Neighbour Jones.

I'm this king, wife, of neighbour Jones, the man with the stalwart arm—
He lives in peace and plenty on a forty-acre farm;
What men are all around us with hearts and hands to serve,
Who own two hundred acres, and still are wanting more.

He has a pretty little farm, a pretty little house;
He has a loving wife within, as quiet as a mouse;
His children play around the door, their father's heart to charm,
Looking just as neat and tidy as the tidy little farm.

No weeds are in the cornfield, no thistles in the oats;
The horses show good keeping by their fine and glossy coats;
The cows within the meadow, resting 'neath the broken shade,
Learn all their gentle manners from a gentle milkmaid.

Within the field on Saturday, he leaves no cradled swath
To be gathered on the morrow, for fear of coming rain;
He lives in joy and gladness, and happy are his days;
He keeps the Sabbath holy; his children learn his ways.

He never had a lawsuit to take him to the town,
For the very simple reason there are no fences down;
The barroom in the village for him has not a charm:
I can always find my neighbour on his forty-acre farm.

His acres are so few that he ploughs them very deep;
'Tis his own hands that turn the sod, 'tis his own hands that reap;
He has a place for everything, and everything in its place;
The rural smiles upon his fields, contentment on his face.

May we not learn a lesson, wife, from prudent neighbour Jones,
And not sigh for what we haven't go!—give way to idle wishes and cares?
The rich aren't always happy, nor free from life's alarms,
But blest are those who live content, though small may be their farms.

Nilsson and the Shah.

Caprices of Opera-Singers—A Story of Nilsson and the Shah.

Col. Mapleson says the New York *Times*, recalls a remark of his old-time friend, Mr. Lumley, that the brains of great singers were in their throats, and those of great dancers in their heels. "You can't expect anything else," Mr. Lumley used to say; "the throats and heels have been cultivated above anything else, and that's what makes them great as singers and dancers." The colonel has found it a good rule to cross the wills of singers as little as possible, and to generally give way to their whims. The most famous artists of the operatic stage, with a few exceptions, have been eccentric characters, emotional in all their dispositions, and liable to outbursts of temper on the slightest provocation. This, indeed, is true of successful artists generally, of composers and instrumentalists as well as of singers, and of actors on the dramatic stage. When the shah of Persia was in London, in the summer of 1873, the season of Her Majesty's opera at Drury Lane theatre was at its height, and the lord chamberlain ordered the director to make arrangements for a special performance to be given in the honour of his Oriental majesty. A royal guest in Great Britian is not permitted to follow his own fancy in the matter of sightseeing; on the contrary, he is carried about from point to point; from the opera-house to the bull-room, from the royal palace to the public square, in accordance with a programme arranged under the direction of the lord chamberlain. The guest's desires are not consulted at all, and it is expected of his attendants that they shall have him at the various specified places on time. The attendants of the shah found it no easy task to do their duty in this particular while the Persian monarch was in England. He had a habit of going to bed at the most unacountable hours, and of refusing to get up when his presence was required by the curious, hospitable public. In fact, he proved himself to be a very lazy shah, indeed. For the special performance at Drury Lane, in honour of this potentate, a programme made up of acts from various operas was to be prepared. To the surprise of all her fellow-artists, Mlle. Nilsson announced that she would open the performance, a task which is not much sought for, as all the audience does not generally get seated until half an hour or so after time for beginning, and the creaking of boots, the rustling of silk, and the clatter of the stalls on their hinges do not improve the effect of a singer's voice. But Nilsson's fellow-artists did not then know, as she did, that the shah was due at the goldsmiths' hall, in the city, at ten o'clock, and would, consequently, be obliged to leave the opera before that time. The Swedish singer had private information from an authentic source. The others learned the secret of her apparent self-sacrifice later on, and some of them probably felt piqued. So the programme was arranged, with Nilsson in the first act of "Traviata" to open the performance, to be followed by an act of "Favorita," with Titiens, an elaborate ballet, and the first act of "Mignon," in which Nilsson would again appear. For the "Traviata" act the prima donna ordered a magnificent new costume from Worth, and on the night of the performance, before the curtain was raised, she was attired in splendor, and her fair face was wreathed in smiles. It was half-past eight o'clock, the members of the orchestra were in their places, Sir Michael Costa held his baton in his hand, and there were no signs of the shah. The prince of Wales had arrived punctually, and waited at the entrance, with the director, for the shah. The brief overture was played, the curtain was rung up, and the performance began. Still no signs of the shah. As the act of "Traviata" proceeded, the smiles on Violetta's face changed by degrees to frowns. Her performance was very spirited. The closing aria came in due course, and the shah had not yet arrived. It was ten o'clock when he entered with his swarthy suite and took his place in the royal box. The prince of Wales understood the situation, and saw at once that a gentle breeze was in store for the director. He suggested that Mlle. Nilsson might be pacified by an introduction to the shah in his box. Mr. Mapleson grasped at the suggestion as a drowning man clutches at a bit of seaweed. The prince addressed the vice-chamberlain, who conferred with the translator, who in his turn spoke to the vizier, and after the suggestion had been made to four or five other important officers, it finally reached the Persian monarch while was devouring a peach, which he held firmly in the palm of his hand, unmindful of the juice, which was running down his coat-sleeve. Then the shah's willingness to grant an audience to Mlle. Christine Nilsson was transmitted through the same series of officers to the Prince of Wales. When Mr. Mapleson went upon the stage to notify the prima donna, she had already despoiled herself of her "Traviata" splendour, and was attired in the rags of a beggar, for "Mignon," with bare feet. At first she would not hear of the introduction, but she finally consented, and went to the royal box with the director. Mr. Mapleson spoke to the prince, and preparations were made to inform the shah, in the usual dignified fashion, that the singer awaited the monarch's pleasure, when to the horror of all who saw it, Mlle. Nilsson was observed standing face to face with the shah in his box, shaking her forefinger in his face, while the attendants regarded the intruder with flashing eyes, some of them putting their hands on their scimeters. She was telling the monarch in French that he was a very bad shah (*chah*), and that if he had come at the proper time, he would have seen her splendidly dressed; whereas, she was now in rags, and without shoes or stockings. Then she held up her foot, and the shah, a very near-sighted monarch, held down his head, and the toe of the prima donna touched the nose of the potentate. There was a moment of terrible suspense, but the shah laughed heartily, and all the others readily joined him. His majesty at once forgot all about the goldsmiths' balls, and the lord mayor and the city dignitaries, who had been anxiously awaiting him for three hours, and resolved to remain and see more of that remarkable woman, who sang and acted charmingly in "Mignon," the performance of which did not close until nearly 12:30 o'clock.

More everybody is monarch of the moose now days.

A Whipping Match in Brittany.

The great attraction of Brittany is "the peasantry," and no wonder, for they are quite *sui generis*, quite different from all other populations. They combined the sombre, taciturn nature of the Spaniard with the droll, wild life of the Irish. It is difficult to understand how the same people can be silent and noisy—reserved and running over with jollity. Yet so it is. There must be a strain of tiger in a population which could amuse itself as lately as 1847 in cutting the life out of friends with a whip made after this fashion:—Lash, eighteen feet long, swelling at a little distance from the handle to the thickness of a man's arm, from whence it tapered to a twisted and strongly knotted end, made more like a knife by the help of a mixture of glue. This plaything was fixed upon a strong, stiff stick, and often not only cut a man into steaks, but sometimes cut out the life of him at a single stroke. Yet a local historian gives an account of a *fête* which he attended in 1847, at which the chief attraction was a contest between twelve men, six on a side, with these deadly weapons. The smack of these whips made, he says, much more noise than a gunshot; they could be heard at the distance of two and a half miles, and when several knack their whips in concert the noise is so terrible that one must either run away or stop up one's ears. These twelve men were ranged opposite one another at a distance almost corresponding to the length of the lasher of their whips. They stood upright, having for protection in the shape of dress only short sackcloth. Like all Breton peasants of the old style, their hair hung down their backs in long tresses, but was cut straight across the forehead after the fashion of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy." They wore no hats or head covering. The left arm was naked, but the right arm, which held the whip, was protected from the fist to the neck by an armlet or shield of thick leather. The sides were distinguished by the colour of the tufts of their whips, the one being white, the other red. These men thus standing face to face were there to be wounded almost to death for the glory thereof, and also for the prize, which consisted of half a dozen striped pocket handkerchiefs and a pound of tobacco. The signal given by an old peasant, the combatants put themselves into the attitude of defiance, the whip raised, while the lash was held in the left hand. "Strike," said the same voice, and twelve cables were let loose in an instant, but no smack was heard as they met, twisted, and struggled in mid-air. Those most renowned quickly disengaged their lashes, and dealt the second and dreadful blow upon the persons of their antagonists, opening up long seams of livid or bleeding flesh; on the third stroke all the faces except two were seamed and flowing with blood. These two were the leaders—one tall, the other short; one heavy, the other light; one all flesh, and the other, although only five feet high, all nerves and sinews. An outsider would have backed the giant, but the boys of Piprisac knew too well the prowess of the dwarf to risk their money against him. The combat now raged with fury; men disdained to parry, they were only eager to strike. The sound was that of a volley of musketry. The lashes soften into tow, but harden again and glue themselves together with blood. The faces are no longer human; the long hair hangs down in front, bathed in perspiration and blood. But not one blow has fallen on either champion. They have reserved themselves, they have guarded and parried, knowing that upon them the issue of the fight did depend. But now the tall man hit his home. A long, blue, spiral mark, which here and there squirts blood, twists round the left arm of the little Joseph, and makes him stagger with pain. He recovers himself; launches his whip at his foe, and but six inches intervened between its deadly print and the face of Joseph the Great. Animated by his first success, Kaer stepped forward and bent his whole strength to the blow, but pirouetted as it were; while, without any effort, he threw out his lash softly. The blow of Kaer missed; but when Joaille sharply drew back his lash, the whole face of Kaer was cut in half—a gigantic gap opened up the very bone. These two stood alone in the lists; the rest had made a truce, and were engaged in attending to their grievous wounds. Kaer, blinded by the shock, put his armlet of leather before his face and paused. Joaille, so far from profiting by the occasion and pressing his advantage, coolly took out his pocket-handkerchief and loudly blew his nose, to the great amusement of his backers, who thought it an excellent joke. The laughter made Kaer mad, threw him out of his *sang froid*, and made him wild. He struck, stamped, and made wonderful prints; but Joaille was calm; and at the end of ten minutes the giant—covered with wounds, his shirt cut into ribbons, his mouth foaming, his eyes blinded—fell heavily upon his knees, "Don't give in!" cried some voices still; but the effort to rise was vain. Joaille, apparently incapable of pity, like a true Breton peasant, again blew his nose, and prepared to give the falling man his *coup de grace*. A shiver ran through the crowd; but Joaille was better than he seemed, for, instead of cutting the poor flesh, he dexterously drew the whip out of the hands of the victim, and folded his arms upon his breast. Kaer shut his eyes, and laid his burning head upon the sand. The whites were proclaimed the victors. Each subaltern had a pocket handkerchief worth 64., and Joaille the pound of tobacco. I know not whether any of these scenes are enacted now, but this account is so recent that it throws light upon the Breton peasant as I find him.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Cadiz Belles.

You are, by contrast, at once impressed with the smallness of the Cadiz ladies' feet, says a correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, yet they are by no means as pretty or as expressive of grace and activity as are those of the Baltimore belle. But the Cadiz charmer can best be all hollow in smoking! How gracefully she handles and makes the cigarette, and how seductively she smokes it! The most radical anti-smoker would be converted here in less than an hour.

The art and graces of fuming are here charmingly studied. "You smoke frequently," I say to a "Weenus." "Oh, yes; always!" she archly replies, and puffs all the while. I find that before and after doing anything they resort to the balmy cigarette. It matters not whether it be pills or prayers, baptism or boluses, the smoke precedes or follows the ordeal. As a rule, when a culprit is about to be executed he goes manfully to his doom with a cigarette. If a child has the whooping-cough, instead of a dose of castor-oil they give the little dusky deaf forty whiffs of tobacco-smoke. I saw the bride, the groom, the "best man," and even the mother-in-law, all smoking fiercely like unto Pittsburg, just after the nuptial knot had been tied. What a cloudy condition they would be in if at the mother-in-law's funeral. In the courts of law the judge frequently fumes and frets over a knotty point, and the entire jury—if such a body should preside—may be gone from our gaze in a cloud of the narcotic weed. I once saw in Germany ice-cream and cabbage dished up simultaneously, but not until today have I seen a salad served with a trimming of *cigaros*. The beet-root was cut into the shape of cigars. Indeed, almost all things, except the grand lottery-tickets, take this shape here, and all, tickets and tobacco, end in smoke.

"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.

The woman who can sit still and smilingly entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins out of her new tidy and is at that precious moment calmly sitting on it, and will be probably for the next hour, is sure of a reward in the next world, if she does not receive it in this.

Sons of St. Crispin.

Great Men who Worked at the Cobbler's Bench.

Charles V. was in Brussels in 1538. He found, as he was walking along the streets unattended, that one of his boots needed mending. He knocked at the cobbler's door. It happened to be the eve of St. Crispin's day, and the cobbler and his friends were revelling. "Friend," said the man, laughing, "where have you been born not to know St. Crispin's day? If you were Carl the Kaiser himself, I would not sew a stitch for you. Come in and have a glass, and we'll be as merry as emperors." Charles sat down at once and took his wine as the others did. The cobbler proposed the health of Charles V. "Do you like him?" asked the emperor. "Do I like Long Nose? Of course I do; but I should like him better if he should lower our taxes." When the emperor took leave he thanked his host who would not work, even for an emperor, on St. Crispin's eve. Next day Charles sent for the cobbler. When the poor man recognized his guest he grew pale and trembled. Charles again thanked him for his hospitality, and told him to ask for what he most desired and it should be his. He begged and got a day to think the matter over. When he returned at the set time his request was that the cobblers of Flanders might thenceforth bear for their arms a boot with an emperor's crown upon it. This was granted, and Charles desired him to ask again. "Let it be decreed," said the cobbler, "that in future the company of cobblers shall take precedence of the company of shoemakers." It was so ordered, and both customs prevail at the present time in Flanders. The cobbler would accept nothing for himself. Charles V. expired Sept. 21, 1558, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving behind him the reputation of having been the greatest monarch, one of the ablest military commanders, and perhaps the wisest, but yet the most bigoted, statesman of his time. His early years were passed in Flanders, where he was also educated. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, dramatist and statesman, was for many years one of the members of parliament for the borough of Stafford. Wholesale shoemaking is almost monopolized in the town of Stafford. On one occasion when he dined with his constituents, he was called upon to give a toast, and, continuing his conversation with the chairman, was reminded that he must say something. In a petulant manner, as if offended, he exclaimed in a loud voice: "May the manufacturers of Stafford be trodden under foot by the whole world!" For a few seconds there was consternation on the countenances of the Sons of Crispin. They wondered whether Sheridan meant to insult them. Soon, however, they took the joke, and vehemently applauded it for its wit. The patient and contemplative craft of shoemaking is rich in names which have become, in greater or less degree, household property, among which may be found Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremburg and the friend of Martin Luther; Jacob Boehmen, the well-known German mystic, from whose works Sir Isaac Newton is believed to have derived some of his ideas on gravitation; the eccentric Lockington, who erected and owned the "Temple of Muses," an immense book-store in Finsbury square, London; Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist; Georgs Winkelman, the great art critic and antiquary; of whom Germany is very proud; the poet Bloomfield, whose principal work is a poem entitled "The Farmer's Boy," which pleasantly depicts the scenes of his own early life, and displays great genius; Richard Savage and a whole constellation of minor bards; Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the redoubtable admiral; Dr. Samuel Drew, the metaphysician; Thomas Holcroft, the able novelist, dramatist, and politician; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends and writer on religious liberty, slavery, the treatment of prisoners, capital punishment, etc.; Wm. Gifford, translator of "Juvenal," and successive editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Quarterly Review*—he used, when an apprentice, to sit up half the night working out algebraic problems on small pieces of leather; Sir William Read, the Radical Hardy, the astrologer Partridge, Sir Simon Eyre, John Pounds, William Huntington, Hans Christian Anderson, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Carey, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. John Kitto, and many others, all belonged to "the gentle craft." Henry Wilson, late vice-president of the United States, once occupied a shoemaker's bench in the town of Natick, Massachusetts.

A Beloochi Horseman.

He rode a piebald mare of that thoroughbred stock only less famous than the Arab. Neither Brahui nor Beloochi will ride a horse. Formerly they killed all colts not wanted for the stud, but of late years a few have found their way into the market. Curiously enough, these are said to show little of that fine quality which distinguishes the mare. With this wild people the mare taken in some sort the place we give to woman—a creature loved and respected, almost worshipped. Rahim Khan would back his mare to do 100 miles every other day for a month, or to do 60 miles daily for a time indefinite. From what one gathers, these would seem no extraordinary feats for a good Beloochi mare. The travelling pace is an amble, covering perhaps eight miles the hour: but the gallop is fast and untiring. One might have thought that a vice so troublesome as shying would have become extinct in a breed of horses used for predatory war. But I have never seen an animal more annoying in this way than Rahim's mare. She would not go ten yards unless another horse went with her, backing, and jibbing like a mad thing. The chief never stirred in the saddle; but, if I recognize the sound of curses in a unknown tongue, he accompanied each fierce blow of his rein-tags with a consignment of the steed's soul to Eblis. Yet the love between the two was pleasant to behold when we halted. Rahim said that, if quite alone, the travelled like a bird, and I doubt not that he spoke the truth; for, she would never have answered his purpose otherwise. One young friend on his mare was a graceful sight. When we left Quettah he was dressed in the posheen—the sheep-skin coat, which is the winter costume of Pathan and Beloochi alike. The wool is turned inside, and the leather, stained yellow or brown, is prettily embroidered with cotton or silk of bright colours. Such garments were provided for our soldiers, as many as could be got, and in no army have I seen a uniform so martial and becoming as the short-sleeved posheen over a scarlet tunic. Rahim wore a turban almost white, and his silken ringlets fell in masses artfully careless to his waist. After a vigorous struggle with his mare, a push of the turban and a hasty grasp on either temple restored the chevelure to its customary grace. Wide, white trousers, falling over a boot of yellow leather, completed his dress, with the loose purple scarf disposed in a new fashion every few minutes. A broad embroidered baldric crossed the chest, and its free end fell to the knee. Of his sword and gun, Rahim was very proud. They were both of Damascus steel, tried in generations of hard fighting. The blade, sharp as a razor, would cut through a rifle-barrel, without losing edge—so its master said, at least, and he was anxious to show. The jezail or long gun was of Persian manufacture, beautifully adorned with mother-of-pearl. The powder-flask and bullet-case, of leather embossed, hung with charms and curious instruments at his waist. When we reached the hot plain of Dadur, Rahim clothed himself in white linen, loose and flowing.

"Do animals have fun?" asked some unobserving individual. Of course they do. When a cow switches her tail across the face of the man who is milking her, steps along just two yards, and turns to see him pick up his stool and follow, she has the most amused expression possible, and if she can kick over the milk-pail she grows positively hilarious.

What is a "Blizzard."

"The papers want to know what a 'blizzard' is, and they turn up their noses at the word, but them as has been thar' can't see where the joke comes in. I've shook hands with one or two blizzards, and here's the affidavies to prove it!"

He drew off his boots. Three toes were missing from the right foot, and the big toe alone remained on the left. Two fingers were gone from the left hand, one ear shrivelled out of shape, and his nose seemed to have no life in it. He was a rough-looking old chap, and he was warming his heels on the steam-pipe in the cabin of a ferry boat along with several other passengers.

"Well, what is a blizzard?" asked one of the crowd as the old man pulled on his boots.

"What's the weather here to-day?"

"Two below."

"Well, you add five or six degrees of cold to it, take off your clothes and walk around for three hours and you'll have a slight comparison. A blizzard hain't exctly a two-edged sword nor a bullet, but it lives next door to 'em. You'd better twice over be catched in a tornado. I'd take the chances of outrunning a prairie fire quicker'n living through a January blizzard."

"Tell us about 'em."

"The fust one I ever seed," said the old man as he held up the stumps of his missing fingers, "war down in Nebraska, close to the west line. I had a ranche and was well fixed. The livin' room for me and three herders was about twenty feet equar', with a big stove in the middle. On the 4th day of January, 1859, there wasn't a flake of snow on the ground, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon it was warm enough to go in my shirt sleeves. Half an hour before the sun went down the sky was clear and blue. I stood looking off at a herd of horses, feelin' as if I wanted to go bar'fut, when all to once a shiver climbed over me. It was as if ice-water had been poured down my back. Thar was a moanin', roarin' sound away to the west-ward, another shiver, and next minit it was dark and the blizzard had come. Quicker than I can tell you the sky turned black, night set in, and mountains of snow come boomin' along before a gale blowing eighty miles an hour."

"Well?" said some one as the old man paused.

"Well, there she was. That blizzard was born in the Rockies. She'd whirled around and round, gettin' stronger every minit, lifted herself out of some awful canyon, tore along the crags and peaks, and finally tumbled down on the level and started eastward, mad as a grizzly and powerful as a million runaway horses! Them three herders weren't half a mile away, and all mounted, but yet only one reached the cabin. The other two were struck as dumb and numb as if hit with cannon balls, and they weren't out of their saddles a minit before they were covered with six inches of snow."

"Must have been cold?"

"Cold! Mabbe it wasn't! I didn't have no thermometer to look at, but I didn't want one. Our jug of whiskey froze solid and split the jug in ten minits. Frost settled on the taller candle within an inch of the light. Every board in the ranch cracked and popped with cold. We had a big stove, but the fuel was mostly under a shed fifty feet away. I thought to go after a load, but as I opened the door I fell back as if ten thousand needles had been fired into my face. That one breath of the blizzard froze my nose and ear."

"And you were out of fuel?"

"Yes, in half an hour I burned up stools, benches, table and all else that would burn, but after midnight the fire went out. Then I lost my toes—frost-bitten even when I was dancing over the floor. Ours was a tight cabin, and yet there was a foot of snow on the floor before daylight. The awful wind drove it through every crevice. Did you ever hear the gale which goes with a blizzard? Well, you'll face a cannon sooner than hear it a second time. The wind screamed louder than a locomotive whistle. It raged and raved like a giant in chains, and it struck down every livin' thing it came to. All at once it would stop blowin' for half minit, and the stillness would be awful. Then I'd hear it sighin' and groanin' afar off, as if poor lost children were cryin' for home. Then the groanin' would change to a screech—the screech to a wild shriek, and the gale would whirl 'round and 'round the cabin as if bound to lift it from the earth in its teeth. The gale knocked over trees a hundred years old, and rolled rocks weighing a thousand tons down upon the level!"

"And about your stock?"

"When that blizzard struck my ranch I had 500 cattle, 2,000 sheep, and about 200 horses, all alive and kickin'. It died away about daylight, and after an hour's work we got out of the cabin and through the snow. Far as the eye could reach all was a dead level. Gulches, ravines and dips had been filled up with from five to thirty feet of snow. Every horse, sheep and steer had gone down in his tracks to die and be coffined in white, and we two, frostbitten and frozen, were fifty miles from any white man. Don't meet a blizzard! You'd better meet a thousand the tigers!"

The Terrible Sensation of Running Amuck.

During a recent Mohammedan festival at Kandahar, a capital of Southern Afghanistan, a number of mounted Chazis, as they are named, ran amuck through the British camp. Gen. Tyler and several British soldiers were wounded, and four of the Chazis were killed. Running amuck is one of the terrors of the east, but is far less common than it formerly was. Originally a Malay custom, it has extended to other countries in which the Mohammedan creed is prevalent. The word amuck is a corruption of amok, Javanese, to kill, and the thing is simply a miscellaneous, indiscriminate killing. The natives of those Eastern lands, become, from long-continued, excessive use of opium, ferociously frantic, and their frenzy is often intensified by religious fanaticism. Then, absolutely mad, they rush into the streets—frequently nude—cutting, biting, and stabbing, with knives—which they always carry, whomsoever they encounter. They are dreadful to see, and still more dreadful to meet. They look like animated, very animated corpses, their features being pinched and sharpened, and their skin drawn like parchment, their eyes glittering with fierce insanity, and their energy bent on slaughter. As many as forty persons have been killed by them before they could be overcome. Their appearance is the signal for general alarm. The first weapon he can reach, and sallies forth to hunt down and exterminate the common foe. Of course, there is no reasoning with them, no way of intimidating them. They must be killed for the general safety, and they are kill'ed as soon as possible. Long spears used to be employed altogether as weapons against them—and they are still employed—being thrown at or thrust into them until they expire. Fire-arms are now the offensive weapons when these are safest; but, in the narrow, crowded streets of the East, this is not often the case. Nothing is so formidable as an amuck-runner, and it is not strange that he is mercilessly slain. The Malays, owing to their ferocity, treachery and daring, are the most dreaded of all, especially when armed with the dagger or creese, their native weapon, with which they have their deadly skill, and which makes a terrible and very dangerous wound. A European or American who has seen an amuck is very apt to remember it.

Last month the centenary of the punishment by order of Frederick the Great of the Judges of the miller Arnold, on the 11th of December, 1779, was celebrated at Berlin.

When a country lad first comes to the city he uses the very profane expression, "Gaul darn it," with reckless ease. As the refinement of metropolitanism begins to take hold of his speech, he mildly says, "By durm," and when he reaches the lavender trousers, drab overcoat and eye-glass stage of culture he twirls his little wisp of a cane in his fingers and murmurs, "Aw! dam it."

Where's The Shears?

Mrs. Major Wheelock, wife of the old pioneer and eminently respected citizen of that name, leaned over the banister the other morning and answered shrill:

"The shears? Why, they are right down there somewhere. I was using them not five minutes ago."

The Major wanted them to trim off a horse blanket at the barn, and he marched into the sitting-room and up to the family work-basket. Of course they were there. He tumbled a ball of yarn, a paper of pins, a half-made garment, a button-box and a pincushion off on the floor, made a dive among bodkins, worsted, threads and darning-needles, and the shears did not turn up. He stood the work-basket on its head, but it was no good. Then he went over to the whatnot and raked off three or four photographs, rattled down a lot of shells and knocked off two books, but the shears were not there. He was red in the face as he went into the hall and called out:

"I can't find hide nor hair of 'em, and I don't believe you ever had any!"

"Now look again—that's a good man," she replied. "I know they are right there."

The Major got down on hands and knees and looked under the lounge. No shears. Then he stood up and looked on the mantel. The nearest approach to shears there was a beat hair-pin. Then he walked around and surveyed each window-sill and gave the work-basket another racket.

"I tell you there ain't no shears here, or else I'm blinder'n a bat!" he shouted from the hall after he had given the hall-tree a looking over.

"Why, Major, how impatient you are!"

"There's no impatience about it! I tell you the shears ain't here! I had to look a straight hour the other day to find the gimlet!"

"If you don't see them in the bedroom I'll come down."

He entered the bedroom, glanced over the bureau and stand, pulled the chairs off the pillows and whirled the pillows around, and then took down a hair oil bottle from a bracket and looked into it. The shears were not in the bottle, nor anywhere else. Stay! They might have been carried under the bed by that mysterious household tide which carries articles from room to room in an invisible manner. He crawled under, bumped his head on the slats, got dust in his throat, and was hocking out with blood in his eye, when his wife called out:

"Why, what on earth are you after?"

"After! After!" he shouted as he almost coughed his head off—"I'm after them infernal shears!"

"Why, here they are! They were lying in my sewing chair, right in plain sight."

"I don't believe it—I'll never believe it! I looked into that chair over ten thousand times!"

"Well, there they are."

"It's no such thing! You've lost 'em or pawned 'em or traded 'em for gum. You've no more order in your house than an old cooper shop!"

He walked past the chair into the hall and was going out when she called:

"Dear, aren't you going to take the shears?"

"Shears? What shears? I'm going over to the store and buy me a pair of shears, and if any heman being in this house ever puts a finger on 'em they'll suffer for it! I'll ess if I can't have a pair of shears in my house after being married for upwards of forty-three years!"

And he pulled down his hat and slammed the door with all his might as he went out.

Read and Learn for Yourself.

Many valuable discoveries and much useful knowledge is kept from the world, because of the immense expense in making them known to the people. This is not the case with Boschee's German Syrup; although but a few years introduced into this country its sale now reaches in every town and village in the United States and Canada. Its wonderful success in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Pneumonia, Asthma, and all other diseases of the throat and lungs, was first made known by distributing every year, for three years, over 600,000 bottle to the afflicted, *free of charge*, by Druggists. No such a test of merit was ever given before to any other preparation. Could you ask more? Go to your Druggist and get a bottle *for 75 cents and try it*. Sample bottles 10 cents.

"Teaberry," the new powder for whitening the teeth, at imparting the mouth and purifying the breath; the brightest, neatest, most perfect toilet gem extant. Ask your druggist for "Teaberry." Price 35 cents.

Farmers feed your Horses, Colts, Cows, Fat Cattle, Calves, Sheep, Pigs, and Fowls *Tenley's Horse and Cattle Food*, sold everywhere. More agents wanted. Manufactory, 48 John St. S. Hamilton.

The hungry dream of feasts, the thirsty of water, the dropsical of drowning, the sick of health. To enjoy health, beware of every ailment, and if suffering from diseases of the kidneys, etc., use Victoria Buchu and Uva Ursi. If taken in time, this great medicine will prevent Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, etc., and is a positive specific in all diseases of the urinary system. For sale by all dealers.

What All Men Should Know.

To Relieve a Cough.—The troublesome cough caused by an accumulation of phlegm in the throat, especially in the morning, experienced mostly by persons affected with Chronic Catarrh, can be relieved almost instantly by taking a teaspoonful of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which has the advantage of being harmless to the stomach, and at the same time improving the appetite.

For gents' underwear in fine Scotch and Canadian goods at prices as low as the lowest, go or send to Cooper's great American shirt factory, 109 Yonge st., Toronto.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is one of the surest remedies in the world for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Spinal and Bronchial Complaints, Deafness, Bad-aches, Cramps, Sprains, Bruises, Galls, Stiff Joints, Swelled Hands, Sore Nipples, Stiff Neck, Chilblains, Tetter, Frost Bites, Chapped Hands, Wounds, Cuts, Sore Throat, Stings of Insects, Shortness of Breath, or any other disease that are painful or sore. We have no hesitation in recommending it for any of the above complaints, and believe it to be one of the quickest and most perfect combination known to remove pain from almost any cause, and can be used either externally or internally. For particulars see wrapper accompanying each bottle. For sale by all dealers, price 25 cents.

Agents—Geo. Grant's Tour Round the World; fastest selling book now offered; exclusive territory; for terms address at once, Oberholtzer & Co., Berlin.

A Positive Fact.—Nervousness is the sense of feebleness, or the lack of stability of the nervous system, as distinguished from the rest of the body. It is pre-eminently a disease, and more widely spread through the Northern and Eastern part of the United States and the Dominion of Canada than in any other part of the world. We will not stop to say why this is the case, but we do emphatically say the Victoria Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites will be found an invaluable medicine for all parties affected with Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Defective Nutrition, General Debility, or weakness of the whole system. One of the first effects is an increase of the nervous or vital energy, followed by a feeling of unusual comfort and strength. For sale by all dealers.

The London Times of a recent date contains notices of hunting appointments of one hundred and twenty packs of hounds in England and Wales. This represents in one way and another, an expenditure of at least $6,000,000. Nearly all packs are now more or less supported by combined subscription. The cost of efficiently keeping up a first-class pack is estimated at $20,000 to $30,000 a year.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
Meakins Brushes, Jas. Wilson, 56 Sherbourne st.

Barristers & Attorneys,
Watson & Happart, 20 Adelaide East.

Pile Manufacturer.
Piles Recut. Thos. Graham, 55 Sherbourne.

Furniture.
Oshawa Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge street.

Rossin House,
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark H. Irish, Prop.

When King James the First wrote his "counterblast to tobacco" the royal pedant knew nothing of the "Myrtle Navy." If he had, instead of wasting his brains over his curious production, he would have filled his royal pipe with it, and we'd have taken a royal smoke, he would then have been prepared to admit that with regard to the injurious effects of tobacco, it all depended on what tobacco you smoked.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, FRAMES, CHROMOS, Mottoes, Mirrors, etc. Dealers send for wholesale list. H. J. MATTHEWS & SON, Toronto.

24 Lovely Rosebud Chromo Card, 10 Floral Motto with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

SHEEP MARKS supplied by H. M. Youse & Co., 64 King St. East, Toronto.

FOR LIST OF VALUABLE PROperties in the County of Oxford, Ont., for sale or to exchange, Apply to JOHN BEARD, Woodstock.

BUY ONLY Ontario Baking Powder.

Tingley's Patent Lightning Stamp. Self-inking, with changeable Rubber Dies. The best selling stamp made. Agents wanted. Box 1587. C. E. STEWART, & CO., Toronto, Ont.

TRY IT Devonshire Cattle Food BEST IN USE. John Lambert, Manuf., Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, J. DUAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

LIVING WATER Bear Auger bores 10 feet per hour, bole 6 to 25 inches. Hand or horse power; good supply of pure filtered water. Send for circular. Mr. Tyrer, 68 Mary St., Hamilton.

Free Ticket Stamp or enough old Provincial issues to the U. S. English or Foreign. List 3c. stamp. NORTH-WEST. Dominion Bazaar Co., Toronto, Ont.

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and concentrating money orders in one bank has crept into vogue of late. Capital with all its advantages, is largely used for investments of $25 to $100. Circular, with full information how all the economic stock dealers realize free. LAWRENCE & Co., 111 Exchange Place, New York.

BEES AND HONEY. Those interested send for my circular of cyprian supplies for 1880. Address, M. RICHARDSON, Box 114, Pt. Colborne, Ont. Say what paper you saw this in.

The Canadian Air Gas Machine. This machine is for lighting private dwellings, mills, factories, churches, public halls, hotels, etc. Call and examine the machine in operation at JOSEPH PHILLIPS', sole manufacturer, plumber and gas-fitter, 151 York Street, Toronto. Send for circular and price list.

EMPRESS Heel Protector or "Anti-Slip." *Patented 1879.* Prevents slipping in snowy or frosty weather; no nails to tear carpets; prevents the heel wearing down; never in the way, and cost never to be taken off; can be worn inside rubbers if desired. "H. Goodchild, sole manuf., 106 King St. W., Toronto. For sale by all dealers in boots and shoes. Agents Wanted. Send 25c. for handsome show card, Tariff illustrated price list and sampler, the whole worth $5.

HALIBURTON.

TERMINUS OF THE VICTORIA RAILWAY—farm and village lots for sale. C. J. BLOOMFIELD, Manager Canadian Land and Emigration Co., Haliburton, or near W. & C. Baines, Toronto-st., Toronto.

DIAMONDS WILL CUT. AND THE Improved Diamond and the Hanlan Cross-Cut Saws will cut faster and stay in order longer than any other saws in the world. They are manufactured only by E. H. SMITH & Co., St. Catharines, and sold by the Hardware Trade everywhere. Take no other. We also make the Lance Tooth, Lightning, Improved Champion, Eclipse, in short, all kinds and patterns, including the New Improved Champion.

"St. Catharines Saw Works."

The Best LEATHER BELTING in the Dominion is MANUFACTURED BY F. E. DIXON & CO. 81 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

Send for *Price List* and discounts. N. B.—None genuine unless with a STAR in the head of the rivets. TRADE MARK.

BOW PARK HERD

THE CANADA WEST FARM STOCK ASSOCIATION WILL SELL BY AUCTION, AT THE Agricultural Show Ground, IN THE CITY OF BRANTFORD, ON Thursday, 29th Jan., 1880, AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

25 Thoroughbred SHORTHORN COWS, HEIFERS, BULLS, and BULL CALVES

50 Pure COTSWOLD and LEICESTER EWES, RAMS, and LAMBS, either imported from the best flocks in England or the produce of such stock; and

A lot of Pure BERKSHIRE SOWS, BOARS, and PIGS, either imported or from imported stock.

TERMS—Cash; or for sums of $50 or over, approved note at 12 months, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

☞ Address for Catalogues; Mr. JOHN CLAY, Manager, Bow-Park, Brantford P.O., or GEO. T. STRICKLAND, Auctioneer, Galt.

Bow Park, Jan 10 1880.

NOTICE.

THE LONDON FURNITURE CO. having determined to close up Their Retail Business carried on at 149 Yonge St., Toronto, will sell the balance of their stock on hand At Greatly Reduced Prices.

The stock consists of first-class Household Furniture of every description. Parlour and bedroom suites, easy chairs, lounges, sofas, hall hat-stands, dining-room, extension, centre, and other tables, sideboards, wardrobes, book cases, ladies' and gents' secretaries, cylinder, library, and office desks, brackets, looking-glasses, etc., and a variety of other cabinetware too numerous to mention all new, and with few exceptions, manufactured at our own factory in London, Ont. The goods must be sold and the premises given up in a few weeks. The public are therefore requested to call early and receive bargains.

Parties indebted to the Company are requested to call at once at