year." So many late frosts also reduced the amount of bloom on the pear and peach trees, although enough were left to produce an average crop. Peento peaches are now about as large as hulled walnuts.

A Shipwreck Likely.

Goslin—"Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe."

Miss Smith (innocently)—"Indeed. What on?"

Goslin (embarrassed)—"Well, er—to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed money."

A little boy named Hammer, living in Bellaire, O., ate twelve hard boiled eggs on Easter Sunday, and a few days ago he was buried. Jim Jordan, a young darkey in John H. Keith's employ, at Griffin, Ga., ate twenty-four bananas at a sitting last week, but so far as heard from is still alive.

PUMPING A LAKE DRY.

How a Scotchman is Reclaiming a Vast Area of Submerged Land in Egypt.

Mr. Grant went on to say that he was going back to Egypt to finish the reclamation of Lake Abukir.

"What, Lake Abukir? That lies to the northeast of the Mahmudieh Canal, of which we heard so much during the year 1883?"

"That is the lake. It lies on one side of the railway and canal; Lake Mareotis lies on the other."

"Just so. Every one remembers it from the maps published during the time when our ironclad train was skirmishing in front of Arabi's lines before Alexandria. But what are you going to do to the lake?"

"Pump it into the sea!"

"Whew—that is a large order! Why, it is miles and miles across."

"Thirty-one thousand acres in exact figures. But we are pumping it dry. We began on March 8th with a pair of Gwynne's pumps, and at the rate they are going at it they will empty the lake in a month Just think! These pumps lift 460 tons of water 6 feet 8 inches high every minute. We burn 6 cwt. of coal per hour, so that we lift out of the lake into the sea nearly 90,000 tons of water for every ton of coal we burn. In twenty-four hours we lift over 600,000 tons of water."

"Why are you emptying the lake?"

"Because it ought not to be a lake. If Egypt had been in English hands fifty years ago it would have been dry ground long since. Once it was not a lake, but where the water now stands was found some of the richest soil in Egypt. The land lies below the sea level, and a great storm nearly 200 years ago swept the salt waters of the Mediterranean over this flat suburban land. Our troops in 1801 made things worse by cutting the embankment. The land became saline and useless. In winter it fills; in summer it dries up. But the salt curses the land, and until it can be got out nothing can be done."

"How can you get the salt out of the land?"

"By putting it in steep. If the lake could be pumped dry when it is full in winter the water would carry off the salt, for water standing in salty land sucks up the salt as if it were a sponge. Instead of being pumped off, it has evaporated, and the salt has been regularly redeposited, with the result that the land has laid barren. Now we expect that after the pumps empty the lake it will only need another drenching to clear off all the saline matter."

"How will you drench it?"

"As soon as the water is off the land we shall canalize and drain the area formerly under water. Then at next high Nile we shall flood it from the Mahmudieh Canal. After allowing it to stand in steep for a few weeks we shall pump it off again, and then we shall have ready for settlement 31,000 acres of the richest soil in Egypt, close to the great city of Alexandria, and capaple of bearing a rent of £10 an acre."

"What do you reckon the value of the estate which you have thus created?"

"Last year, before we began work, it was worth nothing. We have spent and shall spend £50,000 in its reclamation. I reckon it will then be worth a clear million sterling. By the terms of my concession the Egyptian Government refrains from levying full land tax for a term of years. Altogether, the enterprise has been a most successful one from every point of view."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

How Snuff is Made.

In the manufacture of snuff in this country the finest Virginia leaf tobacco is used which is considerably modified by carrying the fermentation much further than in tobacco intended for smoking, and is simply ground and sifted.

"In our factory," said a prominent dealer, "we have about sixty mills, resembling large coffee mills. The ground tobacco falls upon an endless band of broad canvas, which conveys it to four sets of mechanical sieves. The snuff which passes through is received upon an endless travelling band, which carries it thence into a close chest. The particles which are too coarse to pass through the sieve are reground. The immense varieties of snuffs are formed by mixing together and grinding tobaccos of different growths, and by varying the nature of the same.

"For the snuff known as Nearoco, forty parts of genuine St. Omer, South American, tobacco, forty parts of George and twenty parts of fermented Virginia stalks in powder are used. The whole is ground and sifted. Then two and one-half pounds of rose leaves are mixed with powdered Virginian stalks, and two and one-half pounds of rosewood in fine powder, moistened with salt water, are added. It is then worked up with one pound of cream of tartar, two pounds of salt of tartar and four pounds of table salt. This snuff, which is highly scented, must be preserved in lead and brings $4 per pound. The other brands of snuff manufactured here are Bolongaro, large grained Parish and Scotch snuff, ranging in price from $3 to $10 per pound.—*Mail and Express.*

Rather Eccentric.

A shocking discovery was made the other day at Morland, a village near Penrith. During the night a lady named Miss Jane Leadsome loaded a gun and proceeded to an outhouse. Having rested the gun on a box, she placed herself before it, and pulled the tricker with a stick. The top of her head was blown off. Her body was discovered in the morning lying over a bucket. She was an accomplished, but eccentric, lady, mildly comments the London *Standard.*

Erect and Soldierly.

Fashionable mother—"How superbly James, the footman, carried himself to-day while we were driving. I was quite proud of him." Fashionable daughter—"Yes, Parker says he has a stiff neck." Mother—"I wish he had a stiff neck all the time."—*Epoch.*

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, whose daughter was married the other day in London, sold 7,000 tickets to the wedding at $5 apiece.

Clarence Thompson, a young lad in Findlay, O., found a bird's nest on the railroad bridge, and, on examining it, discovered in place of eggs a silk handkerchief in which three dozen solid gold rings were wrapped up. They were evidently some thief's booty.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Canada Club, of London, will entertain Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General-designate of Canada, at dinner on May 2nd.

RUSSIA is blessed with the highest "protective tariff" of all Europe, and yet labor is starved, the money of the country is worth only 50 per cent. of its face value, and the Czar cannot borrow a penny anywhere, so poor is his credit.

THE Chinese colony in Chicago consists of 2,000 souls, of whom only two are women. About 100 of them are merchants, several of whom have fortunes of from $100,000 to $200,000. Four firms, dealing in tea, coffee and Chinese groceries, have an aggregate capital of $500,000.

POPE LEO dines at 1 o'clock, after the Roman fashion. His dinner is always simple, consisting of soup, with macaroni, a course of roast meat, with gravy and fried potatoes or one other vegetable. There is some fruit for dessert, and perhaps a glass of old Bordeaux afterwards. He never eats boiled meat or pork in any form, or cheese.

AN English seer—Baxter is his name, we could bet—has discovered that the numerical value of the letters of the name "Boulanger" in Greek is just 666, and prophesies that the melodramatic general is to play a leading part in affairs between this time and the second advent of Christ, which is to occur at 3 o clock in the afternoon of March 5th, 1896.

OF 600 tornadoes of which record has been made in the United States, not more than 75 were east of the Allegheny Mountains. The warm air tempestuously driven up the Mississippi Valley is caught by the polar winds and driven in gyratory tornadoes across the prairies. The Appalachian range serves on the Atlantic slope as a barrier against storms of that sort.

THERE is an alarming scarcity of water in many of the large towns of Great Britain, and Liverpool and Manchester are threatened with a water famine. In view of this state of things it is proposed to bring sea water in pipes from the coast to the inland towns, the sea water to be used for baths, closets, watering streets, flushing sewers and extinguishing fires. The scheme meets with much favor.

THOMAS NAST told a San Francisco reporter that when he was in Bismarck, D.T., it was so cold he could not give his illustrated lecture, for the paints froze stiff, and the spectators were in a fair way to do the same. In Tacoma the manager of the Alpha Hall wouldn't permit Mr. Nast to lecture because there was an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company in town, and the manager didn't think two performances at a time were just the thing.

THE great panorama, "Niagara in London," has proved an immense success in the British metropolis. The enterprising proprietors, six of whom, it is said, planked down £5,000 each to carry out Mr. John Hollingshead's experiment, are beginning to find themselves recouped. They are certainly so far encouraged that Paris and Berlin are also to have their "Niagara." Mr. Philip Porteaux has been engaged at stupendous fees to paint duplicates for these two cities. What has added to its popularity is the recent visit of Mr. Gladstone.

FOR the first time in the world's history a Mr. Confucius has within the last few days arrived in London. Just 2,419 years ago the wife of "the ancient teacher, the illustrious and accomplished, the all-complete and perfect sage," presented him with a son and heir. In recognition of this auspicious event, the reigning duke sent the sage a present of a brace of carp, and, to mark his sense of the favor thus shown him, he named the infant Li—*i.e.*, "carp." The gentleman who has now arrived in London is of the 71st generation in direct male descent from Mr. "Carp" Confucius, and he furnishes an illustrious instance of hereditary genius. He is a member of the Hanlin College, admission to which is granted only to a small proportion of those scholars who pass the highest competitive examination in the Empire.

Again Those Busy Hens.

A short time ago the conundrum was asked in print if a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days? The Rev. Mrs. Crossley submitted the conundrum to a young lad in Long Ridge, Stamford, and he sends her the following answer:

DEAR MRS. CROSSLEY,—I have not seen you in a day and a half, but I have got the answer to that puzzle and a half about the hen and a half that layed the egg and a half in a day and a half. I have really earned a dollar and a half, for I have worn out a pencil and a half, and covered a slate and a half to get the answer, which is thirty-one and one-half eggs. If you own that hen and a half that layed the egg and a half in a day and a half, do in my behalf kill her and send me half.

It is now six and a half and I have got an hour and a half to finish this side and a half about the hen and a half that layed the egg and a half in a day and a half.

It seems very queer to me that a lady who had taught school before the war cannot get the answer to such a simple puzzle. If you have any more of the same sort send them along (if this is right).

From one of your Long Ridge Sunday school scholars.—*Danbury News.*

Ordering a Meal.

Young man (in a loud tone of voice)—Aw—waiter, have you quail on toast?

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Young man (in a low tone of voice)—Bring me some of the toast.—*Life.*

Henry Reeves, the Niagara Falls crook, has been sentenced to three years in Kingston Penitentiary.

A subscription of more than $1,200 has been raised in Boston for the plucky Nebraska school-ma'am who buffeted the blizzard with her pupils tied to a string.

It is proverbial that country doctors have a hard time to make both ends meet, but their lot would be much harder if all men were like an old resident of Fallassburg, Mich., named Foster. Just after his 82nd birthday, which occurred recently, Mr. Foster was taken with a slight illness, and it became necessary to call in a physician, the first that has visited him professionally during his long life.

ANIMALS HAVE LANGUAGE.

Monkeys Called Together in Convention and Addressed by a Long-Tailed Patriarch.

The intellectual superiority of civilized man over his savage brethren is due to the greater multiplicity of his objects of thought, says the *Gentlemen's Magazine*; and precisely so is it with the intellectual superiority of the savage man over his simian ancestors. The actions of all have the same aim, viz., the supplying of the wants of physical nature and the gratifying of the desires aroused in the mind. The old theory that speech was altogether limited to the human race has now to be given up once and for all, for such a statement cannot stand against the scientific evidence brought forward to oppose it from all quarters.

Language is but a product of reflection and experience, and originated, in all probability, in interjection or the instinctive expression of the subjective impressions derived from external nature; and just as the reflective powers of the race were developed and shown more brilliantly as each stage in the evolutionary march of intellect was passed, so did language pass from the simple monosyllabic cries of the lower animals and savage men to the complex dialects of modern civilization; and it is worthy of note that at the present day, or at least very recently, there were races of savage men inhabiting the earth who possessed no proper language at all, and could not, on account of their manner of living, be placed on a higher intellectual level than the higher apes; while we have the authority of the leading philologists of the day in support of the fact that the monosyllabic cries of some of the lower human tribes are well within the grasp of the ape's voice.

Travellers whose veracity and ability cannot be impugned have described long conferences held by monkeys, where one individual addressed the assembly at great length, fixing the attention of all upon himself and quelling every disturbance by a loud and harsh cry, which was at once recognized and obeyed by the multitude; and we need no traveller to point out to us the many notes of call and recognition possessed by birds of all kinds, who thoroughly understand each other's expressions, and, moreover, are able to produce quite a string of different notes consecutively and without any hesitation. In fact, the organ of voice in some of the lower animals far exceeds in power that of some tribes of the human family.

The Euphonia musica of the East Indies can perform the seven notes in the scale; the chaffinch not only sings real songs, but invents them, one of his songs containing as many as five long strophes, while the songs of many savage races of men never run to half that length, and when Cook visited the Fiji archipelago the native women could only sing from la to mi. Asia appears to have been the birthplace of stringed instruments, no southern tribes ever having been discovered using such musical appliances. We see, therefore, a gradual improvement taking place in vocal apparatus as we rise in the animal scale, which results in speech and song, and, indirectly, in instrumental music of various degrees; and we find fresh proof that there is as wide a difference between the development of civilized European and the savage man as between that of the savage man and his brute ancestry.

Alligators as Millinery.

We have seen birds, frogs, kittens, rabbits and puppies' heads, to say nothing of all the flowers there are, all the kinds of feathers ever worn by any kind of bird, and fruits as well as grain and grass, and all the vegetables, from tiny cucumbers to carrots and cabbages, so that now it would almost seem as if there were nothing else in the world that could be utilized as a new garniture for hats and bonnets, and yet there is a new style of trimming which has already captured the female heart, and that is baby alligators.

The young alligators which are used for this style of trimming are from six to ten inches long and must be the real thing, stuffed and with bright glass eyes and arranged so as to appear to be crawling up the front trimmings of ribbon bows.—*Schenectady Star.*

Fashion's Taste in Tints.

That was a queer lot of greens and heliotropes that fashion made popular last year; but this year's colors beat 1887 out of sight. The names of a few may give some faint idea of their respective characters. M. Worth announces that the following will be the tints most in vogue: In green we are to have "diseased ghost," "weary watermelon" and "retired cheese." "Spoiled moon" will also be considered very chic. Among the mauves and heliotropes "forgotten lobster" is to be the favorite, although "faded apoplexy" will please many. The rouge to be worn with the new shades should be qualified with a touch of purple.—*Puck.*

A Long Run.

The Durham *Review* says: A son of Robert Haw, of Egremont, went a week or two ago to Port Hope, driving all the way and taking a hound with him. When near Port Hope the dog was missed and a letter sent to his father in Egremont about the dog being lost. The dog arrived in Egremont as soon as the letter, having run 150 miles, the time both ways being about six days.

Pulpit Advertising.

Rev. Mr. Learoyd, in the Bridge Street Church, Belleville, after reading some half dozen notices on Sunday last, said: "Brethren, I think I have read announcements enough. I shall be glad of the time when they will send announcements like these to the papers instead of the pulpit to waste time. That's what newspapers are for."

A Question of Size.

Teacher—The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what "obey" means? Apt pupil—Yes, ma'am, I obey my father. Teacher—Yes; that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father. Apt pupil—'Cause he's bigger'n me!

Jack Goodfellow's small brother—Jack, is there any past tense of due? Jack (gloomily)—Yes—dun.

A SIX-YEAR BRIDAL TRIP.

Novel Matrimonial Experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney.

George Sigourney married Miss Imogene Henriques in Buffalo in 1882. Mr. Sigourney is the son of a wealthy Californian, while Miss Henriques' parents, though not poor, were in only comfortable circumstances, and lived in a small town near Buffalo. What led to the attachment I do not know, but it is said it was a case of love at first sight, with a speedy marriage. The cards read after marriage: "Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney. At home Thursdays, in Sacramento, California, beginning May 10th, in the year 1888." From 1882 to 1888 is a long time to catch them "at home," but they have been upon one perpetual bridal trip for six years, arriving in New York last Monday.

Five days after their marriage they were [illegible] the high seas, bound for England. [illegible] Sigourney had plenty of money, and [illegible] planned a six years' trip with [illegible] and pretty wife. When they [illegible] London both wrote home to their [illegible] that they would not be back for six [illegible] and Mr. Sigourney made arrangements with his banker to forward their mail wherever they might be. After going through England, Ireland and Scotland they fairly covered every point of interest in France, Germany, Italy, Prussia, Austria and Russia. They visited Greece, Denmark, Rome, Turkey, China, Japan, sailed along the Nile, visited the Canary Islands, Borneo, New Guinea, Persia, and spent a year in travelling through Asia.

They went to Australia, and from there to Africa, and thence over to South America. Commencing at Patagonia, they travelled north, visiting all the principal places in Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, Argentine Republic and the other countries of South America, and re-crossing the Pacific Ocean again took up their journey to England by another route. While abroad Mrs. Sigourney became the mother of twin boys and two girls. The twins were born at St. Petersburg, Russia, one of the girls in China and the last child in Brazil. * * * Bismarck told them there was only one place in America he would like to see, and that was Niagara Falls. Mr. Sigourney told me it was impossible to even estimate the number of miles he had travelled. When I asked him how much it had cost him he said: "Somewhere in the neighborhood of $75,000," as unconcerned as if it had been 75 cents. When he married his wife, in 1882, she weighed but 102 pounds; now she weighs 165. Both are darkly bronzed in face from their long journeyings in hot countries abroad, but are healthy, and, as Mrs. Sigourney said archly: "We ran up to Albany this week to see your capitol, leaving the babies at our hotel in New York in care of a Russian nurse, who manages the twins, while the Brazilian nurse looks after the girl born in her country and the girl born in China." On Saturday they left for their home in Sacramento, taking with them the aged father and mother of Mrs. Sigourney to see the parents of her husband.—*Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

An Impromptu Didactic.

Mrs. Ashton Dilke (the distinguished English advocate of female suffrage) and her friends dislike very much to have that lady's dress described in the reports of her public speeches. They say the papers never take the trouble to tell how a male political speaker is clothed and they do not see why women should not be entitled to the same painless omission.

Touching this matter it is related that a young reporter who attended the meeting at the First Methodist Church last Wednesday night approached one of Mrs. Dilke's friends, a lady not unknown to fame, and said:

"We men, you know, are green about such things. Will you please tell me whether that dress of Mrs. Ashton Dilkey's is silk or not?"

The lady bit her lip a little, and then, after a moment, took the reporter's pencil and pad and wrote:

Whether her gown be really silk
Or only something silky,
Her name is Mrs. Ashton Dilke,
Not Mrs. Ashton Dilkey.

She then dismissed the young man as only a woman can dismiss a fresh young man and he has been eating salt ever since to thaw himself out.—*Chicago Times.*

Some Tall English.

It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine.

A diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

He that is accessible to auricular vibration let him not close the gates of his tympana.

Multitudinous assemblages are provocative of cachinnatory hilarity.

Breach of Promise.

A breach of promise case was tried at the Cobourg Assizes on Tuesday and Wednesday. The plaintiff was Miss Ada Riordan, a school teacher of Toronto, who sued a young farmer named Galbraith for breach of promise of marriage made on the 25th of October, 1884. The evidence was of the usual character, a whole stack of sentimental love letters being presented in court to prove the case. Wednesday afternoon the jury brought in a verdict of $1,250 for the plaintiff.

Among other indications of German feeling cables the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald*, comes a renewed bitter agitation against the use of foreign words, no matter how long or how thoroughly they have been assimilated to the German language. Laws are being strongly pressed which would exclude all words not of strictly German origin from official use. For table use French is to be entirely superseded—at least so say the Prince Regent of Bavaria, Prince Reuss, the Crown Prince of Saxony and a large following of royalty and commonality. Among other changes now gloated over by the German purists are erfrischungshaus for restaurant, gasthoftafel for table d'hote, mittelrippenstuck for entrecote, gesprungene kartoffeln for pommes sautees, and karthauserschnapps for chartreuse.

Rev. W. Claris, of Frome, lost a 4-year-old daughter by diphtheria on Thursday, and now several other members of the family are suffering from the same disease.