

the need of... comes to all... returned hand... over a... We have... of artists... to help... in imper... of those who have... Hunt, with their... year after year... considered pictures... overcome prejudices... from the critics... encouragements, in... they should starve... to talk... should starve... and hastening... it not give up. You... nature. If you need... the two men was... it was feared... upon Millie's... came at last... complete. With... picture he had... years of unre... commissions... for several years... to bed one night... yment, and waken... become famous, and... was wide open... assistance, Hunt... the world with... Temple" and the... fish efforts to help... On one occasion... hanging committee... Birt sent a picture... great merit, but no... Turner pleaded... the committee... looked at the picture... becoming more and... receding, insisted that it was still overruled... about going into the... took down one... it out of the room... place. The picture... it was saved from... in the year 1826... Cologne was to be... between two por... wrence. The sky of... ectedly bright, and... cept upon the color of... awareness, naturally... ained openly, as he... of the position of... the opening of the... view, a friend of... of the Cologne in all... of expectant critics... started back in con... in sky had changed... glorious tints had... up to Turner! What... your picture? In a sub... ed by others, "poor... py! It's only lamp... off after the exhibi... ed a wash of lamp... over the whole sky... for the time left it... and prevent his... appreciation that was... deed helped Law... and we may be... to Turner. The... timate knowledge of... crowns his memory... ion; say one depreciating... man's work; I never... of baleful look; I... pass, without some... or endeavored mid... rd spoken by an... Germany... ve and conciliatory... an imperial parla... eratic party in Ger... in ground. In Ger... they polled twice... olled six years ago... representatives in Ger... they now have seven... ditz, among whom... Bel and Liebnicht... significant because... of the workmen... posed to build the... al Democracy, are... y a property quali... citizen eligible to... less he pays State... marks annually. The... Sixon elections that... re repressive meas... to crush the... and that his con... the workmen's... in no way appeas... German dailies to... arental discussion... discontent in Ger... Z'ung," a repre... tendencies, says... as alike should find... a reason for... n. Our previous... over the workmen... ore into the Social... all social political... nt law against the... and the present... the Social Demo... some proportions... o drive the wedge... d parties."

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By Mail To Europe. The wonderful achievements of science in this epoch of the world have suggested still others, and since so many things that were regarded a few years ago as impossible have been realized, it is hazardous to say in advance that any new project is altogether ridiculous. Some projects, nevertheless, may fairly be called audacious, and among them one which has been broached to build a railway from the United States to Europe by way of a bridge across Behring Stra't. Explorers who have recently visited Behring Stra't bring back some very interesting information. According to De Vries, the explorer who has most thoroughly mapped the region, the width of the strait from the extremity of East Cape, on the Asiatic side, to the point of Prince of Wales Cape, on the American side, is not more than forty-five miles, and within this distance, placed almost in a straight line, as if to supply the foundation for the abutments of a bridge, are the three Diced Islands. Moreover, the water of the entire strait is comparatively shallow. The greatest depth reached by the sounding line between the two capes is less than thirty two fathoms, or one hundred and ninety two feet, while the average of soundings throughout the strait fall short of twenty two fathoms. Calsons for the foundations of great bridges have already been sunk to a depth of more than one hundred and twenty-five feet. The two continents are, in fact, joined by submarine banks, and it is known that at a former time this connection was still closer, so that animals and species of plants crossed from one continent to another. The natives of the region still preserve the tradition of this joining of the land. The Chukchie, who greatly resemble the Eskimos, and who live on the Asiatic side, relate that the land which made the former Iethmus sank into the water during a terrible combat between a warrior and a great white bear. Mr. John Muir, an English engineer, has returned from Behring Stra't fully convinced that it would be practicable to construct a bridge across this strip of water separating America from Asia and the Old World from the New. If he is right, the notion that a railroad may be built connecting New York, Boston and San Francisco with St. Petersburg, Berlin and Paris is not so entirely a matter of fancy as it has been regarded. The Russians already have a definite project—although it is as yet far from realization—for a railway to traverse Siberia, and connect St. Petersburg with the Pacific Ocean. This trans-Siberian railway is to be built by the Russian Government; it has already crossed the Ural Mountains, and will, it is estimated, cost some four hundred million dollars. The Americans, on their side, have already projected a railroad, which may or may not be built, to extend to the shore of the mainland near Sitka, Alaska. A railway to Prince of Wales Cape, however, would run further eastward than this line, and no great natural obstacle would stand in the way of its construction. It would run along the river valleys, and parallel with the mountain ranges instead of across them. But a journey by rail from New York to Paris, even if the engineering genius of the future should make it possible, would take a much longer time, even on the fastest express trains, than a voyage across the Atlantic on a fast steamer, and would cost very much more. It would be a luxury to be enjoyed only by wealthy people who strongly dislike ocean travel.

DECOYING FISH ON LAKE ERIE. Sitting in Little Stone-Heated Shanties, Ready for All Sorts of Game. The fishermen along the shore of Lake Erie are already looking to their shanties preparatory to beginning decoy fishing through the ice, says a Detroit correspondent of the New York "Sun." As soon as the ice is strong enough to bear, the little fishing shanties will be moved out to the fishing-grounds, and in favorite localities little villages of miniature houses with the smoke curling up from their chimneys, will be established on the frozen lake. The shanties are about four and a half feet high, so that a man can sit comfortably in them, and large enough to hold the man and a small but effective stove. A hole is cut in the ice, usually at the side of some bank or edge of a channel, where the fish are apt to be running; then the house is moved over the hole and the fire is started. The fisherman sits on a seat, under which is a box in which to hide his fish as it is important to keep his good luck a secret lest his neighbors surround him. If the little village of fish-houses moves close around him his chances are gone, not intercept the fish, but because the noise of chopping and walking on the ice will certainly drive them away, for, although you can talk or sing as much as you please in the fish-house, the least tap upon the ice will frighten away the fish. The house not only makes a warm shelter for the fisherman, where he can sit comfortably protected from the wild blasts that sweep over the frozen lake, but, as it has no windows and the light is shut out above, he can see clearly eight or ten feet down into the waters of the lake. It is really a beautiful sight to watch the decoy darting hither and thither, and the game stealing silently up to the hole or rushing at it as if about to swallow it, tin fins and all. The decoy is made of wood, colored to suit the fancy of the fisherman, and not much like anything in nature. It is three or four inches long and is carved in the shape of a fish and heavily weighted with lead toward the head. It has four horizontal tin fins on its sides and one fin on its back. To one of a small row of rings on its back one end of a string is hooked, and the other end is attached to a stick about a foot long. With this stick the fisherman plays the decoy, making it dart about in the water as nearly as possible in a triangle. Sometimes a school of perch will gather about the hole, if they are large enough they are speared, if too small for that they are caught with hook and line. Or a school of herring take their place, and then the fisherman substitutes for hook and bait a white callar button on the end of a string; this the white fish swallows eagerly, and the fisherman gently lifts them out on the ice before they can disgorge. Then there is a swish, and a ten-pound pike rushes in and scatters the small fry in every direction. He stands motionless, watching the decoy, which the fisherman must play like lightning, for if the pike touches it he discovers and resents the deception, rushing away faster than he came. At the first opportunity the fisherman strikes his spear into the fish's shoulder, or, if he can't get a fair stroke, and the water is shallow enough, he pins him to the bottom until he drowns. This is a favorite sport in Michigan, and is zealously pursued, sometimes so late in the spring that the shanties sail off into the lake on the melting ice.

An English Railroad King. One of the men who created the railroad system of the world was Sir Daniel Gooch, who died recently in England aged seventy-three years, fifty five of which he was a railroad man. Even as a little boy he watched with interest the doings of George Stephenson the inventor of the locomotive, near whose home he was born; and, as soon as he was able to work, was learning to be a locomotive-maker in the manufactory of the inventor's son, Robert Stephenson. After all, young men of the right stamp have chances in the old countries of Europe. Fifty-two years ago, when the Great Western Railway Company was getting into business in England, it wanted a superintendent of locomotives, a most difficult post to fill in the early days of the railroad. Branell, the leading engineer of Europe at that time, pointed to Daniel Gooch, just twenty-one years of age, as the best man he knew for the place, and he was appointed. He had to superintend the making, as well as the running, of the engines, and he did his work so well that several of the locomotives which he produced forty, forty-five, and even forty-eight years ago are still doing good service, and cannot now be surpassed in the essentials of manufacture. His engine, the North Briton, which he made and placed on his road in 1816, is still doing her mile a minute every day, and has not yet been beaten as an "all round" efficient locomotive. During the twenty-seven years of his holding the office of superintendent, he studied the art and science of railroading. It was he who gathered most of that mass of curious knowledge about rails, their composition, form and fastenings, the effects of heat and cold upon them, the causes of breaks and fractures, the limits of speed, and many other points, which are now the common property of the profession and have reduced the danger of railroad travel to a minimum. He was a wide-awake, intelligent man who could not help improving everything he touched. During the last twenty years of his life, being a man of capital, and having the confidence of men of capital, he has been a promoter of business schemes that savr of the magnificent, and require the aid of men who have mind, force and courage; notably, the Atlantic Cable and the Great Eastern Steamship. His first day that he was the only person concerned in the huge ship who did not lose by her, for when she was lying worthless and forgotten, a melancholy failure, he bought her for a song and set her to laying the Atlantic cable, by which she earned a dividend of twenty per cent a year. English railroad men lament that Sir Daniel Gooch was too modest, as well as too busy a man, to record the stores of valuable and peculiar knowledge concerning railroads, telegraphs and cables which he had accumulated, and much of which he originated. But the hand that could have recorded the story is stilled forever. He died near Windsor Castle, the Sovereign Lady of which made him Sir Daniel, many years ago, for the part he bore in laying the first Atlantic cable.

THE EDITOR'S HARD LUCK. Disaster overtakes him at the beginning of a hard winter. We were the victim yesterday of one of the most distressing accidents ever known in Millie's Centre. Yesterday morning our wife took occasion to do the washing, having been kept from it earlier in the week by being kept very busy putting up our winter supply of apple butter. Among other articles of wearing apparel which she included in the wash was our white vest, rightly thinking that the white-vest days were about over, and intending to do it up and lay it away against the return of the next plow season. Now, unbeknown to her, in the lower right-hand pocket of the vest there was a large roll of bills, twelve ones and a two—\$14 in all. She did not discover the roll, and, after having washed the garment thoroughly, she hung it on the line in the back yard to dry. All might yet have been well had it not been for Mr. Ferdenbaugh's large brindie cow, which is well known to most of our citizens. While our wife was in the parlor visiting a moment with Mrs. Parney, who called to see how to make her graps preserve jell, this beast—she deserves no better name—broke through our back gate and deliberately ate up our vest, money and all! When our wife reached the scene of trouble the beast was just swallowing the last bill, with evident relish. Our wife seized a mop and rushed at the marauding intruder, but she only tossed her head, kicked sideways with both hind feet, and leaping lightly over the fence, trotted off, switching her tail defiantly. Neither the vest nor the money were so sorry to say, seemed to have any bad effect on her soundly good health. Our wife immediately informed us of the accident, and we instantly called on Mr. Ferdenbaugh and demanded that the animal be slaughtered, doubting not that we should find our money in the first of that suite of stomachs with which we learn from physiology the cow is provided. This Mr. Ferdenbaugh refused to assent to. He pleaded that he was a poor man, and, as he had recently bought the cow, all of his ready money was in her. We naturally replied that all of our ready money was in her, too, but it failed to move him. It was a sad affair, take it all round, but one about which nothing can be done. Our wife's excuse for not looking in the pockets before she began her laundry operations is that she had gone through our pockets for money for twenty years and never found any and had, therefore, become discouraged. And, if the reader will believe it, that beast of a cow had the effrontery about the middle of the afternoon to lie down under a tree directly opposite our house and contentedly chew her cud—re-masticating our \$14, we doubt not.—[Millie's Centre Blade.]

The Future of Religious Thoughts. In a new magazine of considerable promise issued from Boston and called *The Arena*, the Rev. J. Milot Savage concludes an unusually able and brilliant paper on "The Agencies that are Working a Revolution in Theology," with the following words:—"Such, then, are some of the causes of the great theological changes the world is passing through. What is to be the outcome? Is religion dying? No more than it means death for the life within to burst the chrysalis, to take to itself wings and be at home in God's upper sunshin and air. No more than it means death for childhood to put away childish things and enter man's estate. A grander faith in God, a larger trust in man, a higher type of religious thought and life, a nobler outlook for the future—these are some of the things it means. It is not faith, but the lack of it, that is displayed by those who dare not fearlessly face the search for truth and take the consequences of investigation. The real infidelity to-day is to be found with those who stand with back to the sunrise, and see no reality except in the shadows of the night that is passing away. God is in the power that is wheeling that earth into a new day; and that day is one of such promise as the weary old world has never seen."

Refined Barbarism. We shudder at the marriage market of the Easterns. We think it "awful" that women should be bought and sold to the highest bidder like so much cattle at a fair. We deprecate the savage customs which allow a young brave to steal his wife by first knocking her on the head and clubbing her male relations. We hold blankets and cows to be no fit equivalent for human flesh; and we imagine sweet idyls of youths and maidens, scantily clothed, wandering by the river's side or through the dark aisles of a tropical forest—loving, innocent and free. But here, in our refined and civilized country—here, in this Christian England, where we all vow by our proxies to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil—we sell our daughters to the highest bidders, all the same as in the open Eastern market. We exchange their fair young flesh for the local equivalent of cows and blankets. We suppress their natural repugnance by arguments quite as conclusive and irresistible as the savage's club; and with these same arguments we knock on the head all the lovers and all the protectors who would, if they could, save the girl from such a fate. Our managing mothers are women without compassion, conscience, or even true knowledge of human nature. Their god is gold; their Apollyon, whom they must overcome, is Apollyon, whom they must overcome, to van the celibacy of their daughters. To vanquish the one and carry their living tribute to the other constitute the grand success of life; and let the means be what it will—Agnes—it matters nothing to the mother; she has managed to marry all her daughters, *tant bien que mal*, and she may now sing her shrill and discordant *Te Deum*.—[Lynch London.]

What Caused the Excitement. "Look here, Maria," said Mr. Townley, as he looked in to the plover which he brought in from the milk wagon at evening. "What's the matter?" "There's something wrong with this milk." "It doesn't look exactly right, does it?" said Mrs. Townley after a close scrutiny. "And it tastes funny," she added, as she sipped a little from a teaspoon. "I'll find out what the matter is. Hi there—hi! hi!" and Mr. Townley rushed after the wagon. Half a dozen boys took up the case, and after the procession had traversed a couple of blocks Mr. Townley skillfully eluding the efforts of a policeman to detain him, he gained the side of the wagon. "What's the matter with that," he asked laconically, as he shoved the plover up to the driver. That functionary tasted the contents, and then exclaimed, "Well, I'll be doggoned! If we didn't forget to skim the milk this morning."

Chance of Heart. Socialistic Mob—"Bring him out! Hang him! Down mit money!" Inventor (putting his head out of the window)—"Goodness me! What does this mean?" Mob Spokesman—"You moost die! Ve hear you invent a machine vat do ve verk off von hondret men. You dake break out off dere mouths; you—"

Forethought. Mrs. O'Rourke: An' pwhere are ye goin', Teddy? Mr. O'Rourke: Down to the tur-r-akey raff, darlint. Mrs. O'Rourke: "Well, ye had better leave the price av the corn hafe an' cabbage wid me afore ye go?"

Going Back Home. An officer of the army who has long been intimately acquainted with the Indian tribes on our Western border said lately, "The red man's conception of religious truths is as utterly singularly fine and profound. I met, a few months ago, for example, an Omaha chief, who had ruled his tribe with wisdom and justice for many years, and who now, blind, and the victim of an incurable disease, was quietly awaiting death." "Why are you so content?" asked the officer. "Pain and old age are not good things." The aged chief was silent awhile before answering, according to the Indian habit when a grave question is discussed, and then said:—"The bird that builds its nest on the tree near my wigwam in summer leaves it when winter is coming, and travels thousands of miles to the southward; but in the spring it will come back across mountains and rivers to that very same nest. "The fish that is spawned here in this little creek will go down to the Mississippi to the great gulf, but in the spring it will find its way back—back to its native waters. "How do such creatures know the way? They have no map, no guide. The Great Spirit puts something in their hearts to draw them back to their homes. And He has not forgotten to put something in each man's heart that draws him, draws him all his life long up to his home. I am coming near to mine. Shall I not be glad?" If this poor Indian had found such comfort in his faith in his god and heaven, does it not become us who are Christians to remember that life at the worst is but a journey homeward through a beautiful world, in which there is noble work for us to do, and in which all good and brave souls, the angels and God Himself, are our friends and bear us company? A Nice Way of Putting it. Mrs. Ginty—"Mrs. Mulligan, is it well yer falin' the day?" Mrs. Mulligan—"Yis, very well." Mrs. Ginty—"An' ahstrong?" Mrs. Mulligan—"Yis, quite ahstrong." Mrs. Ginty—"Then p'raps it's able ye'd be to bring back the two waahubs yer borrowed last Monday?" Mr. H. S. Reynolds, of St. Catharines, has bought of Mr. Joseph Cameron, of the same city, a standard-bred snuffling filly by Belmont Star, dam by General Stanton, grand-dam by Major Mecon. The filly will be placed in Mr. E. J. Jams' hands for development.

Ornial Brevity. "Will you think of me after I am gone?" she asked, "Will you love me as much than as you do now?" "More," he said absent-mindedly.