Life's Lovely End.

AN ANSWER TO THE SONG OF SONG MARTY.

The following beautiful poem was written on the death bed of a loving wife and mother, and all we shall say in regard to it is that the husband or child (especially those who have lost such an invaluable friend) who can read it without having watery eyes is simply harder-hearted than we are. We are sorry that we cannot give the name of the author.

Raise my pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and faintly comes my breath,
And these shadows stealing slowly,
Must I know, on them of Death;
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father,
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
His His own and only Son.
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain;
Tear by tear, I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreams of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride,
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride;
Dreamed of thee and all the earth-chords
Firmly twined around my heart—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,
When I know that we must part.

It has passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He, that's more than friend or brother,
Will be with thee to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And He he that bids me come.

When life's trials will around thee,
And its climbing it loves swell,
Then'll think Heaven that you're spared them,
Then'll then feel that "All is well."
Bring our boys unto my bedside,
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them—
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in God's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake;
Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath this chastening rod;
Throw your strong arm round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.

Gentlemen who Lace.

Devices for Securing a Fine Figure—Claims of Benefits to be Derived.

(From Forney's Progress.)

In 1861 and 1862, while many Americans were engaged in a discussion down on the Potomac, there were several serious questions agitating England. They were fought in the newspapers, and have not, it is feared, been satisfactorily settled to this day. Let them be classed in the order of their importance, as shown by the number and length of the printed articles. First, should young ladies over 13 years of age be whipped at home and in school? Second, should gentlemen wear corsets? Third, should ladies on horseback wear spurs? It is to be presumed that the young lady whipping, the male corset, and the female spur-wearing go on as they did before, for while nothing is said about them now, it is only fair to conclude the agitation neither increased nor decreased their practice. Like the Sunday problem and the servant annoyance, these are matters which one could talk about until doomsday without results. In this country a few men wear corsets, and they seem to like them. Gottschalk, the pianist, and equally celebrated as a beau, always had on a corset. The male corset-wearers are those who take their coats to the up-town tailor, whose advertisement may be found almost any morning in *The Ledger*. This ingenious fellow has an arrangement which he puts into coats, by which one's shoulders are made to look as broad as a prize-fighter's. With one of his inventions, and a perfectly constructed corset, the figure of a man becomes irresistible. It is a secret that the ladies know as well as ourselves that the shoulders of all our coats are more or less padded, that frequently our vests are ditto, so that with the exception of the hair on our heads, which is usually our own, there is about the full-dressed man almost as much sham as surrounds the full-dressed woman. But your male corset-wearers will not talk. They hide their corsets, figuratively as well as actually, and would deny the whole thing if they were asked about it. A daily newspaper reporter is the authority for saying that the tailor who makes heavy shoulders out of slim ones keeps quiet on the subject. Many attempts have been made, but all in vain, to interview him. One must turn to England to discover how a man feels to be tightly laced. Here is a gentleman who wears ladies' shoes because he thinks them more comfortable, and goes for his corsets to a store where there are lady attendants, as "I find them much more obliging than male assistants usually are." He is a connoisseur in corsets for gentlemen. Listen to him:

I strongly advise to have the corset make to open up the back only, as I find it much more comfortable to wear and lighter than when made to open in front, in the new common mode. I can truly affirm, from my own experience that moderately tight lacing (say three to four inches less waist measure than the natural size) is not only not prejudicial, but, on the contrary, is very beneficial to the health. My occupation is mostly of a sedentary nature, and it used to suffer much from pains in my side and back, and from indigestion; but about a year and a half ago my sister persuaded me to try and wear a corset, and she altered one of her own to suit me. I found it rather irksome for the first few days, but that feeling soon passed, and on my next visit to London I had a corset properly made to my own measurement. Since then I had another one made, smaller in the waist and wider at the chest, which I am wearing. The pains have quite left me, and my health is generally much better than it used to be. Besides this, the feeling of being tolerably well laced, is very comfortable. From my own observation and inquiries, I find the practice of corset-wearing by young gentlemen is increasing much more than, but we don't make any display of the fact."

In France and Germany very many more gentlemen affect corsets than in England. Here at home it is impossible the custom will ever become what our English friends call "usual." We haven't the time for the intricacies of the corset. Even the suspender is getting beyond the control of the American man, and a fellow-sufferer wrote to *The New York Graphic* not long ago asking it to require suspender-makers to have pity on poor male humanity and cease adding novel machinery to this necessary part of our attire. No. A people who are right neat at so simple a thing as a pair of suspenders will never undertake the management of corsets, hedged about as they are rumored to be, with whalebones innumerable, strings by the yard, and holes by the dozen. It has not been the purpose in this paper, to do more than mention—what has been done—about the whipping and the spurs. These are themes at which the pen, that did not falter at corsets for gentlemen, wisely stops.

Milk as a Soporific.

According to the *Pharmacist*, it is a frequent practice in the New York asylum for inebriates to administer to the patients at bedtime a glass of milk to produce sleep, and the result is often found satisfactory, without the use of medicine. Medicine is there sometimes prescribed in milk. It has been recently stated in medical journals that lactic acid has the effect of promoting sleep by acting as a sedative, and this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk. Can this, then, be the explanation of the action of milk on the nervous system after a long continued, excessive use alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable of being converted in the stomach, in certain morbid conditions, into lactic acid; and a lump of sugar allowed to dissolve in the mouth on going to bed will frequently soothe a restless body to quiet and repose.

In the inscriptions to be placed upon the pedestal of Cleopatra's Needle will be added, at the suggestion of the Queen, the names of the men who lost their lives in the attempt to rescue the crew lost during the storm in the Bay of Biscay while bringing the obelisk to London.

Young Women in the Fifteenth Century.

Young ladies of the time of Henry IV., says a recent writer, were brought up with greater strictness than there descendants in modern times. Mammas in those days kept their daughters a greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an able antiquarian states, counted upon their earnings.

After they had attained a certain age, it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to houses of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners; and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair fairs, from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living.

Let us follow a lady of gentle blood through her occupations of a day. She rises early—at seven or half-past—listens to matins, and then dresses; breakfast follows, and this is her costume: A silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn over collar of a darker colour; a broad girdle with a rich gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over the arm; shoes long and pointed; a gold chain round the neck; and, to crown all, the steeple cap, with its pendant gossamer veil.

After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer, she will, possibly, if religiously inclined, go to the chapel; if not, to the garden, and weave garlands. This occupation, enlivened by gossip with her friends, will take her until noon, when dinner is served; after which an hour or so will be spent with the dis aff or the spinning-wheel. At six o'clock supper is served; after which, perhaps, follow games at cards or dice, or, possibly, a dance. Of the latter our young lady is extremely fond, and has been known, once or twice, when agreeable company was in the house, to commence dancing after dinner, and to continue until after supper, when, after a short respite, she began again. She has grown tired of the old carols, and now dotes upon those merry jigs imported from France.

Later on, another meal is served, called the rere-supper or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine, if she be so inclined, and then retire for the night. Another day, in the proper season, she may go hawking, or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrows, or, with ease be waiting, or some other such refined amusement.

Peculiarities of Languages.

The Hindoos are said to have no word for "feed."

The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."

The Russian dictionary gives a word, the definition of which is "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means "to kill over again;" a third "to earn by dancing;" while the word "knout," which we have all learned to consider as exclusively Russian meaning and application, proves upon investigation to be their word "knut," and to mean only a "whip of any kind."

The Germans call a thimble a "fingerhut," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather cattle;" whilst the names for the well-known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff."

The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" anyone. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it is, to threaten to "give a blow with his foot;" the same thing probably to the recipient, in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French.

In English we "cure" meat and "cure" sick people, and we like our girls to be "quick," but never wish to see them "fast."

Spanish Guitars.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

The country which of all others has associated the guitar with its national expression in music is Spain, on whose romantic soil it was introduced at the time of the Moorish invasion. There always have the most tuneful guitars been manufactured. To the Paris Exposition were sent guitars from a Spanish instrument-maker the vibrations of whose strings could be prolonged twenty seconds when the air performed required it. The workmanship displayed on the Gonzales guitars is exquisite and the instruments were sold at the price of $200 each. The progressive development of sonorous power in music, which began in the second half of the eighteenth century, has caused to disappear from the domain of art one by one all instruments whose voices are not very strong. But as recently as forty years ago the guitar was cultivated with passionate feeling by a multitude of persons of musical taste all over the world. Rossini, in *The Barber of Seville*, gets a charming effect from it in the famous serenade. Still, the days of the guitar, in any wide sense, were even then numbered. It has not sufficient volume of sound to hold a place in the noisy music of the present, not to mention that of the future. Spain is now the only country where the instrument continues to give active signs of life. Heard amid the stillness of the lovely moon-lit nights of Spain, struck by a practiced hand, and accompanied by a mellow voice, it seems in perfect analogy with the character of the nation itself—tender, gallant, dreamy, secret, and melancholy. On the minstrel stage it is likely to hold its own for many a year to come. A potent cause will retain it there: it is a capital dummy. A valuable interlocutor or a desirable balladist who is not master of any instrument can always hold a guitar in his hands and pretend to be strumming while the others play.

A New Torpedo Boat.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The new torpedo boat recently purchased by the British government from the Herreshoff works, Bristol, R. I., appears to have given great satisfaction to the lords of the admiralty. The new vessel has the appearance of a not very symmetrical cigar-shaped boat covered in at the top, the gray colour of which renders her almost undistinguishable at even a comparatively short distance. She is barely 59½ feet long, and 7½ feet wide, and when thoroughly equipped for service will not weigh more than seven or eight tons. She has a composite hull built below the water line, with a steel frame and a skin of wood and a steel plate above. She is propelled by a single compound, direct-acting, condensing engine, the diameter of the cylinders being 6 inches and 10½ inches, with a stroke of 10 inches. Into the stokehole, which is inclosed, air is forced by a Sturtevant blower, driven by a separate engine of 2½-horse power, and the steam is supplied by a Herreshoff patent steam generator, having a coil of 2-inch pipe about 300 feet long. This mode of producing steam is said to have the advantage over the ordinary boiler of being more rapid in its action, of being absolutely free from the risk of explosion, of obviating the danger to safety of a vessel which arises whenever the boiler happens to be struck by a ball, while the generator is only one-third of the weight of a boiler of the same power. The boat is covered with a superstructure of steel plates, for the purpose of protecting the machinery as well as the men, of whom she will probably carry seventy-eight, from rifle bullets. The screw is placed under the centre, but nearer the stern than the bow. At the recent trial she realized a speed of a little over eighteen miles an hour, and went through a variety of manœuvres with great rapidity and precision.

Music of the future—Promissory notes.

The Zulu Fight.

The Desperate Hand-to-Hand Struggle at Rorke's Drift.

The London correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following graphic account of the terrible affair at Rorke's Drift, where a battalion of the Twenty-fourth British Infantry was annihilated:

On the 21st January the main body of the British advance, under Lord Chelmsford, penetrated a considerable distance into Zululand, over twenty miles beyond Rorke's Drift, near which a camp had been established, with a convoy, consisting of 102 waggons, 1,400 oxen, two guns, 400 shot and shell, 1,200 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, and a rocket-trough, the whole valued at $300,000. Ten miles beyond Rorke's Drift Lord Chelmsford left the convoy guard and advanced with the remainder of his forces, some ten or twelve miles further into Zulu-land,

"TO LOOK FOR THE ENEMY,"

Who, it afterward turned out, were at the same time 20,000 strong. Lord Chelmsford being well out of the way, they fell upon the convoy. The British fought hard, and retreated gradually upon the camp and its valuable stores, thus getting the support of all their immediate forces. The Zulus fell fast before the deadly rifle; but they carried out their courageous tactics with a bravery which will not be forgotten when the historian comes to tell their story. To hurry an encounter to the death struggle, hand-to-hand, is the Zulu idea. They advance in a body, the men in the rear rushing into the gaps made in front by the enemy's fire. Then the men with short knives and shields, sing back their rifles and leap upon the foe. Those who are armed with spears break them off short and convert them into short swords. This is what happened at Isandula and the camp at Rorke's Drift. The overwhelming numbers of the Zulus, taking the troops at a moment when there seems to have been no opportunity of availing themselves of intrenchments or barricades, enabled them to

OVERPOWER THE RED-COATS.

The British officers and men fought and fell where they stood, each of them, however, slaying his two or three to one in the unequal fight. The colours of the regiment and the stores fell to the victors, who thus came in possession of valuable weapons and ammunition, which they could also show to possible allies as inducement to join them. Not less than fifty-one British officers and 570 men lay dead in the sacked camp before the Zulus carried off the spoils. In the meantime Lord Chelmsford was still "looking for the enemy!" When it was all over the news reached him and he hastened back, to discover that the force he had left in his rear had been annihilated. The Zulus had not held the camp, but had carried off literally everything that made it a camp. It was an awful scene of slaughter. There was

NOT A LIVING SOUL IN IT.

There were no wounded to tend and succour. Quarter had neither been asked nor given. Black and white lay together in the death-grip. Both had fought with equal courage and desperation. The sturdy Englishman had met in the athletic Zulu a foeman worthy of his steel. The undersized savage had shown himself a creature upon whom drill may be as effective in the direction of natural courage as on Europeans. Lord Chelmsford encamped among the dead, making dispositions to meet any renewed attack. Some ten miles away, while the flower of his army is being literally massacred, he is also quietly awaiting morning in the shambles, while further in his rear another desperate fight is going on. In that inquiry which he is instituting touching the above affair, the British public will expect some explanation from him touching the question how it is a British General is found advancing into the heart of an enemy's territory while that enemy's army is allowed to congregate on his rear and destroy his base of operations.

HEROES OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Some dozen miles from the camp at Rorke's Drift proper, a small commissariat post had been stationed, near the Tugela River and not from the frontier towns of Helpmakaar and Greytown. Here, without any intrenched system of defense, utterly unprepared to resist anything like a serious attack, and never dreaming of danger, there were a handful of volunteers, some men of the Twenty-fourth, and some civilians, about 80, all told. They were under the command of a couple of young lieutenants, Bromhead, of the Twenty-fourth, and Chard, of the Royal Engineers. They knew nothing of the bitter business that had been going on at the camp. Their first intimation of trouble arose from seeing fugitives making for the river, and, in the distance, natives in pursuit. Seeing danger, the young Lieutenants called their men to arms and commenced to turn their commissariat stores to account. They had a vast quantity of meal in bags and a large store of biscuits in tins. These, under the young Engineer's direction, they hurtily

FORMED INTO A BARRICADE,

With loop-holes for the rifles. Meanwhile, the outlook saw several of the fugitives fall under the Zulu fire, more particularly Lieut. Coghill, while crossing the river, the officers intention being to warn Greytown and Helpmakaar of the danger they were in from a Zulu advance. Coghill and some half dozen or more had got away from the camp, charged with the duty of carrying news of the Zulu attack to the rear. The little post at Rorke's Drift appears to have been altogether forgotten, except by the Zulu army, for the natives who had pursued Coghill turned out to be the vanguard of another portion of the victorious force which had captured the Chelmsford convoy. It was sunset on the 22nd, just as his Lordship was beginning to realize what had happened at the camp, and utterly unconscious of the situation of the post at the Drift, that between 3,000 or 4,000 of the enemy appeared before Chard and Bromhead's breastwork of meal-bags and biscuit-tins. Waiting calmly for their advance, the little garrison poured into them a volley that staggered them. The fire was repeated, and the

ZULUS SWARMING OVER THEIR DEAD

Charged for the most vulnerable part of the barricade, entered it and were hurled back at the point of the bayonet. Again and again they returned to the breach, which was closed up with their dead. The garrison fought like devils. They clubbed their rifles, they used their bayonets, the young lieutenants fought with their swords. After each repulse the men returned to their rifle practice, keeping up a deadly fire. At the rear of the barricade was a small wooden hospital. There were five patients in it and a servant of Col. Harness. The Zulus fired the hospital and the

INMATES WERE BURNED TO DEATH,

Except Harness' servant, who crept out and escaped to the bush. The light of the flames helped the garrison to see the foe, and enabled them to avenge over and over again the poor fellows in the hospital. All through the night the unequal contest went on, the Zulus more than once coming up the breastworks and

SEIZING THE RIFLE BARRELS

Which flung among them a constant and deadly hail of bullets. Some of them got inside the impromptu fortress six different times, but they were slaughtered to a man. Assistant Commissary Byrne was conspicuous for his bravery. He was killed. But few of the others fell, sheltered by the bags and tins thus so admirably engineered by Lieut. Chard. Toward dawn Lord Chelmsford continued his retreat and reached Rorke's Drift shortly after the attacking hosts had withdrawn. The Zulus had evidently good information of Lord Chelmsford's movements, for as he came up they retreated; and at first the men at the besieged post thought the fresh force appearing against the gray sky-line was a new body of the enemy. The British colours, however, soon made themselves manifest to the outlook, and the garrison sent up a ringing cheer, which was answered by their comrades, who, as they advanced, found grim evidence of the contest that has just been finished. The neighbourhood of the Drift was

STREWN WITH ZULU DEAD,

Three hundred and fifty-one bodies lying thick about the barricade, more particularly at the point where they had been repulsed with the bayonet. The bodies further away were estimated at between 600 and 700, so that Bromhead and Chard's company had averaged ten Zulus killed per man. They had not only done something toward wiping out the defeat at the camp, but they had saved Greytown and Helpmakaar, and, possibly, Natal itself; for they had clearly checked the advance of the enemy, who could otherwise have swarmed over the frontier, which he has nevertheless crossed here and there in small parties. It is thought at the Cape that every man at Rorke's Drift should have the Victoria, and nobody in London gainsays their title to the distinction. They have covered themselves with glory, and added another imperishable laurel to the famous but unfortunate Twenty-fourth.

The Tyrolese.

(From Harper's Magazine.)

It is not easy to see how, in a country so broken as this, and where so many farms and even whole villages have no access to market except over mountain foot-paths, any system could be introduced which would lighten the labour of the people. On not one farm in fifty in the mountain valleys could the mowing-machine be used, and from at least one-half of the hay and grain fields the whole crop has to be carried away on the hands and shoulders of the people. Something might be gained by the introduction of a better race of cattle, but it is a question whether these too would not deteriorate under the constant exercise needed to pick up a living on these broken pastures. The conditions of living are very much modified by the modern propensity which is so common among the Tyrolese. As musicians, as peddlers, as cattle dealers, and as mechanics, they wander over the wide world, bringing home a comfortable profit and a quickened intelligence.

The mental and moral characteristics of any people can of course be only very imperfectly measured by the casual traveller. The Tyrolese are represented as being extremely superstitious and priest-ridden, but no evidence of this was obvious to me. They are unquestionably honest and faithful, and universally temperate. Probably every man, woman, and child in Tyrol drinks beer and wine as constantly and as freely as we drink water; but during all my journeyings in all parts of the country I have not seen a single person either drunk or under any considerable influence of drink. There are, too, very slight evidences of poverty, and beggars are rare. Among themselves, especially at the Gesthauserin the evening, the younger men are noisy and uproarious, and much given to bad music and harsh play. Some of their games are rough to brutality, and it is not long since the use of the knife was a constant accompaniment of their quarrels.

Wrestling and "finger-hacking" (hooking the middle fingers and twisting for the mastery, even at the risk of the joint) are still common, and are watched by comrades with the same interest that attaches to a cock-fight or a dog-fight in England. Among a people whose life makes physical endurance a cardinal virtue, these trials of strength and of the ability to endure pain are regarded as tests of manliness, and even the women who witness them applaud their most brutal manifestations.

Chinese Spiritualism.

(From Fraser's Magazine.)

The spirits of the unseen universe are directly invoked by the Chinese, chiefly in cases of illness. In matters which involve merely pecuniary interests, such means as planchette and various other indirect ways of consulting the oracle are preferred, being at once simpler and less costly to the inquirer. A man who wishes to learn the probable result of an enterprise he has in view, will drop into some roadside temple and will lay a small fee upon the altar. The attendant priest lights a fresh candle, or a new stick of incense, and the supplicant, after making the usual series of prostrations, reverently takes with both hands a kidney-shaped piece of wood which has been split into two halves so that each half shall have one flat and one convex side. These are raised above the head and dropped to the ground before the altar; and from the combinat on which results, namely, (1) two convexes, (2) two flats, or (3) a flat and a convex proportions or unequal ions answer is deduced, being (1) negative, (2) indifferent, and (3) affirmative, respectively. The more elaborate method, or that form known in Europe as Spiritualism, is to engage the services of a medium, generally a Taoist priest, whose body is for the time being occupied by the god. This state of divine "possession" is brought about in the following manner: The medium takes a seat while his brother priests or conforeres arrange the usual altar, light candles, burn incense, and invoke the presence of the deity required. After a short interval one of them advances toward the medium and performs certain movements apparently mesmeric passes, by which a state of unconsciousness is induced; whereupon the god takes possession of the temporarily unoccupied body. From that moment every word uttered by the medium is held to be divinely inspired, or, more properly, the very words of the god, who simply uses the medium as his mouthpiece.

A Fighting Band.

(From Chambers' Journal.)

The band, whose strains inspire courage even in the timid, is generally placed behind the troops in action, so as to be sheltered from the enemy's fire; but when the battalions separate and advance in troops, the musician's position becomes critical, and sometimes flight alone may save them. In the battle of Kouniginitz it happened that the band of the Sixty-seventh Regiment (Prussian) was cut off from their battalions and discovered to the enemy, who immediately attacked the defenseless musicians. They were almost unarmed, and, in the desperate struggle which arose, some fought with their musical instruments for weapons. Many were wounded, several killed—among the latter two intimate friends, one a married man; the other one charged by the anxious wife of the former to take good care of her husband and to watch over him. His promise that either both or none should return proved a true prophecy; the faithful friend was killed when endeavouring to ward off the blow which an Austrian soldier was about to deal on the other man's head. He sank down, calling out: "I do not surrender!" and expired. The Austrians challenged the surviving men to lay down what arms they had; but Germendorf was intent on revenging his friend; refusing to surrender he fought like a lion, till several stabs from the bayonets and a shot in the side laid low his hero.

How Her Sight Was Improved.

(From Forney's Progress.)

Mme. C., dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her sewing-girls. The other day one of them came to her to say, "Madame, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind." "Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work." "Yes, but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner. Mme. C. understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin slices of meat. "What happiness!" exclaimed our Miss. "My sight has come back. I can now see better than ever." "How is that, Mademoiselle?" "Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

When a man threatens to kill a king they hang or garrote or behead him. The man who threatened to kill Gambetta has been sent up for thirty days. This shows the simplicity of republican rule.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A MAN is not always upright who has been brought up right.

A POLITE young lady speaks of her brother's "boot-John."

It is hard to get ahead of time, but a musician often beats it.

To remove paint from the wall—back up against it before it gets dry.

If Noah was a consistent Jew, what induced him to take Ham into the ark?

It has not yet been clearly proved in Paris that electricity is cheaper than gas.

A HAMILTON woman has just made her husband unhappy by her fourth pair of twins.

THE modern golden rule is: "Let your due unto others be as much as others' due unto you.

THEY say a strong grasp of the hand betokens a strong heart. What a magnificent heart a lobster must have.

IN Michigan etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves—precisely the way she handles her husband.

"THERE is no place like home"—unless it is some nice young girl's home, when the old folks are at class meeting, and the matchbox is empty.

THE late husband, when he finds that somebody has stolen the keyhole out of his door, and diffidently rings the bell, knows exactly who "the coming" is.

MRS. BROWN, who "knew it was some thing of that sort," added to her recent invitations "H. M. S. P." Imagine the dismay of her sisters and her cousins and her aunts.

A YOUNG man who was kicked off the front doorstep while endeavouring to serenade his girl, by her enraged pops, was to cautious to call him an old pirate, but he didn't hesitate to designate him as a free-booter.

AN exchange tells of a young man who swore off smoking and was worth $10,000 in five years. There's some mistake here. We know a young man who has swore off fifty times in five years and isn't worth a cent.

"I NEVER though but once, said old Deacon Webbing, "that it was a sin to steal an umbrella." "And when was that?" asked a friend. "It was when some peaky thief stole my new silk one," answered the deacon.

ON the boulevard: "You look sad." "Have you not heard?" "No." "My wife has been taken away." "Mine also, a month ago." "It was cold in the chest." "In the case of my wife it was the coachman."

"LA SURPRISE" is the name of a new hat with three-quarters of a yard of feathers hanging from the right side. It is so called from the surprised manner in which the husband exclaims "La!" when presented with the bill.

THE village is flooded with spurious silver coins. We asked a witty Irishman if he had any idea where they came from. "Yes, sir; they come from some fellow's base-mint, and the buyer passes them to the seller again."

MRS. PETER PIPER'S baby was making a tremendous noise, and a friend asked Peter why it was so cross. "It has as a stormy mother," said Peter with a sigh; "you needn't wonder if it's a little squally, it's quite natural."

THE ceremony of baptism by immersion was celebrated in Western Texas the other day, and when the fourteen candidates walked down to the water fifteen revolvers were deposited on the bank of the stream, that of the preacher making the fifteenth.

WE met a farmer a day or two ago who was so hard pushed that he was on his way to pawn his hoe. We told him we were sorry to see his case so hopeless. "Hopeless!" he exclaimed, "far from it! You know the old motto, 'Hoe-pawn, hope ever!'"

EVEN clergymen are not exempt from the prevailing infection of the Pinafore catch phrase. At a meeting of the Baptist ministers of New York the other day, one reverend speaker brought down the house by saying: "The Lord will never—well, hardly ever—permit such a thing."

DRILLING her class in poetry, the teacher quoted from the familiar lines of Tennyson: "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear." "Now," she asked, "why did the girl want to be called early?" "Don't know," replied Tommy, "unless it was because that was her name."

"SEE the moon," said a lady to her nephew, a bright little boy of five, as they sat looking out the window the other day. "You can't see the moon in the daytime." "Yes, you can," continued his aunt; "there it is over the trees." The little fellow had to a limit that he saw it, but added, "Taint lighted, anyway."

A PIOUS old lady complained to her clergyman that an orthodox neighbour maintained that her—the neighbour's—children were born Christians. "Oh, well," responded the clergyman, "I wouldn't dispute with her about it; if her children are born as she claims they will probably grow out of it in time."

A TEACHER at Greenock, during the bible lesson, when speaking about Cain and Abel, asked one of his scholars: "Where did Cain go after he killed Abel?" "He went to bed, sir," was the reply. "Went to bed! Where do you get that information?" said the teacher. "It's in the chapter, sir; that Cain, after he had killed Abel, went to the land of Nod."

A good story is told of a coloured minister of Bedford country who was brought to trial before his church on the charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined, the deacons retired, and soon after returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am acquitted of de insinuations dat he actual did stole de pork, as twas not shode dat somebody else mitem have been wearin his close; but de broder is hereby sectionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

HOW sweet is the babbling of babyhood—almost like music when the wee one is playing with the sunbeams, or reaching for the moon. But, when orb of night has gone down, and darkness and stillness have come, and humanity is courting sleep, the infantile expressions are changed to demoniacal ravings that cannot be lulled with anything short of the contents of a drug store.

THE morning after a recent wreck five of the survivors found themselves clinging to a floating spar. The water was very rough, and the battered and exhausted men had great difficulty in holding on. When they were about to let go in despair, one of the strongest said: "Think of your wives and children, men, and stick it out." The thought nerved them to renewed exertions, and soon after they were picked up by a ship. Only one of the number was missing. They subsequently discovered he was a widower with a mother-in-law.

A TEACHER in one of the Westfield public schools was startled the other day at the answer she got from one bright little fellow. On the blackboard was the picture of an ostrich, and the teacher described its great strength and power of endurance, closing by saying it was the only bird upon which a man could ride. "I know another," spoke up a little chap. "Well, what is it?" "A lark." Unsuspectingly the teacher asked, "How can you prove that, Johnny?" "All I know about it," said the boy, "is that mother every little while says father's off on a lark, and when he comes home he looks as if he had rode awful fast."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP can now be purchased right at home. It is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, sceptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

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"COOPER'S" are showing a very handsome stock of Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c. Just the thing for the holiday season. Address, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

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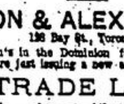

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