WS IN A NUTSHELL

E MINUTES' SELECT READING.

ry of Foreign, Domestic and War ws—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

late Mr. Edward Mackay, of Mon- left $78,000 to charities.

Orangemen of Woodstock are prepar- a grand demonstration on July 12th.

rniture manufacturer, of Kingston, Adams has skipped out, owing about

clergy in the French churches at al denounce the opera bouffe per for-

J. W. A. Stewart, of Hamilton, has the Professorship of McMaster

apsis is doing a great deal of damage bids on apple trees in the vicinity of

carried off twenty Caughnawaga from Montreal vicinity for his war

man named Kirby attempted suicide hill by hanging while under the in- of drink.

N. B. Government offer $200 for the ension of Elisha S. Steeves, who shot Constable Dryden at Elgin.

ands of four hundred members of the Association have expressed their in- of attending the meeting at Mon-

Cora Wyse, a rising young Quebec has gone to Boston to fulfill an ment as leading soprano of the Signor Opera Co.

interest in reported Fenian designs lifax, which was abating somewhat, revived by the conspicuous move- an unknown steamer.

ung man named John Allan, of Lon- was engaged in chopping wood, when ker flew up and struck him in the eye, ing the eyesight.

ne Bergeron, a Montreal trader, in the door of his house with an murder his wife, who escaped out of r entrance. He was arrested.

Woodstock a lad named Daniel Mc- had his leg split from the toe nearly up up by a bolt-saw in Clark's factory, in fifteen minutes.

ung Detroit girl named Malvina who was brought to Montreal place and seduced some time ago, by her brother in an infamous

UNITED STATES.

total loss of life by the Grappler fire ty-five.

Steubenville, O., Presbytery has Rev. W. W. McLane for heresy.

Mexican Generals who neglected to ate in the national holiday have been under arrest.

Governor of New York has signed the encourage the planting of shade trees public highways.

nado of terrible violence has passed Lansing, Mich., district, commit- great damage to property.

patients in the St. Louis City Hospi- e died from the effects of a dose of given by a physician in mistake.

Bushville, Ill., Rev. S. A. Cecil, a of the Methodist church, has been ed of misappropriating the funds of urch.

inal McCloskey's door-bell was rung ay recently, and the servant found infant about two months old lying step.

thousand dollars worth of gambling tus was burned in a public square at lle the other day by order of the

the Pennsylvania Senate Mr. Nel- cked President Arthur for counten- the drinking of liquors in the White

steamer Phœnecian, which arrived at brought 871 evicted tenants from ow, Galway, Blacksop, and London-

is stated that a member of the last ature of Dakota was offered ten thous- ollars if he would vote for the bill to te the capital.

arly all the opium dens in New York closed recently in consequence of the being waged on them. Two girls aged 18, and a Chinaman caught smoking arrested.

k No. 7 exploded with a terrific re- during the New Jersey oil work fire. The ficer and a number of men within ten of the tank were saved almost by a le.

GENERAL.

ro feet of snow have fallen in portions e north of England.

e Malagasy envoys are greatly pleased their reception at Berlin.

non Farrar has been appointed to the deaconry of Westminster.

ount de St. Valiere has been designated ch Ambassador to Austria.

convention relative to the Austro-Turk- system has been signed.

he German Reichstag has ordered an en- ry into the cause of the Rhine floods.

Mathe, the autonomist, has been elect- President of the Municipal Council of s.

dvices from Hayti lead to the belief the insurgents are not gaining rapid dway.

he *North German Gazette*, alluding to the ates in the Reichstag, accuses the Pro- ians of Republicanism.

Mr. Parnell will speak at Dublin during e Whitsuntide recess against the emigra- n policy of the Government.

A meeting of the influential British owners has appointed a committee to ry out the scheme for the construction a second canal across the Isthmus ofez.

Mr. Fawcett, father of the British Post- ster General, and the accidental author of his blindness, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

Mr. Trevelyan, M. P., the Irish Secretary, has accepted the nomination of the Edinburgh University Liberal Association as candidate for the Lord Rectorship.

Bismarck is becoming daily more emaciated. His physicians have informed him that the worst may happen if he does not abandon all State work for the present.

Nobody throughout the city of Moscow except officers of the Government will be allowed to open any window or ride on horseback during the coronation procession.

A Mortgage Paying Clock.

A gentleman writes to the New York *Tribune* as follows: The notice of the death of Jeremiah Curtiss reminds me of a pleasant acquaintance with that gentleman, and the story of a clock, as related by him at his house twenty years ago, more or less. He called my attention to a clock standing at the entrance to the drawing-room at the head of the first flight of stairs. It was an old-fashioned affair, with its case standing some six feet high. Mr. Curtiss' story ran thus:

In the previous summer he had been travelling in the State of Maine with his wife, who was a native of that State. She expressed a wish to visit the home of her childhood, which had now passed into the possession of strangers. Thither they went, and upon entering the house she discovered that the old family clock was standing in its place as she had known it in her childhood days. She expressed a wish that we might purchase it, if the owners could be induced to sell. A proposition was therefore made for the purchase of the old clock, which was finally accepted, and the price of $50 was paid. The clock was packed and sent to Brooklyn, and taken to a shop for complete renovation and repair.

The clock man reported the clock a valuable one, saying that it was of German manufacture, and that it was good for another 150 years. Then Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss consulted together, questioning among themselves if they had not paid too small a sum for the clock, considering its reported value.

In order to quiet their consciences in the matter they resolved to send the people of whom they had purchased the clock another sum of money, and accordingly $150 was sent. By return mail a letter came from the mother of the family, acknowledging the receipt of the money, and thanking Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss most heartily, saying:

"That money came straight from Heaven; for a demand had just been made for a payment on the mortgage on our place, and we had not the money to meet it, and we had given up in despair that our home must go. Just then your money came, which has enabled us to make a payment, and our home is saved."

Touched by the pathetic story above related they wrote to ascertain how much the mortgage was upon the place. In reply it appeared that the original mortgage was for $1,000, which was now reduced by the $150 just paid. Another consultation followed, in which the value of the clock was considered and the satisfaction it was affording them, and the result of the conference was that the old farm in Maine should be cleared of its mortgage, and thereupon a sum was remitted for the purpose.

Shakespeare's "Macbeth" Taken from the Bible.

You will find the principal characters of "Macbeth" in the Book of Kings. Jezebel in the Bible is "Lady Macbeth" in the play. She it was that stirred up her husband to do all the deviltry he did. Then take Hazael, a servant to the King. Under the influence of his wife, Jezebel, he plots to kill his master, and become King of Syria in his stead. This plot is successful, and Hazael is crowned King. This character exactly suits that of "Macbeth." The minor characters can also be found in the Bible. Of course, Shakespeare has altered the words, but the plot and characters are to be found there. Dr. Halsey, in his lectures on Shakespeare at Princeton College, stated that Shakespeare's regular practice was to study the Bible seven hours a day. There were not so many Bibles in his time as there are now, but although very costly, he had one, and made a daily practice of studying it. Where Dr. Halsey got his information I do not know, but presume he is correct.

Though Shakespeare was undoubtedly a great man, I think he is considerably overrated, so far as his originality in concerned. I think he was not endowed with the genius of originality, but rather with the genius of arranging the writings of those gone before, and re-writing them in an attractive style. —*Rev. Richard Lee, D. D.*

A Tornado's Force.

A vivid impression of the sudden fury of the Southern cyclone is conveyed by this brief statement of Mr. B. F. Jones, of Beauregard, Miss., who, the moment he saw the danger coming, called his wife and little boy into the yard and made them lie flat on the ground and grasp some little shrubs which stood within reach: "I put my arm about my wife," says Mr. Jones, "while with the other I clasped a small tree, and made my son lie close up to me, and then I said to them, 'Hold on, hold on, for God's sake! It is for life!' and then the wind came. There was a whirl and a roar. I was shaken, and heard the crash of my falling house. An instant and it was over. I still held my wife in my arms, but she was insensible, and my boy was still nestling close to me, but bruised and bleeding." All three escaped without serious injury, thanks to Mr. Jones presence of mind and the prompt obedience of his wife and child.

Prepare yourselves for the world as the Grecian athletes used to do for their exercises; oil your mind and your manners to give them the necessary suppleness and flexibility. Strength alone will not do.

He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his house and surreptitiously carries away his goods.

The Chinese Colony in New York City.

Chinatown is often mentioned in the New York papers. Anyone who knows where Chatham Square is, could find Chinatown quite easily. There isn't much of it, though, when it is found; just one end of a shabby street, Mott by name. Some of the house are tenements, with dark halls, rickety doors and windows and a perpetual bad smell. Others were once private houses, with high stoops and a moderately good appearance, but now almost as shabby as the tenements. Nearly every house has a sign in Chinese characters, and all the dingy stores have stripes of yellow or red paper in the windows inscribed in the same way. Many of the door posts bear similar embellishments, each and every one of which is the most utterly incomprehensible Greek to all white barbarians. Go into Chinatown any time you please, and you will find Celestials on guard at almost every doorway. They seem to be merely lounging about, and to have no particular interest in anything, but they are watching sharply all the time. The gambling places, opium dens and lottery shops are never without pickets, who eye all passers very keenly and answer questions without any waste of words. "No sabe," is the invariable reply to barbarians straying around with conundrums. "As tight as a clam" and "dumb as an oyster," are old phrases for reticence, but "as close as a Chinaman" would fit quite as well. A Chinaman can tell a reporter by instinct, and is closer than ever when a member of that worthy brotherhood drifts around after notes. He needs to be an especially energetic reporter who penetrates the picket lines of a Chinese gambling den or lottery shop. The barbarians can get into an opium "joint" without much trouble, but the other places are for Celestials alone. No one else could understand the games that are played, or what the queer combinations mean. It is said that both the games and the lotteries are all square, but only the Chinese themselves know whether they are or not. They are carried on in dark foul places, as far from the street as possible, and only those who know just how to proceed can get in at all. The stores in Chinatown do not invite the barbarian's trade. No goods are kept but those which Chinamen buy. Very few luxuries are found in any; but the Celestial is not a luxurious animal. Opium doesn't cost much, and the indulgence in it is the height of his extravagance. The idea of luxury does not exactly harmonize with the hard fact of existence on fifteen cents a day. As to

THE NUMBER OF CHINESE

In New York, it is not easy to get at the actual figures. Those in Chinatown could probably be counted, or a fair guess made, anyway; but they don't all live in Chinatown, by any means. That place is merely their headquarters. The number scattered through other parts of the city, chiefly with a view to laundry profits, is larger, I think, than could be counted in Chinatown itself. All the way from the Battery to Harlem, the whole eight and a half miles of Gotham's length, these unassimilating Mongolians are to be found. A few years ago, when there was an outcry about a Chinese invasion, it was said the number in New York was not less than 3,000. When the census men of 1880 came around, however, they figured up less than 1,000. They probably got as near the mark as the guessers, anyway. But there has been a considerable increase since 1880, and I suppose the present number might be put at 2,000 for New York City. Counting in those in Brooklyn and the Jersey suburbs, the total may not be far from 3,000. All are workers at one thing or another. There are no loafers among them, and no deadbeats, so far as heard from. The Chinaman's cardinal principle is to earn his living, which shows a vast abysm of difference between him and some proud Caucasians. But then, if he can live on fifteen cents a day, the earning should not be very hard. There are very few, however, who don't pick up at least two dollars a day one way or another, and some contrive to make from three to five dollars. There is a notion, I believe, that a great many Chinese in New York are employed as servants. I have read picturesque accounts of Fifth avenue ladies invading Chinatown in their handsome family carriages in search of likely young Chinamen for the domestic staff. But the number of Chinese employed in this way is really quite small—not more, I am pretty sure, than a couple of score all told. I do not know a single family that employs a Chinese servant. Where such servants are employed, the pay is about the same that good white servants receive. The stories about Chinese getting twice the wages of white servants are all nonsense. As a rule, where males are employed for household work, colored men are preferred. These are paid from $18 to $25 a month, with board. I do not think that any Chinamen get more, and I hear that a good many female servants in private families get as much. It certainly is not as servants that the Chinese interfere with the white labour in New York, and for that matter their interference with it is very little any way.

WAR IN CHINATOWN.

At present there is much excitement in New York Chinatown over a sort of "boss" question. The *Sun's* Chinese reporter, Ah Wong, has made an ambitious attempt to write it up in English, with an amusing result as to grammar. But this English grammer of ours can trip up lots of folks besides the heathen. The Tom Lee already mentioned has carried things with a high hand in many ways. Though no longer a deputy sheriff, he still assumes airs of authority. He has played boss so long that the thought of giving it up now goes very much against the grain with him. Besides playing deputy sheriff, he has exercised the functions of "head man" in the Mott street colony for some years. Now a large faction down there wants to depose him, and another faction objects. Ah Wong says "there is danger that the unpleasantness will not only be the means of the eventual breaking up of several leading Chinese business houses, and a whole *serious* of expensive law-suits but even the shedding of heathen blood is hinted at." The two factions are locally known as the Sin Ning and Sung Chong men on one side and the Ha Sin Ning men on the other. Tom Lee is a Ha Sin Ning man, and the other heathen wants him to step down and out. They have been holding meetings in Oong Wah's grocery, with a view to bouncing Tom, and it certainly looks very much as if Tom would soon find things made pretty warm for him. But it is to be hoped that the row will be settled without any shedding of heathen blood by heathen hands. The civilized hoodlum can do enough of that.

THE CHINESE PAPER.

The Chinese paper that was started a couple of months ago is doing pretty well. It had a strike in the office the other day, but the editor, Wong Chin Foo, managed to overcome it. His staff, consisting of a single Celestial skilled in the art of printing Chinese characters on paper in such a way that plates for printing could be prepared from them, struck for an advance of wages from $12 to $15 a week. Wong Chin Foo refused and the staff retired, with a view to starting a laundry. Wong Chin Foo hunted around for another staff and finally found one willing to set up tea-chest and fire-cracker literature for the $12 a week despised by his predecessor. So the *Chinese-American* sails in smooth water again. It does not promise to make Wong Chin Foo a millionaire, but it gives him a living anyway, and it may do better by and by. The newsboys sometimes offer it for sale as a curiosity, but I have not yet seen any barbarian invest in it.

Etiquette of the Gallows.

Anecdotes of scaffold etiquette are quaint fragments of lore worth repeating. It seems that there was a regular code for settlement of all questions of precedence, or for the regular conduct of the "business" when a question arose. Thus when different degrees of nobility met a common fate beneath the executioner's axe, a duke was first decapitated, then an earl, and after him a baron. As an instance of this, when the Earl of Kilmarnock offered the priority of death to his fellow-sufferer, Baron Balmerino, the Sheriff interfered and would not permit the Earl to be executed in any other than his proper order. The right of preference was something claimed by the condemned themselves, as when once a sweep and a highwayman were being conveyed to Tyburn Tree in the same cart. As they went up Holborn Hill, the highwayman haughtily exclaimed to the chimney sweep, "Stand off, fellow!" to which the knight of the brush replied: "Stand off yourself, Mr. Highwayman; I have as good a right to be here as you have!" There are not wanting other rules and forms to be observed. When Capel was about to address the spectators of his death with his hat on, the executioner commanded him to take it off before he addressed the people.—*Gibbet Lore*, by William Andrews, F.R.H.S.

A Crown for Sale.

London is the mart of the world. You may buy anything here, from a wife or a white slave, to a castle, a palace, or a pedigree. It is not often, however, that a crown is in the market. Such is the case, in all sober seriousness, to-day. There is an island somewhere to the east of Sardinia, to be bought, all except the port, which is the property of King Humbert. The rest is *en vente*, the price being £30,000, and the purchaser will be permitted, if it suits his caprice, to assume the name, style, and title of King, such being the designation of the vendor, who prefers hard case to barren acres and barren honor, like a wise old Roman. Here is a fine chance for Mr. Shoddy, Mr. Brummagem, and those numerous plutocrats who will back any political party that will covenant to give them a Baronetcy in return for hard cash and their votes. A King is surely a cut above a Baronet, and, among other advantages, he could make all his progeny Princes and Princesses, and he might recoup himself by selling titles ad libitum.—*From the London Truth.*

A Canine Witness.

At Bow Street Police Court, London, a fine Newfoundland dog appeared lately in the witness box, his fore paws resting on the witness box edge, while he gazed intelligently around. His evidence was interpreted to the Court by his master, a Mr. Lyford. It was to the effect that the dog had run down the steps of the Thames embankment to enjoy a splash when he observed a woman struggling in the water. His first impulse was to plunge in after her, but a moment's reflection told him that there would be great difficulty in landing her with out assistance. He therefore hurried back to his master, looked up into his face, gave two short barks, and ran down the steps again. When he saw his master following he jumped into the river, and dragged the woman to the embankment. Meanwhile Mr. Lyford had walked into the water up to his knees, and was able to reach the woman with his cane, and to assist in pulling her to the shore.

A Man who Never Drinks Water.

A gentleman of this town having recently made a trip through Webster county, Kentucky, tells us of a man he met who has never taken a drink of water, though now 35 years of age. His name is Thomas Lawton, and he is a kinsman of W. C. Carnahan, of this place and Mr. Carnahan vouches for the truth of the statement that he never drank water. Mr. Lawton says that he has no desire whatever for the purest beverage known to creation; neither has he any inclination to partake of it in any of the adulterated forms. He has had raging fevers and shaking chills, but nothing in his composition calls for a drink. He drinks milk for its nourishing virtues and coffee as a preventive for painter's cholic, for he is a painter by trade. He once drank some mineral water, taking it as a tonic, but the fluid was so repugnant to his taste that he did not remain long at the springs.—*Crittenden (Ky.) Press.*

The Microphone.

Mr. Stroh, during a discussion at the last meeting of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, described a highly ingenious experiment with the microphone, from which he deduced that "during the time when the carbons are really in what is called microphonic contact, they are not in contact at all, or, at all events, that there is a repellant action at the point of contact. In the experimental apparatus one small rod of carbon was attached at one end of an almost frictionless oscillating rod, having on its opposite side an extremely light concave reflector. The other end of this carbon rod fell across another carbon rod, which was fixed. The displacement of a spot of light reflected by the mirror showed that the upper carbon was repelled through the two thousandth part of a millimeter.—*Scientific American.*

THE IMPORTED KIND.

Jupiter, having created the mosquito, the flea and all the vile orders of the entozoa and the epizoa, paused for a moment in perplexity.

"Now, what in thunder shall I make for them to prey upon?" he asked himself musingly.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him.

He made man.

"And so," says the narrator, closing his story, "they took him up to the cemetery in a gold-mounted hearse, with four black horses and all the bands in the garrison playing the 'Dead March!'"

"Very grand, I dessay," remarks the listener, "but I don't care for style. Going to the cemetery on foot is good enough for me!"

Guibollard has read in a journal scientific that we were coming to construct at the Estranger a telescope reapproaching the moon at thirty two leagues of our globe.

"The imprudents!" he cries himself with terror; "they will so much do that they will make her fall upon we!"

"Prisoner, why did you kill your wife?"

"Because life with her had become unbearable."

"You should have separated from her."

"I had promised that I would never desert her while she lived."

Dialogue between a young clerk and his employer:

"Did you wish to speak to me, young man?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir. You see, sir, at present I am doing precisely the same work that X. does, and I get thirty francs a month less pay. I feel sure that when you come to consider this you will—"

"Quite right, my young friend, and I thank you for calling my attention to the irregularity. It shall be readjusted. I will dock X. thirty francs!"

A young woman calls upon her shoemaker, the most fashionable artist in the city, and complains that her new boots burst on the very first day that she wore them.

"It cannot be, madame," says the artist firmly but respectfully. "It is simply impossible that—"

"But, look here!" says the customer, producing a package containing the boot.

The artist examines it carefully and with perplexity. At last his face lights up.

"I see how it was!" he cries, triumphantly; "you have been out walking with them on!"—New York *World.*

Barnum's Elephants Bathing.

When Barnum's elephants were bathing in the Missouri River at Omaha two years ago, Pilot—the ugly one just killed—and Albert refused to come out of the water with the others. They were in fact, heading for the opposite shore when a keeper named Artingstall plunged in and swam out to them, carrying his "prod" in his mouth. One blow from Pilot's trunk or foot would have sent him into eternity. He swam to the further side with one hand and with the other prodded away at Pilot. Recognizing his voice and catching sight of the fork, they turned toward the shore. Finding that he could not keep up with them, Artingstall made a spurt, and seizing Pilot's tail, mounted him, pretty nearly worn out. Pilot's sides were wet and smooth as glass. With one foot on his back, the other on his head, he reached shore, followed by Albert, amongst the shouts and cheers of circus men and spectators. The herd, which had been waiting for them, stampeded and rushed up the bluff where the company were sitting. The most daring riders, intrepid trapezists, acrobats, side-show talkers, and canvas men tumbled to the sands twenty-five feet below. Then the herd, satisfied with the sensation they had produced, trotted quietly to the tent.

Sixty Hours in the Water.

A remarkable instance of sustained muscular effort is given in the *Medical Press* as having occurred in an Australian mine. The drift from one shaft having unexpectedly broken into another, a rapid inundation took place, so that in a few minutes the lower levels were flooded and the water stood thirty feet in the shaft. Twenty-seven men in one part of the workings were unable to ascend the shaft, being caught in a drift where the water soon rose so high that only by clinging to the timbers could they keep their chins above it. One by one during the terrible sixty hours that elapsed before help came did the men drop off exhausted; but five of them succeeded in holding during the whole of that time, and were brought out alive. The bodies of the other twenty-two were found scattered about on the floor of the drift. Great indeed are the strength and tenacity inspired by desperation, when they could enable five men to hang on by their hands with their bodies immersed in water for sixty hours.

LEAVEN OF HUMOR.

The original dude was Goliah. He is the first man on record who had a bang on his forehead.

When a certain bachelor was married, members of the Bachelor Club broke him up by sending him, as a wedding present, a copy of "Paradise Lost."

"No, father isn't a drone, either," said a bright lad; "he's a philanthropist, and collects money for the heathen in Africa to pay for our house and things."

An old colored preacher in Atalanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "an' it's when a boy gits a whippin' for goin' to a ball."

Proverbial philosophy: Abstinence makes the heart grow fonder. All swell that ends swell—as regards shoes. One swallow does not make a bummer. Distance lends enchantment to a few. Let me make the ballets of an opera, and I care not who writes its scores. Woman is not so fair as she's painted. Catch your hair before you shave