Markdale Standard,

VOL. I.—NO. 4. MARKDALE, ONT., FRIDAY. OCTOBER 8, 1880. WHOLE NO. 4

ALL SORTS.

to lie about—A bed.
—Barbers' assistants.
LY deaf man has the 'Hey"

ake a slow horse fast—Don't

isky sling—Sling the bottle
dew—After it is empty.
will clean silver." Yes, aloo
t to, will clean all the silver
t of your pocket.
' the happiest of vowels? Bec
the midst of bliss; "e" is in
he rest are in purgatory.
recently found a shawl
was cutting up into steaks.
the animal had swallowed a

y man with a hammer, went to
ast week, to secure a piece of
But the police nabbed him be
off.
FANCIES alter cases," said a
lawyer, "and I wish that I
of some cases that would alter
nces."
, when asked how far north
, replied that he had been so
hot the cows, when milked be
stove, gave ice-cream."
ugler says that a fish does not
rom being hooked. Of course
the thought of how his weight
out that causes his anguish.
physician returns from his va
d his patients as lively as
wardly vows that he will
and attend to business himself.

ER joyfully assured his mother,
, that he had found out where
ses: he had seen a man finish
e was just nailing on the last

r said the little creature lived
ne month after marriage, when
i I came in, he saw that he had
eat oversight of his life by
ing what that particular love

dar," said a colored man, hail-
ortance. "Does yer cross de
y time yer sees me ter keep
dat bill?" "No, I doesn't,
at fur, dat." "Ter keep frum
r it."

Sisters of Mercy who accom-
ss an army are two Princesses
ty with a fabulous fortune.
m maintain out of their own
well-appointed ambulance to
re attached.

hat St. Louis has the polites
country. A long and terrible
ddenly having stopped him is
an address to the jury, on
bowed and courteously said:
please excuse this interrup-

Tanner returned to food a gen-
ght him one small ripe plum to
"What on earth's that?" ask-
or, who was very irritable.
lied the amiable stranger, "I
ow of just finished a fast, you
try a slice."

and a preacher were discussing
of the wind. The former said,
the court-house vane." And
church vane," cried the par-
e matter of wind that is the
y," said the lawyer. And the
at home to cogitate.

MONTH, who has just reached
his drag and four from Paris,
ublic concert with a gentleman
a particularly handsome lady.
n regarded her in so grossly im-
manner that the Count sam
harp to him, whereupon he
Count a violent blow. He gave
Baron Belville on being arrested.

rus manuscript recently discov-
aye of a hermit near Jerusalem,
be the work of St. Peter, has
ted to a committee sent out by
ch of London, and they have
conclusion that the papyrus is in
ork of the great apostle. They
$100,000 for the document in

in a picture gallery shows a
led" in a man who serves as a
artist, and in the artist's ab-
his lady visitor
om did Mr. Meetup paint that
From yours obediently, madam.
eds of all his lady men." "He
u a very useful person." "Yes,
rder his frames, stretch his can-
his brushes, set his palette, and
lors. All he has got to do is to
n.

ANN, the footman of the home-
ed, was one in consulted by a
glish lord. The doctor listened
the statement which the patient
n. He took a small phial, open-
held it under his lordship's nose.
Well, you smelled." The lord
surprise, "Yes, as much do I owe
A thousand guineas," was the re-
lord immediately pulled out a
and held it under the doctor's
nell! Well, you are paid."

ELY-DRESSED workman came to a
er's to have the portrait of his
While the operator was ar-
e camera, the husband thought
ome advice to the companion of
cerning her pose. "Think of
vemous," he said, "or else you
and spoil it. Remember that
is in prison, and that your bro-
d to compound with his credi-
ry to imagine what would have
you if I had not taken pity up

a banking house of the Messrs.
London was opened at the close
It is a very handsome structure,
wants a marked contrast to the
ombling that formerly stood on it
chief partner in Childs' is th
ey, whose grandmother inherited
t in the bank. Many of th
he keep account there have
h the firm for two centuries. H
rge income from unclaimed bal
other partners are nominate
rsey. The bank has a large co
ng old Roman Catholic familie
ant to keep your boy at hom
asanter for him than the stree
-scotch in the hall, put a hog
asses on tap in the kitchen, ha
in the back yard, make a "bull
he cellar door, have a hand-org
key in the reception-room and
d on the stairs, hire a "Geevus
d, let the barn-shark callers back
of January throw his hasphal
ne windows, ring the bell, an
and "play" the cook with fis
ny mornings; but even then yo
to engage a circus to dri
premises two or three times
"make it pleasanter than th

NE TELLER was arrested in Pa
before the tribunal of the co
lice. "You know how to re
said a man of great wit, but
a joke for a mag state."
e sorry for that case," sa
it, "You know the judgment
pronounced." "Certainly
ll happen to you?" "Nothing
sure of that?" "Yes; you w
" "Acquit you?" "There
bout it." "Why?" "Becau
had been your intention to ma
you would not have added insu
me." The president, disconcert
t to his brother judges, and th
is discharged.

Coal In Manitoba.

was taken some months ago of th
of coal in Manitoba by the Can
gical surveyors. Recently ben
of coal arrived at Winnipeg fro
country, the first instalment fro
led the future Pensylvania of th
The coal was forty-three fe
n the river, and is said to be of
uality. The barges are
he coal fields, out of the tim
trees felled on the spot. M
as experienced on the journey,
s and other obstructions to bea
met with, but all were overco
sibility of Souris navigation
It is anticipated that there
t water in the river until Ap
to float barges down. At pr
enty feet of water in the
Sutherland, proprietor of
expended some $15,000 on th
and now that he is satisfied
ill go on with the work on a
. He intends to make one
ing sufficient barges to bring
needed for a year's supply.

The Markdale Standard

IS PUBLISHED

ERY FRIDAY MORNING

In time to meet the early mails.

ntains the latest Foreign and Provincial
s, Local Intelligence, County Business,
ricultural Matters and an Instructive
cellany.

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will be held responsible for the subscrip-
ns until they comply with the rules.

All letters addressed to the Editor must
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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Each subsequent insertion		25
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Each subsequent insertion		2

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid brevier. Advertisements without specific directions will be publishrd till forbid and charged accordingly. All transitory advertisements must be in the office of publication by 11 o'clock on the Thursday morning preceding their publication.

C. W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

The Return of the Dead.

A year she had slept the sleep of the dead,
When the young wife rose from her narrow bed.

To her it seemed but a night of woe
That she had lain in the dark below.

No count had she of the passing hour,
Of winter frost or of spring-tide shower;

And ever her shrouded head in the tomb
Had flourished and faded a summer's bloom.

She woke from her sleep with yearning love
For the husband and child she left above.

My little son was but ten days old
When I came to lie in the churchyard mould.

My arms had held him but once to my breast
When they laid me here in my lonely rest.

And my husband dear, woe worth the day!
He wept and wept when they bore me away;

When death took from him the light of his life;
When death took from him his dearest, his wife.

Oh, might I see him once here in our home,
Oh, might I but once in his presence come.

Might I rock our babe in his cradle-bed,
Then would I come back and rest with the dead!"

Her prayer was granted; through stone and through clay
By the might of her love she forced her way.

Swiftly through lane and through field hies she sped,
And no man doth see or doth hear the dead.

With yearning love and with trembling fear
She has flitted across the threshold dear.

Unseen and unheard she wended her way
To the chamber aloft where her young son lay.

Like a cloud she brooded above his bed;
He shuddered and sighed at the touch of the dead.

"And now must I comfort my husband dear,
And dry the eyes that have wept for a year,

My lot has been but to slumber and sleep;
But he lives above ground to suffer and weep."

Unseen she stands with her hand on the door
He thinks not, he knows not, I hear him once more."

And the gentle tones of his low-toned voice
Make her dead heart beat and her flesh rejoice.

Still well she knew every word that he spake—
Twas a poem of love he had made for her sake;

And though she lay buried a year and a day,
She lived in his memory for ever and aye.

She gave her the sweet name he called her in life;
He listened and heard how he murmured, "My wife!"

And vowed to be true to eternity.
"O faithful beloved, thou thinkest of me!"

Unseen she drifted through panels of oak,
And stood in his presence, nor breathed nor spoke.

O God, what a sight her dead eyes meet!
And closer she gathers her winding-sheet.

A fair young girl by her husband's side,
Who her he is calling her dearest, his bride.

The dead is forgotten, thrust out of his life,
And now has he wedded another young wife.

The sorrowful ghost drew a deep sigh of woe—
Away, away to the dead will I go;

And follow me soon or follow me late,
For thee will I patiently, silently wait;

Nor ever again will I rise to see
How faithless and merry the living can be!"

Cary's Trousseau.

Miss Anna Louise Cary, as every one who comes to this bedlam of fashion, says a Paris letter, is having quite a trousseau made. We happened to call on her dressmaker, and she was delighted to show us something she was making for "la grande cantatrice Americaine, Mlle. Kairie," as she pronounced the name. Her very fine day and evening dresses were not yet begun, but the very obliging lady showed us a very elaborate princess wrapper of light blue cashmere, cut all around in deep-pointed festoons, trimmed with five rows of fine silver braid; above that a quilling of Valenciennes about five inches wide; under the festoons was a knife-blade plaiting covered with the same lace. Buttons were light blue, with a silver star embroidered on them. A travelling dress of thick brown goods. The skirt of large box plaits from top to bottom, with a long postillion waist. A handsome, short dinner dress of two shades of blue, one very light, the other dark. The skirt of large kilts, with double ones of light blue plaited under and the dark blue above. The effect must be very graceful, for a fan-shaped mingling of pale and dark blue is seen with the movement of every step. The jacket—a long postillion jacket—of dark blue embossed velvet, with light blue revers. Also a purple matinee; a plain, demi-trained skirt, simply trimmed with eight or nine rows of silver braid, with a kind of habit-fitting garment trimmed laboriately with the braid.

"I'D have you to know," exclaimed Mrs. Uppacrust, haughtily tossing her head, "that my family always moved in the upper circles." "Yes," whispered Mrs. Blunt to her friend Sarah Jones. "I heard tell that the scum always rises to the top."

"DOES the conversation and carriage of your new minister become the gospel?" asked a learned Bishop of a simple-minded farmer. "Well," was the reply, "his conversation is rather fluid, and he don't keep a carriage."

MISS MURNFORD has an elderly admirer, who the other day presented her with a handsome lace collar. "Now, do not," he said, with a sort of elephantine playfulness, "do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear," answered Lavinia, "I will be careful to take it off."

LITTLE boy—Mamma, I want a stick of candy. Clever mamma—Which do you want the stick or the candy? Little Boy—Which would you take, mamma? Clever Mamma—The stick, of course. Little Boy—Well, mamma, you can have the stick—I take the candy.

EMBROIDERED linen collars and cuffs of a soft cream colour are very fashionable and exceedingly becoming. They are often edged with lace.

Markdale Standard,

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Fashion Notes.

GATHERED flounces will be much worn this fall.

JERSEY webbing is shown among recent importations. It will be used for bodices.

HAND-PAINTED bracelets of white kid, mounted with narrow stripes of gold, are fashionable.

THE pilgrimage polonaise, with hood and with cord at the waist, is a novelty in early fall garments.

VERY elegant necklaces, bandeaus, armlets, ear-rings, and brooches of jet have just been imported.

PRERAPHAELITE shoulder capes made entirely of black marabout feathers are considered extremely stylish in New York.

THE earliest importations of French dresses are made up of short dresses for day wear, with very long trained skirts for full dress.

THE little gold pig suspended from chains and bracelets as a charm is a trinket that abroad is worn only by members of the demi-monde.

THE Jersey, after a severe struggle to gain public favour, now bids fair to become as popular here as it has been with the court ladies in England.

AMBER-COLOURED roses are very fashionable on black Spanish lace bonnets. A fringe of amber beads forms a sort of coronet over the hair in front.

FIGURED goods in brocades, stripes, flowers, etc., will be combined with silk only, and plain woollen goods should not be combined with brocaded silk, but only with velvet or else with plaid wool in medium, small, or imperceptible designs, and very dark.

THE Louis XV. jacket, with rounded basques, lace jabot coming down the front, tight sleeves, reaching a little way below the elbow, trimmed with deep ruches, will be used as a model for basques of brocade to be worn with skirts of plain satin or velvet.

FOR the winter, light cloth or plain cashmere will be combined with plain velvet, more frequently, perhaps, than with striped velvet, which has been much abused. The latter will be reserved for corsages that are different from the skirt with which they are worn. Such corsages are rarely made of plain goods.

THE new colours are such as to delight the refined taste. There are, to be sure, the bright shades for all who desire them, but such tints as mulberry, deep claret, with a sort of smoky hue, all shades of heliotrope and olive, dulled by a gray cast, dusky, yellowish browns, and the dark rifle greens are most distinguished.

Rosy Cheeks.

The simple practice of washing with cold, soft water, and rubbing the cheeks briskly with a soft, rough towel as a daily habit, will do more to produce rosy cheeks than the best artificial inventions. Not only may a natural bloom be thus secured, but the fulness of the cheek is sustained by the healthy flow of blood which feeds its muscular structure. The muscles of the cheeks have very little action; they therefore become flabby and sunken at an early age in persons whose habits of life are such as to maintain little energy in the general system. The simple friction of the cheeks will do much to satisfy fair readers who may take the hint.

Their First Quarrel.

Angelina: (bursting into tears which fell upon his manly bosom like a refreshing shower) Leave me. Let me go into the world—the cruel, cruel world, and beg and be refused. Let me starve and die. My soul thirsts for music.

Charles: You think too much of these things, dear. The Joneses can afford it. Let them say what they may. You said you could give up your piano for me, a little while ago.

Angelina: That was the foolish thought of a silly girl. Give up my Chopin! my Gottschalk! my Sternberg! 'Tis too cruel! I'll return home. This monotony is unbearable. (Sobs violently.)

Charles: Well, then, dear, I promise you if you become immediately the sweet, good-tempered Angelina whom I used to know, I will not let another day pass before getting you one. What shall it be, dear?

Angelina: My good, dear Charles, let it be an Upright or a Baby Grand.

The Price of Wives.

The value of wives varies in different countries. In America they are often expensive companions, but in the higher regions of the river Amar, and on the Ussuri, in Siberia, according to information furnished to the British Scientific association by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, the price of a wife is eight or ten dogs, a sledge, or two cases of brandy. In another part of the world, according to evidence furnished to the same association by Wilfred Powell, in New Britain and the neighbouring islands on the east coast of Guinea, wives are the absolute property of their husbands, and are bought, sold, and eaten by their better halves. There was one New Britain young woman who rebelled at her matrimonal relations, whereupon her husband said he could put her to better use, and straightway killed and ate her. Unfortunately, according to the same authority, the eating in New Britian is not confined to wives. The natives are fond of missionary meat, and think the English are unutterably stupid because they are unwilling to feast on such a delicacy as the human thigh, prepared with cocoanut milk and dressed with banana leaves. Mr. Powell does not advise women to emigrate to New Britain.

Winning a Wife.

"There is nothing," says Lord Shaftesbury, "which is so merely fortune of blind chance than marriage." A curious illustration of his meaning, says an exchange, comes from the staid town of Franklin, Mass. At an evening party there a gentleman challenged a charming young widow to try her fortune at Bassino. She accepted the challenge playfully, proposing that they should play for a wager, and he, agreeing, asked her to name the stakes. Seeing that she was at a loss to respond, the host laughingly said: "His hand against yours." The lady demurred, and was turning away from the table when the challenger interposed with: "My hand for yours if I win, or at your disposal for any young lady of respectability, her consent being attainable, if I lose." The wager was accepted, and the amused company gathered around the board. The lady led off and made 45, her adversary failing to score in return, but, improving in his play as the game progressed, reached 215 to the widow's 164. Growing nervous she played worse and worse, and finally left off the loser by 247 points. Then the hostess advanced, took the fair one's feebly-resisting hand, and placed it in that of the exultant winner, who begged permission to keep the mace with which he had won the match and a wife.

The Science of Kissing.

Science in the last few years, has gained a terrible foothold in this world. It has rattled the dry bones of old fogyism, made pi out of worn-out theories, upset ideas which have been established for centuries. The latest and most astonishing fact that has been developed is that there is a scientific mode of kissing. The day when a young man could grab a girl around the neck and gobble a kiss in a rough but comfortable manner, is past. The time when he could circle her waist with one arm, get his shirt bosom full of hair-oil, and pirouette his lips over every square inch of her countenance, is no more. Science has proclaimed against it, and man shudders, but remains silent. The old style of kissing, which sounds like some one tearing a clap-board off a smoke-house is now considered bad taste, and consequently is rapidly going out of fashion, although the majority of girls admit that science has cruelly destroyed all the comfort of a long, lingering, heart-thrilling kiss, and causes them to express no little regret at the change. The improved scientific method of of kissing is to throw the right arm languidly around the fair one's shoulder, tilt her chin up with the left hand until her nose is pointed at an angel of forty five degrees, or rather until it has an aspect resembling the bowsprit of a clipper-built sloop, then stoop slowly and gaze about her lips in a quiet, subdued sort of way, tickle her nose with your mustache until she cries "Ouch!" This is scientific kissing, but there is no consolation in it—nothing to make a man feel like a couple of galvanic batteries were galloping along his spinal column. It is flat, lukewarm; it lacks substance, and if not stale is at least unprofitable.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

PIE CRUST.—Three and a half cupfuls sifted flour; one cupful sweet lard, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking-powder, one cupful very cold water; mix with knife, using hands as little as possible to mix with; roll.

GRAPE JELLY. — Put the grapes in a kettle after they are stemmed, steam them until soft; then train through a cloth while warm; one pound of sugar to a pint of juice; boil 15 minutes; two pounds of grapes generally give one pint juice.

STEWED PEARS.—Peel six middling sized pears; cut them in two and take out the cores; put them into a pan with quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, the juice of a lemon, the thin rind cut into strips, and very little water; set them on a slow fire and stew till tender; put them into a basin and serve when cold with whipped cream.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint of water, one quart Graham flour, one pint wheat flour, one yeast-cake dissolved in half-pint water, half a gill of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda; mix at night; in morning pour in deep bread pans and bake about one hour; it is too moist to knead with the hands, but requires to be thoroughly stirred with a strong spoon.

TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.—Take two pounds washing soda and one pound of common lime, and boil in five gallons of water for two or three hours; then stand away to settle, and dip off the clear water from the top and put into a jug. Can be used for washing dishes or cleaning, and one teacupful in a boiler of clothes, put in after the water is hot, will whiten the clothes and soften the water, without injury to the hands or clothes. Use an old iron pot to make it in.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Drop some quicklime on the mouth of the nest, and wash it in with boiling water; or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine, then mix with water and pour into their haunts; or tobacco water, (strong,) which has been found to be effectual. They are averse to strong scents. Camphor will prevent their infesting a cupboard, or a sponge saturated with creosote. To prevent their climbing up trees, place a ring of tar about the trunk, or a circle of rag moistened occasionally with creosote.

TO REMOVE VERMIN FROM A CANARY BIRD.—Put a piece of cotton around the end of each perch at night, remove the cotton in the morning, (with the vermin.) Put in new, clean perches; clean the cage every day. Give the bird a bath every morning in a good large dish; remove it as soon as the bird is finished, scald the end of the perches every day before putting them in the cage again; renew the cotton around the perches every night, and remove in the morning until the bird is free from the vermin.

A GEORGIA widow, while driving a load of hay, was insulted by a tramp concerning her bonnet. She jumped from the load and gave the fellow a sound thrashing, and in less than a week had three offers of marriage.

A two-story well is one of the curiosities of Erin, N.Y. The two parts are one above the other and separated by ten or twelve feet of hard-pan. Water can be pumped from either well, and the lower one pumped dry while the upper one retains an inexhaustible supply.

BLOCK ISLAND is remarkable in many ways. Of its 1,147 in population 1,032 were born on the island. The inhabitants use peat for fuel, and sea weed nets them over $20,000 a year. There never was a jail or a lawyer among them, and for 120 years no mails came to the island.

The Czar's Marriage.

PRINCE DOLGOROUKI — MELIKOFF — THE PRINCE OF WALES LOCKED UP.

The great event of which every one at St. Petersburg is talking, of course under his breath, for reasons that do not need explaining, is the marriage of the Emperor with the famous Princess Dolgorouki. An English journal has even printed a despatch announcing the celebration of the ceremony, but the news was premature, though it may come true any day. In a recent letter addressed to one of her friends, a *grande dame*, the ambitious Princess speaks of the event as certain and inevitable. The marriage will be morganatic, and will be celebrated as soon as the Czar lays aside his mourning. The children born to the Emperor by this Princess will receive the title of Altesse, and will occupy at the court of Russia precisely the same place that the legitimized children of Louis XIV. had at the court of the *roi-soleil*. They will take rank after the Grand Dukes. The haughty Princess must perforce give up the dream of wearing the crown of the Czarinas. A morganatic wife, she will have to content herself with the title of Altesse, and will not preside at court or official ceremonies. That duty will devolve on the hereditary Grand Duchess. A suitable dowry will be settled on the Princess, who is already a very rich woman; her income is estimated at nearly a million a year. Little or nothing will be changed at the palace by the Emperor's marriage. It is a private and personal reparation, with which the Russian nation has nothing to do. The ceremony itself will be private, almost secret.

Now that I have spoken of the high society, the great Russian aristocracy, I cannot help saying that its corruption and its abject subserviency to the Czar afford one of the best excuses for the revolt of the Nihilists. Let it be understood that I speak of the aristocracy of the palace, the men and women who go to court and form the *entourage* of the sovereign. The prodigal extravagance of the courtiers is in cruel contrast with the poverty of the people. I am not mistaken in saying that the morals of our Russian *grands seigneurs* recall those of the French *grands seigneurs* of the time of Louis XV. These gentlemen do not feel any shame in living upon their sovereign. For the most part they are not fettered with self-respect. Their object and effort is to get from the Czar all the favours and all the money they can. Count Alexander Walaitinivowitch Adlerberg, Minister of the Imperial Court, and Governor of the Winter Palace, was brought up from boyhood with the Emperor, and is his bosom friend. He is called Adlerberg II., to distinguish him from his father. He is a fast liver, a true "*dobrjak*," as the St. Petersburgers say. His pet vice is gambling, and luck is often against him.

One morning the Czar, who had started for a walk with his favourite dog, was met by an old woman, who, not recognizing him, asked very humbly if he was employed in the Winter Palace.

"Yes," auswered the Czar, "I even have some little influence in the palace. Perhaps I can give you some information."

Then the old lady told him that a long time before she had lent a large sum to Count Adleberg, and that she couldn't get him to pay her. She was in extreme poverty, she said, and did not know to what saint to address her vows.

"I will do my best," answered the Emperor, "and perhaps I may be able to induce the Count to pay you your money. Come at noon to the palace."

Returning to the palace the Czar sent for the Count. The latter frankly acknowledged his indebtedness, but said he had not the wherewithal to discharge it. The Emperor gave him the money out of his own pocket, telling him to hand it to the old woman when she should next come for it.

Next morning the Czar was surprised to find himself again stopped by the old woman.

"Ah," she says, "it is as I feared. I was almost sure that you would not succeed."

"What do you mean," asked the Czar, becoming curious.

"That has always been the way, don't you see, and it always will be. The nobles do what they please, and the poor people are helpless."

"I don't understand you; explain yourself."

"I mean to say that the people of the court, sure of the protection of the Czar, violate with impunity their most solemn engagements."

"Has not Count Adlerberg paid you what he owes you?"

"Paid! Paying is well enough for poor people. As to the rich and powerful, they dispense with that formality if it annoys them. Meanwhile, I am without bread."

The Czar frowned.

"Follow me to the palace, my good woman. You shall have satisfaction."

The Czar walked so fast that the old woman could hardly keep up with him. She still supposed that he was an employee in the palace. When she saw the servants and the people of the court bowing to the ground before him she was stupefied. The guards were for stopping her, but the Czar made a sign, and she followed him into the imperial apartments. Adlerberg was summoned.

"What does this mean?" said the Emperor. "You have not paid this woman, in spite of my orders. What have you done with the money that I gave you."

At these words Adlerberg made such a piteous face that the Czar's anger gave place to a strong desire to laugh.

"Come, sir, explain."

"Well, sire, this is the naked truth: When I got home with the money that your Majesty had deigned to give me, I was assailed by such a crowd of creditors that nothing was left for this old woman. I don't know how the jackals learned that I had this sum. Now I am as poor as I was before. I don't know how it happens, but money cannot stay in my hands longer than a few minutes. Between my fingers it is no longer metal, it is volatile alkali."

The Czar, disarmed, burst into a roar of laughter. When the old woman left the palace she carried away her money.

As I am telling stories, here is another in which this same Count Adlerberg figures. The hero is no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. The thing happened during one of the Prince's visits to the capital of the Czars. Adlerberg had given the Prince a supper which lasted till daybreak. About 4 o'clock in the morning the Prince took leave of the company, jumped into a carriage, and started for the Winter Palace. His Royal Highness had done such honour to the wines, and especially to the foaming champagne, that his ideas were a little mixed. As he was passing the Palace of the Holy Synod he thought he recognized the facade of the imperial palace, and he halted the carriage. The coachman said something to him, but the Prince did not understand Russian. He got up, dismissed the coachman, and then marched up to the door.

A monk, half asleep, opened the door and asked him what he wanted; but the Prince did not understand the monk's Russian any better than he had that of the coachman. Without answering his questions he advanced, not too steadily, into the interior of the edifice, thinking he would find his way to his apartment. The monk undertook to stop him. The Prince is one of the best boxers of the United Kingdom. His first blow laid out the monk, who, believing that he was face to face with the devil, shouted lustily for help. You can fancy the uproar. The police were soon on the ground. As the Prince couldn't make himself understood, and was not recognized, he was taken to the nearest police station.

Fancy the stupefaction at court in the morning when it was discovered that the Prince had not returned to the palace. The Emperor was very uneasy. He scolded the Governor of the palace roundly for having allowed the Prince to set out alone. Then the Grand Master of Police, Fedor Feodorowitch-Tropoff, had a happy thought. He gave orders for a search among the police stations, and the heir of the crown of England was found fast asleep among the revellers of lower degree.

The Emperor laughed heartily, but not too loudly, over the adventure, and steps were promptly taken to hush it up.

An Actress' Romance.

The appearance of Miss Ada Cavendish, the English actress, at the Arch Street theatre, says *The Philadelphia Times*, will lend much interest to her romantic history, which has never been published in this country before. Some forty years ago one of the most celebrated law cases ever tried in England came before the lord chancellor for trial, after being fought from court to court. The issue in question was the legitimacy or illegitimacy of a certain member of the Cavendish family. If the lord chancellor, after examining into the case, should decide that this man was legally born, he would, by virtue of prior birth, be the head of the family and heir to the vast estate that fell with the title of duke of Devonshire. So great results hung on "my lord's" opinion. But the case was never decided, the claimant was so hampered by circumstantial evidence, rather than direct proof of his rights, and the defence saw so clearly that their opponent could make it unpleasant for them, that both parties agreed to a compromise, the details of which are worth reciting, as a curious illustration of the standard of morality in the English aristocracy of that day, which generally approved of the compact.

It was argued that the claimant should be acknowledged as legitimate and the head of the family, taking the title and possessions of the duke of Devonshire for life; but he was expressly forbidden to marry, and on his death the title and property passed to the opposing party. Under such circumstances the duke, being but humrn, naturally formed attachments which the law did not sanction. Most of these, however, were of short duration, but when he had been about nine years in possession of his title he met a Miss Cameron, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to whom he became strongly attached. This lady was of gentle blood, of great personal beauty, and one of the most brilliantly educated and accomplished women of the age. During several years' acquaintance she learned to return the affection of her titled lover, and he, to do him justice, used all the means in his power to protect her good name.

Being forbidden to marry by his legal settlement of the suit, he offered Miss Cameron what is known as a morganatic marriage in Europe. This marriage is conducted in the following manner: The contracted parties are united in wedlock by a regularly ordained clergyman, a marriage certificate being furnished as usual. The wife in this case was known as Mrs. Cavendish, not as the Duchess of Devonshire. Her children were legal, bearing the family name. At the death of the father and mother, intestate, the children inherit his personal estate, the widow having her dower right of one-third, but the Devonshire estates and titles pass to the nearest of kin of the ducal line. This style of marriage was long since invented to give the kings, princes, and nobility generally of Europe a chance to follow the dictates of their hearts without shame, where reasons of state policy forced them into loveless political marriages. Morganatic marriages are very happy, and are not regarded in Europe, especially on the continent, as fastening any shame on the parties participating therein; neither do they entail any loss of social position. Miss Cameron accepted the duke's offer, and was morganatically married to him. They lived together in perfect happiness for eleven years, being parted only by the death of Mrs. Cavendish. The duke survived her about eleven years, but he was a changed man from the day of her death. Formerly genial and hearty, a lover of society, the turf, etc., he became crabbed, nervous, and silent. He shut himself up at Brighton and very seldom saw anyone to his dying day, in 1870.

One child (a girl) was born of this marriage, and was called Ada Cavendish. On her the parents lavished their tenderest love and devotion. She was carefully reared, like any young scion of the British aristocracy, and her beauty, sweet, joyous disposition and brilliant talents combined to make her their idol and the centre of one of the happiest homes of old England. A few years after the mother died the daughter, following her natural bent, placed herself under the tuition of Mrs. Charles Pelby, of the New Royal theatre, London, at which Theatre she soon made her debut as an actress. From that time until the day of his death the appearance of his daughter in a new role was the only thing which could tempt the old duke from his seaside retirement. She was a faithful and devoted daughter, and at her father's death came into possession of his entire personal estate amounting to £10,000—$50,000—and some magnificent jewels. Miss Cavendish has steadily risen in the theatrical world, her success as Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," rendering her famous in England and America.

In Candahar.

The coppersmiths are just as busy, and rather more noisy; the open shops are crowded with men, some knocking the pots into shape, others engraving, some eating, others idling, while the front of the shop is choked with vessels for sale; and outside, on the ground, one or two men are occupied in cutting out different patterns from copper sheets. Huge open cooking-pots piled one upon the other, salvers of all sizes, porly samovars or tea urns with carved spouts, brass handle, and charcoal-burner complete, Long-necked water bottles with spouts a foot long, washing basins with top-strainers, hookah stands, shaped like our Indian water-serais, and tall light-burners, arranged both for candle and oil. These candle sticks are curious, and at first you cannot quite make out what they are intended for; the pedestal stands on a dish and takes to pieces, one part being joined by a screw, which works the wrong way as a matter of course. The stem rises from the centre of the dish and carries a fair sized bowl; reversed on this bowl rests a large open vase, and the top of the stem is made to carry a candle; but if oil is to be burned, the stem is prolonged to carry a smaller bowl reversed from which the open oil-dish springs. Another vase on quite the same principle, except that the vase was omitted and the bowls were fashioned like palm-leaves, bending over. The object of the bowls being reversed is to reflect the light. The whole of these utensils, with the exception of the cooking-pots, are engraved in different flower patterns, with texts from the Koran interspersed, and the whole is tinned over.

Lassoing a Puma.

(Prescott, Ark., Miner.)

For some time past an old and gigantic mountain lion has been playing havoc with the young colts and calves of different herds around Walnut creek, and so great had the destruction of young animals become of late that a party of experts with the lasso decided upon the capture of the monster. Accordingly, Ike Goodman, Dan O'Leary, and a Mr. Ambrose went out to where he was wont to roam, and laid in wait for him. Mr. Lion appeared every night; therefore, they were pretty sure of their game. They encamped near a band of horses, belonging to George Cornell, and awaited the coming of the "boss" lion in northern Arizona. Just at day-break he heard the cry of a young colt, and knew that his lordship, the lion, was at his work. Mr. Ambrose and Mr. Goodman saddled their horses and prepared their riatas with a view of lassoing the animal. They soon found their game drinking the warm blood from a $100 colt, when Ambrose threw the lasso over the beast, holding him fast and secure. The lion took in the situation and made fight. With one bound he lit on the rump of the horse, ready to perform on Ambrose the operation which he had just concluded on the colt, when Ike Goodman's lasso was thrown over the lion, and in an instant the gallant lion, which measured eight and a half feet, was stretched out longer than any rail that Abe Lincoln ever split when he followed rail-splitting for a livlihood in the early days of Illinois. A costly animal has been disposed of, much to the peace of the colts and calves and the owners thereof.

FOR forty-eight days a Lowhill, Pa., hen was in a grain stack, where she had been accidentally covered up. When released she toppled over in a fit, but soon recovered.

Buying a Bride.

THE MATRIMONIAL AGENT IN PARIS WHO ARRANGES MOST OF THE GREAT MARRIAGES IN FRANCE.

Under an assumed name my friend, says a Paris correspondent, went to the Paris residence of M. de F., the celebrated marriage broker, and having paid the preliminary fee of £40, explained that he came on behalf of a cousin who, although possessed of a handsome fortune and good title, was anxious to increase his worldly goods by contracting a wealthy marriage. My friend further asserted that he acted in his own name, and without the authority of his cousin, but that the consent of the latter, should anything acceptable be proposed, he could answer for. M. de F. at first demurred, and asserted that he was not in the habit of dealing with less than at least one person directly interested in a matrimonial project; but my friend's eloquence, not to speak of the thousand-franc note, at length prevailed, and the great matrimonial agent unbosomed himself.

His terms were 8 per cent. on the *dot*, and this to be paid within the first year after the celebration of the marriage. Of course my friend consented. Then M. de F. explained that, should nothing be definitely decided on, and the attempt fail, no further expenses would be incurred, the £40 covering all. This pleased my friend still more, for he confessed to me that he had feared he should not be allowed to leave the sanctum of the magician without parting with at least another fifty louis. These preliminaries having passed off to the satisfaction of both parties, M. de F. opened an immense desk and took out from it a bulky notebook, in which my friend solemnly alleges were inscribed the name, age, fortune, due position, and social status of every heiress not only in France, but in Belgium, Austria, Holland, Italy, England, and every other country in Europe. M. de F. airily explained that he despised American heiresses, as their fortunes could never be relied upon. M. de F. read out his list, somewhat as follows: "Four millions, orphans, red hair, two-and-twenty, subject to epilepsy, clever, but strong-minded; property all in real estate; noble family, Belgian." "Five millions, widow, very susceptible, dark, may or may not have had lovers, but there is no scandal attached to her name; French, good bourgeois family; very fond of titles, but prefers men in the army; will not marry a man under forty; is herself five-and-thirty; property partly in railway shares and partly in French government stock;" and so on *ad infinitum*.

My friend was thunderstruck, and at first half believed that the list was purely an imaginary one and merely a bait thrown out to attract hungry fish. This doubt was, however, soon dispelled when he selected one out of the many heiresses offered to him, and when M. de F., looking upon the matter as settled, calmly stated the name of the young lady, my friend discovering to his astonishment that he knew the family intimately, and that M. de F.'s intelligence and details were absolutely correct in every particular.

He then explained his system. "Of course, Monsieur le Comte," he said, "It is needless to tell you that these ladies do not come to me themselves and seek for husbands. When a lady has a large fortune and is anxious to get married she has no need of a matrimonial agent. It is her friends, parents, or guardians who come to me—in nine cases out of ten without her knowledge—and, possessing influence over her, offer the heiress to me, in consideration of a fee arranged between us, of course provided I can, among my clients, find a suitable partner. The whole thing is perfectly simple, and the wife need never suspect anything. From the names I have just mentioned you can see for yourself that many of my clients, both male and female, belong to the best nobility of Europe, and in fact I think I can say, without vanity, that I have had something directly or indirectly to do with most of the leading matrimonial alliances which have taken place in France in the last thirty years, although, since the fall of the second empire business has become rather slack."

What can be more terrible than this? Little does the Duchesse Foule de Persil dream as she dashes out to the Bois de Boulogne that her only and well-beloved daughter is being bought and sold in a dingy little room near the Boulevard Poissonniere by her dear and intimate, though unscrupulous and impecunious, friend, the Marquise Huppe de la Deche. The duchesse has unbounded confidence in the marquise, and has given her carte blanche to bring any of her friends to her house, and when the young Vicomte de la Poisse is introduced—a charming man, and one whose birth and title are above suspicion—he meets with a most cordial reception.

The rest is soon done; the vicomte is represented to the mother as being the very model of young men, madame la marquise uses her influence in every conceivable and inconceivable way, and in nine cases out of ten the marriage comes off, madame la marquise, Monsieur le vicomte, and the matrimonial agent all having a large plum out of the pie, the mother and daughter never suspecting anything. More than three-quarts of the marriages in France—and in the grande monde, mind you—are brought about in this way; for, apart from the professional matrimonial agents, most of the abbes and cures add to their income by mixing in matrimonial intrigues of this natu-e.

As a matter of fact, indeed, the priests are the most powerful of all matrimonial agents, for the family confessor exercises the greatest influence, and is supposed to be above all suspicion. Who can wonder, after this, that so many marriages in France end in misery and separation, and that M. Naquet meets with support when advocating divorce? There is no remedy for this evil, for one cannot discover it, and in some instances both the bride and the bridegroom are alike ignorant that the fact of their standing before the altar is a matter of so many thousand francs in pocket to two or more of their most intimate and cherished friends. Let it not, moreover, be supposed that we in England are free from this scourge; quite the contrary—there is as much money made in Belgravia as at Sainte Clothilde.

Matrimonial Advice