THE CROP PROSPECTS.

Home and Abroad Appearances at the Present Time—Decidedly Above the Average in Canada.

An Ottawa despatch says: Crop reports from sixty district correspondents in Ontario show reason for gratification at the prospects. All speak of the excess of rain doing much damage on the lowlands, but in spite of this the crops are, on the whole, nearly everywhere pronounced decidedly above the average. Grain is doing splendidly. Wheat, oats and rye are all far better than usual. Barley is good, peas excellent and most of the root crops are doing well. Potatoes, however, are seriously damaged by the wet, and so is corn. Hay is scarcely up to the average and fruit is considerably injured. Further heavy rains will injure the whole harvest seriously, but, on the other hand, average fine weather now will give far more abundant harvest than usual.

A cablegram gives information as to the present condition of the European crops, from which it would appear that recent statements as to the extent of damage have very little foundation. Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy appear, as regards the crop outlook, to be in a highly satisfactory condition; Austria-Hungary and Hungary moderately so; while in Russia the latest estimate is that the wheat crop has been damaged to the extent of 25 per. cent. by drought.

SWORN BY A ROOSTER'S BLOOD.

The Strange Oath Taken by a Chinese Witness in Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia despatch says: A strange scene was presented in Judge Bregy's Court when the most solemn of Chinese oaths was administered to Lee Bang, a celestial witness. A rooster was brought into court and set down beside the witness-stand, where a square of muslin had been placed. Candles and joss-sticks were lighted in a cuspidor. The witness then cut off the rooster's head and signed with a quill dipped in the dead bird's blood the paper from which the oath had been read to him. The paper was then burned in the cuspidor.

"Is this the form of oath administered in the courts of justice in China?" asked Judge Bregy. "Not particularly," replied Interpreter Chew. "The Chinese courts do not take any oath to my knowledge. I have been in America for a long time. When I was in Portland, Ore., the killing of a rooster was resorted to as the only thing to prevent a Chinaman from lying. Before that you couldn't get at the truth."

"What is the reason for the solemnity of this oath?"

"They believe that everything has a spirit, good or evil, and after a Chinaman cuts off a rooster's head, he believes that the spirit will trouble him if he tells a lie."

Notes From the Northwest.

It is reported here that nothing will be done this year on the proposed extension of the Galt Railway into Montana.

An inquest was held on the body of William McDermott, who hanged himself at Elkhorn. The evidence of his widow, his daughter, aged 8 years, and some neighbors was heard. The jury returned a verdict that he died from suicidal hanging while in a state of unsound mind. Mrs. McDermott is progressing favorably.

A special from Field, B. C., says Mr. Carlile has returned from a trip to the lately discovered springs south of there. There are 71 springs of petroleum within a radius of 500 acres and indications of an inexhaustible supply, with the quality first-class. The springs are near the Crow's Nest Pass.

Fierce forest fires are raging in the mountains between Banff and Donald.

Latest Scottish News.

A blue tit has built its nest in the letter-box of Mrs. Peebles, Nether-Gask. When dropped in it took the letters out and scattered them about.

As an evidence of returning prosperity to farmers, it may be noted that at all the hiring fairs held recently the wages have been from 10 to 20 per cent. higher than for the past few years.

Rev. John Smith, of Edinburgh, specifying the forces in Scotland antagonistic to the precious institution of the Sabbath, places first the large proportion of the nobility and gentry who set themselves, so far as personal example and influence are concerned, to secularise the day of rest.

How One Burglar Was Caught.

The Irish (heaven bless 'em) have a little invention which has been used in Ireland with great success. It would be a good attachment for the ballot-boxes in this country. An enterprising burglar entered a gentleman's house at Waterford, Ireland, one night a couple of weeks ago, and, after purloining everything he could find, he prepared to remove a large photographic camera that was standing on a table. In some way he touched off a magnesium flash light attachment that was part of the machine and fled precipitately when the thing flared up. The next day it was discovered that the camera had taken the photograph of the burglar. The negative was placed in the hands of the police and by its aid they quickly nabbed their man. It showed the burglar with a jimmy in one hand and a box containing jewelery under his arm, while he carried a sack over his shoulder with valuable pieces of plate, books, etc., and was gazing at the flash light in open-mouthed amazement. This was the unimpeachable evidence of a mechanical eye-witness and the fellow was sent up for six months.—*Manchester Courier.*

Reliable.

Young man—You are older than I am, and I want to ask you a question. Does a woman always mean what she says?

Old man—Always—that is, if she's married.

After hearing arguments in favor of and in opposition to Kemmler, the Buffalo murderer, Judge Day held that testimony would have to be taken as to the effect of the electric current on the human body, and appointed Tracy C. Becker, a lawyer, of Buffalo, to take testimony and report to the court on July 30th next.

A 3-year-old child named Cote, residing on St. Daguillon street, Quebec, fell into a pan of boiling water yesterday and is so severely scalded that it is not expected to recover.

MORE SCOTCH ASCENDENCY.

The Earl of Fife to Marry the Prince of Wales' Eldest Daughter.

A London cable says: There was but one topic of discussion in the clubs last evening. It was the betrothal of Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar of Wales, the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to Earl Fife. Rumor for a long time past has been busy in clubdom with the possibility of such a match, and what gave particular strength to the possibilities of such an alliance lay in the fact that the report was most credited by those about the Prince. Yesterday afternoon the Queen formally gave her consent to the union. The Prince of Wales is the most popular gentleman in the United Kingdom, and the Princess alone vies with him in the affections of the people. When it became known that the hand of their eldest daughter was to be conferred upon one of the most popular Peers in the United Kingdom, the Prince and Princess of Wales were simply and purely raised into the position of popular idolatry.

Princess Louise has in her short career won universal popularity. Like all the royal princesses she has always been troubled with shyness, but not more so than might be expected from young ladies not long out in the world; but those who have penetrated the veil of modesty surrounding her have found in her charming womanly nature a fund of intelligence and a good share of her mother's remarkable charm of manner and interesting gentle nature. She has a very pretty figure. She is about middle size and has a face with plenty of character. She was born at Marlborough House, February 20th, 1867. Earl Fife has been for many years a close friend of the Prince and Princess. Everybody knows him and knows well of him. He is an exemplary model of the British aristocracy. He is the sixth Earl of Fife, but was created a peer of the United Kingdom in 1885. He is 40 years of age.

A Remarkable Case of Somnambulism.

A policeman early this morning found a woman, attired only in her nightclothes, wandering aimlessly along by the side of St. Mary's Hospital. When the officer spoke to the woman he found that she was sound asleep, and when awakened she went into a nervous condition and was taken into the hospital. She gave the name of Mrs. Annie Davis, and said she lived at No. 831 Park avenue. The police of the 13th Precinct were notified to investigate the case. They found that the woman's husband had gone to his day's labors apparently undisturbed by his wife's escapade. The neighbors state that Mrs. Davis is a somnambulist of extraordinary quality, and her antics have long since ceased to be cause for wonder among the inhabitants of the tenements along Park avenue. She is in the habit, they say, of getting up in the middle of the night and while sound asleep will go through part of the work that is to be done the next day. Breakfast is sometimes prepared at 1 o'clock in the morning, and in a sound sleep the woman will do all the usual little odds and ends of her household duties without making a mistake, even to lighting a fire in the kitchen stove. Once or twice the woman has endangered her life by wandering on the roof top and lying down close to its edge. After Mrs. Davis had recovered from her nervous condition she was sent to her home.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Mistakes.

It is not disgraceful to make a mistake. Those who never make mistakes never do anything worth mentioning. The attitude of men with reference to their mistakes is sometimes disgraceful. One who cannot see his own errors even when they are pointed out will not make much improvements. Until we discover and deplore our defects we will not take pains to remedy them. Frankness in confessing faults is a great grace. When one becomes so perfect in his own estimation that he has no occasion to confess his faults to his neighbors, he is well nigh beyond the reach of hope. A Christian who believed that his holiness had reached the point of faultlessness once gave way to a violent fit of temper, and when forced to apologize told his story well enough until he came to the conclusion, and then spoiled it by saying: "I cannot tell what made me use such language; I think I must have been inspired; I am sure I was not angry." "Who can understand his errors?"

Rare Forethought.

"Harry," exclaimed the blushing Laura, "this declaration is so sudden that I—that—that I hardly know what to say. I was unprepared for it. It unnerves me."

"I was afraid it might," said the young druggist, rising with alacrity from his knees, "and I brought along a bottle of my unrivalled nerve anodyne. This preparation, darling," he added, soothingly, as he took a bottle from his pocket, quickly extracted the cork, and poured a quantity of the medicine into a spoon he had also brought along, "will allay any undue excitement, quiet the nerves, aid digestion, and restore lost appetite. I sell it at 60 cents a bottle. This is the dose for an adult. Take it, dearest."

About New Books.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie admits that he is at work upon his memoirs, but adds that they will never be published while he is alive.

Mrs. Rives Chanler's early stories do not please the London *Athenæum*. The "Brother to Dragons" and its two companions, in imitation of old English, were not, it says, worth reprinting.

George Meredith's new novel is said to have for its theme "The Romance of Journalism," and to be in an advanced state of preparation.

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Prof. of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," over his own signature said, referring to and prescribing Warner's Safe Cure: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months, no tube casts could be found and only a trace of albumen, and as the patient expressed it, he felt perfectly well."

He Would Follow Suit.

Waiter (returning after a brief absence)—Lamb chops all out, sir.

Guest (rising, with a polite smile)—All right! Beautiful day to be out! I think I will go too.

SHORT BUT SWIFT.

Rev. R. T. Burns Gets Justice Tempered With Mercy.

A last (Wednesday) night's Kingston despatch says: This morning Rev. R. T. Burns, Deputy Postmaster, was brought before Judge Price. He tottered like a child when asked to stand up. The Judge told him he had been charged with appropriating money belonging to Mrs. Love, and asked, "Are you willing to be tried before me or a jury?" Mr. Burns said, "You." Mr. Britton, Q. C., read a lengthy charge, then he asked if Mr. Burns was ready for trial. The reply being "yes," Mr. Burns was asked to plead, and said, "I am guilty." Mr. McIntyre then addressed the Judge, stating that the case was the most distressing that had ever come before him. The respectable position which the prisoner had occupied for many years constituted an element in the deplorable nature of the case. His Honor was aware of the terrible calamity which befell the prisoner when two promising sons met watery graves. (Here the prisoner wept aloud). Another distressing element was the position in which his family was placed. When the charge was brought to the prisoner's knowledge on Sunday he had time to leave the country, but instead he went to the Inspector's office and gave himself up until the papers in the case were made out and he placed in safe keeping. Further, the prisoner's family, notwithstanding that it had been suggested to him to leave the country, decided to place no difficulty in the way of justice taking its course. Mr. McIntyre referred to the time of life the prisoner had arrived at, to the fact that there was absolute ruin for him and his family, and said he believed he had grounds for asking the Judge to be as lenient as the law allowed. Judge Price said this was the saddest case he had ever had to deal with, and, considering the position which the prisoner had left and the trying circumstances he had passed through in losing two sons, he felt justified in making the limit of imprisonment as low as the law allowed. "Therefore," said the Judge, "I will sentence you to the penitentiary for two years." The prisoner felt relieved; evidently he had expected a much longer term.

Fashion's Fancies.

Coachmen's capes made of white velvet or cloth, trimmed with gold braid, have been ordered by Newport belles.

Very broad black borders on cards and note paper as an indication of the extent of mourning is the very worst taste.

Dress skirts of a fashionable length trail on the ground. It is to be hoped that the mode will not be generally adopted.

There are new fabrics for mourning brought out as regular as novelties in any other department of ladies' millinery.

The Richelieu embroidery—fine open worked patterns on ecru batiste—is a trimming of distinction for summer gowns.

Kangaroo skin is a favorite leather for men's summer shoes and boots. Oil or cream is used to keep it soft and pliable.

The steamer blanket used by the ladies this year is in the shape of a long circular cloak, which covers them from head to foot.

The tea gown is no longer worn as a reception dress, but has taken its position in the wardrobe as a refined sort of wrapper.

Straw poke bonnets are of sufficient size to shade the face. Large loops of ribbon, in which there are nests of flowers, trim the crown.

The elephants' ear is the name given to the fine, thin, flat sponge which is sold to women who seek new methods of taking particular care of their complexions.

The simplicity of the style in dress this season is a great satisfaction to those ladies who do not like to appear old-fashioned and still who object to the complicated and burdensome in women's gowns.

If a savage were suddenly to find himself in the midst of a number of fashionable ladies ready to walk he would think their long-handled parasols equipped them for war, and would run for his life.

There is a new and important change in the mode of a lady's carrying her parasol when she is driving. The hand which holds it has the index finger pointed upward on the stick. Any variation of this rule admits the possibility that she does not belong to the original "four hundred."

Good News for Housekeepers.

Advices from the Pacific coast are very flattering regarding the prospects for the raisin crop. The vines are doing well, and competent authorities have placed their estimate upon a one million box yield. The growers there are greatly encouraged by the outlook, and anticipate a liberal return for their labors.

The Sailor Boy.

Wibble—Do you believe all this nonsense you read in the novels about the sailor falling in love with his ship and all that sort of thing?

Wabble—Oh, yes. At least when a vessel goes on a cruise the sailor is gone on her until she gets back, isn't he?

Ocular Demonstration.

She—You were not so dissipated before we were married.

He—Indeed I was, my dear; but when anybody told you so then you wouldn't believe it.

Nevada had a "Dead Horse" post-office. It was ordered to take a new name, and it took that of "Live Horse." The Department wouldn't have it, but changed it to Rosedale.

During the heavy thunderstorm which passed over Belleville yesterday forenoon lightning struck the house of Mrs. Gallagher, on Wharf street. The bolt struck the chimney, which it demolished, and passed down the stovepipes into the kitchen, wrecking the stove, tearing up the floor and the heavy hardwood sleepers, and then passing through the window. Mrs. Gallagher was knocked down, stunned and had her face blackened, but was not seriously injured. Several others received severe shocks in various parts of the city.

A Newark burglar jumped through a window, taking sash and all, and fell 25 feet to the ground, where a dog caught and held him. They could not find one single cut or scratch from his daring dash.

SAND SPOUT IN THE DESERT.

Graphic Description of a Striking Scene in Africa—Moving Columns.

Under the fairest skies the desert is an awesome solitude, but when a storm comes it is terrible and appalling. I shall never forget a scene I witnessed some forty miles beyond the great pyramids, says a writer in the New York *Mail and Express*. I had gained an isolated hillock, some two hundred feet above the level of the surrounding desert. Away to the west, about two miles distant, I descried six or seven lofty pillars of sand moving swiftly over the undulating plain. The centre one of these was vertical, and those surrounding it, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, leaned slightly toward it. The sand at the base of the columns was lashed by the furious whirlwind into a surging sea. Desert trees of the hardest wood were torn up with their roots and hurled hundreds of yards away and high up into the air; even the grass that grew in the path of that terrible storm was shorn clean away from its roots. The summits of those columns of sand at length joined, and then burst forth from their united tops a yellow gigantic cloud of sand of such magnitude and density as to darken, as in a total eclipse, the face of the bright afternoon sun. The sand spout, called by the natives "zobahah," shortly after subsided, but the cloud of sand and grass, which had been raised high in the heavens, continued to darken the setting sun for more than an hour. The smaller column behind travelled swiftly, increasing in size, until it reached the site of the break-up of the other, and then added its mite to the universal destruction. With my sextant, as I stood in security, I measured the height of the centre column of sand; it was nearly one thousand feet. The other columns were rising so rapidly that they soon reached a greater height than that of the centre column. When the junction of them all took place the sudden eruption of sand, leaves and grass reached to a total height of over four thousand feet. These "zobahahs" are not very frequent, but when they occur they carry widespread devastation along with them, and woe betide the traveller and the tent that happen to stand in their way. Not more than ten yards from the column the air is perfectly calm, but within the small circumscribing circle there rages such a tempest as will carry away anything, however firmly fixed in the ground, into the regions of the upper air as easily as an ordinary gust of wind will blow a piece of paper. The camel, this wonderful ship of the desert, always knows a few hours before whether one of those approaching "zobahahs" is likely to come upon him, and his natural instinct will guide him to a place of safety, where he lies down and only breathes the cool reactive current which closely follows the burning, almost suffocating, hot air which accompanies the "zobahabs." The usual movement of these sand spouts is in the arc of a wide circle, and the direction of the centre of the circle is almost invariably from north to south.

When these awful turmoils are over, and the disturbing elements have resumed their normal state, the burning sand becomes saturated with a heavy dew, the sun is less angry, and the African desert more amenable to life in both man and beasts. Nature's wisdom and wonders are indeed beyond man's limited understanding.

The Manchester Ship Canal.

Some interesting statistics were lately given by Ald. Bailey, one of the directors, with reference to the progress of this work. He stated that 15½ million tons of earth and rock had been excavated, and that 28,000,000 tons more remained to be removed. It was anticipated that the work would be finished in two years from 1st of January next. There were on the works 183 pumping engines, 82 steam navvies, 5,000 waggons, 158 locomotives and 116 steam cranes, and in a few months 15,000 men would be employed. He further gave some particulars as to the cost of haulage of one ton, which was stated to be 6d. per mile on the highways, 2d. on the railways, 1·66d. per mile on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, 1·116d. per mile on the Aire and Calder Navigation, and between New York and Liverpool about 1·300d. per mile.

Dusting on Dew.

It is common to make the useful recommendation, in applying any powder to repel insects on plants, to perform the dusting in the morning while the dew is on the plants. The only objection to this recommendation is that plants are not moistened with dew every morning, or it is evaporated before the owner has time to do the work, or it may be too hot and dry for dew. The work is therefore put off till the insects may have done their mischief. A sure way, therefore, adapted to every morning or to any time in each day, is to procure a watering pot with a very fine rose, and with a fine mist moisten the plants and follow immediately with the dusting. Without waiting for a dewy morning, ashes, plaster, air slacked lime, hellebore or any of the numerous poisonous powders may be applied at any time of day.

Thumping the Bible.

In the country village of R—— there lived a Free Church minister who was greatly addicted to "thumping the book." One Sunday he was preaching from the text, "Ye are a stiff-necked people." In the middle of his discourse he repeated his text several times, and, to make it more impressive, brought down his fist with a thud on the edge of the hymnbook, which toppled off the cushion, and in its descent came into violent contact with the back of the precentor's head. The leader of praise, thus suddenly roused from the borders of a pleasant nap, rubbed the back of his head, and looking up, quietly remarked—"Losh, minister, the Israelites are unco near han' the day; I'm doubtin' ye've made me stiff-necked as wee as them wi' yer cantrips."

Wm. Roberts, M.D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "In a great majority of cases Bright's Disease begins slowly and imperceptibly." This is sufficient warning, and justifies you in using Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney trouble becomes chronic or pronounced Bright's Disease.

—Very often the "May I?" of courtship is answered by the "You must" of matrimony.

GETTING INFORMATION.

A Reporter's Experience with the Patroness of a Philanthropical Institution.

It was the evening of the graduating exercises in a philanthropical institution. Said a New York *Sun* reporter to the lady in charge rustling around in the dignity of a new black silk:

"How many graduates have you?"

"Oh, dear me, are you a reporter. I just dread to see one come in. They never get anything right. I never knew one to. I think they do it on purpose. It is too mean for anything. I hate—

"But will you tell me the number of graduates?"

"Oh, ever so many, and they are just the brightest girls. Oh, it is such a wonderful thing that this institution can educate them as it does. It is perfectly splendid. I don't suppose its any use to tell you about it, for you won't get it right any way."

"What do they graduate in?"

"Why, every thing most. That's the idea of the institution, to make them so self-reliant and ready for emergencies and—"

"Who are the patrons of the institution?"

"Oh, nice people. Every body ought to be interested in it. They would be, too, if the papers took it up in the right way, but they won't. They never get any thing right, the reporters—oh, I can't tell how they twist things."

"How many instructors do you employ?"

"Oh, we have the loveliest teachers. I'll go and ask Miss B—— to come and tell you about them. She knows them personally—all the little family history, you know. But of course we don't want you to publish that. Papers are just filled with every one's private affairs now. It is just horrid, but I suppose the reporters don't care what they say if they just get their pay. Excuse me; I'll go and speak to Miss Smith," and she rustled away. The reporter waited while they counseled together, and, approaching, heard: "Oh, I think she's lovely in that dress. You know I advised her to put those revers on—so much more becoming than a plain waist. Oh, there's that dreadful reporter. I'm tired to death telling him about things. You tell him about the teachers, won't you, dear, and put those violets up a little nearer your chin."

"I? Why, I don't know anything about it, and I'm busy; I'm on the flower committee."

"Well, we might as well let it go. I've told him about it, but he'll get it all wrong, anyway. It is perfectly awful the way those reporters misconstrue things and never get anything right."

Grit versus Pluck.

A burro and a bull-dog had a fight recently in Fresno, Cal. Burro is Californian for donkey. The burro was browsing on cockle burs by the roadside when the bull-dog trotted along, stopped, and without a growl, seized the donkey by the shank bone of the off hind leg. The burro kicked and kicked, and then he tried to reach the dog with his mouth, but unavailingly. Then the burro laid down on its back and brought its hind legs forward towards its head. He shut his jaws on the dog's back and slowly straightened out. The dog, without flinching, kept his grip on the shank bone. But the donkey had just as much grit, and kept on straightening itself out, though the strain was causing the flesh and muscles to be terribly lacerated. The dog let go first. The burro kept its hold on the dog's back, and in a second was on its feet, with the dog dangling from its mouth. The burro's leg was terribly lacerated, but it did not seem to mind. He limped across the road, and, deliberately pausing several times to rest, rubbed the dog back and forth over the barbed-wire fence until it was killed. The dog did not howl from the beginning to the end.—*Chicago Journal.*

Victoria's Interest in Funerals.

I hear that the Queen has recently been concerning herself with the arrangement of royal funerals, and that Her Majesty has caused a long memorandum on the subject to be drawn up, with a variety of new orders, which extend to the most minute detail. In future the body of a defunct male member of the royal family is to be placed in the coffin in an attire of quite different material to that worn by a deceased female, and married people are not to be treated the same as the unmarried. The Queen's solicitude extends even to the making of the coffins, and there are copious directions concerning them. Embalming is positively prohibited. One would suppose that the Queen was anticipating a large mortality among her kindred. It is no doubt expedient to be mindful of the uncertainty of human life, but there is surely no occasion to carry this forethought to such extravagant lengths.—*London Truth.*

How They Catch Fish in Georgia.

Last Monday morning it was our pleasure to go a-fishing with a party on Alapaha, near Grover, and see how fish are caught the "new way." From four to six men go into the water with a log in front of them, and a sheet with one edge on the log and the other edge held up by the men so that the fish can't jump over, but fall on the sheet. The log is pushed along to the land, and when near it the fish begin to try to make their escape back to the deep water by jumping. If they fail to make a good leap they lodge on the cloth, thereby becoming victims of their own destruction. It is amusing to see how they jump. It is supposed that about three hundred pounds were caught.—*Abbeville (S.C.) Times.*

The Shah of Persia has adopted some of the peculiarities of civilization, but is rather behindhand in others. He wears patent leather boots, but seems to regard a pocket handkerchief as a superfluity.

The wave of prohibition is undoubtedly receding. The defeat of a prohibitory amendment in Massachusetts will almost certainly be followed by the defeat of a similar amendment in Pennsylvania next month. This does not mean a relaxation of the people's resolve to regulate the liquor traffic and abate its worst evils. It means simply that the popular mind throughout the country is becoming fixed in the conviction that high license and local option are the most efficient methods of attaining the objects aimed at.—*St. Louis Republican.*