LATE BRITISH NEWS.

A choir of twenty natives of South African tribes left for London last week to show the results of their education and training by giving concerts.

The Duke of Argyle is a witness in a trial at Dumbarton concerning a certain cure for rheumatism, in consequence of having given a testimonial of its value in return for free treatment.

Robert Turner, aged 38, was found hanging on Tuesday morning in the stokehole under the steps of St. Alphage Church, Greenwich, life being quite extinct. It is supposed that the unfortunate man committed suicide.

The armour-plated cruiser Nelson underwent an unsatisfactory trial of her machinery at the mouth of the Thames on Tuesday, after being refitted at a cost of £40,000 for service as flagship at Portsmouth.

A fatal fire occurred at the hair-dresser's shop of Mr. Roberts, Gosport, on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts left the premises for dinner, and appear to have forgotten that their child was in the shop. When they returned the place was in flames, and the dead body of the child was afterwards found.

At Bodmin, on Saturday, Thomas Northam, a boy, was found dead in a storehouse belonging to his employer, Mr. Jane. The boy was hanging by a rope from a beam. When questioned about Northam's prolonged absence from the house, a young son of Mr. Jane had stated that he and Northam had been "playing at hanging," hence the search made in the storehouse.

The wild beast business seems to be very active. Carl Hagenbeck of the London Crystal Palace has during the past year, disposed of 742 lions, over 700 tigers, and 350 elephants and panthers. £960 was paid for a female hippopotamus, £600 for a rhinoceros, and £200 for a tapir. Lions vary in price from £40 up to £100. A fine tiger fetches £200, and a white bear only £60.

Early on Tuesday morning Mary Ann Smith, a domestic servant, was proceeding to her place in Poplar when she was followed by Thomas Bowden, with whom she had kept company. After exchanging a few words Bowden, declaring the girl should not jilt him as she had done another man, attacked her with a knife and inflicted an injury in the arm, the blade breaking in the struggle. Bowden escaped, but was arrested in his house after a desperate struggle, in the course of which he fired at a constable, and shot him in the side. Bowden was charged with the double offence at the Thames Police Court, London and remanded for a week.

Operations will commence almost at once in connection with the farm which "General" Booth has bought near Southend for his home colony. The General hopes before he starts on his tour round the world in July to have the colony in an advanced state. He believes that among the people who have been swept into darkest England, not in London, he will have no difficulty in finding an initial band of suitable colonists. Notwithstanding the melancholy forebodings of some of "General" Booth's critics over his turning farmer, he is himself very confident that the venture will prove a success.

A shocking murder was perpetrated on Friday at Grafton-town, near Dolwin, county Westmeath. A man named William Ivory shot his wife fatally, and then inflicted wounds on his own throat that are expected to prove fatal. On Thursday night armed and masked moonlighters fired several shots at the residence of John Ready, at Dillon, and then entered and ransacked the house, taking away a small sum of money. Ready escaped uninjured. No arrests have been made.

Eliza Jones, aged 15, left her home in Keate Street, Hoxton, on the evening of the 13th inst., and did not return. The following day she wrote to her mother to say that she was tired of her life, and that she thought of drowning herself. Nothing has since been heard of her, and her parents are in a state of the utmost anxiety. The following description of her is furnished by the police: Height rather over 5 feet, fair complexion, and brown hair; dresses in dark jacket and frock, a red felt hat trimmed with red ribbon, black stockings, and laced boots.

Vincent Borg, 31, stoker, was at Clerkenwell Police Court on Tuesday, indicted for, while on a British ship, having assaulted Vincent Miesa and occasioned him bodily harm. Mr. Besley and Mr. Lawless prosecuted. Evidence was given showing that the prosecutor, who is a fireman on board the steamer Amber, when off Barcelona, was assaulted by the prisoner, who hit him on the chin. The prosecutor had a piece of file half an off, and a witness stated he could see prosecutor's teeth through it. The defence was that prosecutor had greatly provoked the prisoner during a dispute which took place between the two concerning the prisoner's family. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to 12 months' hard labour.

A further contingent of about 65 foreign Jews, mainly in the last stage of poverty, arrived at Tilbury Docks London, from Hamburg by Saturday morning's packet. They are said to be chiefly of Russian origin. The immigration of these aliens has for some time been on the increase, each week's boat to London, of which there are three weekly, bringing a complement, while members arrive by other routes, and, excepting a few who go right through to the United States, the whole of them settle in London, Manchester, Leeds, and other populous towns. The number of foreigners on Saturday morning awaiting the Tilbury train was so great at Fenchurch Street Station that the company's police were compelled to remove them from the platform.

At Lancaster Castle on Saturday John Beck, farmer, Higher Hay Inlots, Rockarndene, was summoned for cruelty to a mare. Superintendent Moss said there could not possibly be a worse case of cruelty to an animal. The defendant Bestwood the mare in a hole, and left it without food or water for several days until it died. The defendant's excuse was that he went to Lancaster and got on the spree, and so neglected the animal. Mr. James Robertson, veterinary surgeon, said that he had made a post-mortem examination. He had not the slightest doubt that the mare, which was about 15 years old, had died from starvation. The Bench ordered the defendant to pay £5 and £3 4s costs, or a month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

Four men named Philip Sullivan, Jeremiah Hallinan, John Hallinan, and James Colman, of labouring class were drinking in a public-house at Cork on Saturday evening. They were on friendly terms, and became semi-intoxicated. It is stated that Jeremiah Hallinan asked the barmaid for some paraffin oil, and it is alleged that he then saturated the coat and trousers of Sullivan with the oil, which was afterward set fire to. The barmaid looked around, and saw Sullivan a mass of flames. She, with great promptitude, threw water on him, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Sullivan was taken in a terrible condition to the infirmary by the police, who arrested Jeremiah Hallinan and John Hallinan.

The Departmental Committee of the British Board of Trade and Board of Agriculture, which was appointed to inquire into the transatlantic cattle trade, has just made its report. The figures given to show the growth of the trade are interesting. In 1877 the United States sent 11,523 cattle and 13,120 sheep to British ports, while Canada sent 7,639 cattle and 10,275 sheep. In 1890 the former country sent over 294,391 cattle and 383,646 sheep, and Canada 83,558 cattle and 121,308 sheep. The report deals exhaustively with the various questions with regard to the trade which have recently been so much discussed, and the general conclusion to be drawn from it is that, while the total loss of cattle is still considerable, and is sometimes attended by much suffering to the animals, the average loss is comparatively small, and is decreasing owing to improvements in the vessels.

Didn't Know When to Stop.

"Pat, were you in the war?"

"Dade an' O'was, sor?"

"Did you fight till the last armed foe expired?"

"Begorra Oi did t'at same an' a long while afther intil the bargan."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Had a Great Loss.

Johnson—"Ah, my dear boy, I am sorry for you—very."

Dobson—"Why are you sorry for me?"

Johnson—"I see you have a crape band on your hat and conclude you have lost a relative."

Dobson—"More than that. I have buried my last hope of becoming rich. My uncle was sent to the poor house yesterday and I had always supposed him to be a perfect moneybags."

Mr. AND MRS. BOWSER.

What's the matter and what have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser as he came home the other day half an hour ahead of his usual time, and being loaded down with a heavy purchase of something.

"Don't ask me any questions now!" he replied, as he dropped his hat and squirmed out of his overcoat.

"Is anything wrong—are you sick?" she anxiously demanded.

"Don't, say a word—not a word, and don't bother me for ten minutes! I hope I'm in time to avert the danger!"

She turned pale and fell upon the sofa, and he hurriedly broke the string securing the package, seized the three quart-bottles which comprised its contents and rushed upstairs, down the back stairs, down into the basement and up again. A strange, disagreeable odor followed him as he hustled around, and by the time he had returned to the sitting-room Mrs. Bowser had recovered sufficiently to ask:

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth are you doing and what in the name of goodness is that stuff?"

"What have I been doing? Saving our lives, Mrs. Bowser—saving the life of every one under this roof!"

"But I—I didn't know our lives were in danger."

"Of course not. If the house was on fire from top to bottom and the firemen pitching our furniture out of the windows, you might possibly realize the fact, but it has never struck you that death silently lurks in every room in this house."

"How you talk, Mr. Bowser! What has been the danger hanging over us?"

"Microbes, Mrs. Bowser!" he whispered, as he sat down and wiped his heated face. "Microbes and bacteria—millions of 'em!"

"It can't be!" she repiled.

"Can't it! You've lived in New York two weeks, been out as far as Broadway once and you think you know all about it! I know, of course, but having so many other things to see to this one slipped my mind until to-day."

"But what causes that terrible odor?"

"Nothing terrible about it, as I see. On the contrary, I rather like it. It is the odor of disinfectants, Mrs. Bowser—the odor of something which has no doubt saved our lives."

"How?"

"By killing off the microbes and bacteria, which would soon have entered our systems and produced terrible illness, if not death."

"Well, I suppose you know best," she said, as she opened a window to let a yard or two of the carbolic smell dodge out.

"Certainly I do, certainly. All husbands do. Mrs. Bowser, let me draw you a picture of a microbe. You can then realize the danger which menaced us."

"Nice thing to have about forty of those birds cantering around through your system, eh?"

"Where do they come from?"

"Sewer-gas. By this time to-morrow the house would have been swarming with them and nothing on earth could have saved us from typhoid fever or diphtheria. If the microbe was the only thing to look out for I shouldn't have been so anxious, but there is the bacteria."

"What's that?"

"Here is a picture of him. Comes in the same way, and his mission is to eat out the lungs. It is calculated that 2,000 of them will eat out the strongest man's lungs in a month."

"And they were in this house?" she asked.

"Right here, in this house."

"And ready to be absorbed into our systems?"

"Not only ready, but anxious."

"You are sure you don't mean cockroaches? I saw two under the kitchen sink yesterday. And was going to ask you to get some powdered Borax."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he began, as he stood up, "are you growing soft in the top of your head? Do I know a Bengal tiger from a woodchuck?"

"I—I suppose so."

"But I don't know a microbe or a bacteria from a cockroach?" he thundered.

"But I never heard you speak of them before, and I—I——"

"Do you imagine that I or any other husband sits down and tells his wife all he knows?" he shouted. "Because I haven't told you that a jack rabbit's legs have three joints is that any reason why I haven't known it for forty years?"

"But this is medical science, isn't it?" she softly protested.

"And suppose it is! Do you suppose I've gone sloshing around all these years with nothing but a recipe for making soft soap in my head?"

She was silent, and after striding up and down the room a few times he halted before her and continued:

"A wife isn't expected to know these things, of course, but, I'll be accounted a pretty husband and father and member of a scientific club if I didn't know all about microbes and bacteria."

"But that picture of a bacteria looks like a lobster," she presisted.

"Lobster! Looks like a lobster, does it? Very well, Mrs. Bowser, this discussion will end right here. It is plain enough that you haven't the necessary knowledge to appreciate it."

"But don't you"——

"Never you mind, Mrs. Bowser! Let it drop right here. Is supper ready?"

The odor was so strong in the dining room that the butter tasted of it, and after supper the cook called Mrs. Bowser into the kitchen to ask:

"Is it going to be like this all the time?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Bowser had to kill off the microbes and bacteria, you see."

"What's them?"

"I'll have him come out and explain."

"No need of it, ma'am, for my bundle is all made up, and I'm going. A man who'd drag dead cats through his own house would cheat a poor girl out of her wages at the end of a month. Microbes and bacteria, eh? I don't believe it! Let him show them to me up in the Zoological Gardens!"

When Mrs. Bowser told Mr. Bowser what had occurred he bristled up, got red in the face and exclaimed:

"I see how it is; couldn't carry your point with me, and so you went out and upset the girl! Mrs. Bowser you are treading on dangerous ground—very dangerous. A husband may be a worm, but if that worm is stepped on too often he turns!"

Pussy's Wonderful Leap.

The old saying, "A cat has nine lives," has a good foundation of fact in the wonderful power of endurance shown by that animal. Not the least wonderful exploit credited to pussy is the following: In 1880, when the Washington Monument had reached a height of one hundred and sixty feet, an adventurous and patriotic cat had ascended the interior of the shaft by means of the ropes and tubing.

When the workmen arrived at the upper landing the next morning, and began to prepare for the day's work, pussy took fright, and springing to the outer edge, took a "header" of one hundred and sixty feet to the hard earth below.

In the descent, which was watched closely by two score of men, the cat spread herself out like a flying squirrel, and alighted on all fours. After turning over on the ground a few times in a dazed manner, she prepared to leave the grounds, and had proceeded almost beyond the shadow of the monument when a dog belonging to one of the workmen pounced upon her and killed her, she, of course, not being in her best running form after performing such an extraordinary feat.

One of the men procured the body of the dead cat, smoothed out her silky coat, and turned it over to a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, who mounted the skin and placed it under a glass case.

The label on the case tells this wonderful story in a few words: "This cat, on September 23, 1880, jumped from the top of Washington's Monument, and lived."

No Extra Charge.

Diner—"Waiter, I've got a bone stuck in my throat."

Waiter—"That's all right, sir. We don't charge anything extra for bones taken away from the table."

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes from toil, and not by self indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his lie is a happy one.

It is best to strive to cultivate an interest in simple, innocent and inexpensive pleasures. We may thus aid in diffusing that spirit of contentment which is of itself a rich and a permanent possession.

One of the plainest of human rights is the right to be let alone, and to be allowed the privilege of exercising our benevolent faculties and extending our sympathies in whatever direction we prefer—a right which cannot be invaded without tyranny.

YOUNG FOLKS

The Little Lovers.

I think she has fallen asleep in the shade.
(Sing low, sing low—you'll awake her.)
Oh, she's the loveliest little maiden!
And her father's our family!
Such beautiful buns and chocolate cakes.
(Sing low, very low—you'll alarm her.)
And oh, such clean arts Sunday-clothes!
And his name is Louis Egbert!
And her sweet name is Eloise Jane!
And her step is as light as a feather;
And we meet every day in the lilac lane,
And we go home from school together.

And now and then she brings me a bun.
(Sing low or she'll hear what we're saying.)
And after school, when our tasks are done,
In the meadow we're fond of straying.

And I make her a wreath of cowslips there,
As we sit in the blossoming clover,
And then she binds it around her hair;
And twines it over and over.

She's ten; I'm six; but I am as tall
As she is, I guess, or nearly.
And I cannot say that I care for her doll;
But oh, I do love *her* dearly.

We are tired of playing at king and queen.
(Sing low, for we must not awake her.)
And she fell asleep in the grass so green;
And I thought that I wouldn't forsake her.

And when I am grown to a big tall man,
I mean to be smart and clever;
And then I will marry her if I can,
And we'll live upon tarts forever.

—*St. Nicholas.*

A Wolf Adventure.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

"John Adams killed a large wolf within the city limits, last Saturday, while out hunting rabbits. The wolf has been stuffed, and may be seen in the window of Jackson's fur store."

So read my father from the Daily Choaker, one evening, as we were all gathered about the fireside.

"I didn't spose there was a wolf within twenty-five mile of here," remarked Uncle Tom. "But I can recollect the time when you couldn't step out at night hereabout without being bothered by the pesky whelps."

"Yes, so can I," affirmed my father; and then they proceeded to tell numerous blood curdling tales of the pioneer days of the country, and their own personal adventures with wolves and other fierce wild animals.

I went to bed that night with my brain full of the stories, and was almost sure, when I gazed upon the chromo which hung over the mantel that the wolves there portrayed really moved as they went howling after the two men in the one-horse cutter who were trying strenuously to save themselves.

I was so excited that it would have been little wonder if I had dreamed of fighting wolves all night. You can imagine, then, how my hair stood up when I was rudely awakened from a troubled sleep by an unearthly howl, such as my uncle said a wolf uttered when it smelled blood.

I listened a moment. The night was made hideous by another awful howl. I arose and looked through the window. The peaceful moon made the surroundings white with her light, but I could see no wolves. Then there came another and still louder cry. Determining not to lie there and be murdered in bed, I jumped up and into my clothes; took down my little shot gun; opened the window, and cautiously dropped upon the shed roof underneath it.

When I found myself there I would have given anything to be safe in my room again; but I could not reach the window and felt ashamed to cry for help.

I must make up my mind to be brave, as the boys in the stories had been; and being reassured by not hearing any more noise, jumped to the ground and peered about in the uncertain light. I went toward the barn, keeping as much in the shadow as possible. As I neared the building I saw something black lying upon the ground—evidently an animal of some kind. It did not move.

"It's Tiger! Poor old Tige! The wolf has done for him, sure!" I thought. And my blood boiled with a desire for vengeance upon our natural enemy.

I was about to see if Tiger was very badly mutilated, when my ear caught the sound of a cautious step in the rear. I looked, my blood, from boiling immediately turned cold. The wolf was coming slowly but directly toward me!

I dropped gun, fortitude and my wish for vengeance, and fairly flew to a grove several rods away from the barn. Once I looked backward; the wolf was following slowly, as if sure of his prey.

I reached the grove; the trees were all too small to afford a safe haven; but remembering a tall, slim maple tree that stood at some distance I ran to it, and breathlessly climbed up its bare trunk. I was not a moment too soon; for as I reached the first limb I saw the wolf crouching beneath.

I thought it strange that the animal did not howl, and now, well out of danger, began to feel bold again. I thought of poor Tige, lying still and cold in the barnyard. If I only had my gun! How foolish I'd been to drop it!

I soon grew tired of my cramped position, but would not cry out. I did not want my uncle in his joking manner to say,—

"This is the boy who dropped the gun, and took a run, and climbed a tree to avenge his dog's murder!"

I had heard that wolves always slunk away at dawn, so I resolved to remain where I was until morning. The moon sank; it became pitch dark; and then in the east a rosy tint began to displace the blackness, until I could once more distinguish my persecutor's dark form at the base of my refuge.

Lighter and yet a little lighter; the animal began to grow restless. I heard a yelping—that wolf was beginning to wriggle in a ridiculously unwolfish manner. Still a little more light and I could see that my fierce foe was—Tiger!

With an exclamation of disgust I slid down the tree and sneaked towards the cover of the barn, hoping to recover my gun and reach my room unobserved. Useless endeavor! As I turned the corner of the barn, I saw my early rising mole looking at me and shaking with mirth as he pointed toward my gun, which lay near an old buffalo robe.

The cat was out of the bag; and I have not yet heard the last of my awful adventure with a wolf.

Self-Made Men.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry-cook. Cervants was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a grocer. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow chandler and soap-boiler. Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary. Virgil was the son of a porter. Horace was the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler. Milton was the son of a money-scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.

The Pen.

The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stones, ivory, bark and leaves of trees; and from the latter the term "leaves of trees" is probably derived. Copper and brass plates were very early in use, and a bill of feoffment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing the date 100 years B. C. Leather was also used as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus comes into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper mill in England was built in 1588 by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin, but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens as in the present day, were used.

European despatches state that the full tide of enforced Jewish migration from Russia is flowing in the direction of America. The exiles pass through Germany, but the Berlin police will not allow them to enter the capital. With few exceptions they are without money, and wherever they go the native laborer looks suspiciously upon them. This is the case in England as well as Germany. It cannot fail to be the same in New York and other labor markets of the United States. It is one of the peculiar features of cruelty in their expulsion from Russia that these poor people, once beyond the Russian border, seem to lose much of the sympathy showered upon them over the head of the czar. They are poor, very poor, and economic questions when brought outdoors are generally found more interesting than sentimental ones. Sentiment is a good thing at long range.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Of late years musical schools have multiplied exceedingly.

An idol collector in San Francisco, who has just died, left a collection of 500 little gods.

Recent medicine experience an overincrease difficulty in earning their livelihood.

"Nobody" signed a letter to Mr. John Morley, dear each foolish listings as an exceedingly clever man."

The population of Bengal, which is returned at 71,003,457, shows an increase of 4,413,904 on the last census.

Among bird food the summer rape seed, found in Germany, is the best kind for the use of breeders or bird owners.

There is room on the ground floor of the new Scotland Yard, on the Victoria Embankment, to assemble 3,000 men.

A luminous buoy has been invented, the light of which is produced by phosphuret of calcium, and is visible two and a half miles away.

Kilkenny consists of two towns, one of which is termed the English town, and is larger and better built than the other, which is called the Irish town.

Among English musical amateurs, ready and correct sight-reading, which used to be regarded as a surprising gift in the fifties, is now a common acquirement.

A new departure in cremation is reported. A patent has been taken out in France for an electric furnace for the rapid incineration of human remains.

The caterpillar feeds with two saw-edged jaws, working transversely, and uses them to such good purpose that he eats three or four times his own weight every day.

Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, but lights her own lamp, and works until the sun brings more light.

In Germany there are 29,369,847 Evangelicals, 16,785,734 Catholics, 125,673 other Christians, 563,172 Jews, and 11,258 of other religions or of none.

Egypt has been inundated with crowds of people "doing" the Nile in steamers or dahabeahs, each armed with his own special fancy in the way of a camera.

The quantity of wine made throughout France last year amounted to over six hundred million gallons, about eighty million gallons in excess of the previous year.

It is calculated that it will require 3,780 cars to move the orange crop of Southern California this season. The value of the crop is estimated at 2,608,000 dols.

Incendiarism is just now very rife in Russia. Nine out of ten fires are intentional, while conflagrations are so frequent and extensive that the annual loss amounts to nine millions sterling.

A bottle thrown into the Atlantic on November 24th, 1887, from the *Cephalo* is about 400 miles out from Boston, was recently washed ashore on a little islet in the Caribbean Sea, 6,300 miles away.

Fully 2,500 persons commit suicide in Russia every year indeed, the violent deaths of all kinds annually reach 45,000, while 16,000 people die of typhus fever—the most destructive national disease.

At Strasbourg, and in most of the great towns in Flanders, houses of industry are established with a view to extirpate idleness, beggary, and mendicity. These workhouses are in every respect masterpieces of political economy.

The influence of tobacco upon the heart is frequently more strongly marked than in any other direction. There are few persons who use this substance to excess who do not suffer from the disordered action of the organ in question.

There has just died in Texas a coloured man, named John Shaw, who was born in slavery about 100 years ago, in Little York, Va. In 1812 he and five other slaves escaped to the British warship Sapphire, lying in Chesapeake Bay, and were landed in Bermuda.

The German canary is usually grey and yellow. There is a bright yellow canary on the market which is bred in Norwich. These birds are fancied by many on account of their brilliant plumage. They are not nearly such fine singers as the Germans as a general thing, but they bring about the same price.

Madame Patti recently did a kindly act to the Welsh poor in her district. Ascertaining the names of those in receipt of parish relief, she drove down from Craig-y-Nos Castle to the schoolroom, where she had invited all the recipients to meet her, and there she supplemented the parish charity in every case with a gift from her own purse.

The objection to the best kind of pipes is, that very much more of the nicotine and oil of the tobacco are absorbed into the system than is the case with cigars. With common pipes, especially those with short stems, the degree of irritation which is excited in the lips and interior of the mouth is far greater than that resulting from tobacco used in any other form.

A candidate for priest's orders preaching his exempora trial sermon before the late Archbishop Tait and Dean Stanley, in his nervousness began stammering:—"I will divide my congregation into two—the converted and the unconverted." this proved too much for the Primate's sense of humour, and he exclaimed:—"I think, sir, as there are only two of us, you had better say which is which."

It is said that some of the young nobles of the Austrian Court are about to make a gift to the German Empress Augusta Victoria of a fan formed of the feathers of the mountain cock. The handle is to be set with jewels of great splendour. It appears that of late the belles of Vienna have introducted the fashion of carrying a fan made of the feathers of birds shot by their admirers an ideal one recording the skill of sixty or seventy sportsmen.

A diamond mining company have for some time past been hoarding up all the rare stones which have been met with in their mines, and now they are in possession of a curious collection of strange colored diamonds. Among them, so far as they have yet been cut, are a few green diamonds, varying in colour from the palest green to grass green, and weighing from one to three carats. One of the finest stones is said to be a beautiful brown, weighing ten carats, and valued at a fancy figure owing to its rarity. The collection also includes several yellow stones of varying colour grace and brilliancy.

An ingenious device has been designed for the German navy, by which the officer of the watch can instantly inform himself if the orders given to the engineers and helmsmen have been understood and obeyed. The apparatus, which consists of a dial bearing indications relative to the speed and handling of the ship, is placed upon the bridge and the orders are transmitted telegraphically to the engineer, who by the execution of them causes the hand upon the dial to point successively to the indications of the movements which have been made. A similar arrangement puts the officer in communication with the helmsman.

Two Notable Ladies.

Two remarkable maiden ladies have just died, both of Slavonic race, one distinguished for her beauty, and the other as distinguished for her ugliness. Princess Helena Sangiuszko had the reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Poland, indeed, the fame of her loveliness was at one time European. It was her own fault that she did not become Empress of the French. Louis Napoleon made her an offer of marriage when she visited his Imperial Court, and it was not until after her rejection of the splendid position that he turned to the Countess Eugenie Montijo. The Princes had many suitors among the high Austrian nobility but she preferred to live and die in single blessedness. She was a woman of wide culture, and made her ancestral castle of Gumniska a veritable museum. She died in her fifty-sixth year. Antonina Demitrijewna Bludow, "the little ugly countess," was the most influential maid-of-honour to the wife of Tzar Alexander II. She was the only unmarried daughter of Count Bludow, the Ambassador of Nicholas I. to England, and his most trusty counsellor. She was famous for her keen intellect and her sharp tongue. She in combination with her father-confessor Baschanow, exercised a great influence through the Empress upon Alexander II., and was much beloved by the Moscow Nationalists.

In the Morning.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Whylie, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain." Many get up and walk in the same way.

Makes the Weak Strong.

The market generally speaking is full of Powders or weakened preparations of cream of tartar from Hood's Sarsaparilla. Some of these powders are made of the cheapest and most worthless adulterants, and are sold at a low price, in imitation of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, being a concentrated vegetable preparation, and the most economical, is the best and cheapest blood purifier.

That Tired Feeling

creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nervous and mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out

"Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. PHEBE HOSKINS, 90 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Caught in His Own Trap.

Two ministers of the Gospel were one conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the elder of the two, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince his brother in the Lord that the written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.

"As you are of the same faith," said he, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning." On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and we will then see who will make the best of it."

This idea seemed to delight the older preacher and it was immediately agreed upon. The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, the senior brother handed the younger minister a slip on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spoke," from which the young divine preached a gloriously good sermon, claiming the attention of his delighted hearers and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

For the afternoon the younger minister handed a slip to the elder. After rising and opening the Bible the old man glanced at the slip and then in a doleful voice he read aloud: "Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few moments he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose in a nervous, jerking way and read again: "Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, during which deadly silence reigned and again the old divine read in solemn tones: "Am not thine ass?" Then glancing at his friend, who sat directly behind him, he said in a sad voice: "I think I am, brother."

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion.

Proportion of a Perfect Man.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the right foot. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good on an average. Any deviation from the rule is a departure from the beauty of proportion. It is claimed that the Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins to the end of the whole stature; the hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger is also one-tenth of the total height. From the crown to the nape of the neck is one twelfth of the stature. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows should meet, the second the opening of the nostrils. A man of good proportions is as tall as the distance between the tips of his fingers when both arms are extended to full length. The best test of symmetry is simply turning a man with his face to the wall. If he be perfectly moulded and symmetrically made, his chest will just the wall, his nose will be 4 in. away, his thighs 5 in. and the end of his toes 3 in. The average weight of a man should be 150 lbs., and his height 5 ft. 9 in.

Books take exercise. You frequently hear of a popular novel having "quite a run."

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TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.
DIAMOND VERA CURA
CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION
If you cannot get Diamond Vera Cura from your Druggist, send 25c. for sample box to
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BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

A Well Known Hamiltonian Snatched from Death's Jaws.

Hamilton Spectator, Nov. 29.

Although the age of miracles is generally supposed to be past, the case of John Marshall, of 25 Little William street, is about as nearly miraculous as anything that can be imagined. For three years and a half Mr. Marshall has been a victim of a disease known as locomotor ataxy, a spinal affection which deprived him of all feeling from his waist downwards, and left him a helpless cripple, given up by his physicians as incurable. To-day he is restored to health and apart from the weakness natural to one who has wrestled for such a terrible time, he is as well as he was before. The story of this wonderful recovery has been heard with astonishment by his friends and Mr. Marshall is well known in Hamilton, having lived here for nearly three years and for twenty years before his illness having been manager for the Canadian Oil Company here.

One of the Herald's young men heard the case and hunted up Mr. Marshall to hear his story, which he was not unwilling to tell, in the hope that his experience might be of benefit to others who are affected similarly.

"I was taken ill in August, 1887," said Mr. Marshall, "and for three years and a half I was scarcely able to leave my room. My illness, I believe, was the result of a fall a year before, and it left me helpless. I had absolutely no sensation in my body below the waist, could not feel pins stuck in me, and was deprived of the use of my limbs. For more than three years I was not able to leave the house, any more than on a few days I might go as far as the corner, and during all that time I was never in town. I had the best medical assistance, but the doctors all agreed I could not recover. I tried all kinds of patent medicines, none of them did me any good. I also tried electricity, having as many as three batteries on me at once, but it was all of no avail.

"How did you come to recover?"

"In February last some one threw in a circular about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I laid it aside, thinking it was like all the others I had tried—no good. But on a second visit I decided to give them a trial, and got a box of the Pills. Within three days I noticed an improvement, and it has continued ever since, until I am as well as you see me. I considered it nothing short of a miracle, and my friends who know me can scarcely credit it. Why, last week, I got up one morning, took my bath, dressed myself, went to the station, took the train for Toronto and walked to my brother-in-law's, and he would not believe it was myself."

"You say you were given up by doctors?"

"Yes, I spent hundreds of dollars in medical advice and in the purchase of all sorts of quack remedies. My physicians said my disease was incurable and that I would never be able to use my limbs again. I am a member of the Royal Templars, and I have been passed by the society's doctors as past recovery, receiving from it the full disability benefit of $1000. That is the strongest possible proof to me that my case was considered hopeless."

"How many boxes of the Pills have you taken?"

"I am now on my seventh box, but as I told you, I got relief from the start. I consider my recovery to be wonderful, and I am recommending the remedy to every one who is afflicted as I was."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have accomplished such a remarkable cure in Mr. Marshall's case, say the remedy is compounded from the formula of a well-known physician, and is unsurpassed for the treatment of all diseases arising from impoverished blood or loss of vital force.

The remarkable case noted in the above article from the Hamilton Herald, conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way overstated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never failing blood builder and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weaknesses, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus's dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their marvellous action on the blood, build up the system anew and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

Under The Earth

The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat and yet they never penetrate over one 1000th part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth.

In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men laugh scalding water and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew some of the terrible heat which had stood at 120.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates on a few secrets relating solely to the temperature and constitution of the earth for a few thousand feet below the surface, we are able by means of volcanoes to form some notion of what is going on at a greater depth.

There have been many theories about the causes of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that, though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth, they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies many miles below the immediate source of volcanic energy.

Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it has been found that at a depth of 2000 to 2500 fathoms ice is made up of imprisoned water. Now, those rocks are fluried in a time under overlaying strata, which serve as a blanket to keep the enormous heat of the interior.

The heat turns the water into superheated steam, which melts the hardest rock, and when the stream finds a fissure in the strata above it it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy, and we have a volcano.

We find that these out-pourings that have lain for countless ages many thousands of feet below the surface are well adapted to serve the purposes of man. Many a vineyard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests and its plains with luxuriant verdure.

The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the north-western corner of our own land, a region of lofty forests and for great fertility.

Then He Went Away.

About two o'clock the other morning an individual went to an up-town boarding-house and rang up the people inside.

A head was stuck out of a second story window which asked:

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"Very well. Stay there."

"Then, strange to say, he went off cross.

The man who was hit by a rifle ball said that it was announced by a bulletin.

Nature, abused and neglected, does her best to overcome exhaustion and ward off threatening disease, but sometimes calls for help, and knows just what she's about. The system takes kindly to the mild, wholesome influence of Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and often their timely assistance corrects