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C. W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

ALL SORTS.

Life.

e live but one life here," he said;
soul needs love, the body bread."
the needy and the poor
ave, nor turned one from the door
asked admittance to his heart.
, with a blessing, did depart.
man will find, when death arrives,
lived a part of many lives.

Have You?

ve you ever helped the drunkard
To become a sober man?
you have not, from this moment
Do for him whate'er you can;
e your brother—though so fallen—
And his "keeper" you should be;
lking, coaxing, helping, loving,
Is the work for you and me.

er is ended and autumn is here,
gh for the present we're not very far
in it;
rs are back again—awfully dear;
they are back, for the month has an
R in it.

many young men there are who like
tura white when they pop.
generally takes two to make a quarrel,
ery often one mother-in-law is suffi-

REAT many men are cottage built; that
ay, they have but one story. And they
ever telling it.

you ever know a man who talked
of himself who did not have a poor
t for his conversation?

you was a man Jimmy," said a little
to his chum, "who would you vote
Hancock or Garfield?" "I'd go with
iggest procession, you bet."

ADWOOD miner played base-ball with
of nitro-glycerine just to show his
sions that he wasn't afraid of the
The only trace of him was a hole in
ound.

your father in?" asked a landlord, in
of back rent, from a little boy. "No
Suppose you go up stairs and ask
"He ain't woke up yet."

URAL Religion: Bishop (reproving
uent page)—"Wretched boy! Who
nas seen all we do, and before whom
am but as a crushed worm?" Page—
missus, my lord."

Y of 12 years, dining at his uncle's,
such a good dinner tdhat his aunt ob-
: "Johnny, you appear to eat well."
replied the urchin, "I have been
ing eating all my life."

AT TING of the prodigal son, on exhi-
in one of the Paris galleries, is desig-
as follows: "The prodigal son in
s who hogs (thinks of his parents."
ner rough on his parents," says Gui-
d.

the Bachelor's Ball lately given at Ken-
on House, in London, the Princess of
s, who danced several times, wore a
of gold brocade and satin, with deep
lle fringes, and yellow roses with
onds in her hair.

IME. DE F. to her little grandson: "Ga-
, my child, you look unhappy. Don't
want to go to the park and feed the
s and have a boat ride?" "Thanks,
dma: I'd rather go to the balcony and
on the people who go by."

ARATOGA has now another diamond lady,
not being enough. The present candidate
Mrs. Bell, of California. Her diamonds
said to be worth about two hundred and
thousand dollars, and she is followed
valet who is their especial custodian.

EDDY MILES, of Cleveland, aged four,
companied his parents to church. On en-
ng they knelt and bowed low. As they
ned their seats, thus Master Fred: "Is
fraid 'cause God is here?" "Why, no,
d!" "Then what makes you hide?"

UNGMEN in Philadelphia who are un-
to get away to the watering-places are
ing what they call sermonettes.
are little ones, not intended to save
s, but to simply keep his majesty from
ying in and occupying the churches dur-
the dull season.

By the death of his mother, Lady Cowper,
had property in five counties, one es-
alone paying fifty thousand dollars a
r, the Viceroy of Ireland becomes one of
wealthiest men in Great Britain, and, it
aid, will probably resign, in order to look
r his revenues.

UST as the visitors in the country and at
seaside get fairly used to washing their
s in a tin basin of water and wiping
on a very familiar towel, it time to
k up and go home, where the comforts of
are abundant. The season isn't quite
enough to permit of having a real good
e.

HE son of a distinguished Paris surgeon
es a prize at the "grand competition."
delighted father chaps his boy to his
rt and says: "Well done, my noble
I'll give you your choice. You may
er go the theatre or to a post-mortem
ind the happy youth.

THE London Sunday School Union has no
members in Board of Managers. This
e of why reason why so few British clergy-
n attended the Robert Raikes centen-
ervation which were in charge of the
Louis clergy of the Church of Eng-
, with very few exceptions, gave the
self no old shoulder. They are inter-
for their own Sunday school work, has
part with outsiders and disdain
n say religious proceedings.

the annual meeting of the Poor Clergy
nt, a corporation in London, a report was
which stated that the number of ap-
als to the Corporation had been unusually
merous, and that, owing to the agricul-
al depression, some of the clergy had been
duced to great privations. In many cases
ere livings were endowed with glebe, the
nge in the value of lands produced a sud-
and almost ruinous loss, thus the com-
tee rejoiced that, in spite of this depres-
, their funds had increased, and 427
lts had been made, ranging from £5 to
, as against 356 in the previous year.

A CLERGYMAN, on his way home from
p-meeting, was detailing some incidents
amp-life. Among others was one of an
couple who had supplied themselves
a bottle of penny-royal oil, with which
keep of the mosquitos. They extin-
hed their light, and retired, forgetting
ir antidote. The mosquitoes were very
, and, after standing it as long as they
d, the lady got up, and, getting a
-filled ink-bottle instead of the oil, gave
old gentleman a thorough lubricating
the liquid, face, hands, and feet; she
anointed herself in like manner. They
n essayed to court the drowsy god, but
l only get an occasional nap. Finally
old lady got up and struck a light.
ng a glance at the bed she had just left,
beheld to her horror a colored "pus-
" as she supposed, stretched in the
of her spouse. She quietly got the
r and nearly beat the old fellow's brains
before discovering her mistake. Later
the night we discovered the old couple
on board the boat with us, he with his
nearly as big as a bale of hay, and she
g for him with the greatest solicitude.

Markdale Standard,

VOL. I.—NO. 1. MARKDALE, ONT., FRIDAY. SEPTEMBER 17, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1

WOMAN GOSSIP.

The New Arrival.

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy, den, a kiss,
A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

PA.

So that's the little fellow! H'm. A hea thy looking chap.
Another mouth to feed—as sure as fate!
No, wife, I don't consider that his coming's a mishap,
But still I could have done with less than eight.

BROTHER.

My eye! Is that the baby? What a jolly little pup!
But I say, ma, wherever is its nose?
And I say, father, by and by, when he gets more grown up,
He'll wear my worn-out jackets, I suppose.

UNCLE.

Another? Well, thank goodness I am not a married man.
What! Don't I think him pretty? No, I don't.
To keep him from the workhouse you must do the best you can;
Don't think that I'll assist you, for I won't!

DOCTOR.

How are we getting on to-day? I trust we soon shall mend.
We mustn't think we're strong just yet, you know;
We'd better take a something which this afternoon I'll send.
And let me see—hum!—ha! Ah, yes, just so.

NURSE.

He's lovely, that he is, mum! See them sturdy little legs!
He's twice the size of Lady Smither's third;
And when he comes a cutting of his little toosey pegs,
He'll be a man, he will, upon my word.

NEIGHBOUR.

Oh yes, dear, he looks healthy, but you mustn't trust to that—
I do not wish, of course, your hopes to dash,
But when I see a tender babe so ruddy, strong, and fat,
I look, dear, on his face! Is that a rash?

MA (*da capo.*)

A charming little tiddy iddy bit of mother's bliss,
A tiny toddles, sweet as flow'rs of spring;
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy, den, a kiss,
A pretty darling itsy witsy ting!

Fashion Notes

PILGRIM suits are destined to great popularity.

TEA and coffee stained laces are much worn.

TRAVELLING suits of gray cheviot are in pilgrim style.

LARGE red chenille cords will be used in millinery.

BONNETS will be trimmed with long piled silk plush.

JET and garnet will be used on dresses and bonnets.

HOODS or cowls appear on straight directory mantles.

LONG straight directory mantles will be the fall wraps.

SHAPES for new bonnets are of plush, lined with satin.

SKIRTS are either very plain or much ruffled and draped.

A PEARL or diamond fastened in the ear is the most fashionable style of earring.

OLD India shawls are cut up to make trimmings for nun's vailing costumes.

WOOLEN goods bordered on one selvage with stripes are a feature on fall goods.

THE new metal ornaments for hats and bonnets are large and very handsomely finished.

PLUSH and furry felt hats and bonnets are among the first fall productions and importations.

BAGS, or reticules, carried on the arm or fastened to the waist, accompany nearly all new costumes.

CLOTH of gold, embroidered with pearl, garnet, and amber beads, appears among choice fall importations.

COIFFURES are not quite so low in the back as they have been, but the tendency is to plain and flat, not fluffy, hair dressing.

GOLD and silver brocaded stuffs for evening wear, as parts of costumes, are still further enriched with seal and crystal bead embroideries.

LARGE and finely-finished clasps, resembling cloak clasps, but more ornate and jewelled, will be used to fasten the plush strings of bonnets.

A PRETTY sash to wear with a white tume can be made of white *toilereslieuse*, finished at the ends with sections of India shawl patterns.

THE richest evening and full dress toilets are made more ornate with bead embroideries of jet, pearls, crystal, amber, and garnet, than ever.

LARGE, widespread, deeply-notched Directoire collars of silk, plush, satin, and velvet are edged with ruffles of Languedoc lace and worn with any costume.

A FAVOURITE combination for fall suits is coachman's drab for the principal part of the costume, with borderings of shaded stripes of heliotrope and Ophelia.

THE hair is now dressed very loosely, and the great art of the coiffeur is to arrange the hair so that it seems quite "neglige." It falls rather low in the back of the neck.

THE style of dress consisting of a skirt and polonaise is come quite into fashion again after being given up for some time. This style admits of a number of pretty arrangements, especially for light fabrics.

LACE enjoys renewed favour, and will continue until the winter toilets appear. To be handsome they must be yellow, and white laces are dipped in an infusion of tea to make them the acceptable shade. They are put on all kinds of dresses and millinery.

THE fashion of tacking on a narrow fluting of some bright contrasting colour round the edge of the dress inside, but so as to show beyond, has now become very general. Crimson satin is especially handsome on a black dress.

A PRETTY wrap of early autumn is called the directoire mantle, gathered about the neck and shoulders, very long, and decidedly graceful. It is sometimes made of light-coloured Indian cashmere, trimmed with yellow Mechlin lace, and with amber, gold, and gray beads.

IN London brown, blue, dark green, and olive are the leading colours in riding habits made still in cloth, but often in stockingette. No braiding is used and horn buttons. Ladies in London all wear floral bouquets on horseback and low-crowned felt hats are superseding the high silk ones.

THE colours for the early fall will be heliotrope in all shades (which include mauves and violets), sea-browns and coffee-browns (coffee in the bean, roasted and ground), vanilla, a shade of yellow resembling Indian corn, slate-gray, willow-green, steel-blue, and porcelain-blue.

ELOPEMENTS are becoming quite fashionable. A horse ran away with one of the oldest maids in Hamilton.

MRS. LANGTRY has looked so lovely since she wore old gold satin that her popular name has been changed to the Amber Witch.

THE ladies of the Eastern harems now begin for the first time to feel the burdens of the late war in the plentiful lack of their attar of roses. The producers used to be obliged to furnish it to the Sultan's family at a nominal price, but are now at liberty to ask prices which put it beyond the reach of the royal ladies.

How Lovely.

Here is a short story about an English damsel: "She had a perfect inspiration about a dress. Only one woman in London could carry it out. But was she to be trusted? Well, it must be risked, for no one else could do it. Mme. —— promises the strictest secrecy, but being an artist cannot keep to herself her enthusiasm about this most poetic of costumes. It was an idyll, a fugue, a sonata, I know not what of the most beautiful. The evening comes on which the dress is to be worn, the delighted owner struggling up the stairs and, advancing to greet her hostess, beholds her in a fac-simile of the dress she has on. Words are powerless to depict her agony of mind, increased by the observations of one or two intimates, 'Oh, your dress is exactly like Lady ——'s. How lovely it is!' Like Lady ——'s, when the idea was entirely her own. It was hard."

Hypocrite Gold in Kentucky.

"Say, mister," as he walked up to the proprietor of a jewellery store who stood behind the counter, "have you got any of these here finger rings—these here—these—oh, I forgit what you call 'em?"

"Gold rings?" asked the proprietor.

"No, not quite gold rings—oh, yes; hypocrite gold rings; that's it."

"I can't understand what you mean by that," said the proprietor, with a stare.

"I mean," said the young man, "this kind of gold that looks like gold and isn't gold; this here kind that most everybody is wearin' nowadays. I want a ring for my girl, and I want you to scratch on the inside 'Jim Brown to Sallie Jones.' Don't care what it costs. You can go as high as half a dollar for it all if you want to. It's a betagement ring."

The boss took it all in, and soon fixed him off with a "hypocrite" gold ring, done up in the softest cotton.

Neilson's Bouquet.

Her intellectual grasp of Shakspeare, writes Nym Crinkle, was not a fine one. She did not give greater or nearer sense to his lines nor lift his characters by her will to new creative heights. But she cast the lambent shimmer of her beauty over them, and the public mistook the external shine for an internal fire. Such an alabaster vase, illuminated so splendidly, quite filled the bill of sweetness and light for some of the poetic reviewers, and then files of the New York papers will not unfold to the curious searcher after such dead perfumes some of the most erratic, not to say exotic, effusions expended in her praise that overpassed master under the name of criticism. The best sovereign that the writer of this article ever saw Miss Neilson do was between the acts. He called upon her one afternoon at the Fifth Avenue hotel, and while there three enormous baskets of flowers were sent in by the well-known wife of a millionaire banker. From this collection she was to choose the one that should be sent up to her upon the stage in the evening. She was severely critical, turned them around, and finally, with delightful disdain, thought "that one would do." The florist bowed and went away. That night, after the second act of "Romeo and Juliet," she was recalled. While bowing and blushing at the footlights, there was a stir in the aisle and two ushers were seen making their way to the orchestra with the ponderous and beautiful basket of flowers. I never saw anything so spontaneous, so childlessly natural, and so unspeakably charming as was her astonishment at the gift. She looked at it with her handsome eyes filled with tears of surprise, and then she looked at the audience as if there must be some mistake and the gift could not be intended for so unworthy an artist as herself. The audience encouraged her by applause, and she clasped her hands and peered over its edge and trembled a little with the force of the unexpected honour. Then she picked it up, and, beaming like the morning star, flowers and actress went off in one variegated mass of loveliness. I never saw her do anything which, for high art, compared with that. But her Rosalind was, to my mind, one of the most beautiful stage exhibitions I ever witnessed. Miss Neilson gave rise to a new order of dramatic criticism in New York. One of the most poetic, if not one of the best, of the critics made a shrine for her in his literature, and wove all the adjectives in the language into his wampum. He has now thrown upon her grave the astonishing but grateful opinion that she was the greatest and noblest actress of her epoch.

Petroleum as Fuel.

The mail steamer Cesarewitch is described by the special correspondent of the London *Daily News*. It is English built, and is the swiftest mail steamer on the Caspian, being only surpassed in speed by the Nasr Eddin Shah war steamer. To convey it from the Baltic to the Caspian, it was necessary that it should traverse the whole of the Neva ship canal, and afterwards descend the Volga to Astrakan. On the Neva Canal are fifty-four locks, and the Cesarwitch's length was too great to allow of her entering them. Her present chief engineer, Mr. Vine, an Englishman, cut her into two pieces amidships and filling up the open extremities with iron bulkheads, floated her in this guise through the canal. At Astrakan the same gentleman put her together again, and has remained ever since in charge of her machinery. Her boilers are heated by petroleum refuse instead of coal, a system which effects an enormous saving of expense and labour, the heating apparatus being as thoroughly under control as a gas jet, and requiring but one man to manipulate it. It consists of two tubes, about an inch in diameter, terminating at the same point in a small oblong brass box. Through one of these tubes the black residual naphtha (*astatki*) drops slowly, being blown into spray by a jet of steam from the boiler, conveyed through the second tube. This spray when ignited, forms a great sheet of flame, which is projected into the hallow of the boiler. It has the immense advantage of requiring no stoking, as no ashes are produced; and by turning down the flame to the required degree, the steam can always be kept up to the pressure required for immediate starting without the tedious and more or less wasteful process of "banking" the fires. An arrangement like this is invaluable for cruisers lying off an enemy's port, and requiring to hold their steam in readiness. It is intended to apply the same system of heating to the locomotives on the Tiflis Baku railway, when completed; and it will, doubtless, play an important part in the steam communication [illegible] travers[illegible] cand[illegible]

A Queen's Baby.

THE RITES AND VEXATIONS THAT ATTEND THE BIRTH OF ROYAL INFANTS IN SPAIN.

The Queen of Spain is going to have a baby. The cable has records of the agitation in Madrid and the aspect of the court. Never was the birth of an heir to the throne awaited with greater anxiety. The Liberals, confident of the progress of democracy, await the event with smiles; but bitter quarrels are fomenting among the partisans of the sister of the King and the enemies of her friend, Premier Canovas. And yet in the monarchical ranks you can hear only shouts of joy. The courtiers cannot see what is at their feet. They believe that the birth of the child of the king will permanently establish the Spanish monarchy.

The Spaniards will be charmed by the majestic pomp that will attend the birth of the child. The Spanish women, who regard every son of their King as in a measure their own child, will openly express their delight. For the sake of the royal baby, they will pardon the Queen's Austrian birth. But the singular disdain which all the democratic journals have shown for the absurdities of court etiquette on this occasion shows the little importance that they attach to the birth of a son of Alphonso.

No efforts have been spared to give to this event a solemn aspect. All the old etiquette is to be revived. The mother is forbidden to nurse her first baby. They have compelled this woman, when taken with the first pains of child birth, to consent to receive strangers in her presence. Three habitations, furnished modestly to please the poor people, are set apart for the expected heir, and all the ceremonies that gave such eclat to the birth of Alphonso will be re-enacted for his son. One rite, neglected then, will be performed to-day. The name of the child will be written in the Civil Register. Kings, therefore, are the sons of citizens, the same as other people. They are no longer the sons of God. The King will acknowledge this by the registry. It is a fair sign of the progress of the times. It shows the inevitable subordination in Spain, as elsewhere, of royal authority to the authority of the people. The essential ideas of revolutions are recognized in this concession. Such reactions are hours of repose for the growing strength of democratic ideas.

Not a single movement of the Queen mother will escape the notice of the envious public. With the first pains of her approaching maternity, Premier Canovas and his Minister of Justice, dressed in court uniform, will walk into the apartments of Queen Christine. The doctor will certify that she is about to become a mother, and the Ministers will announce the news to the great crowd of guests invited by the King's decree of the 6th of August.

A brilliant assembly will fill the superb salons of the palace. Numbers of ladies, with long-trained dresses, will majestically move up the grand staircase, one of the handsomest and largest in the world. Glance at the salons, and you will see an historical procession. The old, however, must take warmth from the new. The different military orders will stand at the side of committees of Congress and of the Senate. Near them will stand the deputies of Asturias, privileged province from the time when King Pelayo and his bear-killing sons made it the rampart of Spanish liberty. All will appear in uniforms embroidered in gold and silver. Plumed knights and silk stockings are to be worn. The cavaliers of Santiago, wrapped in long cloaks, will march at the side of the chevaliers of the orders of the good King Charles III. and of that strong woman called Isabella the Catholic. Christian Rome, which has played so important a part in the history of Spain, will be represented by the Archbishop of Toledo, by the Patriarch of the Indies, and by a committee from the Tribunal de las Rota, a unique tribunal created specially for Spain, an offshoot from the Papacy rooted in the heart of the faithful nation.

The nobility are to be represented by a committee dressed in sumptuous and picturesque costumes, and the army by the Minister and Captain General of Castile, of which Madrid is the capital. The people will also be represented by a committee from the Ayuntamiento, a corporation elected by them. Representatives of great nations are also to contribute to this pompous display, made exclusively in the interests of the dying Bourbon dynasty, All the diplomatic corps have been invited.

When the child is born the venerable Marchioness de Santa Cruz, who performs the functions of chief lady of the bedchamber, will announce to Senor Canovas the happy event, the sex of the child, and the condition of its august mother. Then Senor Canovas, in his sharp and telling voice, will give the news to the invited guests. The times are tempestuous. Monarchy seems to be on its last legs. This birth in a salon so crowded, so gay, so excited, so full of all sorts of passions, will actually be saluted as the birth of an established monarchy. Alphonso will appear bearing his newly born son or daughter on a salver. Senor Canovas will raise the tray aloft and exhibit the child to the diplomatic corps and to all the assembled guests. The Minister of Justice will act as notary and register the birth. Then the roar of artillery will announce to all Madrid that the child has seen the light of the beautiful land of Spain. If a boy, twenty-five guns will be fired; if a girl, only fifteen. A white flag will also be raised if it is a girl, and if it is a boy the red and yellow flag of the nation will be hoisted. The baptismal ceremonies are to be new and gorgeous. It is intended to welcome this child as a redeemer, who comes, according to monarchists, to save his father. Like Jesus, he will be baptized with the water of the Jordan. The Marquis de Villa y Mantilla has sent to the King water from the holy river in a magnificent vessel of Bohemian crystal, adorned with silver ornaments. The King received it with extreme pleasure.

Royalty and religion travel through life together, and religion, grateful for the good services of King Alphonso, has consented to emerge from its home to meet the child that comes to it so apropos. The nuns of the Meson de Paredes have sent to the palace the font in which Santo Domingo de Guzman, a saint, born in Madrid, and profoundly revered, was baptized. From this font the son of the King will receive his baptism.

But what a great ado is made over this little unborn innocent! The ambitions of the court are pursuing the child before its birth. The powerful hand of the King's sister has made itself felt in all his decisions and decrees in reference to the birth of his child. From the old times of the weak King, Don Juan II., the first son of the Kings of Spain was proclaimed and acknowledged as the inheritor of the crown. They called him Prince d'Asturias. His patri-

[illegible] the daughters of kings ought not to be Princesses of Asturias, forced the honor upon the sister of the King in 1875. In 1875 he wished to honour and elevate her, and today he tries to confirm her dignity and power.

The reactionary nobles, the most powerful soldiers, and all those who form the Liberal opposition in the monarchy, hate and fear the sister of the Queen, and have united in a protest against the proposed robbery of the daughter of a monarch of a rightful title. They act thus with the object of shaking the indisputable power of the Princess, and of flattering the Queen by fanning the antipathies that are supposed to exist between the two women, thereby gaining for themselves a foothold in the court.

If the child is a son, the cross of Victoria, in memory of the oak cross which was the only banner of Pelayo when from the Asturian Mountains he began his struggles with the Moors, will be presented to the inheritor of the crown, together with the insignia of the Golden Fleece, and the crosses of Isabella the Catholic, Charles III., and San Juan de Jerusalem, which will secure for him the dignity of Prince d'Asturias.

A Royal Encore.

I am told that at a German concert or opera they hardly ever encore a song; that though they may be dying to hear it again, their good breeding usually preserves them against requiring the repetition. The King may encore; that is quite another matter; it delights everybody to see that the King is pleased, and as to the actor encored his pride and gratification are simply boundless.

The King of Bavaria is a poet and has a poet's eccentricities, with the advantage over all other poets of being able to gratify them, no matter what form they may take. He is fond of opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of an audience; therefore, it has sometimes occurred in Munich, that when an opera has been concluded and the players are getting off their paint and finery again. Presently the King would arrive solitary and alone, and the players would begin at the beginning and do the entire opera over again, with only that one individual for an audience.

Once he took an odd freak in his head. High up and out of sight, over the prodigious stage of the Court Theatre, is a maze of interlacing water pipes, so pierced that in case of fire innumerable little thread-like streams of water can be caused to descend, and in case of need this discharge can be augmented to a pouring flood. A American manager might make a note of that. The King was the sole audience. The opera proceeded. It was a piece with a storm in it; the mimic thunder began to mutter, the mimic wind began to wail and sough, and the mimic rain to patter. The King's interest rose higher and higher; it developed into enthusiasm. He cried out:

"It is good, very good, indeed! But I will have real rain. Turn on the water."

The manager pleaded for a reversal of the command, said it would ruin the costly scenery and the splendid costumes, but the King cried:

"No matter, no matter, I will have real rain! Turn on the water!"

So the real rain was turned on and began to descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower beds and gravel walks of the stage. The richly dressed actresses and actors tripped about singing bravely, heeding not to mind it. The King was pleased; his enthusiasm grew hot. He cried out, "Bravo, bravo! More, more! Give us lightning! Turn on more rain!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the storm wind raged, the deluge poured down. The mimic royalty of the stage, with their soaked satins clinging to their bodies, slopped around ankle deep in water, warbling their sweetest and best, the fiddlers under the eaves of the stage sawed away for dear life, with the cold overflow spouting down the backs of their necks, and the dry and happy King sat in his lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons applauding.

"More yet!" cried the King; "more yet; let loose all the thunder, turn on all the water. I will hang the man that raises an umbrella!"

When the most tremendous and effective storm that had ever been produced in any theatre was at last over the King's approbation was measureless. He cried:

"Magnificent, magnificent! Encore! Do it again!"

But the management succeeded in persuading him to recall the encore, and said the company would feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in the mere fact that the encore was demanded by his Majesty, without fatiguing him with a repetition to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky performers were those whose parts required changes of dress; the others were a soaked, bedraggled and uncomfortable lot, but in the last degree picturesque. The stage scenery was ruined; trap doors were so swollen that they wouldn't work for a week afterward; the fine costumes were spoiled, and no end of minor damage was done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royally carried out. But observe the moderation of the King; he did not insist upon his encore. If he had been a gladsome, unreflecting American opera audience he probably would have had his storm repeated and repeated until he drowned all those people.

MARK TWAIN.

About Long Sermons.

This is a matter for the pew rather than the pulpit to settle. And for obvious reasons. The main purpose of all preaching is the good of the occupants of the pew, not the exhibition of the preacher's staying powers of speaking or reading. The latter should be exhibited always as subservient to, and regulated by, the amount of good likely to be done. It is, or ought to be, quite a secondary matter how much personal honour and glory shall accrue to the preacher. Now in order that his grand object may be served the preacher must be swayed by various considerations. The *taste* of his audience must be consulted. Not in the way of servile truckling to prejudices, but in the spirit that influenced Paul "to be all things to all men." Their *comfort* must be taken into account also, for if people are in a state of discomfort, or weariness, they cannot possibly attend to or be influenced by a preacher, unless, indeed, he be of such an exceptional kind as is only met with once or twice in a generation. Above all, the occupant of the pulpit should see to it that the spiritual food he provides for the occupants of the pews should not be of that heavy, cloying, and mentally indigestible kind that is so often served up by injudicious prosers. Let the [illegible] of doctrine or scientific subjects of dispute,—for the press has opened up a wide and appropriate field for these,—but plain, and yet well constructed, declarations of those eternal principles of Gospel Truth that bear on the life of man in the great hereafter, and on the regulation of his life here. The limit of human endurance can pretty well be fixed by the system of averages, and we are not far wide of the mark when we say that twenty-five to thirty minutes of a sermon is as much as is desirable, or likely to be productive of good. If the subject be too wide to be exhausted in that time it can be taken up again, and even a series of discourses on it prepared. But the series system also may be pushed too far, especially if the subject be intrinsically a narrow one, such was that selected by the Irish minister who gave eight discourses on the subject of Balaam's ass. A ninth was in preparation, when one of his elders remonstrated with him, and said that the whole congregation were, by this time, earnestly wishing "*that Balaam's ass had never been foaled!*"

It is stated that nearly thirty steamers, each averaging four thousand tons actual carrying weight, leave America every week for England laden with provisions of various kinds.

GENERAL.

THE Italian Parliament has ordered of monument to Victor Emmanuel, at a cost a $1,300,000.

IT is customary to mine coal so closely as to leave pillars of insufficient size and strength to support the earth which is left on top. The people of the Plains, near Wilkesbarre, are greatly distressed by the caving in of the earth beneath them from this cause. The fall goes on piecemeal, with a succession of petty earthquakes. These wreck houses and barns, and produce general alarm among the residents, who cannot tell at what moment any house may be tipped over and demolished.

NEWS comes from India that the famous car of Juggernaut was not as usual dragged through the streets of Puri on the 9th of July; and it seems that by religious custom or law, if it be not drawn on the ninth day of the car festival twelve years must elapse before it is again used. The fact of the car not being brought out this time is attributed by a correspondent to what he calls "an act of unpardonable negligence on the part of meddling Government officials," and that is all he has to say about it.

GUY'S, the greatest hospital in London, has of late been in the hubbub of a fierce conflict between the nursing and medical authorities. Public opinion is largely on the side of the latter. The Treasurer has been publicly hissed by the students in a body. Guy's was endowed, with property now worth $200,000 a year, by a bookseller who had speculated in South Sea stock. He was on the eve of matrimony with his servant girl, but the marriage is said to have been frustrated by the exhibition of a tendency on her part to "wear the breeches," by giving an order to a workman.

THE Empress Eugenie will leave England in the autumn to take up her permanent residence at her chateau in Switzerland, which was the home of the third Emperor's mother after the Bourbon restoration. It is understood that the Empress will remove the remains of her husband and son to the oratory attached to the chateau. All the furniture of Camden House not removed to Switzerland will be distributed for remembrance among friends, nothing being allowed to pass under the hammer of the auctioneer. The Empress can afford this respect for the imperial tradition, as she possesses an income of over $200,000 a year, and does not spend a sixth of it.

MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, a nephew of Malibran, well known in Spanish society as a financist and political agent, has been condemned in Paris to three months imprisonment for theft. He is 50 years old, and has long enjoyed a reputation for probity. His counsel pleaded kleptomania. Rodriguez latterly made a trade of stealing opera glasses in theatres and selling them. Sixty were found in his lodging. One belonged to the Duc d'Aumale and another to the Prince de Joinville, with whom he was personally acquainted. He was also in the habit of stealing waistcoats from Bachelor friends. In 1870 he founded an ambulance corps, for which Jules Simon, Thiers, and Jules Favre thanked him in autograph letters.

"WHAT is the origin of the sign '$' for the American dollar?" was the question propounded at a London dinner not long ago. The Spectator comes and rid[illegible] know; neither did any one else. An extensive research revealed the fact that the American dollar sign is a modification of the Spanish dollar, and that the Spanish dollar, in the form of a Spanish dollar, is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules and round each pillar is a scroll, with the inscription, "Plus ultra." This device in the course of time has degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars—"$." The scroll round the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

A NEW process for the preservation of forage crops in their green state is being tested at Suffield Con. Into a cutter, which goes by steam, are run half a dozen cornstalks at a time, which are cut into very small pieces. Afterward they fall into a slide, which takes them to a vault fourteen by twenty-six feet long and ten deep, which has thick concrete walls, and is capable of holding eighty-five tons. When the vault is filled and closely packed down, thirty ton of stone is placed on top. It is claimed that the fodder will keep green and retain its sweetness as long as it is kept covered, thus making it one of the best as well as the cheapest kinds of feed obtainable for cattle the year round. It is not intended, however, that this feed shall be sold, and indeed it could not be, as after twenty-four hours, exposure fermentation would set in, which, of course, would ruin it. It can be taken out only a little at a time as it is needed for use.

The Crater of Mount Etna.

(London News.)

Prof. Orasio Silvestri wrote from Catania on the 15th of July that since his report on the 1st of last May about the eruption of ashes from Mount Etna he has observed many other interesting phenomena. On the 16th and 17th of last May some slight shocks of earthquake were felt on the east side of Mount Etna, especially in the district of Acireale. About a month later the shocks commenced again, and were repeated on several consecutive days—that is, on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18 of June. The motion was undulating. The inhabitants were so alarmed by the coincidence of time with the terrible earthquake of the year before, that they left the village and camped in the open air. About two days before these manifestations a new and very active phase of mud eruptions set in at Paterno, on the southeast of Etna.

Two craters opened, which violently ejected gaseous matter with abundant torrents of mud, more consistent than usual, and of higher temperature (one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit), which, accumulating in the basis in large masses, finally broke through all barriers overflowed and destroyed the adjoining fields, and buried several mills and farm-houses. In this eruption Prof. Silvestri noticed an abundant development and pressure of gaseous matter, of such force that it produced oscillation strong enough to tear up old lava, forming rents out of which the gas rushed with the noise of a boiler letting off its steam. Coincident with these phenomena clouds of vapour issued from the eruptive fissure of last year, confirming the opinion formed by the professor before, namely, that this fissure, lying between the two principal craters of 1879 and the great central one, had not been blocked with lava, but was still in commu[illegible] central eruptive axis, for [illegible] with ashes, which fell all over [illegible] from the central crater. [illegible] continued during several days, [illegible] with decreased intensity, [illegible] in the shape of dense clouds covering the whole summit of Etna in a clear sky.

Changes have taken place which have entirely altered the form of the central crater. The old ravine which formerly crossed the crater, and made two-thirds of it into an ample and easily accessible basin—a natural laboratory for the study of the products of the volcano—now exists no longer. The central crater, from the effects of volcanic commotions, has crumbled, and, with [illegible] its sides and the high point whence it [illegible] formerly possible to enjoy the sunrise [illegible] been precipitated into the ravine, di[illegible] ing the height of the mountain by [illegible] forty feet, while the circumference of the crater has become wider by half a [illegible] The general destruction of the old [illegible] in a certain way, rejuvenized [illegible] which has regained its character [illegible] a funnel, at the bottom of which [illegible] eruptive mouth.

THERE are in Germany twenty-[illegible] universities, with nearly 2,000 professors. In each university there are classes in the five principal faculties of theology, law, medicine, philosophy, and letters. A writer on the subject notes that the most popular faculty is philosophy, which includes mathematics, save at Strasburg, where it is a different faculty.

About Oysters.

According to Butler's "Dyet's Dry Dinner" (1599), "it is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster," an oracular opinion not altogether accepted by modern ichthyologists—though, by the way, under the treasury ruling of April last, an oyster is not a fish,—who claim that even in midsummer the oyster is edible, due attention being paid to his selection. Whatever the truth may be, certain it is that folk, otherwise sane and logical, who consider the oyster rank poison at 11.59.59 on the night of Aug. 31, will devour him with avidity at 12.00.01 on the morning of Sept. 1, the first stroke of the midnight bell excercising upon him the saving and regenerating effect of a sacrament. Whether or not there is a great Primeval Oyster as the origin of all things, something like that tortoise which in Oriental mythology supports this world of ours, it must be admitted that the first man that took his "one raw" was one of the boldest benefactors of humanity. As Gay says:

That man hadsurely a palate covered o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,

And whisked the living morsel down his throat. Possibly the origin of oyster-eating was something like that of the eating of roast pig, as described by Charles Lamb: A prehistoric man inserted his fingers within the shells of a prehistoric oyster, and having them pinched applied his digits to his mouth, tasted the liquor of the oyster, and invented the benign science of ostreaphagy. Anyway, around the names of all the great of the earth, in all ages, there is a deathless halo of oyster shells. The ancient Greeks and Romans were

GREAT DEVOURERS OF OYSTERS,

which, we learn from Pliny, were of three colours,—yellow, black, and green, delighted to be transferred to new waters, and sometimes grew to the size of a foot, so that it took three bites to dispose of one of them. There were nine famous beds from which the markets of Rome were supplied, and it is recorded that the first man who took to artificial breeding did so to make money, not out of love for the oyster. Oyster shells cured no end of disorders, and, powdered, were employed as a dentrifice. The Romans believed that oysters ate best in the full of the moon. Horace's preference was for those of Circei; Vitellius put away twelve hundred of the bivalves at one luncheon. "Oysters raw, as many as you like," is usually the first entry on the menus of classical entertainments that have been preserved for our delectation. Louis VIII. of France, who died in 1226, so keenly appreciated his cook's way of cooking the oyster, of which he was so fond, that he gave him a patent of nobility and a liberal annual allowance. Louis XI. gave annual oyster suppers. Sixty of the College of the Sorbonne—the pupils of the College of France had, long before that, been in the habit of rehearsing their disputations on oysters—until at one merry meeting a learned doctor fell into the Seine and was drowned. Bentley, the great classical scholar, never could pass an oyster-stall without stopping at it, to talk about oysters, if he could eat no more, and in 1740, two years before his death, and just at the conclusion of the twenty-seven years' law-suit to eject him from the mastership of Trinity, to which De Quincey has devoted such a fascinating essay, he wrote to a friend: "My great relief and amusement here is my regular supply of oysters. These things must have been made in heaven, they are delicious, they agree in heaven, they are generally [illegible] [illegible] Epicurus, [illegible] philosophy was founded, and [illegible] served, and [illegible] of his [illegible] broke exists, offering to accept any invitation to dinner, but only on condition that there was a dish of stewed oysters. Thomson, who ate peaches on the tree with his hands in his pockets, greatly loved oysters, and died of over-indulgence in them, or of exposure in a boat to have a feed of them. Johnson, I fancy, loved oysters. I know he went to market to buy them for his cat when the footman was too proud to do so. Goldsmith did, and devoted an interesting chapter in