The Girl That Pounds the Keys.

My office of late has seemed brighter,
More cheerful by far than it was;
It may be the pretty typewriter
Who sits near my desk is the cause.

A radiant, dashing young creature;
In typewriting circles a belle;
Although I'm unable to teach her
To punctuate rightly or spell.

Her mouth like a half-opened rose is,
Her hair rivals gold in its hue,
Tip-tilted her dear little nose is,
Her eyes are a heavenly blue.

I really should feel lost without her;
For while there's no cause for alarm,
There's something attractive about her,
A thrilling, intangible charm.

Her typewritten letters are fearful,
With errors they thickly are strewed;
I scold her, and she becomes tearful,
And thinks I am awfully rude.

She breaks into silvery laughter
As soon as forgiven, and I've
Rewritten no end of them after
She's gone—she leaves promptly at five

My wife, who is somewhat suspicious,
Dropped into my office to-day,
And found—well, I thought it judicious
To send my typewriter away.

I really shall feel lost without her,
For while I intended no harm,
My wife noticed something about her
That filled her dear soul with alarm.

Mother and Child.

"Where is the girl that you were?" said the child,
And the mother smiled back to her lifted eyes,
"She lives where the faded violets go,
And the old sun shines in the skies!"

"Where last year's birds sing last year's songs?
She caught at the fancy as children will.
"But if you should meet with the girl that you were,
Do you think you would know her still?"

"I remember her eyes and her waving hair;
I see them now as I look at you.
My little daughter, when one dream dies
Another sometimes comes true!"

"Mothers are better than girls, I think;
They wipe your tears and find out the pain,
And smile when you smile—pray do not go back
If you have the chance again!"

"Ah! there is no fear of that my sweet,
A mother forevermore and a day
I shall be. We will let the girl that I was
With your faded violets stay."

—*Charlotte Mellen Packard.*

The Yacht Race.

A rattling breeze from out the west
Stretches like drumheads every sail,
Each wave beats like a muffled flail
Upon the glist'ning hulls that breast
The endless droves of tossing manes
Hurrying across the wind-swayed plains.

Haul taut each sheet until it sings
Like chorus from an Æolian harp;
Now see the long bows, clean and sharp,
Rush forward, sped by tireless wings
That cleave their way into the wind,
While long waves stretch away behind.

What grander scene of power than this
To feel the sea's strong shoulder pressed
Against the helm, as though 'twould wrest
It from thy grasp: while salt sprays kiss
The wings that glance across the swells
And scuppers foam like boiling wells.

Ten miles to windward, cross and cross
The white fleet beats towards the mark,
While hemp and canvas strain. Now, hark,
How the glad waves toss and toss
The bell buoy breaks upon the ear
Its brazen note more clear and clear.

And now it mounts upon a swell,
Another reach and it's a-lee,
Now swirling in the heavy sea,
The leader turns, with sheets eased well,
And the next moment bursts her cloud
Of spinaker athwart her shroud.

Then like some downy, snow white fleck,
She's blown across the blue expanse,
The fresh wind seems to pause in trance,
To those who stand upon her deck,
The seas to cease their headlong race
In homage to her matchless grace.

The breeze dies with the setting sun,
But not until the trembling air,
Ruffling the waters here and there,
Has wafted on its chosen one
Across a goal of gleaming gold,
And then the conq'ring pinions fold.

The Art of Prolonging Life.

Dr. Robson Roose in Popular Science Monthly.

Somewhat different advice must be given with regard to bodily exercises in their reference to longevity. Exercise is essential to the preservation of health; inactivity is a potent cause of wasting and degeneration. The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin, and the aeration of the blood, are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth, the vigor of the system is often great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously, and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age, the tasks cannot be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but dissretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength.

The Doctor Was There.

The curtain had risen on the last act of the play and the diabolical plot of the villain was about to be exposed in all its hideousness, says the Chicago *Tribune*.

Suddenly there was a commotion near the entrance and a voice called out breathlessly:

"Is Dr. Kallowmell in the audience?"

With the grave, preoccupied manner of a man on whose skill the life of some fellow creature might depend, the doctor arose from his seat near the stage and passed slowly down the aisle.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Doctor," said the breathless as he drew from his breast pocket a of folded documents, "I'm Spotcash & Co's. new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that little bill this evening?"

Lady Wilde has finished another volume of the mystic customs of Ireland.

The J. W. Morrissey English Grand Opera Company sang "Carmen" last week for the first time.

O, IT WAS PITIFUL,

Near a Whole Cityfull, Friend She Had None.

The story of Mary Mullins, the young mother, who was turned out on the street with her two children, and whose baby died in her arms while she was sitting on a doorstep, is a pitiful one in many ways The young woman had been apparently deserted by her husband, and her friends had advised her to put her children in a charitable institution. But she could not bring herself to part with the little ones, and being feeble after a long illness she became unable to work for them. Her baby being sick she took it to a hospital, where she was told that it had bronchitis, but that it was against the rules to take it in, though the poor mother explained her helplessness and lack of shelter for it. It was against the rules to take in a sick baby, which was morally certain to die if subjected to further exposure, and which would be so exposed, because the mother was homeless and destitute. But it was not against the rules for this homeless creature to crouch all through a cold night on the doorsteps of a house, until her baby died on her bosom. Then, however, the "rules" came into play again. The sergeant at the police station where she went "could do nothing for her." She must go to the morgue, and, being penniless, must walk there, carrying her dead baby, after a night in the streets.

At the morgue the "rules" again confronted her. They could not receive the little body without a permit from the coroner, and the coroner could not be found; so the wretched woman had to visit another police station, and there, after being at last allowed to surrender the dead baby at the morgue, the best the police could do for her was to lock her up. Apparently it is against the "rules" to be destitute, to be homeless, to be bereaved. The cruelest blow that can fall on a mother is, according to the "rules," only a reason for treating that mother as a criminal. Even though no charge whatever can be brought against her, she must be dragged before a police justice with the ruffianry of the night, and may count herself lucky if she is discharged and permitted to take her grief, misery and indigence back into the streets that offer her neither food, shelter, nor consolation. That this should be possible in one of the most charitable and tender-hearted communities is, to say the least, strange, but it is not less evident that red tape is largely accountable for it. This baby's life should have been saved. The hospital surgeon who declared it against the rules to take the infant in, no matter what the alternative, should have assumed the responsibility of overriding all rules in such a case. The police sergeant, the morgue keeper and the coroner are doubtless equally sheltered by their regulations; but is there not room for amendment in rules which produce results of this kind?

Of course it may be said that Mary Mullins was to blame for not putting her children in an asylum. But for the credit of human nature there are mothers who cling to their babies with a passionate affection, and systems and institutions which make no provision for such cases are defective. What is a poor mother to do who finds herself in Mary Mullins' position? Experience seems to warrant the conclusion that if she had gone to any other shelter or asylum at that hour of the night she would have been refused admission. Even in the daytime she would probably have been required to go through forms and ceremonies, and in most cases she would have been made to part with her children as an indispensable condition. Is it not time that some provision should be made somewhere in our complicated system of charities and correction, or in the auxiliary network of private and semi-public institutions, for cases of urgency such as this one? Should there not be somewhere in the city a place—hospital or asylum—where the "rules" were broad and flexible enough to include the preservation of a baby's life, suddenly exposed through the heartlessness or the helplessness of others? To expect so much relief does not seem extravagant, and we are sure the people of New York would be glad to hear that a second case of the Mary Mullins type had been rendered impossible.—*New York Tribune.*

Imperfections of Imbeciles.

A peculiar tendency in idiots to imperfections and disease in the teeth has been noticed by several physicians and it has been studied by Madame Sollier in a hundred cases of idiots taken at random. The multiplicity and variety of the dental lesions were remarkable and the conclusion has been drawn that idiocy, with or without epilepsy, pre-disposes to arrests of development and to anomalous dentition. The effect rarely appears in the first teeth, but almost wholly in the second.

Germany wants Rapid Exit for Criminals.

Emperor William has instructed the Ministry of Justice to report on execution by electricity. He favors this method of execution if it will produce painless death with absolute certainty. He has sent the Ministry copious notes on the American and European scientists' inquiries into the matter. The Emperor believes electricity ought not to be applied unless the preparation for the execution be short and simpler than for hanging or beheading. He thinks he moth eds hitherto suggested are clumsy.

A Foregone Conclusion.

Canvasser—I have here a work——
Master of the house——I can't read.
Canvasser—But you have children——
Master of the house—I have no children (triumphantly). Nothing but a cat.
Canvasser—Well, you want something to throw at the cat. (He took it.)

Thomas Burt, who was the first British workingman to get into Parliament, was for years a hard-working miner. He studied political economy, made temperance speeches, and in 1874 was elected a member from Morpeth.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's company having closed its provincial tour in Liverpool last night, will leave for this country on Wednesday on the City of Chicago. The company numbers about thirty-five and includes Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cathcart, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper-Cliffe, Messrs. Charles Barrett, Austin Melford and W. A. Elliott and the Misses Lillian Belmore, Lila Garth and Alice Cooke, all of whom have been identified with Mr. Barrett for the past six years.

COCOANUT FIBER AS ARMOR.

This Waste Product Develops Great Resistance to Bullets.

A possible use to which cocoanut fiber may be applied in the future is to form backing substance for the iron plates of men-of-war vessels. The fiber is first powdered and then, before it is quite dry, subjected to pressure, when the natural viscidity of the cellular substance of the nut causes it to cohere and form a plate much like millboard in appearance, but a great deal more brittle, says the London *Court Journal*. If a hole is made in this material, and then water be applied to the portion adjacent to the puncture, it immediately swells to such an extent as to fill the hole.

Experiments with bullets varying from one-half to three quarters of an inch in diameter have been made upon a plate of this material 18 inches square by three quarters of an inch thick, and with very satisfactory results. Whether, however, the substance would really prove efficacious as regards cannon shot has not yet been tried. Should it prove of use in such cases, it could be supplied in large quantities, for millions of tons of cocoanut fiber are annually allowed to go to waste in India for want of use.

Vastness of the British Domintons.

History affords no parallel to the position of the British Empire. Great Britain stands *facile princeps* among the nations. The British flag floats over one-eighth of the habitable globe; our Queen rules over one-sixth of the world's population; and our country enjoys one-third of the world's trade. Canada has an area equal to that of Europe without Spain, and comes fourth on the world's list of ship-owning nations. Australia is about four-fifths the size of Europe, and contains the elements of an almost fabulous wealth. South Africa, with an area almost as large as Austro-Hungary, or nearly four times that of England, has so fertile a soil and so excellent a climate that, although its progress has been slower than that of the other great colonies, its future will entitle it to rank as fourth only in importance to ourselves. India is as large as the whole of Europe if we omit Russia, and contains a much larger population, amongst which order is easily maintained; for while at home one policeman is required for every 635 persons, in India only one policeman is needed for every 1,200 people. Thus India, with its one and a half millions of square miles and its two hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, must be regarded as an empire in itself. These magnificent possessions, together with some sixty smaller territories lying on the scattered fringe of many oceans, irresistibly leads us to see that the boast of the brave Spanish soldier, that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V., receives its most forcible application when applied to the dominions of our beloved Queen. The powerful world kingdoms of Assyria and Persia fade into insignificance as compared with the British dominions. The imprint of Rome's Empire is indelibly fixed on all the most civilized nations of Europe. The dominions of Rome extend from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Euphrates, from the mountains of Caledonia, the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, to the border of the great African desert and to the first cataracts of the Nile. But the British domicions exceed fourfold those of ancient Rome. They today exceed by an eighth the vast territories of all the Russias. France is a great country, boasting colonial possessions, but the British possessions are sixteen times larger than those of France, and forty times as extensive as the powerful dominions of United Germany, and nearly three times the size of the United States. These facts enable us to appreciate the eloquent words of Daniel Webster, and to see in the British dominion, "a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." With so vast an empire occasional local wars are inevitable. But never in the history of the world have the blessings of peace been preserved over so wide an area as the lands over which the sceptre of our Queen exercises beneficent sway.—*Westminster Review.*

Blessing of Odontalgia.

The toothache causes its possessor to forget all other troubles, especially the troubles of others. There may be a flood or fire in the next town which swallows up millions of property and hundreds of lives; murder may run amuck past his very door; the entire family of his nearest neighbor may be starving to death. Its affects him not at all.—*Boston Transcript.*

Undoubtedly Healthy.

"Is this house healthy?" said the prospective tenant to the real estate man.

"Healthy? well I should say so."

"You speak very positively."

"Yes, I have a right to. The last family in it had the smallpox from the father to the youngest baby, and not one of them died."

A Society Mystery.

Mrs. De Style—My dear, your wardrobe is three months behind the fashion. Why don't you have your husband buy you some new dresses?

Married Daughter—He can't afford it; he has no money.

Mrs. De Style—No money? Well! I can't imagine what on earth you married him for.

Got Back Home.

Mr. Blinks (in dairy restaurant, New York city)—I'm most starved for a bowl of milk and some berries with real cream on 'em. Bring me a double order.

Waiter—Yes, sah. Been summering on a farm, I s'pose, sah?

A man may have a mansion in the skies and a castle or two in Spain, but unless he has a house up town and a few thousands to run it he will not amount to anything in this utilitarian age.

—The season is at hand when the inexperienced fool goes hunting and looks down the barrel of his gun to see if it is loaded. No flowers.

IT WAS LOADED.

A Cigar That Went Off at the Wrong Time

The small advertising man with the large mustache has been at it again, says the Chicago *Herald*. This time he did not know that it was loaded. He never smokes a cigar that is given him, and this is why he escaped disaster himself, but he made an enemy. The other day an advertiser gave him a cigar. He filed it away in his vest pocket with the stereotyped remark: "I'll smoke this after dinner." When he reached the office he met a reporter who had on several occasions "joshed" him. Here was a chance for him to get even. He had sized the cigar up as a bad one, and he gave it to the scribe, expecting him to light it at once. Instead of doing so he put it in his pocket and said: "Thanks, old man, I'll smoke this after dinner." About an hour later the reporter met an editor. He thought of the cigar, and asked the editor if he would smoke. The editor took the weed, thanked the reporter and said he would smoke it after dinner. The editor did not meet anyone who smoked before he went home, and after dinner he sat out on his front porch and lit the cigar. In about three minutes it exploded. A man who lived across the street thought the editor was shooting at him.

The editor is mad. Part of his mustache was singed off. The next morning he nailed the reporter to the cross. The reporter declared that he did not know it was loaded, but the editor did not believe him. Then the reporter threatened to lick the small advertising man on sight. The only man who knew the cigar was loaded was the advertiser, who had designs on the small advertising man. But he missed his mark. He shot at the counting-room and hit the editorial staff.

Persecuted Armenian Christians.

A prominent Armenian in New York city, referring to the persecution of his countrymen by the Kurds says: Turkish officials pretend that the troubles in Armenia are due to Russian and other foreign intriguers, but Christian missionaries know that the Kurds are to blame. Responsibility for the trouble was also thrown upon the Persian Government, owing to the fact that the Kurds were once subjects of that Power, but the Persian Minister in London promptly disclaimed all responsibility in the matter. The Armenians could be saved if the European nations would only compel Turkey to observe article 63 of the Treaty of Berlin, by which the Turkish Government is bound to protect them. With the Syrians, however, the case is different. They have absolutely no claim to protection from any quarter, and though they number about two hundred thousand, as against 150,000 Kurds, unarmed and averse to warfare they are no match for the nomadic, well equipped, freebooting Kurds. By massacres and incursions these Kurds live. They delight in slaughter, and spare neither woman nor child. Young Armenians and Syrian maidens are frequently carried off by them. Whole villages are terrorized, and when they swoop down on the inhabitants the end of those villages is at hadd. Their hand is against every unbeliever, and yet no man's hand seems to be against them. Some of their great men are Agas, and govern the poor Syrians as they please. The Armenians hope to gain the sympathy of foreign nations by means of their Patriarch, their unions and their press. Their Patriarch, who resides in Constantinople, recently threatened to resign on account of these very troubles, and was with difficulty induced to retain his position. Their principal newspaper is published in Marseilles. It contains true accounts of the late massacre, and shows how shamefully Turkey is violating the pledge which she gave at the Treaty of Berlin. Their unions are scattered all over the world. In America there are about 9,000 Armenians, and they have a strong union in this city. The Turkish Government is powerful, and will not permit Armenians, wherever they may be, to become insubordinate or rebellious with impunity. In these unions, however, work is being done that the Sultan and his Ministers little dream of.

Albert Victor Would Slay Tigers.

Prince Alber Victor, known variously as "Collars and cuffs" and "Eddie," is going to India on a tiger-hunting expedition. As it is his first outing alone, he is said to be very enthusiastic and eager. He is also keen to try his hand on big game and to emulate the example of his father, who proved himself a nervy hunter and good shot in India many years ago. Thus far in his young career Albert Victor has never had an opportunity to bring down anything larger than a stag. Preparations are already being made to secure a sufficient supply of big game, and the best tiger preserves are to be left unmolested until the arrival of the Royal hunter. There is very little danger, however, that England will be desolated by the loss of Albert Victor, or that a prince of the blood will fall a prey to a king of the jungle. He will be accompanied by an army of elephants and beaters, and when the game is sprung the rifles of a score of expert marksmen will be kept fixed on the beast until the princeling's gun goes off. As a general thing on these occasions, the frightened tiger bends all his energies to escaping, but if he should turn upon the Royal party he would be filled so full of lead in a second that it would take two elephants to lift his carcass.

All the Same.

Little Girl—Can you darn your stockings papa?

Papa—facetiously—No, dear; but I can knit my brows.

Vengeance.

Returned Traveller—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.

Curious, Isn't It?

When a poet says, "Years ago I loved a fair and gentle maiden," everybody is interested. When a prose man makes the same confession everybody calls him a clam.

Somebody with a taste for figures has made the calculation that in the year 1990 the United States will have a population of 1,000,000,000. This paragraph should be cut out and preserved for reference at that me.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Capt. Wissman reports that the exportation of slaves from his district is decreasing.

An explosion in a Prussian colliery killed ten men and injured many others, some fatally.

Henry Aaron Isaacs, Alderman for Portsoken, has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

The workingmen of Montreal are agitating for the establishment of free night schools in that city.

The body of Richard Maybury was found in the Quebec ruins on Saturday and buried yesterday.

The agitation in Germany in favor of a war with Russia is being renewed by the semi-official press.

The Dominion exports for August amounted in value to twelve and three-quarter million dollars.

The trial of Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, for murder, will take place at Sherbrooke, P. Q., on Tuesday.

William O'Brien, M. P., editor of the *United Ireland*, who is confined in Galway Jail, is slowly regaining his health.

A 7-year-old son of George Shannon, Douro, had his leg taken off above the ankle the other day by a mowing machine.

Extensive surveys are being made with the object of making a new channel in the Thames capable of floating the largest ships.

It is said that a sufficient sum of money has been subscribed in Rome to erect there a monument commemorative of the temporal power of the Pope.

The Chief of the Dominion Police has been informed by the New York police that they have unearthed a gang engaged in counterfeiting Canadian money.

Twenty thousand pounds have been subscribed towards organizing a new expedition to the North Pole, to be conducted by Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer.

It is officially stated that the almost futile campaign conducted by Italy in Abyssinia cost King Humbert's Government upwards of 20,000,000 francs.

The Turkish Government intend to equalize the budget by making heavy reductions in the army, and thereby effect a saving of £2,000,000 in the expenditure.

The Louisiana State auditor in a report to the Governor says that over $700,000 of State bonds which were in Major Burke's charge when he was State Treasurer have not been accounted for.

Consul Allen, of Kingston, Jamaica, telegraphs that an English warship has returned from Navassa, bringing nine survivors of the riots, and reports that all is in confusion on the island.

Archduchess Stephanie, widow of Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, is paying a visit to the sister of her dead husband, Archduchess Grisala, wife of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, at Munich.

Birtle, who was shot by Deas on Elizabeth street, Toronto, the other night, is still alive, but has never been conscious since the shooting. Deas is in jail, and takes his position philosophically.

A boiler in a quarry at Wrightsville, Pa., exploded with terrible force yesterday. Mrs. Lemuel Barnes was killed instantly. Her head was blown from her body. Her husband had his skull fractured and cannot live.

Ambrose Lepine, who played such a prominent part in the first Northwest rebellion, and who was the principal figure in the trial for the murder of Thomas Scott, has been on a visit to Montreal for several days visiting friends.

A man named John Leslie, a carpenter, fell a distance of thirty feet off S. Lloyd's new warehouse at Owen Sound on Saturday morning, in consequence of a guy breaking from a hoist, and received severe internal injuries, although not fatal.

Allan Chalker, a farmer, and his two daughters, Miss Chalker and Mrs. Compton, while crossing the Erie Railway track in a buggy at Garretsville, Ill., were struck by a train. Mr. Chalker and the single daughter were so badly hurt that they have died, and Mrs. Compton is not expected to recover.

The Czar has sent a letter to Emperor William saying the Czarina has caught cold, and her physicians have advised her to delay her departure for several days. The Czar asks that the final directions for his reception at Potsdam be delayed. The *National Zeitung* says the Czar's visit is officially fixed for October 9th.

Ex-Queen Natalie arrived at Belgrade yesterday. Her presence was totally ignored by the Government officials, but she was received most enthusiastically by the crowds that thronged the streets through which she passed. On private residences and places of business throughout the city flags were displayed in her honor.

Mrs. Elliott, Toronto, is now almost recovered from the severe illness which followed an alleged criminal operation and will probably give evidence in the police court against Parry to-day. A few days ago she was quietly placed under arrest, charged with being an accomplice in the crime, and as soon as she may be removed with safety from the hospital will be made a prisoner.

Saturday forenoon a brakesman named Wm. Cole, of Havelock, was knocked off the top of a freight car by a collision with another car, and fell to the track with his legs across the rails, By a lucky chance the wheels instead of passing over his legs shoved them to one side and only pinched the fleshy part, lacerating them badly. No bones were broken. The young man was taken to Havelock. This was only his second trip out.

It is announced that for political reasons Count Von Hatzfeldt, German Ambassador to London, will shortly be re-united in marriage to the wife from whom he obtained a divorce eight years ago. The lady is the daughter of a prominent Canadian named Moulton, and was married in Paris in 1863. This announcement is made in connection with the statement that Prince Bismarck has advised that Count Von Hatzfeldt return to Berlin, and that Count Von Waldersee succeed him at the German embassy in London.