When Jim was Dead.

When Jim was dead,
" Hit sarved him right," the nabors sed,
An' 'bused him for the life he'd led,
An' him a-lying thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast!
An! menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

" Jes' killed hisself," " Too mean ter live,"
They didn't have one word ter give
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lying there!
" Thar ain't no use er talk," they sed.
" He's better dead!"

But suddenly the room growed still,
While God's white sunshine seemed ter fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close—close to his,
As tho' he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touchin' sight ter see—
" Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you when that cum to light
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Throwed kindly arms of love that day,
And mingled with their own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—*F. L. Stanton.*

Temperance Notes.

A committee of the French Senate reported recently that the drinking of spirits in France has assumed the proportions of " a social danger."

Statistics show 10,000 people are killed by whiskey where one is killed by a mad dog. What of it? Shoot the dog and license the sale of whiskey.—*Religious Telescope.*

Mrs. Hutchinson, a competent and most indefatigable worker in the W. C. T. Union of this city, expects to be present at most of the sessions of the National Woman's Christian Union, to be held in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, within a few days.

Colonel Coran, of the Bengal Artillery, says: " Abstinence agrees with Europeans in India. At one station, when drink was sold, I lost my men in scores. When drink was stopped, I didn't within the same time lose a single man."

Rev. David Davies, of the Regent's Park Chapel, in the annual sermon of the League at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, said: " Even in the celebrating of the Lord's Supper some £50,000 was spent every year by the churches; so that the reclaimed drunkard found at the Lord's table just the very same temptation that he used to find in the taproom! Could Satanic irony reach such a pitch as that? He thought it was worth the while of the Church of Christ to abstain from taking wines which were intoxicating at the Lord's Supper, so that there might be no temptation associated with the recollection of infinite love."

It is a notable fact that the fashionable Clyde watering places of Kilcreggan and Cove are practically placed under the Maine law. There is not a single licensed public house from one point to the other of this favored shore. The old natives will tell you of the time within living memory when the peninsula had six licensed houses one at " the Clachan," the cluster of quaint cottages round the corner at Rosneath, one at Cove, one at Kilcreggan, another at Colport, and still another at Muirahane, with a sixth at Rosneath ferry; and if all stories are true, these did not lack patrons. The changed condition of affairs is indicated by the remarkable fact that now there is only one licensed house on the entire peninsula, that being the inn at the Rosneath ferry. The Duke of Argyll from the outset made an express stipulation in all the feus on the Kilcreggan shore that none of them should be used for the erection of a public house, and this provision has been faithfully adhered to with the happiest results.

You would perhaps be interested to hear an item which is fresh. It comes from the testimony of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. In that deeply interesting periodical we have this statement made, that in 250 miles of coast line, that is in the tropical region of Africa, on the west coast, no less than twenty ships a year arrive there with a thousand tons of intoxicating drinks on each of them. Think of it—twenty thousand tons of intoxicating drinks every year poured in on that limited tract of country. One of the missionaries connected with the Church Missionary Society says: " If this thing is continued it is only a question of a few years for me and my people." There was a vessel connected with a South African company which took 25,000 cases of gin, and these were delivered to two factories alone, and the poor blacks part with valuable ivory, splendid skins, items of value of all kinds—what for, do you think? A case of Hollands! Now mark that. The cost of manufacture from the time he gets it is 2s. 9d. It contains twelve ordinary brandy size bottles, and it is mainly made up of oil of vitriol and other compounds that are a disgrace to be sold at all. It should be a crime for men to vend such things for their fellow-men to drink. But they do this, and get a hundred times, and often 200 or 300 times, the value of that with which they part. Think of dozens of these poor men, with little brain or will power, tearing open these cases, and draining the contents of the bottles until their brains are on fire, until they dance, laugh, roll over and foam at the mouth, and ultimately present such a hideous spectacle that if ever one had a picture of pandemonium you have it there. And that is being carried on to-day by the intelligent nation of which we form a part. I hope God will not grant this people prosperity again until we deal practically with this question. We have it on Scriptural authority that " Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." That applies to a nation as well as to the individual, and we have been sending out for years a whole brood of unclean birds, and many of them are finding their way home to roost.—*Henry Varley.*

A Fine Compliment.

Husband Prof. Widehead paid you a very fine compliment after dinner last night, my dear.

Wife—Oh, did he? What did he say?

Husband—He said that you weren't handsome, but you were one of the most intelligent women he ever met.

Wife—Prof. What's his name has received his last invitation from me.

" Witness, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?" " Oh, yes; that's where I got acquainted with him."

—" Name the sacraments," said a local Sunday school teacher to a member of her infant class. " Baptism, confirmation and vaccination," was the prompt reply.

—A rolling-pin gathers on dough.

KILLED LIKE A PIG.

Further Particulars of the Juvenile Crime in Cape Breton.

The horrible story recently telegraphed from Cape Breton is confirmed by the North Sydney *Herald* which tells the following story: A dreadful homicide occurred at Cow Bay on Wednesday last. It appears from what we can learn that several young boys had been watching the killing of a pig. In some way this aroused their curiosity, and, as such sights sometimes do, it made a very strong impression upon the minds of the children. During the day they attempted to imitate the killing of the pig and bound one of the young fellows hand and foot and held him on the ground. An old rusty knife being the only instrument at hand it was tried with bad effect upon his throat, and an ugly wound made, from which the blood flowed freely. It is said they also inflicted a bad wound in his abdomen. The little fellow, who made as much resistance as he could, was unable to avoid being cut. He managed to escape, however, and was taken home, when he took sick and expired next day. His death was caused principally by blood poisoning, introduced by the rusty knife, making a gash in his throat. This is an extraordinary and particularly sad tragedy. The young people do not seem to realize the terrible nature of their deed.

Latest Scotch News.

On the 13th ult. the non-commissioned officers of Edinburgh garrison celebrated the sixth anniversary of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in which the Cameron Highlanders took part.

On the 17th ult., an elderly man named James Mackie, who resided at Roseburn Place, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, met his death in the Glen at Roslin. He had been walking with his wife along he bank of the river Esk and fell over the rock into the stream in the attempt to look over. He was picked up dead.

When the Queen visited Glasgow Cathedral in 1849 all the ministers of the city were accommodated with seats at the west door, where she was received by Principal Macfarlane. There are only six of these ministers now alive — Drs. Somerville, Smith, of Cathcart, Ramage, and Fergus Ferguson, and Messrs. David Russell and Robt. Bremner.

At a meeting of a sub-committee of Edinburgh Town Council held on the 18th ult., it was agreed to recommend that designs should be asked for the proposed statues to Wallace and Bruce, but that no premiums should be offered. The cost of the statues is to be about £3,000, and it is proposed to erect them somewhere on the south side of Princes street.

A recent visitor to the last resting place of Rob Roy writes: " I have just visited the old kirkyard at Balquhidder. I had on this and on a previous occasion to send to the village to get a person to point out the grave of Rob Roy and his wife Helen. English friends were with me on both occasions, and their remarks on the neglected condition of these graves brought the blush to my face. It is almost impossible to decipher the few words on one of the stones which would indicate to the tourist that he stood near such an interesting spot." Surely the Glasgow folk might do something to improve this condition of the Macgregor's grave.

Jottings of a Day.

Wareham, Mass., has a monument to the memory of a cat that lived to the good old age of 20 years and 2 months. It was not erected by public subscription.

What's a poor burglar going to do for a living if the women of the land get in the habit of going to bed with a loaded revolver within reach? Two or three cases have recently come to light where burglars have been shot and even captured by women.

Wilson Waddington, of Savin Rock, Conn., is said to be the largest landowner in the United States. He is believed to own over 2,000,000 acres of grazing land in New Mexico and elsewhere, and he has also made large investments in real estate in Western cities.

A new feature of picnics and lawn parties has broken out in England, suggested by the Prince of Wales. It consists of wheelbarrow races, only the conditions are that each gentleman shall take a lady in his wheelbarrow, and the two who come in first get a prize. This novelty may be expected to strike this country about next season.

Gen. William T. Sherman seems to have not the slightest fear of death, and talks of it sometimes in an off-hand way that is extremely weird. Not long after Sheridan's funeral Sherman was speaking to a friend of the many prominent officers of the late war who had died. " I shall have to hurry up," remarked Sherman, " and die pretty soon, or there will be nobody but militia to bury me."

What Ailed Hannah.

Fat Widow—Doctor, I want you to answer my questions candidly.

Doctor—Certainly, my dear madame.

Well, am I in love, or have I only got fatty degeneration of the heart?

To be Developed Later.

" So your old uncle is dead, Charley?"

" Yes, died yesterday."

" He was a very eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was altogether right in his head?"

" Well—er—I couldn't say, you know, until the will is read."

Cheap as Dirt.

" You charge a very high price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a dentist.

" Oh, I don't know about that," was the confident reply, " we only charge a dollar an acher."

During a recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Hungary he was much impressed with the magnificent mustaches worn by the coachmen of that country, and engaged one of the most distinguished looking to accompany him back to England. On arriving at Marlborough House the imported Jehu saw that all the other coachmen wore clean shaved faces, so he went to a barber and joined the beardless brigade. That evening he returned to Hungary upon request of the Prince.

One of the great needs of this country seems to be young women type-writers who won't get married.

ORANGES VERY SCARCE.

None of the Fruit Brought from Florida—High Prices Rule.

" Unless the yellow fever plague in the South shall be speedily subdued there will be very few Florida oranges in the market this winter," said a produce merchant today. " Although the orange trees in the great groves along the St. John and Indian Rivers are now bending to the ground under the weight of the ripening fruit, the fever has had such a terrifying effect on the people that enough help cannot be secured to gather the enormous crop, and oranges are rotting on the ground. As a matter of fact the fruit could not be shipped North now, even if the crop were properly gathered, for the quarantine restrictions are so rigid. Oranges were never so dear as they are now. Nearly all there are in the market are brought from Bermuda, and these are not very good in quality. They are selling for $5 a box and finding plenty of buyers, but when the Florida supply is in good condition the Bermuda variety can be had for $2 per box. No Florida oranges will be received so long as the Fruit Exchange at Jacksonville is closed, and that will not be open until the fever shall have been stamped out."

A Little of Everything.

Cremation is still illegal in France.

Boston was 258 years old on Monday.

The herring-sardine packers of Maine will cure and pack 550,000,000 herring this year.

The wife of a well-known Vienna banker lately displayed forty toilettes in twenty-one days in Carlsbad.

Mark Twain says that he has no difficulty in sustaining the *role* of M.A., but the part of PA often gives him a good deal of trouble.

Thieving is carried on in Chicago in full dress. The men who have been caught lately are stylishly dressed and wear silk hats of the latest pattern. But they are discovered as quickly as in any other disguise.

A new disease has broken out among the grapevines of the Santa Ana and San Gabriel valleys of California. It is termed the sapsour, and the cause of it no one knows. The vines begin to wither and in a short time die.

The following verse from the Iroquois Bible shows what a jaw-breaking language that dialect is: " Aontonsseke taonsaiakosSathene nasatapon oni kariSanersaaksserapon ikonnhetie nok eh nonkSati aonsasonkSasarine tisnonkati ne Skennen."

A quarrel with a funny cause took place recently in water-submerged Augusta, Ga. A gentleman paid a negro $1 to carry him on his shoulders to the hotel, and a serious misunderstanding arose about the position the gentleman should occupy on his porter's shoulders.

A Bay City (Mich.) horse doctor stood talking to a friend the other day. The end of a bottle peeped out of the former's pocket. Along came a fellow looking for a drink. He spied the bottle and dexterously removed it from its hiding place. He took a big swallow and stopped with a jerk. It contained horse medicine made up of ammonia and other unpalatable liquids.

It is said that Alexander Dumas lives strictly by measure and weight. He rises at 6.30 in summer and 7 in winter. His first breakfast invariably consists of a glass of milk. The second, which he takes at noon, is a very plain meal. Dinner occurs exactly at 7 o'clock, and by 10 he is in bed. He walks three miles every day, and never works after 4 in the afternoon, and he is a strong and thoroughly healthy man.

An Austrian Pompeii has just been unearthed near Zara. Zara is the capital of the Austrian Province of Dalmatia. Thousands of coins of the Diocletian period and of other early times, rare specimens of Grecian and Roman sculpture and Byzantine architecture were discovered along the Dalmatian shores. Amphitheatres, temples, catacombs and other evidences of a busy and highly civilized community were unearthed.

An officer of a French regiment condemned several soldiers for breaches of discipline to run for three hours, carrying their rifles and full equipments. A corporal named Vallad, at the end of two hours, fell down exhausted. The sergeant wished to let him rest, but the superior officer insisted that he be made to get up and finish his task, saying that he should run until he dropped dead. The corporal got up and shot himself dead with his rifle.

A Very Old Fashion Revived.

The idea of " thumb rings," to which I alluded some little time ago, has become an established fact, and jewellers are showing broad bands of dull gold with a large jewel sunk deeply into them, designed to encircle that clumsy member, the thumb. The facts have been traced that Queen Elizabeth decorated her royal thumb with a ring, and the fashion revived during the reign of George II. Eccentricity is the keynote to jewelled ornaments, and the dainty woman who cannot bring her nerves into sufficient subjection to permit her wearing live, spider-like bugs as ornaments consoles herself with very realistic imitations.—*September Table Talk.*

A Mixed Up Minister.

In an old Scottish Parish Church the minister was very deaf. One Sunday the precentor had to give out the intimations in the following order: New hymn books, baptisms, and other minor matters. But the precentor, commenced with the baptism first, saying: " There will be a public baptism here next Sunday, and parents will give in their names during the week." The minister, thinking he was intimating about the hymn books, said: " And parents who have not got them will kindly come to the vestry after this service. Small ones, 1d.; large ones, 2d.; red backed ones, 3d."

—The use of unusual words and foreign phrases is no more a proof of culture than the wearing of a flannel shirt is that a man does his own washing. Both are mere surface indications of what is possible.

" Have you paid any attention to the controversy about marriage as a failure."

" Yes, considerable. But marriage is a success."

" What makes you think so?"

" My wife's late uncle left her $10,000.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A WESTERN paper, in deprecating the statement that most criminals are illiterate, says that in Massachusetts nearly all forgeries are committed by well-educated men and women. How could an unlettered man commit a forgery?

MITRE square, in which the last of the murders of the Whitechapel butcher was committed, is but a few blocks distant from the Bank of England. It is in the very heart of the business quarter. The greatest wealth and the greatest poverty thus exist side by side in the British metropolis.

A WOMAN was bathing in Cork harbor when the tide carried her out beyond her depth. She was in great danger of drowning when Miss Murphy, daughter of Ald. Murphy, of Cork, sprang in and succeeded in dragging her on to a rock in the harbor. There the two were compelled to stay until some men on the cliffs saw them, and, swimming out, brought them safely to shore.

A NOVEL means of suicide has just been tried in Chicago. Mrs. C. J. Delon, a widow, is the inventor of the process. The other evening she committed suicide by running a rubber tube from an open gas jet to a sort of reservoir made by her bed clothing. When the reservoir was full of gas Mrs. Delon put her head under the bed clothes and was immediately overcome by the gas. She had been in poor health for some time.

THE " beauty " show at Spa, Belgium, appears not to have been a brilliant success. After a postponement there were only twenty competitors. Several girls, including one from Poland, were prevented from attending by their parents at the last moment. The prize of ten thousand francs, it is thought, will be secured by a Guadaloupe Creole named Smucaret. A Parisian and a Swede have also a fair chance.

IT is not generally known that Miss Harriet Fraser, the only survivor of the late Simon Fraser, the discoverer of British Columbia, is still living at St. Andrews, in Stormont County. Fraser began his memorable explorations in 1792, and died at St. Andrews in 1862. He was offered a knighthood for his services, but was forced to decline through stress of circumstances, and left his family quite poor. Sir John has been applied to for help to the last bearer of the honored name.

AMONGST the many startling disclosures with which scientific investigation has made us familiar, one of the most extravagant is the discovery according to which the nose is said to be gradually losing its power to discharge its traditional function in the case of the civilized people. When the sense of smell vanishes altogether—as, it is affirmed, will infallibly be the case one day—the organ itself is bound to follow its example sooner or later. It is, no doubt, a fact that the olfactory sense is much keener in the savage than in the civilized man, and it is reasonable to conclude that the more we progress in civilization the duller the sense will grow, and as nature never preserves useless organs, when the nose loses its power of smelling, the nose " must go."

Two young women coming towards Memphis, Tenn., from a town in Alabama were put off the train the other night at a small station outside the city on suspicion of being refugees from the plague-stricken district. Their trunks were pitched off after them. It was almost dark, and rain was falling heavily. They sought shelter in the only house near at hand, but were refused admittance. There was a number of white people and negroes in the place, but only one would approach them. He got them two chairs, and they sat out in the rain until they could induce a negro to take them into Memphis. They had to pay him five dollars. On the way in they were met by some men who threatened to arrest the negro if he did not take the women back. Their pleadings finally prevailed, and they were permitted to enter the city. This is only an instance of the discomfort and peril that spring from the dread of letting the yellow fever get within the limits of the southern towns.

THE London *Daily Telegraph* has wound up its long series of columns and columns of letters written in reply to the question, " Is Marriage a Failure?" The paper has received 27,000 letters on the subject, and while most of them were bosh, the *Telegraph's* conclusions drawn from the lot probably voices fairly well the English idea. It says: " The consensus of letters is overwhelmingly strong against early marriages. Our law ought, we think, to forbid marriage to young men under 21 and to young women under 19. Among the working classes especially this would produce, we believe, an excellent effect. Then, also, it is clear to our mind that the law of divorce must be enlarged to permit dissolution of marriage for desertion, for lunacy, for confirmed inebriety, for conviction of disgraceful crimes, as likewise for established incompatibility of temper and temperament, such as a just and prudent judge would admit to be adequate. That the marriage service as it stands calls also for alteration has been abundantly demonstrated by these letters, and the sooner His Grace the Primate finishes with the Athanasian creed and turns his attention to passages in that service which shock young minds and disconcert older ones the better."

A Boston woman made the tour of Europe and came home and never even mentioned it to her most intimate friend. Dumb? Ah! You've struck it.

One of the last pension bills vetoed was that of an Indian woman, who claimed that her son and support was killed in the army. It was shown that he enlisted for bounty, deserted, died a natural death twenty years after, and that she had a husband.—*Detroit Free Press*

—It is easier to manage and marshal 100 men than to control one woman when her mind is set the other way.

It requires just double the power to propel a steamship twenty miles an hour that it does to drive the same vessel sixteen miles an hour.

—There is a policeman in Boston who has carried his club for fourteen years and has never struck anything but attitudes in all that time.

—Boys who think they know more than their fathers out to be encouraged to run away from home for a couple of weeks, in order to learn that pies do not grow on trees.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Monkey skin for muffs and trimmings will be more popular than ever.

The Empress of Austria, though a famous horsewoman, is rather nervous about horses she does not know.

A discussion of the Malthusian theory elicited the statement that clergymen, as a rule, have the largest families.

Ladies' maids can now be hired in New York by the evening or the hour. Some skilful dressers have a large number of clients.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of " Robert Elsmere," is a slight woman with a colorless face, dark hair, large nose, and small but piercing black eyes.

The Duchess of Wellington is lame and has to use a crutch. She is considered beautiful and is very fond of birds, of which she has a large collection.

Guiletta Dionesi is a girl 10 years old. She plays the violin and interprets works of the greatest musicians in a way that arouses the wildest enthusiasm in Italy.

A bunch of flowers above the forehead is almost as much used to fasten bridal veils as the jewelled clasps so much affected in New York, and the fashion is really in much better taste.

Little Josef Hofmann says he is not much disappointed because he is not coming to America this year; " but," he adds, " I should like to see the pretty ladies again." The rogue!

The Virginia story-writer is still a celebrity; for as yet the killing frost has not fingered the quick-come flowers of her fame. Therefore the following description of the lady in question is of interest:

" Who," asks the Buffalo *Express*, " has heard of a woman cashier or clerk or private secretary embezzling her pockets full and skipping to Canada? It is about time that the superior honesty of the woman in business should be recognized and rewarded."

It seems now as if the reigning winter bonnet would match the lightest tint of the street frock or cloak, and would be trimmed with black velvet, with black strings. This style is very generally becoming, although rather sombre, and black " kills" some of the new greens and some of the new reds completely.

The Chicago *Tribune* has been undertaking an inquiry on its on account as to the fate of divorced women, and states that 75 per cent. of these persons marry within a year. The inference is that re-marrying is the principal object for which divorces are generally sought and is an evil resulting from the too easy divorce laws.

According to the Boston *Transcript*, yellow is the color which seems to have revealed itself to the novelist of to-day, although some very pretty cream colored frocks are wandering through the pages of current fiction, and pretty Rose in " Robert Elsmere" has a multiplicity of frocks, each one exceedingly esthetic. After yellow will come green, probably, and then the red velvet and silk will return to the old familiar round.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler is a beautiful woman, and in that unique particular the stories floating about in regard to her are true. She has the kind of beauty that both men and women admire. A wealth of golden hair—the very shade that hair bleachers would give the world to copy—worn in a loose knot on the back of the neck and in fluffy pompadour curls in front; large brown eyes, the expressive kind, and, most unusual of all—that is, with blonde hair—the blackest and longest of lashes; eyebrows only a little darker than the hair, therefore Mrs. Chanler must always escape the accusation of dyeing hers; a fresh complexion which is enhanced instead of disfigured by the tiny mole on her right cheek, and teeth which even ivory cannot match. If smiles and a pleasant, cordial manner denote amiability, then Mrs. Chanler has that virtue, for in spite of having been deluged with interviews all day yesterday she submitted once more to a list of questions.

A Droll Appeal for a Holiday.

The following letter, says the *Pioneer*, has been received in a local office in India:—" Honoured Sir,—With every preponderance of due respects I humbly beg to state that by your honour's favour my wife begotten a girl five years ago, and when all hope vanished for a male child for the inheritance of my progenitor's names, I was got a son one year ago, and forasmuch it behoves all Hindus men to offer all male child to our deity for his future growth and prosper in after life when he gains his manhood, I beg your kind honour will allow me two months' leave to visit Jugernath's Shrine, which will cost very much moneys. Also by some opportune I will make arrange for my daughter's matrimony, if not my caste brethern will not let me join in fellowship. For these latterv expenditures 500 rupees will be required—namely, half to be given to bride's bridegroom, as is our customs. Now your honour if Congress promoters would manifestly do their duties trouble. No one making any arrange for poor to the country then why I give your honour men's hardships by which deleterious and abominable customs be abrogated as how can poor man pay such large sums for daughter's matrimony; moreover if he is not pay then he is made objectionable man and outcasted from all fellowship in caste. I therefore beg your kind honour will have consideration on my case and order Khazanchi to pay 25 rupees from my pay to B——D——until my full some of 250 rupees I am borrow from him be discharged. For this kindness of act, I bless your honour and bless your honour's body will begotten 1,000 sons who will live to be Methusalehs and be vigorous, healthy and forcible as Goliath."

She Would Rule by Love.

Belva Lockwood, having visited the Capitol, at Washington, the other day, was plied with questions by several of her Congressional friends as to the course she would pursue if the fortunes of politics should place her in the Presidential chair. Finally, it is related, Mr. Morrow, of California, said: " But you couldn't be commander-in-chief of the armies. How would you arrange that?" Mrs. Lockwood thereupon shook her finger archly at her questioner and replied sweetly: " I would dismiss the armies and rule by love."—*Rochester Democrat.*