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LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Playing with Dynamite

CHOKED BY A CHEW OF TOBACO.

A Foolhardy Wager.

At Denbighshire Assizes, on Wednesday, Catherine Roberts, 30, a charwoman, was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of her illegitimate female child, whom she had subjected to a long course of ill-treatment.

Mr. T. Stead, who has been apologizing for the Prince of Wales, suggests that for time passing he should be made the head of a commission "to elaborate a normal standard of the necessities of civilization."

Two more deaths are reported by drowning in County Donegal. Two young men from Rosnowlagh were out boating, when the boat was upset by a squall, and both were drowned.

A cycling corps has been added to the equipment of the Salvation Army. Fifty young men have been requested to volunteer for three years to travel on wheels.

The oldest church in Europe is said by some who are discussing the question to be St. Martin's, Canterbury, which was built as a church before the end of the fourth century. St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover, was built about this time but for nearly two hundred years it was used as a garrison fuel depot.

The Baddely brothers, who won the doubles lawn tennis championship in England this year, and one of whom won the championship, are more like each other than the twin Renshaws. It is said to be absolutely impossible to tell them apart, unless they wear some distinguishing mark in dress.

The Hon. Arthur Montmorency, Mr. Douglas Johnstone, Mr. Percival Browne, and Mr. Ralph Caldwell, midshipmen on board H. M. armoured cruiser Warspite, the flagship on the Pacific station, are missing. When last seen they were in two Indian canoes in the Straits. A search has been instituted for them.

A sad fatality was reported on Sunday to have occurred at St. Bridget's Well, near the cliffs of Moher in County Clare, which people visit in the belief that they will be cured of certain ailments. A man of twenty-seven years, suffering from paralysis of the left side, when praying there slipped and fell head foremost into the well, and being powerless to save himself was drowned.

Two boys, named Cumleigh and Gard, aged 15 and 10 years respectively, living at Congleton, Cheshire, obtained possession of a dynamite cartridge to which one of them applied a match. The cartridge exploded, and one of the boys had three fingers and thumb blown from one hand, and the other lad had the sight of one eye destroyed, in addition to other injuries. They were at once conveyed to the cottage hospital.

Charles H. Atkinson, a boy of 13, was charged at the Liverpool Police Court on Monday with robbing children in the street. The police had been in search of him for 18 months. He is believed to have been making £1 a week. Thirty recent cases were read out, in all of which prisoner admitted robbing children of money varying from 5s to £1, the total being £26. These had all occurred within three months. Prisoner was remanded.

The British Government has undertaken a preliminary survey with a view to ascertain whether a railroad between Mombassa and Victoria Nyanza is practicable. The construction of such a railroad was recommended by the Brussels conference as calculated to diminish the labor and expense now incurred in the suppression of the slave trade on the east coast of Africa. The House of Commons has been asked to provide $100,000 to meet the cost of the survey.

On Tuesday two brothers named Rice, who had been drinking freely, got to arguing which was the best swimmer, to settle which they went to swim in the sea near the North pier at Whitehaven. The younger brother, Tom, got a considerable distance in front. When he was near the pier end his brother Joseph, who was about thirty, and a collier, sank and was drowned. Tom, who heard of his brother's fate, was rescued with difficulty. A young man named Walker dived and boats went in search, but the body was not found.

An inquest was held in Manchester touching the death of Edward Wall, a lawyer's drayman. The deceased was assisting to load a lorry with barrels, when he exclaimed he had swallowed a piece of tobacco and was going to be sick. He got off the dray and almost immediately fell. A doctor was sent for, but the man died before his arrival. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death from choking by swallowing a chew of tobacco."

The Cunard steamer Cephalonia, which arrived in the Mersey on Tuesday, reports that while passing the Tuskar Lighthouse on Monday signals of distress were seen flying from the rock. A boat was lowered, and it was found that the lighthouse keeper had his right hand shattered by a rocket which prematurely exploded while he was making some signals. He had also received other injuries. He was taken on board the Cephalonia, where it was found necessary to amputate the arm. He is progressing favorably.

A farmer named Thomas Moffat, a man of about fifty years of age, was engaged on Saturday in skimming turnips on a farm at Dalston, near Carlisle, when the horse took fright at a mowing machine that was working in an adjoining field, and ran away. Moffat became entangled in the plough, the neck of which entered one of his legs, and he was dragged across the field for some 200 yards. When released, his body was found to be mangled in a frightful manner, and he was removed to the Cumberland Infirmary, where he died on Monday morning.

The Indian elephant which Queen Victoria ordered some time since to be forwarded as a gift to the Emperor of Morocco has, according to accounts just to hand, got no further than Tangier. The great beast is described as decidedly thinner than when it arrived, this being attributed to the diminished dietary provided by the local authorities on the ground of expense, and its quarters are most uncomfortable. On the other hand, two Indian attendants sent with the elephant are home sick, and consequently not over attentive. The Emperor is on a tour up country, and his arrival at Rabat is anxiously desired.

In connection with the drowning of two ladies at Bundoran, County Donegal, last week, some painful facts have come to light which show that but for gross superstition on the part of the fishermen deceased might have been saved. The ladies were floating outwards, and a boat secured them, but ignorant superstition prevented the men taking the bodies into the boat and attempting to resuscitate them, so they held them by the arms and towed them not to the boat quay, but to the strand, because if a body were landed at the pier fishing luck would depart. At the strand, superstition once more set in, and the fishermen refused to wet themselves bringing in a corpse, and it was reserved for those dry on shore to act a kindly Christian part.

Chances of Death In War.

No doubt every reader has seen the statement that it takes a man's weight of lead to kill him in battle, and they may have considered it to be merely a rhetorical hyperbole, suggested by the fact that comparatively few out of the whole number of shots fired in heat of battle take effect. Marshal Saxe, we believe, first made the assertion, which forms the basis of the above, when he said it would take one hundred and thirty-three pounds of powder to put each of the enemy in the long trench.

Wild and visionary as this may seem, it appears that there was more truth than poetry in the remark. With all the improvements which have been made in the art of war since the days of Saxe, Gassendi, the French savant, proves that the great marshal's philosophical remark holds good.

At the battle of Solferino, according to Gassendi's carefully deduced calculations, a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number of killed and wounded on the part of the enemy, shows that seven hundred bullets were expended for each man wounded and four thousand two hundred for each man killed. The average weight of the ball used was thirty grains; therefore it must have taken at least one hundred and twenty-six kilogrammes for two hundred and twenty-seven pounds of lead for each man killed. Yet Solferino was a most important battle.

In the Franco-Prussian war the slaughter caused by the needle gun among the French soldiers shows how much superior that gun is to the Austrian carbine; yet with that deadly weapon one thousand three hundred shots were fired for every soldier destroyed in the enemy's ranks.

London bakers have reduced the price of bread from six to five cents per loaf.

THE BURGLAR'S GHOST.

I am not an imaginative man, and no one who knows me can say that I have ever indulged in sentimental ideas upon any subject. I am rather predisposed, in fact, to look at everything from a purely practical standpoint, and this quality has been further developed in me by the fact that for twenty years I have been an active member of the detective police force at Westford, a large town in one of our most important manufacturing districts. A policeman as most people will readily believe, has to deal with so much practical life that he has small opportunity for developing other than practical qualities, and he is more apt to believe in tangible things than in ideas of a somewhat superstitious nature. However, I was once under the firm conviction that I had been largely helped up the ladder of life by the ghost of a well-known burglar. I have told the story to many, and have heard it commented upon in various fashions. Whether the comments were satirical or practical, it made no difference to me; I had a firm faith at that time in the truth of my tale.

Eighteen years ago I was a plain-clothes officer at Westford; I was then twenty-three years of age, and very anxious about two matters. First and foremost, I desired promotion; second, I wished to be married. Of course I was more eager about the second than the first, because my sweetheart, Alice Moore, was one of the prettiest and cleverest girls in the town; but I put promotion first for the simple reason that with me promotion must come before marriage. Knowing this, I was always on the lookout for a chance of distinguishing myself, and I paid such attention to my duties that my superiors began to notice me, and foretold a successful career for me in the future.

One evening in the last week of September 1873, I was sitting in my lodgings wondering what I could do to earn the promotion which I so earnestly wished for. Things were quiet just then in Westford, and I am afraid I half-wished that something dreadful might occur if only I could have a share in it. I was pursuing this train of thought when I suddenly heard a voice say: "Good evening, officer."

I turned sharply round. It was almost dusk, and my lamp was not lighted. For all that, I could see, clearly enough, a man who was sitting by a chest of drawers that stood between the door and the window. His chair stood between the drawers and the door, and I concluded that he had quietly entered my room and seated himself before addressing me.

"Good evening," I replied. "I didn't hear you come in."

He laughed when I said that—a low, chuckling, rather sly laugh. "No," he said; "I dessay not officer. I'm a very quiet sort of person. You might say, in fact—noiseless. Just so."

I looked at him narrowly, feeling considerably surprised and astonished at his presence. He was a thickly-built man, with a square face and heavy chin. His nose was small but aggressive; his eyes were little and overshadowed by heavy eyebrows; I could see them twinkle when he spoke. As for his dress it was in keeping with his face. He wore a rough suit of woolen or frieze; a thick, gaily-coloured Belcher neckerchief encircled his bull-like throat; and in his big hands he continually twirled and twisted a fur cap, made apparently out of the skin of some favourite dog. As he sat there smiling at me and saying nothing, it made me feel uncomfortable.

"What do you want with me?" I asked.

"Just a little matter o' business," he answered.

"You should have gone to the office," I said. "We're not supposed to do business at home."

"Right you are, guv'nor," he replied. "But I wanted to see you. It's you that's got to do my job. If I'd ha' seen the superintendent, he might ha' put somebody else on to it. That wouldn't ha' suited me. You see, officer, you're young, and nat'rally eager-like for promotion. Eh?"

"What is it you want?" I inquired again.

"Ain't you eager to be promoted?" he reiterated. "Ain't you now, officer?"

I saw no reason why I should conceal the fact, even from the strange visitor. I admitted that I was eager for promotion.

"Ah!" he said with a satisfied smile; "I'm glad o' that. It'll make you all the keener.—Now, officer, you listen to me. I'm a-goin' to put you on to a nice little job. Ah! I dessay you'll be a sergeant before long, you will. You'll be complimented and praised for your clever conduck in this 'ere affair. Mark my words if you ain't."

"Out with it," I said, fancying I saw through the man's meaning. "You're going to split on some of your pals, I suppose, and you'll want a reward?"

He shook his head. "A reward," he said, "wouldn't be no use to me at all—no, not if it was a thousand pound. No; it ain't nothing to do with reward.—But now, officer, did you ever hear of Light-toed Jim?"

Light-toed Jim! I should have been a poor detective if I had not. Why, the man known under that sobriquet was one of the cleverest burglars and thieves in England, and had enjoyed such a famous career that his name was a household word. At that moment there was an additional interest attached to him. He had been convicted of burglary at the Northminster Assizes in 1871, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. After serving nearly two years of his time, he had escaped from Portland, getting away in such clever fashion that he had never been heard of since. Where he was no one could say; but lately there had been a strong suspicion amongst the police that light-toed Jim was at his old tricks again.

"Light-toed Jim!" I repeated. "I should think so. Why, what do you know about him?"

He smiled and nodded his head. "Light-toed Jim," said he, "is in Westford at this 'ere hidentical moment.—Listen to me, officer: Light-toed Jim is a-goin' to crack a crib to-night. Said crib is the mansion of Miss Singleton, that 'ere rich old lady as lives out on the Mapleton Road. You know her—awfully rich, with nought but women-servants and animals about the place. There's some very valyable plate there. That's what Light-toed Jim's after. He'll get in through the scullery window about one a.m.; then he'll pass through the back and front kitchens and into the butler's pantry—only it's a butleress, 'cos there ain't no men at all—and there he'll set to work on the safe. Some of his late pals in Portland give him the tip about this 'ere job."

"How did you come to hear of it?" I asked.

"Never mind, guv'nor. You wouldn't understand. Now, I wants you to be up there to-night, and to nab Light-toed Jim red-handed, so to speak. It'll mean promotion for you, and it'll suit me down to the ground. You wants to be about and to watch him enter. Then follow him, and dog him. And be armed, officer, for Jim'll fight like a tiger if you don't draw his teeth first."

"Now, look here, man," said I, "This is all very well; but it's very irregular. You must just tell me who you are, and how you come to be in Light-toed Jim's secrets, and I'll put it down in black and white."

I turned away from him to get my writing materials. I was not a half-minute with my back to him, but when I turned round he was gone! The door was shut, but I had heard no sound from it either opening or shutting. Quick as thought I darted to it, tore it wide open, and looked down the narrow staircase. There was no one there. I ran hastily down-stairs into the passage, and found my landlady, Mrs. Marriner, standing at the open door with a female friend. "Mrs. Marriner," I said, breaking in upon their conversation, "which way did that man go who came down-stairs just now?"

Mrs. Marriner looked at me strangely. "There ain't been no man come down-stairs, Mr. Parker," said she—"leastways, not this good three-quarters of an hour, which me and Missis Higgins 'ere, as 'ave come out to take an airing, her having been ironing all this blessed day, 'as been standin' here all the time and ain't never seen a soul."

"Nonsense!" I said. "A man came down from my room just now—the man you sent up twenty minutes since."

Mrs. Marriner looked at me with an expression betokening the most profound astonishment. Mrs. Higgins sighed deeply. "Mr. Parker," said Mrs. Marriner, "sorry am I to say it, sir, but you're a-sickening for brain fever, sir. There ain't no person entered this door, in or out, for nigh on to an hour, as me and Missis Higgins 'ere will take our Bible oaths on."

I went up-stairs and looked in the rooms on either side of mine. The man was not there. I looked under my bed, and of course he was not there. He must have gone down-stairs. But then the women must have seen him. There was only one door to the house. I gave it up in despair, and began to smoke my pipe. By the time I had drawn the last whiff I had decided that if any one was "intoxicated," it was probably Mrs. Marriner and Mrs. Higgins, and that my strange visitor had departed by the door. I was not going to believe that he had anything supernatural about [illegible].

I had no duty that night; and as the hours wore on I found myself stern in my resolve to go up to Miss Singleton's house and see what I could make out of my informant's story. It was my opinion that my late visitor was a whilom "pal" of Light-toed Jim's and that having become aware of the latter's plot, he had, for some reason of his own, decided to split on his old chum. Thieves' disagreement is an honest man's opportunity, and I determined to solve the truth of the story told me. Lest it should come to nothing, I decided not to report the matter to my chief. If I could really capture Light-toed Jim, my success would be all the more brilliant by being suddenly sprung upon the authorities.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAN AGAINST TIGER.

The Thrilling Struggle of a Nervy Half-Breed with a Ferocious Man-Eater.

It was in the State of Mirandeo, New Venezuela. It was in the morning, and I was with Manuel, the tiger-hunter, on the mountain.

I do not know how long Manuel and the tiger faced each other there in the narrow path like gladiators. It seemed a long time. This was the test. The tiger waited instinctively to see the strange thing before him turn and run away as everything else in the forest invariably did, but greatly to his surprise the thing stood its ground like an immovable rock. The tiger was king of the forest, and he knew it, and when he had made up his mind that this thing was not going to run, he came forward slowly to investigate. This was courage, even in a wild brute, and I respected him for it. I doubt if the lion or the tiger of India has this unshakable nerve.

I looked at Manuel as the tiger came slowly and cautiously along the path. He stood like a bronze statue, with his spear held over his right shoulder. Not so much as an eyelid moved. I confess that during this trying time I was a bit nervous. This was a new way of hunting to me, and a decided novelty in the actions of a wild beast which had not been attacked. I should expect an attack from a grizzly bear after it had been wounded, but assuredly, the bear would not take the aggressive, as this lithe and beautiful beast was doing. I will acknowledge that my heart thumped against my blue flannel shirt so hard that I was afraid the noise would attract the attention of the tiger.

Slowly came the tiger, like a rock stood Manuel. It looked as though the case had been reversed, and that the tiger instead of the half-breed was the hunter.

At length the tiger was within touching distance of the man. He looked the bronze figure over from head to foot and then thrust forward his head and sniffed at the man's feet. Back the great beast sprang like a steel spring. The figure was flesh and blood.

The tiger's tail twitched back and forth like a flail. The great jaws opened in a snarl. Quickly the beast measured his distance and crouched with quivering sinews for a spring. Such calm courage was grand beyond all description. It was matched only by the steadfast nerve of the man.

Now come the crisis. I could see the huge muscles heaving under the striped skin. In another second the tiger would leap upon his prey. In that instant the hunter made a motion with his left arm as quick as light itself. He tore a handkerchief from his neck and thrust it full in the tiger's face. Up went the tiger's head in a quiver of electrical amazement. Then the hunter's poised right arm shot forward with incredible force, and the spear buried itself half way to the handle in the tiger's neck.

Ah, it was nobly done, and throughout it all, from the beginning until the wonderful ending, the hunter's nerve never faltered so much as a hair's breadth. Before I could catch my breath and swallow the lumps of apprehension that had risen unbidden in my throat, the fierce beast was dead in the path.

I scrambled down from the rock and stood beside the dead forest king. Manuel picked up his handkerchief and pulled out his spear. There was a faint suggestion of a smile about his impassive face.

"Does the Senor Americano believe?" he asked.

"He does," I answered, and I reached him my hand in that universal brotherhood of man which civilization can never efface. By the side of that dead tiger, the savage and the son of civilization were on the one common level of man. There could be no difference.

WHERE FLESH TURNS TO STONE.

Peculiar and Marvelous Property of Rapid City Soil.

The character of the soil in and around Rapid City, S. D., has a peculiar and marvelous property, a wonderful characteristic which completely controverts the Biblical injunction, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."

For the last fifty years the "Bad Land," lying seventy-five miles to the southeast of the little city above mentioned, has been the wonderland of America, it being a locality unequalled in the world as a receptacle for petrefactions of animals of both the land and water kind. But the wonders of the "Bad Lands" are equalled in one respect at least, by the mineral saturated soil at Rapid City.

True, petrefaction of remote geological ages are not found in such profusion at Rapid City as they are farther South, but what is equally as wonderful, human bodies which have reposed but a short time in the soil of those South Dakotean hills are transformed into statues of stone as hard as the hardest marble.

But few of these last resting places have been disturbed, and those only when friends thought it absolutely necessary; however, in each case the same peculiarity was exhibited.

The Peculiarity of the Year 1900.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year, and the following explanation is given as the reason. The year is 365 days five hours and forty-nine minutes long; eleven minutes are taken every year to make the year 365¼ days long, and every fourth year we have an extra day. This was Julius Cæsar's arrangement. Where do these eleven minutes come from? They come from the future, and are paid by omitting leap year every hundred years. But if leap year is omitted regularly every hundredth year, in the course of 400 years it is found that the eleven minutes taken each year will not only have been paid back, but that a whole day will have been given up. So Pope Gregory XIII., who improved on Cæsar's calendar in 1582, decreed that every centurial year, divisible by four, should be a leap-year after all. So we borrow eleven minutes each year, more than pay our borrowings back by omitting three leap years in three centurial years, and square matters by having a leap year in the fourth centurial year. Thus 1700, 1800, and 1900 are taken out of the list of leap years, but 2,000 left in, and so on for every four hundredth year thereafter. Pope Gregory's arrangement is so exact, and the borrowing and paying back balance so close, that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in 3,866 years.

Spring Riding Saddle.

Most of those who have done much horseback riding have sad recollections of having had at one time or another, to jog along for weary miles on the back of an ill-bred straight-pasterned nag, whose every step jarred every nerve in the body, and aroused the most pronounced feelings of resentment. According to the inventor of a new saddle, such memorable incidents as these need never more occur, and the horseback riding of the future will be pure, unmixed delight. This saddle owes its peculiar merit to a series of springs. The upper saddle tree or seat is connected with the lower simply by those springs, so there is nothing to interfere with that free working without which no spring saddle can fulfill the purpose and object of its construction, viz.: to relieve the rider from the constant jolt experienced by riding on a springless saddle. The springs are cone shaped, working within each other, and are made of tempered steel wire so placed between the wooden tree, and the upper tree or frame seat (consisting of a steel wire bent to the shape of the lower tree and clasped by brass bands which cross each other) as to work freely wherever the motion of the horse may bring the weight of the rider.

A little further on is a memorial tree to a four-footed favorite "Billy," a nine years' pet.

ONTARIO CROPS.

The Ontario department of Agriculture has just issued an important bulletin showing the general state of crops in this province. By it we learn that the spring reports from the western portion of the Province, where our largest fields of fall wheat are to be found, were exceedingly hopeful, and present advices show that these bright expectations have been fully realised. In the three points of yield, quality and housing the crop this season has an enviable record. In Western Ontario the yield in most cases has been really magnificent. It has ranged all the way from 15 to 55 bushels per acre. In the eastern part of the Province, especially in those counties stretching from Durham to Stormont, a light yield is the rule, sometimes falling as low as eight bushels to the acre, although even here some correspondents are rejoicing in a yield of 30 bushels per acre. The average yield for the province is estimated at 24.4 bushels to the acre, while for the nine years 1882-90 the average was but 19.4 bushels per acre. Nearly every correspondent has a favorable word to say regarding the plumpness and general quality of the berry, and instances are given of the grain weighing 63, 64 and 65 pounds per bushel. The straw was thin on the ground and was much shorter than usual owing to cold weather and drouth during May and June, but the quality is reported as good. There was hardly any rust, and smut is spoken of in but two or three instances.

The reports regarding spring wheat are generally of a most favorable character. When correspondents wrote, however, only a few fields of spring wheat had been cut, and harvesting was not expected to be general for about a week. The crop will go considerably over the average in yield, and a plump and clean berry is assured. Casual mention only is made of rust or smut, and the Hessian fly has been heard of but rarely. It can be safely said, however, that it is many a year since so large a yield of spring wheat so generally free from injury from any cause has been reported upon. White Russian appears to be the most popular variety, while Colorado comes a good second. In the west goose is in much favor, while all over the Province the old white and red Fyfes are still largely grown. The names of other favorite kinds of spring wheat, as given by correspondents, would make a lengthy catalogue.

Correspondents do not agree concerning the crop of barley. In some localities it is reported as all cut and under cover, while in other places reaping had just started. In the case of two-rowed barley, however, little, if any, had been cut. While in several localities the crop appears to have suffered discoloration from wet weather, it is pleasing to know that the greater part of the cut was got into the barn untouched by rain and is of good color. Much difference of opinion is manifested by correspondents as to the benefits of growing the two-rowed barley. Some who have experimented with the samples sent out by the Ottawa Government are delighted with the result, while others speak very slightingly of the new barley, as compared with the old six-rowed. It is worthy of notice that while much of the six-rowed barley was cut and housed as correspondents wrote, a week or two more was needed to ripen the two-rowed variety. But while later the two-rowed sort this year gives promise of a greater yield than its six-rowed competitor.

The reports regarding the oats crop are favorable on the whole. The straw is described as short but clean, and, while standing thin upon the ground, it is carrying long heads well filled. Only a small portion of the crop was cut as correspondents wrote, but it is anticipated that the average yield per acre for the Province will reach 37.1 bushels.

Very little rye is now cultivated, but where it is grown the crop is reported fully up to the average, except in a few eastern points, where it appeares to have suffered somewhat from the early drouth.

The reports indicate an exceptionally good peas crop throughout the Province, the yield promising to be the best in many years.

Owing to the drouth at the time of planting a considerable portion of the seed did not germinate, and the crop generally made so late a start that several correspondents expressed the fear that frost might yet injure the growing corn. Although the hills were thinned by the drought in most localities, very encouraging reports come from the counties along the St. Lawrence, where corn is being more grown for the ear than formerly. In the great corn raising counties along Lake Erie, however, the tone of the returns are not so encouraging. Where grown for shelling, corn is chiefly raised in hills, but for soiling (where pastures are poor) or for the silo the drill is generally used. Very little is now sown broadcast. The question of the best corn for Ontario is not yet settled. In the Lake Erie district the eight-rowed yellow appears to be most in favor, while the yellow and white Flints and Dents are also popular. For the Eastern Ontario silos the Mammoth Southern Sweet, Horsetooth and Crompton's Early are most in demand.

The bean crop is likely to be a light one. This crop has suffered very much from drouth in the countries where it is raised to any considerable extent, as a field crop, viz., in Essex, Kent and Elgin.

Hay and clover have been unusually light all over the Province. It was of average quality, however, and was for the most part secured in excellent condition. The drouth was doubtless the chief cause of the deficiency, but in addition to this clover in some instances suffered from winter-killing and from the frosts of May. New meadows yielded better than old ones. Both clover and timothy were short in stalk, and timothy was as a rule somewhat thin in the ground. There has been a vigorous second growth of clover. The prospects are not favorable for a good yield of clover seed.

The prospects for all root crops have been seriously impaired by drouth. In the extreme southwestern counties all roots have been very seriously affected, and there the yield will be small both as to size and quality. Potato vines have frequently drooped for lack of moisture and in some instances dried up altogether from the heat. As regards the rest of the Province, a large yield of potatoes of good quality is expected. Turnips are likely to average a very fair crop, but neither mangels nor carrots will be quite so good.

The yield of apples will this year probably be light so far as Ontario is concerned, lighter even than last year. The quality of the fruit is however very fair, and the sample generally well shaped and free from blemishes. Harvest apples have yielded somewhat better than the later varieties. Pears are also a light yield. The causes of the deficiency are stated to be frosts at the time of blossoming and the general drouth. The trees are stated to have blossomed well, but even where the young fruit had formed it afterwards fell off, in some instances on account of insufficient moisture. There has been a fairly good yield of other tree fruits. Cherries have been unusually abundant. Plum trees are well loaded with fruit, but their number has now been so greatly diminished by the black-knot scourge that the yield of fruit cannot be a large one. Grapes and peaches were slightly injured by late frosts, but the yield of both is good. Small fruits have been very plentiful almost everywhere, but least so in the Lake Erie district. Raspberries were unusually plentiful in some of the more northern counties. Strawberries yielded fairly well, but the fruit was rather under-sized. On the Niagara peninsula there has been a good yield of all varieties. Plums are yielding well, and so are peaches, with the exception perhaps of Crawfords.

In spite of the generally poor condition of pastures the present state of live stock leaves but little to be desired. Live stock generally are in a thrifty and healthy condition; in many cases unusually so. If there is complaint at all it is that cattle are in some instances a little deficient in flesh for this season of the year, but at the same time the flesh is firm and the condition healthy. A considerable number of cattle have already been sold for the foreign market. In the western part of the Province, and particularly in Brant, the milk supply, which has held fairly well all through the summer, is now beginning to fail somewhat owing to the unsatisfactory pasturage for milch cows. Cheese factories are reported to have had a favorable season in Lambton, and favorable reports for dairying also come from Middlesex, Oxford, Huron and Grey. Factories have had an active season in the Eastern counties. The milk supply has been good and the dairy output has been a large one.

The past season has not been a particularly favorable one for bees. A scarcity of nectar in the early summer and a consequent lack of food for brood rearing retarded swarming very materially. As a general rule swarming was not nearly so frequent as usual. There has not been an abundant supply of nectar from any source, and the yield of honey is not likely to average more than between 30 and 40 pounds per hive, although the season is not yet over.

There has been a sufficiency of labour during harvesting, chiefly because farmers are endeavoring to do as much work as possible within their own families. Occasional reports only were made of a scarcity of laborers. There has been no appreciable change in the rate of wages during the summer, but prices vary greatly according to locality and the rate of wages paid laborers in other branches of work. Based upon returns by farmers who employ help in every section of the Province, the following averages of wages paid farm laborers are derived. Yearly engagement with board $159 or without board $256, as compared with $157 and $253 respectively in 1890. Engagements for the working season, per month with board $16.00, or without board $25.81, as compared with $16.88 and $25.56 respectively in 1890. Servant girls average $6.25 and board or two cents more than in 1890.

The total area in fall and spring wheat is 1,363,067 acres, as compared with 1,321,854 acres in 1890. The area in fall wheat was increased by 132,332 acres, while the area devoted to the spring varieties was diminished by 91,119 acres. The estimated yield of wheat is very large, being 30,437,652 bushels, as compared with 21,951,288 bushels harvested in 1890, or 26,315,367 bushels for the nine years 1882-90. Fall wheat promises 24.4 bushels per acre, or 5 bushels above the average. Spring wheat is expected to produce 18.8 bushels per acre, or 6 bushels more than last year. As was anticipated the area in barley has been diminished by 148,160 acres, but the yield per acre will be 1.2 bushels over the average. The area in oats is a little less than last year, but the yield will be enormous, being estimated at 37.1 bushels per acre, or 2.7 bushels above the average and 9.1 bushels higher than last year. The area in rye has been reduced by one-third. Less peas were sown than last year, but the total production will be 2,500,000 bushels more, which means an increase of four bushels to the acre. The acreage of field beans has been again extended, but the prospects are a bushel per acre less than last year. Kent County claims three-quarters of the bean area. Although the area in hay has increased there were nearly 2,000,000 tons less cut than in 1890. Last year's was, however, an exceptionally heavy crop. The crop averaged less than a ton per acre, but was not as small as in 1888.

The total area in crop was 7,838,081 acres as compared with 7,912,2[illegible]7 acres in 1890. There were also 2,721,281 acres of pasture on cleared land, an increase of 179,189 acres over last year.

On July 1, as estimated from schedules sent in by farmers, there were 678,459 horses of all classes or an increase of 18,823 over the previous year; there were 1,978,815 head of cattle, an increase of 84,103 over 1890; the milch cows now number 773,234 or 4,604 less than last year; of sheep and lambs there are 1,693,761, being a large increase of 354,056 in the year, but is still 196,982 less than in 1884, since which year there have been regular decreases. There is a further increase of 15,757 in the number of hogs, the present number being 1,156,316. The number of poultry is 7,006,090, an increase of 151,225. The total clip of wool is 2,498,141 pounds as compared with 4,574,700 pounds in 1890.

How to Cook Green Corn.

Of usual and unusual ways of cooking this delicious vegetable the following receipts will be found reliable and the best of their kind:

Housekeepers who must depend upon the markets in large cities for their sweet corn seldom taste it at its best. When you can go out and select from among your Stowell's Evergreen, or your Early Minnesota, such ears as are just ripe for the table, picking them in the early morning when the dew lies thick upon them, and half an hour after can serve them on your breakfast table, you have a luxury that the wealth of a Vanderbilt on Fifth avenue cannot purchase.

The neatest way to boil corn is to remove all the husks except the inner row, lay back the strip of silk from the ear and with a bit of string tie the husks in place. Have ready a generous pot filled with salted boiling water, lay in the corn and allow from 15 to 20 minutes, according to the size of the ears, from the time boiling recommences. Before sending to table strip off the husks very quickly and envelop in a corn napkin to keep in the heat. Sometimes hot melted butter seasoned with salt and pepper is served in the hottest of gravy boats, but if you eat your corn from the ear in the good old-fashioned way, you had better butter and season it yourself.

Roasted corn is delightful if you have a very hot oven or an open grate stove before which they can be cooked. Husk the ears and rub them clean; rub with butter and season with salt and pepper. Place before the fire or in the oven, and turn the ears occasionally so that they may cook evenly. When all are browned serve very hot.

Miss Corson's green corn pudding calls for six large ears of corn grated, six eggs beaten, three half pints of milk and a seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg, to be baked for half an hour in a moderate oven.

That of an equally celebrated cook, which produces a somewhat different but equally palatable result and has the added merit of cheapness, requires you to split the grains of three large ears of corn, pushing the pulp out with a knife. Mix with three pints of milk, two beaten eggs and a seasoning of salt, pepper and if it is wanted for a desert, half a teacupful of sugar.

GREEN CORN FRITTERS (1).—Miss Corson gives this receipt: One pint of grated green corn, one gill of milk, the yelks of two eggs dropped in without beating, salt, pepper, and about half a cup of flour or enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Lastly, stir in the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Bake as fritters in plenty of boiling fat, or as griddle cakes with just enough fat to keep them from burning.

CORN FRITTERS (2).—Grate six ears or split the grains and scrape the pulp out with the back of a knife, add one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Cook as before.

CORN FRITTERS (3).—The caterer of a New York club makes his fritters as follows: Put two raw eggs in a large bowl, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper, and a gill of milk and mix smooth; add a pint of grated or pulped corn and mix again. Fry in boiling fat.

STEWED CORN.—Cut through the centre of each row of corn, scrape the grains from the skin of about a dozen ears of corn and put into a saucepan with enough water to just cover, steam for twenty minutes; add a tablespoonful of butter and as much flour, smoothly mix with milk; season with salt and pepper, and after a minute's boil add a half pint of milk or cream.

The remains of a dish of stewed corn may be hashed with cold potatoes and cream, letting all get thoroughly hot. Equal quantities of cold cooked corn and tomatoes heated together and served on toast makes a nice lunch dish.—[Alice Chittenden, in *Albany Cultivator*.

Fleeing From His Majesty.

A Chinese funeral never goes straight to the cemetery, but, in a trot, hurries up the street and then makes a short turn into a side street, trots up that and then turns again, says a Chinaman. Half a dozen times in the course of the march to the grave the bearers of the body make these short turns and, occasionally, after turning, will suddenly halt and wait for several minutes. The purpose of these sudden turns and unexpected halts is to deceive Satan. The Chinese prince of evil is a very great fool, and can always be outwitted if you know how to go about it. He is always waiting at the door of a house where one has died, but is not allowed to stand directly in front and watch, but must take up a position a little to one side. He is short-sighted, very lame and has no joints in his legs to enable him to turn a corner quickly. When he wants to go round a corner he must stop, back in a half circle till he gets his face in the proper direction, when he can go ahead. All these facts are well known to the pall-bearer, so when they come out of a house of mourning they come in a run, so as to get a good start of the wicked one. While they are making the start bunches of fire-crackers are set off, in order to distract the devil's attention, and the common impression is that if enough crackers and powder are used right at the start the bearers can get away with the body before the demon can clear the smoke out of his eyes and see which way they have gone. But, lest he should have pursued them without their knowing it, they run awhile, then turn, and as if his majesty has been following them he shoots on by, and before he can turn back they have gone round the next corner. The great point is to throw him off the track so firecrackers are set off whenever a turn is made in the hope of scaring him away or putting him on the wrong road.

Warm Water.

With butter at 20 cents per pound, skimmed milk at 25 cents per cwt., corn fodder at $5 00 per ton and a cost of $15 for warming water 120 days for 40 cows, the results at the Wisconsin experiment station show a profit of $26 40 in 1889 and a loss of $5 98 in 1890, leaving as an average for the two years $10 21 on a herd of 40 cows.

FOR THE LADIES.

Method in House Keeping.

At the bottom of all the heartache and headache caused by modern housework, there usually lies only one trouble—want of method. Only within the last hundred years has there been any effort made to train woman. She was regarded as a being to be governed by instinct or intuition, and all her work was expected to be done by some sweet haphazard method which should make itself right in the end by some rule unknown to every law of nature. The one who suggested direct rules of doing housework was held up to derision as eccentric. Cooking was like a game of chance, and success and failure were looked upon generally as matters of luck. The breadmaker who measured the ingredients for her bread was looked upon as little less than daft. The natural result of want of method in breadmaking at home was the coming in of the foreign baker, whose loaves, though inferior in every way to a good home-made loaf, could always be depended upon to be of uniform quality. The baker produced loaves which were always the same size and quality, while the domestic loaf, though delicious at times, was often a failure, owing to the want of method. When home methods become systematic methods then the home baker may come into active competition with the professional baker. Though there are thousands of women who could bake better bread than the tradesmen bakers, and would gladly earn the money for doing so, they have not been able to gain any considerable market because they cannot be depended on for a positively uniform result. Whenever a woman conducts the work of baking by purely business methods, bakes her bread by strict uniform rule as a baker does, and charges only the regular price for it, she finds a remunerative market at once for her work. From remote generations men have been taught to do their work by rule. No man hires a laborer without engaging his time for a certain number of hours. The man servant knows distinctly when and what time he must devote to his work. The female servant alone is expected to do her work in a happy-go-easy way. At one time she is seriously reprimanded for what is overlooked at other times. The trouble with servants is largely due to want of order in laying out their work and making them adhere rigidly to it. The average maid-of-all-work has some reason in rebelling against her position when her work depends, as it often does upon the whimsical fancies of a mistress who drives her from one thing to another without system or order.

Strange as it may seem, it is yet true that there are no housekeepers who have so little trouble with their help as those who exact to the uttermost that which is required, but who do not break into the routine of work by ordering all manner of unexpected and unnecessary drudgery. The secret of peace in the household, of freedom from the thousand and one petty worries induced by domestic mismanagement, lies in the one brief word—method. When women are trained to do their household work as craftsmen do theirs, when the head of a house manages her help with the same exactness that the master workman manages his men, making sure that every stroke of work tells toward the end, then we shall begin to see a solution of the problems of domestic service. These problems present themselves on every side and have even reached a point at which they threaten to turn our homes into vast hostleries, to be managed on the co-operative plan.

Fate in a Teacup.

Here are a few old superstitions regarding the ever-friendly cup that cheers: If while the tea is being made and the lid, which has been removed to pour in the water, is forgotten, it is a sure sign that some one will "drop in to tea."

If a single person happens to have two spoons in his or her saucer, it is a prediction that the fortunate (or unfortunate?) drinker of that particular cup will be married within a year from that date.

If you put cream in your cup before the sugar it will "cross your love," so be very careful.

If a tea stock floats in the cup, it is called a "beau," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round and round, and then hold the spoon upright in the centre of the cup. If the "beau" is attracted to the spoon and clings to it he will be sure to call very shortly, if not the same evening, but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup he will not come.

Examine the tea leaves in your cup if you are plebeian enough to boil your tea instead of drawing it in the refined and dainty fashion for a lot of leaves mean money and fortune.

If you want to know how many years will elapse before you may expect to be married, balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry; fill another spoon partly with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon, let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops each one stands for a year.

It is a sign of fair weather if the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect and remain in the centre of the cup. If they rush to the sides it will surely rain before night.

When the toast is made, three or four thin slices of bread must be cut the whole length of the loaf and placed one over the other. This done, they must all be cut in half with one sweep of the knife. If this is done by a young woman, and the slices are not severed clean through to the plate, she will not be married within the year; if the bread parts in two even heaps, she might as well order her trousseau. On no account must she take the last piece of toast or bread on the plate, unless she wishes to be an old maid.

A woman's own fame is barren. It begins and ends with herself. Reflected from her husband or her son, it has in it the glory of immortality—of continuance. Sex is in circumstance as well as in body and in mind. We date from our fathers, not our mothers; and the shield they won by valor counts to us still for honor. But the miserable little mannikin who creeps to obscurity, overshadowed by his wife's glory, is as pitiful in history as contemptible in fact.

'The husband of his wife' is no title to honor; and the best and dearest of our famous women take care that this shall not be said of them and theirs. The wild women, on the contrary, burk their husbands altogether; and even when they are not widows act as if they were.

The young who are wavering between the rampant individualism taught by the insurgent sect and the sweeter, dearer, tenderer emotions of the true woman would do well to ponder on this position. They cannot be on both sides at once. Politics or peace, the platform or the home, individualism or love, moral sterility or the rich and full and precious life of the nature we call womanly—married or single, still essentially womanly—they must take their choice which it shall be. They cannot have both. Nor can they have the ruder, rougher, "privileges" they desire in this identity of condition with man, and retain the chivalrous devotion, the admiration and the respect of men. These are born of the very differences between the sexes. If men want the support of equality in friendship, they find that in each other; if they want the spiritual purification which goes with true and lofty love they look for that in women. When women have become minor men they will have lost their own holding and not have gained that other.—[Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Hints on Hairdressing.

When nature has endowed any one with a plentiful supply of hair it is very little trouble to maintain it, but when the hair is thin and poor it requires plenty of time and attention to keep it in order. The hair is exactly like a plant, and it soon acquires a neglected look if it does not meet with its proper share of attention. Cleanliness is the most important point, and should never be neglected on account of the trouble it entails. The hair should be thoroughly washed at least once a month, and brushes and combs should be kept scrupulously clean. Rock ammonia is the best thing to use when washing the hair, a piece about the size of an egg being used to a quart of boiling water. The water should be stirred with the hand till a lather is formed, and the hair and head should then be rubbed all over with the solution. The hair must now be rinsed out in plain warm water, thoroughly douched with cold water, and rubbed until it is perfectly dry, or it will become rotten, and this is particularly the case after sea-bathing. Plenty of brushing is beneficial to the hair, and not less than a hundred strokes with the brush should be given every day. The brushes and combs should be of good quality, as inferior ones are ruinous to the hair. Some combs seem to be naturally ill-tempered and cannot go through the hair without tearing it, and they have unexpected slashes in their teeth which catch the fine hairs and break them instead of allowing them to pass through. Life is impossible with such a comb as this, and it should be thrown away directly its character is discovered. Friction is serviceable in promoting the growth of the hair, and a stimulating lotion may be used with good results. The head should be well rubbed in at the roots of the hair, and also at the temples and down the parting, and at any place where the hair is becoming thin. Baldness may be successfully combatted by friction as long as it is in an early stage, but if the friction fail to produce redness of the skin, the case must be considered hopeless, and the baldness can be covered but never cured.

"LA REINE LE VEULT."

How the Queen Assents to Acts of Parliament.

It is question time in the house of commons, and ministers are laboriously reading their answers to the long list of printed questions [illegible]. Presently, with no apparent reason, the outer doors of the chamber, usually wide open, are shut and locked, and the doorkeeper stands guarding them, peeping through a tiny wicket in the door, as if he expected an inconvenient [illegible]. But no; the doors have only been locked on the same principle that the little boys on the towing path of the Cam shut the gates when they see an undergraduate approaching in order to have the pleasure of opening them again—for a consideration. What the consideration of the doorkeeper of the house of commons may be is not known to the public, but the very instant that the stranger approaching the door [illegible] attendant flings it open and announces the visitor with a stentorian shout of "Black Rod." Slowly does the elderly gentleman in braided uniform who bears this title [illegible] the short rod that confers it advance up the floor of the house, bowing [illegible] three times in his passage.

Arrived at the table, he summons "this honorable house" in the name of the crown immediately to attend the house of peers to hear the royal assent given by commission to various bills. Having given his message he slowly retires backward, bowing again with the mystic three bows. Without a word all members rise in their places and the speaker leaves his chair and joins Black Rod, who has been waiting for him at the bar of the house. Side by side in brotherly converse they walk off, followed by the serjeant-at-arms and two or three members as representatives of the house, while strong-lunged policemen in the lobby bellow out: "Make way for Black Rod." "Make way for the speaker."

In the house of lords a quaint but not unimpressive spectacle awaits me. Through the stained-glass windows of the beautiful chamber the sunlight is streaming, lighting up the richly carved woodwork and the decorated ceiling, and making the [illegible] benches below seem redder than ever. [illegible] on the floor of the house, red, is the single note [illegible] crimson benches [illegible] woolsack [illegible] robed [illegible] At the table [illegible] red, are three [illegible] clerks in [illegible] gown; that is all.

But by this time the speaker and his companions have reached the house of lords and have packed themselves in a little [illegible] opposite the woolsack and the throne. There they stand [illegible] throughout the ceremony.

The first business is the reading of the commission appointing certain peers to act on behalf of her majesty. The document is very long and very legal. The number of peers named to serve on the commission seems legion. There is the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught [illegible] most reverend [illegible] "beloved and trusty counsellor," the Archbishop of Canterbury [illegible] York [illegible] many other noble [illegible] Finally comes [illegible] chancellor of that part of [illegible] kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Great Britain, and at these words the [illegible] reading clerk, the lord chancellor, [illegible] motionless on the woolsack, raises his [illegible] response to a [illegible] from the clerk. The next name is the Earl of Limerick, and the clerk bows again [illegible] hat is raised [illegible] on the woolsack. The same [illegible] is repeated at the name of Lord [illegible] the third of the three figures [illegible] that the commissioners [illegible] three of them, "shall have power to [illegible] the queen and [illegible] assent to the bills passed by parliament [illegible] at Windsor by the queen herself [illegible] with her own hand."

This ends the first stage of the proceedings. The lord [illegible] without moving, [illegible] empty benches, [illegible] clerks [illegible] table to pass the bills in [illegible] usual manner. The two other clerks [illegible] step forward and stand one on each side of the table. One reads the titles of the bills, the other announces her majesty's assent. But the bald statement gives but a poor idea of the acted scene, [illegible] altogether omitted [illegible] ceremony is completed without a bow, [illegible] the house of lords [illegible] bows. The junior clerk [illegible] takes each bill from the table [illegible] and makes a profound bow to the commissioners. Rising he reads the title of the bill and then bows again. As soon as this bow is over the [illegible] clerk on the other side of the table makes [illegible] woolsack. This bow over, [illegible] the representatives of the commons [illegible] the clock, and [illegible] the crucial words, "La reine le veult"; then turns round again [illegible] another [illegible] bow to the red [illegible] benches [illegible].

All this ceremonial is gone through with every bill, and [illegible] read it, it is not easy to avoid a smile at the incongruity between the antiquity of [illegible] into law. At last the [illegible] pile of bills is disposed of, and [illegible] bow has been made. The [illegible] in red [illegible] simultaneously raise their triangular hats to the faithful commons [illegible] promptly retire [illegible] At the same moment [illegible] lords commissioners [illegible] woolsack and vanish through [illegible].

The scene is over [illegible] last touch of comedy is given [illegible] ceremony by the speaker on his return to the house of commons. Immediately he has taken his seat he rises and says [illegible] "I have to inform the house [illegible]" The house [illegible] proceeds to the next business.—[illegible]

DISTRESS IN RUSSIA.

Parents Selling Their Children for Bread.

The stories of [illegible] in Russia are almost incredible. In Bessarabia parents are actually offering their children for sale in order to buy food, and dealers at Constantinople, hearing of the [illegible], have [illegible] number of female children. Many deaths have resulted from famine, and families may be found actually perishing from hunger and huddling together in [illegible] common misery. The stewards of Crown lands and forests have been instructed to allow the peasantry to enjoy free pasture and freely to gather mushrooms, which are largely consumed among the lower classes of Russians, and to gather wild fruits in the forests and woods of the State. This, however, does not answer the demand for substantial food. The famine cripples also the finances of Russia, and it is believed that for this reason there will be no war for many months. The collection of State and local taxes in at least twenty provinces will fall considerably behind the usual amount. Besides, large sums are required to prevent whole populations from perishing of starvation. The Government authorities, being now aroused, are exerting themselves with energy, and the distribution of relief is going on as rapidly as possible. When a quantity of grain reached Marinpol, in the Province of Yekaterinoslav, on Tuesday last, the people were so weak with want that they were hardly able to come and get their portions. They gathered near the place of distribution, presenting a pitiful spectacle with their wan faces and wasted forms. A force of police was present to preserve order, but instead the police had in several instances to keep the applicants from falling through sheer hunger and weakness. Nor is the misery confined to the lowest class. Among the applicants at Marinpol were noblemen and tradesmen, the latter ruined in business through the loss of custom on account of the famine, and the former deprived of the margin between their debts and their income on which they had depended. The prohibition of the export of rye was none too soon if the more frightful results of famine were to be averted.

LATE CABLE NEWS

Reception of the French Fleet—Berry, the Hangman—Politics in Britain—Mr. Gladstone's Health.

Great satisfaction is expressed in Paris at the gracious manner in which Queen Victoria received Admiral Gervais. *La Liberte* remarks that the reception of the French fleet by the people and authorities of Portsmouth and by the Queen herself surpasses in point of cordiality and kindness all the promises of the programme. *Le Soir* calls on the French Government to be as adroit as England, and, seeing that both countries have need of each other, to take advantage of England's advances by arranging the Newfoundland, Madagascar, and especially the Egyptian difficulties. This would detach England from the triple alliance. "She affirms that she is already detached," says *Le Soir*, "and we wish nothing better than to believe it; but we should then be much more certain." *Le Soir* thinks Italy would then abandon the alliance so that Germany and Austria would be left alone. It suggests that Germany, [illegible] Cronstadt agreement, might throw over Austria, leaving her to be attacked by Russia and Italy, while she herself attacked France.

Mr. James Berry, the [illegible] hangman of Great Britain and Ireland, is at present engaged in a controversy with the physician of Kirkdale Prison in [illegible] the execution of [illegible] Conway on last Thursday morning, [illegible] Berry asserts that this accident [illegible] the physician insisted [illegible] Of course, Berry insists [illegible] drunk, [illegible] brandy [illegible] his conduct [illegible]

[illegible]

Growth of the [illegible]

[illegible]

Volatilization of [illegible]

[illegible]

Sending Convicts to America.

A Swedish version of what is meant by the Land of the Free is [illegible] from Stockholm. A happy surprise was prepared the other day for a prisoner in the [illegible] Penitentiary. The man hails from Stockholm and has relatives in America. One of them sent him a ticket for the West, and the prison authorities, [illegible] discretion, [illegible] set him free at once, though he had served no more than three months of his sentence. A steamer was lying ready at Malmo to sail that day. A Stockholm newspaper says that the "sun that rising had looked upon him behind the iron bars in a convict's suit saw him when it set in the west with the sea [illegible] his fetters broken, bound for the Land of the Free." A good riddance on both sides; there was satisfaction all round. To the prospective host no one appears to have given a thought. Is it much of a wonder that freedom spells license with so many of our green immigrants?

It Turned His Heart to Praise.

Deacon (of the Mt. Pisgah Colored Methodist Church to the retiring pastor)—De flock hab tuck up a c'lection an' bought yer dis heah 'stantial timepiece to show de [illegible] dey feels to deir pasture.

The pastor (examining the Waterbury)—Bredein an' sistern, I's overcome wif gratitude an' can't find words to 'spress my feelin's. De congregation will jine in singin' 'Dere no sah endin' spring abides.'