

AN ITALIAN EVANGELINE.

The Remarkable Romance that a Modern Reporter Relates.

A gang of Italian laborers has for months past been employed on the West Shore Railroad a few miles beyond Amsterdam.

The fair personage was a woman. Her name was Angello Louirino. Her lover, Franko Patricio, came to America, like many of his countrymen, to better his fortune.

Nothing daunted, she, too, became a railroad worker, and labored for her daily bread at various points along the West Shore Railroad, ever keeping the object of her life—to find her long lost lover—in view.

The remains of Angella were laid upon a platform, covered with a cloth, and stones placed beneath her head.

Cotton Manufacturing in the South.

The development of cotton manufacturing in the South is one of the most notable and promising industrial occurrences of the day.

To commemorate the services of Oliver and Oakes Ames in connection with the building of the first railway across the United States, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, the Union Pacific Company are erecting a granite pyramid on the highest point near its track.

A Curious Tree.

Lieutenant Houghton, who has recently visited New Guinea and several other groups of islands in the Pacific, reports the existence of a pheasant tree.

As a substitute for leather, enameled cloth is now largely used where lightness and pliability are desirable. Having the appearance of leather, and nearly if not quite its durability, it is used where strength is not so important as a good appearance.

A Terribly Wronged Woman.

Tardy reparation has at length been made to the memory of a mortally wronged German woman, whose name has been unjustly held up to public scorn and contumely in the pace of her birth for more than two centuries and a half.

Experimenting With Mushrooms.

It was in the Crimea, when rations were at the very worst—salt pork and biscuit alone being the every-day fare of everybody.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at 5 in the morning, or 9 at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at the tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

A Patent Medicine Paradiso.

If the negroes of the south could read there would be such a demand for patent medicines, porous plasters, pills and stomach bitters as would force every manufacturer to double his help and capacity.

At Dalton, Ga., I saw a big fellow pick up a barrel of flour as easily as I could have lifted a twenty-five pound sack, and when I complimented him on his strength he replied:

"Yes, boss, I seems powerful strong, but you doan' know what a hard time I has of it. I ze got liber complaint, dyspepsia and consumpshun, an' I reckon I won't neber see snow fly again."

I asked him what remedies he had been using, and he replied that he had been taking the dust of burnt leather and mixing it with cold tea.

I was in a livery stable at Marietta when a man came in with a bottle of prepared Jamaica Ginger. One of the colored men employed about the stable, who hadn't lost a day for years and who looked as ragged as a mountain, looked at the bottle three or four times, and then asked:

"What ye got dar, Kurnel?" "Something for apoplexy," was the reply.

"Would ye mind givin' me a sip of it, kase my apoplexy has been takin' on in de moas' drefful manner fer de las' week?"

The cork was drawn and the negro lipped up the bottle and took three heavy swallows of the fiery stuff.

"Ah! but dat stuff seems to hit de right spot! I reckon it will cure up my apoplexy all right, an' like 'nuff I may light on sumthing good fer congestion of de lungs an' water on de brain!"—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two church missionaries, William F. John and John Williams, and their wives, are being tried at Sierra Leone, in Africa, for the wilful murder of a native girl by flogging and other ill treatment.

The extent to which Highland estates are now being cleared of sheep, with a view of "forestry," is likely to excite the attention of Parliament before long.

The siderdown duck feeds chiefly in Iceland on the refuse of fish thrown out from the houses. In spring the female duck plucks her breast to line her nest, and, instinctively knowing that summer is coming, lines it lavishly.

Baron Wilhelm Rothschild of Frankfort is so strict a Jew that during his recent tour through Switzerland he was accompanied, not only by his ritual cook and butcher, but also by ten devout persons of his own religion, who went solely for the purpose of praying with him, as, according to Mosaic law, a congregation must consist of at least ten worshippers.

Numbers in War.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had under his command at Kassasin about half an army corps—that is to say, not quite one-tenth of the number of soldiers captured by the Germans on the surrender of Metz.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A slave has but one master. The ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his fortune.—La Bruyere.

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.—Shakspeare.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at 5 in the morning, or 9 at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at the tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—Franklin.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived.—Colton.

Poppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb.—Johnson.

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Channon.

A word—a look, which at one time makes no impression, at another times wounds the heart; and like a shaft flying with the wind pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.—Sterne.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—Tillotson.

While we retain the dower of rendering service, and conferring favors, we seldom experience ingratitude.—La Rochefoucauld.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—Young.

What an argument in favor of social connection is the observation that by communicating our grief we have less, and by communicating our pleasure we have more.—Greville.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining.—Graves.

Saving The Train.

The usual crowd of autumn fairs were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, blue-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door, and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bummer with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who, saved the train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us all about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched in the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not the power to move it.

The silence was so dense for a moment that one could hear a dew drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beam?" "I didn't touch it," he replied: "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "but if you couldn't lift it, and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he rose from his seat and slid toward the door. "The obstruction was a moon-beam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero, there would have been a much bigger greasypot freecoon on the panel.—Drake's Travelers' Magazine.

Not Gwendolen's Foot.

"You have stepped on my foot!" The murmuring zephyrs of a June morning were kissing with dewy breath the rose bushes that were soon to burst forth in a wealth of bud and blossom; and the twitter of the robin and the meadow lark rose cheerily upon the cool, fresh air that came from beyond the hills in the west, and athwart the eastern sky faint bands of crimson light, rosy harbingers of the golden flood that was to come, made a vivid contrast to the deep blue of the zenith, while over all was spread the solemn hush that comes before breakfast.

"You are mistaken, darling," said Gwendolen Mahaffy, looking up tenderly at Percival Perkins; "it was the horse."

"Perhaps you are right," the man replied, stroking the neck of the horse—a beautiful Norman that weighed nearly a ton—"but it would have deceived even a more trusting heart than mine."

The Ambassadors from Madagascar.

The Ambassadors from Madagascar wear European costume, black frock coats, and of age; and the hair of the chief of the mission is turning gray. They are all of dark complexion, and a journal of Marseilles, where they have landed, describes their manners as those of English gentlemen "cold and correct."

Modern Dress.

At the late Sanitary Congress in Newcastle, England, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, investigated modern dress. The of a sanitary institute, it was held in the men, women, and children who alone and its surroundings, but the Doctor was the stiff silk hat, "chimney pot." This was declared one of the most idiotic of all human ailments of torture. In England, a hat is the prescribed head-dress for lads. Young gentlemen of that aristocratic character who may have walked in procession from Dr. Blalder's school wear such hats or lose all social position. A boy sans a shiny hard hat would be a vulgarian. "The custom and fashion ruled that boys' brains should be ironed, and fashion ignored the common sense. But as to shoes, footings were worse than those used for head. One-half of the population in civilized world did not walk on feet. As a child grew, its limbs, taking bulk, fashion dictated that the feet not increase in proportion to the rest of body. If we did not exactly imitate the fashions with women's feet, we did a thing equally stupid. We did our best waste the muscles and distort the bones; we tried all we could to hamper natural action of the ankle. A greater nation than a high-heeled or a pointed shoe Dr. Carpenter could not imagine "queen of society" who could not nor keep her balance this presuming apostrophized as "a person of very intellect." It was a source of dyspepsia, consumption. A woman who could walk must be more subject to disease, one who could walk. We did, too, could to thwart nature by applying to the wrong parts of the body, a good sense of the English nation," said Carpenter, "was abolishing at least from the list of articles which young wore, but they were sadly too much even now." Then the clothing of was discussed. In summer fondly dressed their babies too scantily, in winter too much. Fine lace looked when in contrast with infantile nudity, whereas in winter sumptuous could be produced upon a baby if it overloaded with velvet and plush. "What did this presumptuous doctor go?" he said, with mingled regret and "if Parliament were to make a rule imprisonment should follow the man wore a chimney pot, the prisons in country would be sufficient to contain who would suffer martyrdom sooner give up its use."

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

A good story is told of Modjeska, in a fashionable London drawing-room, asked to give a Polish recitation. Some hesitation she commenced. She proceeded her eyes seemed to flash fire, her audience were almost spellbound by impassioned delivery. They presumed course that she was uttering the aspirations of her countrymen for freedom and announcing the oppressors of Poland, and most enthusiastic plaudits rewarded her was explained, however, that she had only reciting the ordinal numbers from 100.

Barty Sullivan, who is about to enter Parliament as a supporter of Parnell, born in Birmingham in 1824, and brought in England. He made his first appearance in Cork in 1840, and after winning considerable fame in Liverpool, Manchester, and Dublin made a successful tour at the Haymarket, London, in February, 1852. In 1857 he appeared at the Theatre, N. Y., and made a tour of the States. After six years in Australia he returned here in 1876, and played a series of unsuccessful engagements. He is careful, correct, and perspicuous declaimer, but never startles his audience. He is the first actor who has held a seat in the House of Commons.

Carrie Swain, in "Cal, the Tombor, having a genuine boom. Handsome Harry Meredith, the actor, is making a tremendous success there out the country in his own drama, "E. 10."

Williams' Manchester & Jennings company quite above average has been drawing exceptionally fine audiences. Its performances are quite of the beaten track of variety entertainments.

Albumen in Cow's Milk.

Dr. Schmidt, Mulhemin, has been investigating the nitrogenous bodies in milk, about which so much diversity of opinion has prevailed. He says that three albuminoid substances are regularly present in the milk, viz: caseine, albumen, and pepton. The average of seven analyses of 2-43 per cent. of caseine, 0.38 per cent. of albumen, and 0.13 per cent. of pepton. Under certain circumstances the amount of albumen may increase until it equals the caseine by a fermentative process. The caseine is destroyed by a boiling temperature, but its activity is not destroyed, as lactic or carbonic acid, so that in this respect it resembles the ferment that digests the albuminoids. Since milk, on long standing, may lose 10 per cent. or more of caseine by its conversion into pepton, should be made use of as fresh as possible when employed for making cheese.

Big Yield.

Some idea of the enormous quantity of grain raised in this country may be obtained from the following reliable information. This year four brothers—the Elliots—of the Elliot settlement have grown so much grain that to team it to this city it will require four teams drawing every day for a week month to clean out their granaries. Though these, probably, are the largest growers to the south, there are others who grow more extensive than is usually realized. The importance of immediate action of the City Council in dealing with the matter is not taking the step a moment too soon.—Brandon Sun.