"A DOUGLAS! A DOUGLAS!"

The Scion of a Noble Scottish House Jailed for Annoying a High Born Dame—An Eccentric Daredevil Family.

A London cable says: London society is finding time even amid the Derby distractions to talk about the latest aristocratic scandal, and the talk will become fast and furious when the newspapers announce the direful news of the imprisonment of a real live nobleman. A couple of years ago Lord James Douglas, of the noble house of Queensberry, met Mabel, the daughter of Lady Scott, and was pleased to fall in love with the young lady, who was still in her teens and a ward of Chancery, or, what is considered more probable, with the money to which she would become entitled when of age. His love was not reciprocated, but Lord James declined to take his dismissal as a gentleman should and began a course of systematic annoyance of the lady, whose mother was finally compelled to evoke the all-powerful protection of the Court of Chancery against His Lordship's persecution. The Court sharply reprimanded the ungentlemanly lover and solemnly warned him he would be sent to prison should he attempt to hold any communication with Miss Mabel. Lord James' friends persuaded him to go on a long yachting tour in the Mediterranean, hoping that absence and time would bring him to his senses. He went to the Mediterranean, but continued to brood over his dismissal, and finally decided to defy the Court of Chancery. The defiance took the form of an indecent photograph which he posted to Miss Scott. At Christmas he once more thought of the loved one, and he made her aware of his continued existence and remembrance by sending her an indelicate card. The lady's relatives fretted and fumed, but Lord James kept out of the country until last week. Then the powers of the Court of Chancery were for a second time invoked. The counsel for the noble culprit humbly apologized in his behalf, but Justice Chitty was stern. The former leniency, said his judicial Lordship, had been thrown away, and he ordered Lord James to be committed to prison for contempt, adding, as though frightened at his own audacity in sending a peer to jail, that he would entertain a plea for the defendant's release in a fortnight. After his capture society gloated over the scandal, but fretted somewhat at seeing one of themselves in prison garb. Lady Florence Dixie, the defendant's sister, wrote a passionate letter to the newspapers, protesting that her brother was not the blackguard which the evidence clearly proved him to be, asserting that in his dealings with women he was chivalrous in the extreme, and that the Christmas card of which so much had been made was not at all indelicate. No one else came to Lord James' rescue. The court hardened its heart, and the Chancery Tipstaff, with Justice Chitty's warrant in his pocket, prowled around the west end until last night, when he bagged his game. His Lordship was good enough to offer no resistance. He was hustled into a cab, and is now meditating within the gloomy walls of Holloway Jail. The living members of the Queensberry family are, to put it mildly, somewhat eccentric. The present Marquis is an avowed freethinker, a famous amateur boxer and a dare-devil steeplechase rider. He used to sit in the House of Lords as the Scotch representative peer, but some years ago his peers, shocked by his public avowals of scepticism, refused to re-elect him. His next brother became a Roman Catholic, and is now a monk laboring among the very poor of this great city. His third brother is Lord James and his sister is Lady Florence Dixie, an equally dare-devil steeplechaser, a world-wide traveller and writer, and the friend and advocate of Cetywayo, the black King of Zululand, who was treated so infamously by the British Government and died of a broken heart in consequence.

DOCTOR TORN BY A DOG.

Terrible Fight with an Angry Brute and Fears for the Result.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Dr. George W. Galvin was attacked and badly bitten on Saturday evening last by a bull mastiff, under circumstances most peculiar. Together with Dr. Dixon, of Bertston street, he was called to attend Mrs. Hurd, of No. 61 Beach street. It was found expedient to etherize her, and during the operation a bull mastiff, which had been sleeping quietly in a corner of the room, made a spring for the doctor. In the wrist of the faithful physician the infuriated beast fastened his fangs and a terrible tussle ensued. Over the floor they rolled until the angered beast, whose head had been in chancery, managed to fasten his teeth in the thigh of the physician. The dog clung with the tenacity of his breed until Dr. Dixon, the associate of Dr. Galvin, having performed his duties at the bedside, came to the assistance of his confrere and together they strangled the dog to death.

Dr. Galvin at once proceeded to his office in the United States Hotel and summoned Dr. Watts, who cauterized the wounds in the wrist and thigh. Dr. Galvin's wounds are painful, and he is in fear of the dreadful consequences that may result.

Extraordinary Loss of a Husband.

A Montreal despatch says: Mrs. James Elliott, of Three Rivers, and lately of Waterbury, N.H., reported at the Central station this morning that whilst passing through here on her way to Three Rivers she lost her husband in St. Dominique street in a most extraordinary manner. It appears that he was foreman for Messrs. Hall, Neilson & Co., lumber merchants, of Three Rivers, for 32 years. Wishing to retire from work he moved to Waterbury, but there became weak-minded, and desired to go back to his place of birth. On arriving here he desired to see some relatives in St. Catharine street, but on the way up St. Dominique street he felt weak and sat down on a doorstep. His wife walked on a few steps, and when she turned to look for him he had disappeared. Thinking that perhaps he had gone to Three Rivers she went there, but failed to find him and returned.

"It is pretty blue up at the house," said Mr. Twiney, mournfully; "I have got a cold, my wife's got a cold, baby's got the measles, and my eldest daughter's got a piano. Which is the warmest park to sleep in?"

MARITIME BANK FAILURE.

Startling Revelations Made in Court—The Manager Believed to Have Kept Two Sets of Books—Nearly a Million and a Half of a Deficit.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: Some startling facts relative to the defunct Maritime Bank have leaked out lately in connection with the trial of the Bank of Nova Scotia vs. Harrison. A short time prior to the failure, Mr. A. A. Sterling, of Fredericton, who had been a director in the bank, sold out a large portion of his stock in that concern to Mr. W. F. Harrison, a St. John merchant, accepting the latter's note therefor. The note was deposited in the Bank of Nova Scotia, and when the time expired for payment Mr. Harrison refused to meet it, alleging Mr. Sterling was aware of the rottenness of the Maritime Bank when he sold the shares. The trial of the case has resulted in a thorough exposure of the loose methods adopted by the bank management, and some of the evidence elicited gives rise to the suspicion that MacLellan keeps two sets of certain books so as to hide the true state of the bank affairs from the directors. Mr. Sterling swears that although he was a director and attended a meeting at the bank on July 29th, 1886, he did not know that R. A. & J. Stewart had then drawn exchange on Stewart Bros., London, to the extent of over £40,000. The bulk of this exchange was without an endorser. Neither did he know that MacLellan, the manager of the bank, had surrendered $75,000 worth of Guy, Bevan & Co.'s securities and accepted instead certificates of stock in the Trading Company to the extent of £15,000. It has also been shown in evidence that although the Trading Company had a large amount to its credit in the bank when it failed, the bulk of it came from the Stewart Exchange and was really the bank's own money.

Mr. J. F. McMillan, one of the liquidator's clerks, swore to-day that the deficiency of the bank, after deducting the value of assets, was over $1,300,000. The liquidators had realized nothing from Stewart or from Guy, Bevan & Co. From George McLeod, who owed $168,000 when the bank closed, they had got $4,000 and a promise of a little more.

The revelations are not calculated to inspire much hope in the breasts of noteholders. MacLellan, who is largely responsible for the crash, is said to be operating in real estate in Omaha.

"Truth" on the Emperor Frederick.

A London cable says: Mr. Labouchere says: It is scarcely to be wondered at, but is none the less to be regretted, that the present interlude in the Charlottenburg tragedy should once more be giving hopes for which there is unfortunately not a shade of foundation. It may be true that Prof. Virchow has found no cancerous elements in the matters which he lately examined. But this negative evidence proves nothing whatever in such a case. The statement that the learned professor has now given a positively favorable opinion is simply incredible, except on the supposition that his brain has undergone some kind of sympathetic mummification during his recent exploits as an archæological resurrectionist in Egypt. Another statement which was made not long ago with some pretence of authority, was that the disease from which the German Emperor is suffering is now believed to be consumption of the throat, which is absolutely idiotic. Certain other theories of amateur diagnosticians which have been widely current in a *sotto voce* kind of way, and which need not be more particularly referred to, are equally groundless. The truth is that there has been little or no doubt all along among the doctors as to the nature of the disease. But as by the Prussian Constitution no one suffering from a malady declared to be incurable can ascend the throne, it was necessary for them to dissemble.

A Real Aerolite Captured.

A Cleveland, Ohio, despatch says: As Mr. I. N. McMullen was enjoying his vesper smoke last evening in his house yard on Seelye avenue, his attention was arrested by a blazing object in the sky shooting his way. He called to his wife to step out and see it, and as she responded to the call an aerolite imbedded itself in the ground within ten feet of where he stood. When it struck, the mass of fire resolved itself into a ball as large as a football and burned for a few seconds. The atmosphere was filled with a strong sulphurous odor. For a moment Mr. McMullen was struck dumb with amazement and terror, but on recovering he hastened to the spot where the mass had fallen. He found a hole in the ground from which a considerable amount of heat issued. Resolved at all hazards to find out what had entered the ground, he procured a light, and seizing a small hatchet, dug down for a distance of two feet, when he found a substance about as large as a small apple too hot to handle. He threw it out on the ground to cool, which took about half an hour.

After being sufficiently cooled to handle he took it into the house and proceeded to examine it. It is a half sphere in shape, weighs about 12 ounces, and has the appearance of being copper coated with a thin black substance. It is so hard that a sharp knife will not cut it.

Ingersoll's Reply to Gladstone.

A New York despatch says: The *Herald* prints advance extracts from Col. Robert Ingersoll's article in the forthcoming *North American Review* in reply to Mr. Gladstone's defence of Christianity. Col. Ingersoll opens his article with a courteous compliment to Mr. Gladstone, saying: "Most men are chilled and narrowed by the snows of age; their thoughts are darkened by the approach of night. But you, for many years, have hastened toward the light, and your mind has been an 'autumn that grew the more by reaping.'" The article is a bold declaration in advocacy of freedom of thought and rejection of superstition.

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a wife, seating herself beside her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband, "I give it up." "Why," replied the wife, hitching close up to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I am your other self, and you are beside yourself."

A BRIDE'S SUICIDE.

Her Summary Manner of Getting Rid of a Drunken Husband.

A Carthage, Ill., despatch says: At Fountain Green, twelve miles east of Carthage, Mrs. Ida M. Wright, the young bride of Silas M. Wright, was found hanging in the smoke-house yesterday evening by her husband, who had been absent from home since Monday. The deed was committed on Tuesday. Upon discovering the body the horrified husband fainted away and lay in a stupor for several hours. The body was cut down by neighbors and the following letter was found on her person:

DEAR HUSBAND,—It is my pleasure that I write these few lines. I am as happy as can be, and I hope you are the same. I am going to hang myself to-day and I know you will be happy. I wouldn't leave you, but I never could be happy. Bury me in my wedding clothes. I hope you will jump and sing for joy when you see me hanging by the neck. This is Tuesday morning. At 5 or 6.30 my troubles shall be ended in this world. I wish you all the joy in this world, for I am as happy as can be. I haven't cried or shed a tear since you left, for I was too happy to cry. I am going to die believing in the Lord. I will be happier than to live with a drunkard.—Your wife, IDA M. WRIGHT.

Wright had come home drunk on one or two occasions and his conduct drove the woman to suicide.

A Model Minister.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, New York, is six feet tall, stalwart, healthy and fearless. He says what he means and means what he says, even though he hurts the millionaire and "miserable sinner" (*vide* "the General Confession" in the Prayer Book), J. Pierpont Morgan. His people have just completed a church building for use of various departments—schools, workingmen's guilds, St. Andrew's Brotherhood, etc.—which, like the barns of Pennsylvania farmers, is bigger than the church itself. On Sunday evenings the working people are in a majority of the congregation (which is always full), though the magnificent ecclesiastical structure stands on Stuyvesant square. Last Sunday Dr. Rainsford took the breath away from some of his people by saying that as his wealthy parishioners were about to go away for the summer, he would be glad if they would allow his poor and needy parishioners to live in their vacant houses. He guaranteed that their premises would be well cared for, and said he would be personally responsible for the conduct of such families as he might furnish the names for occupancy. Whether there has been any general response as yet no one knows, but the experiment is a bold one, and the result will be watched with interest. So far each is waiting to see what his neighbor will do about it. —*Ex.*

A Husband Stabbed and Wife Insulted

A Windsor despatch says: At Comber, Essex county, on Thursday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Fenner went to the post-office. Mrs. Fenner was there accosted by a man unknown to her who insisted on going home with her. When the fellow saw Mr. Fenner approaching he moved on, but kept only a few feet in advance, and when Mr. Fenner approached the man turned around, drew a knife and told him to clear out, at the same time trying to stab him with the knife. The two clinched and a scuffle ensued. Mr. Fenner had his right hand broken and received a stab on the back of the head and one on the shoulder, besides other smaller cuts. The back of his coat and collar were pierced thirteen times with the knife. The ruffian succeeded in getting away and ran across the fields, leaving his hat behind. Constable Lindsay, from the description given by Mrs. Fenner, arrested Louis Dove, an employee of Ainslie's mill. Mrs. Fenner identified him as the man and he was remanded to Sandwich for trial. Mr. Fenner is dangerously wounded.

Clever Exposure of Spiritualistic Tricks

Hermann, the necromancer, entertained a large audience at the Academy of Music, New York, the other evening, by exposing the tricks of the spiritualists' trade. Among other things he disclosed the secret of spook painting by spiritual agency, as performed so successfully by Mme. Diss Debar. Canvasses were shown to the audience to be perfectly blank; then a committee of one was selected to hold it above his head with his back to the audience. The Professor passed his hands several times over the canvass, adroitly removing a sheet of paper pasted over it, turned it round to the audience, and there was a picture. One of these was actually one of those taken away from the studio at Lawyer Marsh's "Temple." Dr. Lawrence, late the associate of the Diss Debar, examined it and said the paint was not wet, as though it had been recently done. Prof. Hermann admitted that the gentleman might know more about how the fraud was committed than he did. "I only know," he added, raising his voice, "that some person in New York has been defrauded of more than $100,000 by just such a trick as this."

A Suggestion to Ticklish Subjects.

A correspondent in "Science" writes as follows: I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but of course they always gave it up at once when they saw his stolid look. I tried the plan, and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection, even unto this day, for my cuticule is as sensative as ever. The deduction is simple: a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled.

"Ironing" for Neuralgic Pains.

Neuralgic pains are a common affliction of humanity, and not a few people would be glad to know that one of the speediest sources of temporary relief is to heat a flatiron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part and then move the iron gently to and fro on the flannels. "Iron" the painful part thus for a few minutes and the suffering will almost certainly cease.

The Emperor of Brazil continues to improve, and it is proposed to remove him to Aix-les-Bains next Thursday.

WHAT A BLIND MAN CAN DO.

He Can Run a Store Without Help and Without Making a Mistake.

While in the employ of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, a few years ago, Charles H. Fennimore, of Farmingdale, had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye, the result of getting a hot cinder from the locomotive in it. About a year afterward, while working in a marl pit at Lower Squankum, he got a small pebble in the other eye. He was taken to an infirmary in New York, where every effort was made to save the sight, but he finally became totally blind.

Revolving in his mind various projects for the support of his family, he determined to try keeping a country store. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he was resolute and opened a small store in Lower Squankum, three miles from Farmingdale. He soon showed an aptitude for the business, and accomplished things which seemed marvellous. His dwelling house is over a mile distant from his store. At first his little daughter regularly took him by the hand at morning and evening and conducted him to and from his occupation. A little later he said he could go alone, and has done so ever since. His method is to count the steps from the front of his house to his store, and he has experienced no difficulty in reaching both in safety. He locks and unlocks the door and opens and closes the shutters without assistance. His son sweeps out and dusts the store, but he expects soon to do this without assistance. His sense of touch and memory are simply wonderful. Every sort of goods put up in packages is so arranged under his direction that he can deal out anything in his stock that is called for. This he does by counting the steps from either end of the counter, and the number of shelves, beginning with number one at the bottom, and enumerating dividing spaces from either end of the rows of shelving. He weighs accurately anything from a quarter of a pound of tea to 25 pounds of flour, being guided by touch in arranging the weights and the tipping of the scales. His memory of voices is so sensitive that he has never been known to make a mistake in a person's name. As a test a stranger to him was sent to the store. He was a fair mimic, and endeavored to personate a man well known to Mr. Fennimore. He signally failed, the blind storekeeper interrupted him at once and saying: "I don't know who you are, but you are not George Brower."

Perhaps Mr. Fennimore's greatest evidence of an unfaltering and accurate memory is the facility with which he makes change. Every morning Mrs. Fennimore arranges his wallet for him. The $5 notes are placed in the bottom, and $2 notes in the middle, and the $1 notes on the top of the package. He always knows to a penny how much change he has in an ordinary shot bag, and can tell the instant he touches any piece the value it represents. Thus equipped, he is ready to give a customer change for a note or silver currency, and his accuracy in making change equals that of any merchant in all the country round. Tried one day with a $5 gold piece, which was placed in his hand, he looked toward the owner as if he could see him, smiled, rang the coin upon the counter, and said: "This is a $5 gold piece; what do you wish to buy?" He is an expert at addition and subtraction, readily keeping in his mind a dozen articles and their price, and telling the customer the amount the moment the last article is served. He is pleased with his occupation, and has made his business a modest success.—*New York Sun.*

Deep Breathing.

(By William Blaikie.)

Nobody teaches American boys how to breathe. City boys, and many from the country, too, have finer chests before they go to school than they ever do afterward. Sitting in a school-room, or shop, or factory, or any other room five or six hours a day, and then sitting most of the rest of the day besides, does much to weaken the chest, for when you sit still you do not breathe your lungs half full. Take one large full breath now, and see how your chest rises and expands, and how differently from a minute ago, when breathing only as you generally do. Many boys actually do not breathe their lungs full once in a whole week. Is it any wonder they have weak chests, and that they easily catch cold? How are you to have strong lungs if you do not use them? Which has the strong arms—the invalid leaving a sick bed or the blacksmith? he who uses his arms or he who does not? When walking at the rate of four miles an hour, you breathe nearly five times as much air as when you are sitting still. Now the fuller breaths you take, and the more of them you take in a day, the stronger and fuller chest you are going to have. If every boy in the United States would take a thousand slow, very deep breaths every day from now on throughout his life, it would almost double our vigor and effectiveness as a nation. For deep breathing not only enlarges the chest itself, and makes it shapely and strong, but it gives power and vigor to the lungs and heart, and makes them do their work far better. And it does the same to the stomach and bowels, the liver and kidneys; indeed, to all the vital organs. It makes the blood richer. It adds directly to the vigor of the brain as well, and so enables it to do more work. In short, it is about the best known way of getting and keeping health. And who would care to hire a sick man to work for him? Or who can do much hard work when he is sick? Not that we can always avoid sickness, but it is less likely to come, and has harder work to enter, when we are robust and in good training than when we are weak and run down.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Ducal Dancer.

The Duke of Sutherland is conceded to be the best dancer of the Highland fling in all Scotland. He recently dined with the Duke of Edinburgh on board the flagship Alexander, at Malta, and after dinner the two dukes danced the "Tullochgorum" for an hour, to the delight of the officers and ship's company. The Duke of Sutherland's piper furnished the music.

"I'll do the best I can, sir," said the new convert humbly to the good pastor, "but you mustn't expect too much of me at first; I've been an auctioneer for the last twelve years."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE POOR IN CHINA.

Most of Them Live on Five Cents a Day—Cheap Food and Little of It.

In America, when the laboring man and his family cannot afford to eat meat twice each day, they are supposed to be in a condition of destitution. Yet the Chinese laborer, getting what he calls good wages, does not eat a pound of meat in a month, although meat is as cheap in China as in America. His daily food consists of rice steamed, cabbage boiled in a great deal of water, and as a relish, raw turnip pickled, but in a strong brine, of which he has only two or three bits the size of dice. When he wishes to be very extravagant, and is reckless of expense, he buys a cash worth of the dried seeds of the watermelon, and munches them as a desert. In summer he eats cucumbers raw, skin, prickles, and all, or melons, not wasting the rind, or, it may be, a raw carrot or turnip. His clothing is as simple as his diet. In the summer it consists of shoes and stockings, both made of cotton cloth, and a pair of trousers, without lining, of the same material. He has also a sort of shirt worn outside the trousers, but this he wears only on state occasions. For spring and autumn he wears, if he can afford it, garments of the same material lined. In the winter, in a climate like New York or Philadelphia, his trousers are wadded and his upper garment is either also wadded or is a sheepskin tanned with the wool on and worn with the wool next his skin. He scorns underclothing of every sort. One suit answers for day and night, since he sleeps in the same clothes in which he works. Hence he is not troubled with much baggage when he goes on a journey. Three dollars would probably buy the entire summer wardrobe of what may be called a comfortably poor Chinaman—that is, one at work on steady wages—while twenty-five or thirty cents would be more than sufficient to purchase all the rags—and he wears nothing else—of the very poor. In the winter he always pawns his summer clothes and in the same way entrusts his winter clothing as soon as warm weather comes to the keeping of his "uncle." His house is built of either sun-dried or "broken" brick laid in mud, has never any other than a brick, or, more commonly, a mud floor, windows of paper, and a door sufficiently open for all purposes of ventilation. For a family of five or six persons there is seldom, if ever, more than one room. The entire furniture consists of a table, a ricketty stool or two, and a raised platform of brick covered with a coarse mat of reeds, which serves as a bed. The house has no chimney and no fire is used, winter or summer, except the small amount needed for the family cooking. The character of the food consumed in such a family has already been described, but something ought to be said as to its cost. It is a very common picture in Pekin or any other city in China to see a little boy or girl going with a few cash and two or three rude and cheap dishes to purchase the materials for an evening meal, and the average cost of such a meal as has been described, for one person, is certainly not more than two cents of our money. I am convinced by many years' residence among the Chinese and careful study of their habits and life that probably two-thirds of the entire population, or say 200,000,000 of the people, live on a food consumption not exceeding $1.50 of our money a month, or say five cents a day.—*Youths' Companion.*

A Matter of Business.

Judge—It appears from the evidence that you swindled this man out of $23.30.

Prisoner—I admit it, Your Honor, but I beg to call Your Honor's attention to the fact that it was simply in the way of business.

Judge—In the way of business?

Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. We have formed a Swindling Trust.

Judge—A Swindling Trust?

Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. I will explain to you. Formerly we used to swindle a man out of $500. Now we swindle ten men out of $50 a piece. Our profits are the same, but we relieve the individual and distribute the burden, putting it lightly upon the shoulders of ten instead of heavily upon one.

Judge—I perceive.

Prisoner—So, you see, by forming a Swindling Trust we are really benefactors of our fellowman; the many come to the rescue of the one. It is harder work, of course, to find ten men with $50 than one with $500, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have put the burden of the one upon the many. Moreover, we have broken up all other combinations of swindlers and the community is safe from every one excepting ourselves. I therefore ask Your Honor to look upon the matter in a business light. We are a trust, and as such we look not for interference, but protection from the law.

Judge—Of course, if you call yourselves a trust—

Prisoner—We are, Your Honor.

Judge—Organized for the benefit—

Prisoner—Of the individual, Your Honor.

Judge—Yes, and as you are the individual and society is the many—six months in the House of Correction. Mr. Clerk, call the next case.—*Boston Courier.*

A Vigorous Warning.

"In Hamilton, Canada," remarks a United States contemporary, "the other day a man was sent to prison for a year for stealing an umbrella, and a careful investigation convinces us that it wasn't much of an umbrella either. It behooves the newspapers of this country to raise a tremendous cry of warning. It would be the hardest kind of luck if some of our bright, enterprising American citizens should get out of this country with a couple of hundred thousand dollars of other people's money with their usual success only to find themselves pining away in an ill-smelling Canada prison at last for stealing an umbrella! Sound the alarm at once! Ring the fire bells, if necessary.

King Oscar, of Sweden, recently called on the Pope, and instead of kissing his hand, as is the custom, kissed him soundly on both cheeks, to the surprise of the courtiers. It was the greatest shock the traditions of the Vatican had received since General Grant shook hands with Pius IX., and said: "How do you do, sir?"

Dr. J. H. Widdifield, of Newmarket, was yesterday appointed Sheriff of the County of York.