

THE WORLD OVER.

The new fortifications around Paris are no safeguard, according to German military authorities, but its siege would be more difficult than in 1870.

A genuine English sole is reported to have been caught in Long Island Sound near New Haven, a few days ago, and sent to a prominent naturalist for preservation.

Of thirteen lynchings conducted by one band of vigilantes in Montana during the three months, it is claimed that the right man was hanged in twelve instances.

Careful examination shows that in Massachusetts 32 per cent. of females in the laboring classes and 11 per cent. of males work on Sunday, in addition to their weekly services.

The Russian Government has decided that liquors shall be retailed only in hotels and eating houses. As a result of this edict 90,000 volks shops will be closed on Jan. 1, 1886.

A court martial recently condemned the chief surgeon of a Rhinish infantry regiment to nine years in the penitentiary for illegally letting off young men from military service.

A Justice in Georgia recently undertook to marry two couples at once and married both women to one of the men before he was aware of the fact. He afterward got the matter straightened out to the satisfaction of the contracting parties.

The Commission appointed by the Spanish Government to investigate the great Andalusian earthquake last Christmas reports that over 17,000 buildings were injured in Granada and Malaga, of which 4,400 were ruined; 745 persons were killed, and 1,485 wounded.

An ocean steamer lately took out to New Zealand a consignment of bumble bees. At present clover does not seed in that country, because there are no bumble bees to fertilize the flowers. The importer hopes that the bumble bees will save him \$3,000 a year in clover seed.

The price of the Genista, says the London Court Journal, is going up. Four thousand pounds sterling has been refused, but it is intimated that a compromise between that sum and the price asked for the cutter, £6,000, may be effected. This should mean that five thousand will do it.

It is doubtful if a legislative body in any country ever passed a law that was so completely and universally ignored as the anti-trading act of the last Legislature of Nevada. Everybody claims the right to treat a friend, and the claim is so reasonable that even the officers do not dispute it.

It required three men with a large wagon to move in lively fashion during the whole of a day lately to gather up and return to Hillsdale College, Mich., the 600 chairs and benches that had been distributed among the barns and fields in the neighboring country on the preceding night by the students.

Late measurements give the height of the Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, as 17,809 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscure within by sulphurous vapor, is about 2 1/2 miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire centre of the top of the mountain seem to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of about a ton a day.

At the German naval port of Wilhelmshaven, on the North Sea, a number of laborers who were engaged in cleaning the

iron hull of a steamer etc the mussels they found clinging thereto. The consequence was that nineteen of the men were taken violently ill, with unmistakable symptoms of poisoning, and in the course of a few hours four of them died.

An old inhabitant of the English village of Wednesbury, named Edward Hampson, a coachsmith, has just come into possession of \$4,000,000 under the will of his uncle, Adam Roades, cattle dealer, of New Zealand. Roades, who was a Wednesbury man, left his native town fifty-three years ago almost penniless, and since that time he has acquired his wealth by means of cattle farming.

The French Government has commissioned Lieut. Palat, who is about to undertake a journey across the Sahara desert, from the Mediterranean Sea to Timbuctoo, to inquire into the feasibility of establishing a caravan route between the Sudan and Algeria, with a view to diverting to that province some of the commerce of the Sudanese and Saharan tribes that now flows only to Morocco and Tripoli.

One hundred and five years ago Nicholas Thomas and Lucy Somes lived in Mt. Desert Me., and wanted to be married. There was no minister within thirty miles and so they married themselves. On the town records under date of 1780, is the contract which they drew up and signed—agreeing, in "the presence of God, the angels, and these witnesses, to love, to cherish and nourish," and to "love, honor, and obey," as husband and wife as long as God should continue their lives.

To Mr. Willis, the well-known British student and operator in photography, is due the success achieved in the art of photochemical printing in metallic platinum in its metallic state as a pigment, but in obtaining permanent and practical results by a method in which the particles of pigments forming the pictures are imbedded in and entangled among the fibres of the paper on which they are printed, not depending for their adhesion on the use of any sizing material. Paper is coated with a mixture of aqueous solutions of ferric oxalate and potassium chloro-platinate, then dried, and exposed to light under a negative. After it has had a sufficient exposure it is floated on a hot aqueous solution containing potassium oxalate and a salt of platinum. This solution instantly develops the picture, which is then washed in one or two solutions, to remove the chemical salts adhering to the paper.

Killing a Man-Eater.

Only two creatures are distinctly known as "man-eaters," namely, the shark and the tiger. Thousands of human beings are devoured annually in India by tigers, so that nothing can strike greater consternation into the hearts of the poor defenceless villagers of that great country than the cry of "tiger!" Any one who kills one of these beasts is regarded as a public benefactor; and perhaps among the reasons why the British have gained such a foothold in the country, is that Englishmen are so passionately fond of hunting, scores and hundreds of tigers, not to mention other wild animals, falling victims to their prowess every year. An officer in the British army of India gives the following description of his first experience with a man-eater:

I waited for daylight with much anxiety, and directly there was sufficient light, I got my people up and started for the place where we had tied a calf. Scarcely two hundred yards had been passed when we

heard the tiger, which fastened that part of the forest, roar loudly.

My guide, the father of the only remaining family in the village, whispered, "Wah hai—that he is!" I replied, "If you run, you are a dead man. Keep behind us." Placing in front my headhunter, Mangkalee, who has a very good sight, while, in the dark, my own is very bad, we hurried along the path.

Coming to some rocks from which I knew that the tied-up calf could be seen, and thinking that the shikaree might not have remembered the spot, I pulled him back cautiously. I looked. There was the white calf, apparently dead. Mangkalee remarked as much in a whisper. The younger shikaree, Nursoo, was behind me on the left. We all gazed at a tall. The distance was some sixty yards from us, but we could not make out the tiger.

At length the end of the tall moved. Nursoo, making a similar motion with his fore-finger, whispered in my ear, "Doom-hi-ha-ha" (The tall's moving). I now made out the body of the animal clear enough. Not a blade of grass nor a leaf was between us. A single forest tree, without a branch on it for thirty feet from the ground, was twenty yards nearer the tiger.

It was very probable that he would see us, but it must be risked; so pressing down my shikaree, Mangkalee, with my hand behind me, and keeping the trunk of the tree between the foe and me, while I said with myself, "If I get behind that tree without your seeing me, you're a dead tiger," I passed rapidly forward. So intent was the huge beast upon the poor calf, that it did not hear me. I placed the barrels of my rifle against the tree, but was obliged to wait.

The tiger and the calf lay contiguous, tails on end to us. The calf's neck was in the tiger's mouth, whose large jaws embraced his victim. I looked, waiting for some change in the position of the body, to allow me to aim at a vital part. There were some forty paces between us.

At length the calf gave a struggle, and kicked the tiger, on which the latter clapped him nearer, arching his own body, and exposing the white of his belly and chest. I pulled the trigger very slowly, aiming at the white and firing for his heart,—he was on his left side,—as if I was firing at an egg for a thousand pounds.

I knew that I hit the spot aimed at, but, to my astonishment, the tiger sprang up several feet in the air with a roar, rolled over, and towards me,—for he was on higher ground than I was,—when, bounding to his feet as if unscathed, he made for the mountains, the last rock of which was within forty yards of him.

Immediately the tiger sprang to his feet and exposed his broad side to me, I stepped from behind the tree and shot him through the heart. He went straight on at undiminished speed, each bound covering fifteen feet at least, for twenty-five yards, and then fell on his head under the lowest rock of the mountain, in which was his stronghold. His extreme length, as he lay dead, was ten feet eight inches; his tail was only three feet three. His head was very large. The points of all his large fangs were considerably broken; this had saved the calf, who, though much scratched and with sundry holes in his neck, was alive, and is now well and happy with my milch cattle at Naypore.

Josh Billings wrote: "I have known a man who was so pious that when he went fishing on Sunday he always prayed to the Lord for good luck."

The Red Indians of Newfoundland.

BY A. G. WINSTON.

Little is known of the once powerful though now extinct Beothuks or Beothuks tribe of red Indians, the aborigines of Newfoundland, that at one time sported along the sea-coast, and in the interior of the country, pitching their wigwams along the margin of its beautiful lakes and rivers, which teem with fish of the finest description, and giving chase to the noble caribou or reindeer that in vast numbers traversed the country from north to south, displaying their skill in the handling of the bow and arrow which they can use with great dexterity, and shooting the rapids with their light swift canoes, made from skins or the bark of birch trees neatly sewn together. One can easily imagine that Newfoundland, with its wild animals, its numerous lakes and rivers teeming with fish, its marshes swarming with poornigrans, curlew, plover and snipe, whilst on the plains or barrens may be met countless herds of reindeer; what a paradise this must have been to these wild and savage aborigines, where:—

"Untamed, no taught, in arms or arts unskilled; Their pastoral soil they rudely tilled, Chased the free rovers of the savage wood, Ensnared the wild bird, swept the costly food; Or when the halcyon sported in the brook, In light canoes they skimmed the rippling sea, The passing moment, all their bliss or care; Such as their stars had been—the children were."

Here they sported along its shores, and with the returning winter, sought refuge in the interior, where amidst its beautiful forests game in abundance could still be found. Here in perfect security, their hunting grounds, unintruded upon, they erected their wigwams far from the reach of civilization. Here in perfect happiness and savage luxury they reigned undisputed.

When, therefore, John Cabot discovered Newfoundland in 1497, and came in contact with the aborigines of the island, who were clothed with skins and painted with red ochre, they naturally beheld his approach with terror and astonishment, thinking that he had traversed the ocean with, was an enormous bird or animal. As no resistance was made, and as they seemed inclined to come to friendly terms, Cabot, with his crew, landed, and at once a friendly intercourse took place amongst them. It is evident that they must have become warm and close friends, for on Cabot taking leave of the Newfoundlanders, three Indians accompanied him on his return voyage. But, unfortunately, the discovery of the island proved fatal to them. From the first friendly feelings had always existed between the Indians and their white invaders; this friendship, however, could not last long. The Indians, reared in their savage state, knew not the difference between right and wrong. Children of the forest though they were, loving the wild nature and freedom which were always theirs, bounding through the thick forests seeking the wild birds, and chasing the reindeer over barrens, on their swift and powerful steeds. To cure them of their wild and savage state was impossible. When the island, therefore, became more thickly populated, the Indians became more and more reserved towards the whites. They now suspected that their territory would be taken from them and become the property of their invaders. Already the axe of the woodman and settler could be heard resounding through the forest. The sea-coast began to swarm with men, busy and eager to gather the fortune that awaited them. Here, on the waters, could be seen boats of all nations gathering in the harbors that were of more value than the rich mines of Chili and Peru or the diamond fields of Africa; and over the barrens could be heard the sound of the rifle, as the hunter or trapper emerged from the outskirts of the forest, and bounded over the plains, scattering the rabbits or hares from their covers, in their wild and mad career. No wonder, that envious and jealous feelings gathered within the breasts of the Indians, as they saw their beautiful forests give way before the march of civilization, the wild animals robbed of their beautiful furs and the sea of their riches. Instead of friendly intercourse with the whites, a feeling of revenge and hatred came over them.

These savage children of the forest began at first to show a tendency to appropriate the white man's goods and wares whenever the opportunity occurred; this led to disputes and finally bloodshed. The hunters and trappers felt that the Indians were a source of annoyance, and they were looked upon as only fit to be destroyed.

The peace and harmony which the Indians had previously enjoyed were now about to be ended forever. Their hunting grounds were invaded by a tribe of Micmacs from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, who, having learnt the use of fire-arms, carried on a war of extermination against them, which continued for a number of years. The Government made strenuous efforts to bring about a peaceful settlement, but of no avail. The unfeeling, barbarous hunters and trappers, assisted by the savage brutality of the Micmacs, had raised the savage nature of the once powerful red Indians, and at length "war to the knife" was proclaimed between the two races. Everywhere the Beothuks were hunted like wolves. Their bows and arrows could avail them nothing against the fire-arms of their invaders.

In order to bring about a reconciliation, the Governor, Sir John Duckworth, soon after his arrival in St. John's, in the summer of 1810, issued a proclamation enjoining all persons who came in contact with the red Indians to treat them with kindness so as to conciliate their affections. He also offered to anyone who should bring about and establish a permanent peace upon a firm and settled footing, the sum of one hundred pounds, and such a person he would honorably mention to His Majesty the King. But, unfortunately, it came too late; the Indians who had at one time maintained friendly relations with the white man, became at length fierce and implacable foes, and refused all overtures for peaceable intercourse. In the Autumn of the same year, Lieut. Buchan, with the assistance of William Cull, formed an exploring party for the purpose of seeking the Indians and if possible opening up communication with them. Having penetrated about one hundred and thirty miles in the interior, he came upon some wigwams of the Indians. These he surrounded, and their occupants, to the number of seventy, fell into his hands. He soon, however, overcame their terror, and established a peaceful footing with them. Seeing that the white men were friends instead of foes, four of the In-

dians, including the chief, accompanied Lieut. Buchan back to a place where he had some presents, promising to be back the next morning. As the Indians and whites remained behind until the return of Lieut. Buchan the next morning. The following day, finding that Lieut. Buchan had not returned with their chief, the Indians began to suspect treachery and the Indians surrounded the two men and immediately ordered Lieut. Buchan returned and ordered to find the corpses of the two men who had heads severed from the body. The Indians occurred, and fearing that a similar fate awaited them, if they remained, they were never seen again. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

One minute's imprisonment in jail with punishment imposed on a man charged with Clarendon (Ark.) court with having sold the products of land for which he had failed to pay the rent. The trial occupied several days, and up to the verdict being pronounced the condemned walked across the court square and placed himself in charge of the Sheriff who took him to the jail, where he served out one minute's time.

The general depression of trade has made itself very severely felt in the art world of England. Some of the artists, poor as they are, have been reduced to such a state of humanity economizes in when it will not draw in the reins of self-indulgence. Well-known artists of established reputation find it difficult to dispose of their productions, and it is said that one painter has been so far reduced that he is glad to keep his life hanging by the lowly industry of cheap painting pictures.

Poole, the famous London tailor, who died some time ago, was no Cockney but a genuine pure Yankee. The American Anglo-American who patronized him under the pseudonym of "The Yankee" was thoroughly "English," he learned the truth. The fact of the matter is, it is extremely doubtful if first-class American tailors are not *facile pariter* in their business. And that English tailors, in the real sort, that is those who have never been anywhere else but in England, with all their excellencies, have not the same gift of stylish finish and cut to clothes as the architects on this side the water.

Here is a good example of the practical value of knowledge and the disadvantages of ignorance as to the relative values of things. A Connecticut man received a Persian rug as a present. Small-sized creature and bargain-hunter that he was, he got an opportunity to trade it for an equal carpet and snatched at the chance, thinking he had a good thing. The man who got the rug, and so were several other ingenious amuses through whose hands it passed in course of trade. Finally, a connoisseur in possession of it for \$20 and found no difficulty in disposing of it for twenty times as much he had paid for it. What is the use of casting pearls before swine?

The days of skating are coming again, and already pleasing anticipations of many an hour's pleasure sport are making glad the hearts of youth, and of a good many also that are not so young. Goodness is nine-tenths of the art of skating, and all who indulge in this most exhilarating of all winter sports, should seek with all their power to secure a graceful carriage with the ice. If there is anything awfully looking on earth it is the skater who sports along at an angle of thirty or thereabouts with arms going like the wings of a wind-mill and legs exhibiting curious gymnastics. There is no greater mistake that young skaters can make than to sacrifice grace for mere rapidity. Such rapidity is too dearly bought.

Nobody need despair of a Chinaman. He learns the ways of the white man's civilization with remarkable quickness. A good example of this comes from California, where they have recently established a trade union, and tested it a few days ago in the most approved fashion by ordering a strike of the sixty celestial employed in a cigar factory where there were 28 white laborers, the object being to compass the dismissal of the latter. There was no complaint about wages—the offensiveness of pale-faced competition it was that troubled Ah Sin. The strike appears to be exactly of a kind which the coal miners' strike in Wyoming appears to have shown a superior humanity and regard for the forms of law.

A St. Louis paper deals very successfully with those crude thinkers who are contented with bawling low prices as if they were a national calamity. "Is it," says this level-headed journal, "a calamity that a million families should be able to buy flour at 27 instead of 33 cents a pound; sugar at 7 instead of 10 cents; a cooking stove for \$9 instead of \$12; a suit of clothes for \$5 instead of \$4; a blanket for \$2 instead of \$4? Are there not more consumers than producers in this country, and are not low prices, therefore, favorable to the larger number? Of course they are. Every father of a family can let nobody be deceived by anybody's wailings about low prices, it is himself to be mourning over, nothing else.

To give lawyers their due they are a pretty long suffering class in their relation to the judges. They have a respect for the bench which it takes a good deal to overthrow in the person of any particular occupant of the office. The majority of them reveal a soundness of feeling in receiving notices from their Lordships which says a great deal for their self-restraint. And so we may conclude that things must be in a very bad way indeed, when a resolution of the County Board, respecting the Judge of the County Court, was carried by a vote of 51 to 49, a dissatisfaction existing in the minds of a large number of the bar of this county, and his Honor the Judge of this county, owing to his habitual discourtesy towards them in the discharge of his duties as Judge, well founded, and is a matter of extreme regret." This is certainly very strong. It is not strong, then the Judge in question is "habitually discourteous" in the discharge of his duties has utterly mistaken his position.

The Glory and Majesty of the Universe BY THOR. WEATHERS.

For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. -2

This world I deem But a beautiful dream That are not what they seem; Who would not rise Giving dim surmises Of that which shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord! Creating Word! Who glory the client skies record! In scrolls of flame With the firmament's high-shedding frame!

I gaze overhead On the steepled roof And wonder the warp and woof, And stored the dew, In its depths of blue, With the fire of the sun came tempered thro'

Soft they shiver Through that pure shrine; Through that pure shrine; Through that pure shrine; Through that pure shrine;

A postscript sent To shade us as we stand From the bare everlasting firmament; Where the glow of the skies Comes to us as if From a veil of mystical imagines!

But could I see, As in truth they be, As in heaven that encompass me, I should tightly hold The flames of blue, That marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole, As a parchment scroll, All before my amazed sight unroll; And without a screen As I must be seen Presence wherein I have ever been.

But who may bear The blinding glare The Majesty that shines there? What eyes may gaze On the unveiled blaze The light-gilded throne of the Ancient of Days St. John's College, Cambridge, England.

Little Shop-Girl.

"She's an old darling," said Grace Craxall, and I mean to help her all I can. I've a beautiful recipe for chocolate eclairs on Friday evening I am going there to see up all that I can, so that the school-children will buy them on Saturday. I know how to make cinnamon apple tart and lemon drops and cocoanut balls. Grace I do believe you have taken leave of your senses," said Medora May. "On my word it is a disgrace enough for Aunt Deborah—our own mother's sister—to open a little huckster shop without our ourselves up in the affair." But Aunt Debby must live, you know, Grace, who was perched, kitten-fashion in window-sill, feeding the canary with sparkling white sugar. "And Cousin Deborah can't keep her any longer, and eyes are not strong enough for fine needlework, and her education has not fit her to be a teacher, and her poor old-fashioned books keep her from going to a counter or entering a factory. I suppose you wouldn't be willing to have come and live with you?" cried Medora. "Do you suppose I would proclaim to the whole town that I was such a dilapidated old relation as would take her quick enough," said Grace. "If I didn't board with Mrs. Howitt, I'd share the little up-stairs back room with the two children. Just wait until I become rich man," she added, with a uplifting of her Auburn brows, "and see if I don't furnish up a stately apartment for Aunt Debby?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said Medora. "It's very nice, isn't it, that a girl like you is going to marry a man?"

Craxall laughed merrily. All her life she and her cousin, Medora, had agreed to differ on most points, seeing no other career before her had, death of her last surviving parent, fully entered a factory, while Medora, who had done fine sewing and silk-drying on the airy to support herself, on all the airs of a young lady of the white. And now Aunt Deborah to the infinite disgust of her aristocratic low-windedness, had actually opened a shop in a shady street out of the main thoroughfare, and Medora despairingly expressed it, "I would trade!"

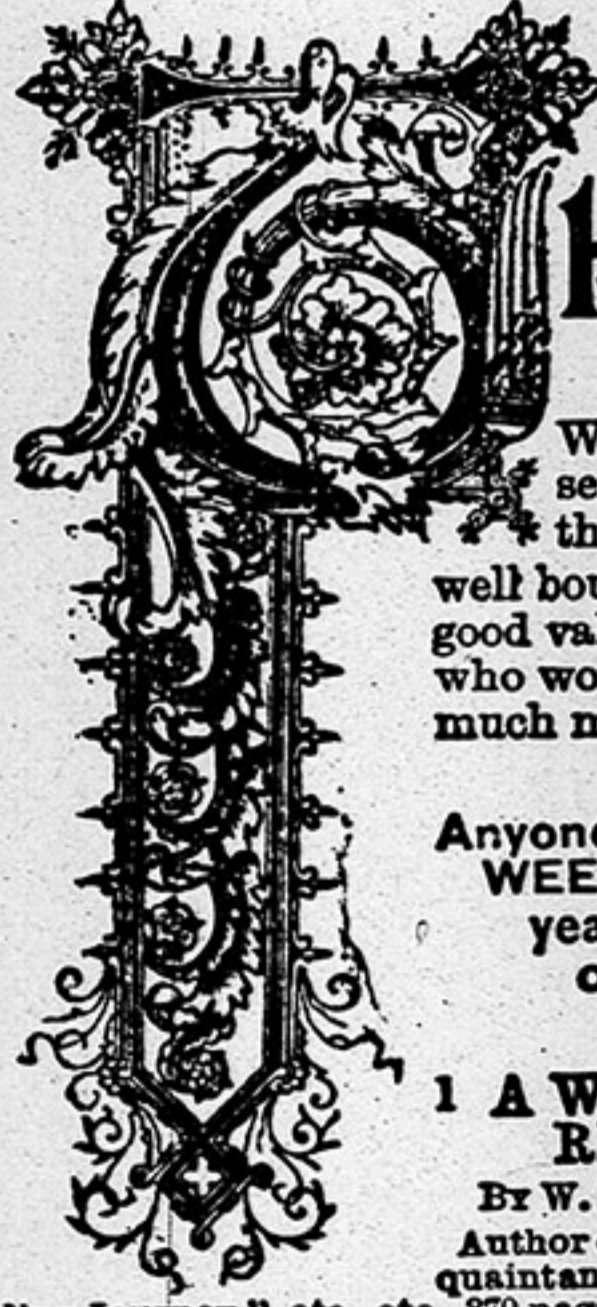
Aunt Debby, in her bewildered loneliness scarcely known what to do until Craxall came to the rescue with her courage and straightforward common sense. "I wish it wasn't sinful to take a landman and put myself out of the highest the poor old lady." "Yes, Aunt Debby, that doesn't sound like what am I to do?" said Aunt Deborah.

"Can you do?" said Grace. "I don't know as I am good for anything, but I'd like to have a quiet tear or two, to help around the house, and I'm strong enough for regular hired help. I should always used to say I was a hand at making bread."

"I haven't got ten dollars a month," said Aunt Debby. "I'll give you a little store to let on Bay Street, for ten dollars a month. I haven't got ten dollars a month," said Aunt Debby. "I'll give you a little store to let on Bay Street, for ten dollars a month. I haven't got ten dollars a month," said Aunt Debby. "I'll give you a little store to let on Bay Street, for ten dollars a month."

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