A NEVADA FUNERAL.

There was a great time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man,"—not in his own quarrel, but in defense of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was a great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck; and, after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without juries?

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in the town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire company flags were hung at half-mast, and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed, and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was appointed to call on a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committee man, "Scotty" Briggs made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"I am the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh, and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why, you see, we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought may be you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you,—that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you are the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers who sanctury adjoins these premisses."

Scotty scratched his head and then reflected a moment, and then said:

"You rather hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that hand. Ante, and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?

"Well, you've rather got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me, and I don't smoke you. You see, one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm now on is to rout out somebody to jerk a little chin music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Cannot you simplify them in some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but now I grope. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to a categorical statement of fact, unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause, and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning.'

"Why, that last lead of yours is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair, perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presidently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"A gospel-sharp, parson."

"Oh! Why didn't you say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand, and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind me snuffling a little, becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see, one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throw'd up the sponge, you see."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket——"

"Ah! has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return? Well, I reckon not. Why pard, he's dead."

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled once more. Yes, you see, he's dead again——"

"Again! Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But, you bet, he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't know no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I knowed him by the back, and when I know a man like him—you hear me. Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever knowed Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes, death has. Well, well, well; we've got to give him up. Yes; indeed, it's a kind of hard world, after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? He didn't give a continential—for anybody. Beg your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a case word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cram down and draw everything so mild. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now, if we can't get you to help plant him——"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it, that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, so you bet his funeral ain't goin' to be no slouch; solid silver door plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box with a biled shirt and a plug hat—how's that for high? And we'll take care of you, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want, you just 'scrape out, and we'll 'tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things going wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four Greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, he warn't the man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's right was; and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic bone-yard, and started in to stake the town lots in it, he went for 'em! And he cleaned 'em too! I was there and seen myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was strictly defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather had he ever, been connected with any organization sequestrated from secular concerns, and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interest of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard!"

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had the riot all broke and prevented nice, before anybody ever got a chance to strike a blow.

"He was always for peace, and he would have peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Once, when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodis' Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon, and took a couple of six shooters, and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, swear harder, and hold more tangle-foot whisky without spilling than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why should he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that average pretty so-so."

"In my opinion, a man that would offer personal violence to his mother ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've looked your ball clean outside of the string. What I was drivin' at was that he never *throw'd off* on his mother—don't you see? No, indeed. He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and, when she was down with the small-pox, he set up nights and nursed her himself. I think you're right. I think you're a square man, pard, I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it there!" (Another fraternal hand-shake—and exit.)

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such a marvel of funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia City. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed mart of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long, plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials, and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs, and windows; and for years afterward the degree of grandeur attained by civic display in Virginia City was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

Fashion Gossip.

SUMMER CHANGES—MATERIAL AND STYLE—HATS FOR JUNE.

The summer fashions brings us many pretty things, but no real novelties. The *tout ensemble* of the toilet is not radically changed, but the nicest attention is paid to its trimmings, and the numerous details and accessories. The inevitable polonaise is somewhat shorter and a trifle plainer, but the move in the direction of economy that this would seem to indicate is frustrated by the prevalence of elaborate skirt garnitures. In many instances these reach to the height of three-quarters of a yard, sometimes even higher in front, puff succeeding flounce, and ruffle surmounting puff, lace, fringe, piping, ruching—all blended in an almost indescribable *melange*, very pretty to look at, yet hardly suggestive of that simplicity which would seem to be more becoming for the ladies toilets at this season.

It must be admitted that the present fashions are graceful and becoming, and *distingue*, but they are certainly not simple. even the white suits and linen costumes, which have been heretofore cited as models of simplicity and economy, and a sure refuge of extravagance and fashion and are now very frequently elaborately trimmed with embroidery and lace, the embroidery worked directly on the material itself, edging the flounces and *tunique* and in the white suits supplemented by Valenciennes or *guipure* lace, according to the quality of the material. Suits of *ecru* and flax gray have, to a great extent replaced the heavier linen costumes, and are capable of being rendered quite dressy.

Lovely polonaise of white Swiss or organdie are made of narrow stripes of the material, alternating with Valenciennes insertion, the edge of the garment bordered with lace to match. Bows of narrow ribbon, either matching or contrasting with the dress underneath, ornament the front of the tunique.

Coquettish little bows, placed in all sorts of unnecessary places, are a distinguishing feature in many of the new toilets. One is placed far up on the left front, another on the right shoulder, with short ends falling behind; a Watteau bow with long streamers descends from the back just below the neck, saucy little bows ornament the sleeves just above the elbows or at the top of the cuffs. On white costumes the effect is charming.

As predicted straw has become a *fureur*. Substantial Dunstable, delicate "split," Golden Leghorn, snowy chip—both the Italian, which comes in circular sheets, are offered for suffrages, together with their various imitations, some pretty combinations, and a few novelties in the way of embroidered straws.

Bonnets differ so little in shape and style from the round hats, that it is frequently difficult to decide by which name to designate one, until it is fully trimmed and the strings added.

Very lovely and ladylike are the bonnets of plain thread net trimmed with delicate lace, jet ornaments and clusters of flowers, the flowers shaded by a lace veil which falls in the back, mingling with the flowers and long ribbon sashes.

The "Dolly Varden" has already established its popularity. It is especially becoming to youthful faces, and is worn so as to show most of the forehead. A "Dolly Varden" intended to be worn with a croquet suit, is of Leghorn, the brim turned up on the back and right side, the side sustained by a cluster of May roses, interspersed with forget me nots, and the back by long drooping loops of lavender colored ribbon. A roll of turquois surrounds the crown, and sprays of forget me-nots are disposed in disgraceful confusion over it.

Parasols this year are to be of very gay colors, red being most in demand. The handles are mounted in gold, and a chain and hook are attached, by which it can be fastened to the belt.

Fashionable ladies in New York are wearing watches set in a heavy casing of green bronze, highly ornate. The face of the watch is left open, so that the affair is really a miniature bronze clock. It is worn slung to the belt.

Venetian filagree work is very much in favor for bracelets, necklaces and ear-rings of gold.

The sleeves of street costumes are made very short, in order to display the six-buttoned glove to the best advantage.

A new style of opera cloaks is in the old-fashioned circular shape, gathered in the back from the neck, and ornamented with a large rosette of white ribbons, with long ends.

A new style of cloak for young ladies is in the shape of a double cape, one end being long, ornamented with tassel, and meant to be thrown loosely over the left shoulder, *a la militaire*.

Ladies who wear deep mourning usually have a short gray crepe veil over the face, while the black one is fastened at one side by a large get pin; as physicians consider the dye from the black crepe very injurious to the health, especially in warm weather.

The Meanness of Respectability.

Everybody, it has been remarked, has a pet virtue or pet vice, and it may almost more truly be said that everybody has a pet meanness. The meannesses of respectability are of all kinds and degrees. They vary of course with different people. Some can never settle with a cabman without a desperate struggle over the odd sixpence, and a rankling sense of injury and ruin if the obdurate John happens to get the better of them; others are dismayed if they are unexpectedly caught at church when the offertory bags are sent round. With others again, the weak point is perhaps stationery, or some other cheap article for household use; they can never bring themselves to make a bold investment of a few shillings' worth at a time, but go on from hand to mouth with petty purchases which may have an economical appearance in detail, although they are pretty sure to prove more extravagant in the long run than a larger order. There are even rumors that a raid upon club paper is not absolutely unknown. We wonder how many people ever think of buying a few new pens. There seems to be a superstitious notion among a large class that pens never wear out; they must be handed down in families almost as if they were articles of great cost and rarity. Blotting-paper, too, is apt to be cherished as an object of extravagant luxury, over which persons of moderate means are bound to be very careful. People who think nothing of going to considerable expense for a dinner, or a trip to the country, will go on for months painfully economising with a few wretched blackened leaves rather than spend a paltry sixpence on a fresh supply. The old system of franking letters produced a characteristic development of meanness. The shifts and contrivances to which people used to resort to procure a frank; the labor, and perhaps sometimes, even, as it would appear, the expense to which they put themselves to get at some one who had it in his power to confer the coveted favor; the intrigues, entreaties, supplications to which they stooped, are almost incredible. It was a fashionable meanness, and everybody practised it. It is amusing to note, in the letters and diaries of the last generation, how the getting of a frank, or a fruitless pursuit of one, was deemed quite important enough to be recorded, and how frequently the incident turns up. The parallel to this morbid passion in our own day is perhaps the mania for orders for the play. M. Taine has remarked with some astonishment in his recent letters, that amusements of this kind form a small item in the expenses of an English middle-class family, and that it is thought a necessary economy to go to the theatre only when free passes can be procured. Managers, actors, dramatic critics, newspaper editors, whose pockets are supposed to be stuffed with orders, are importuned recklessly and shamelessly, in order that well to-do people may be provided gratuitously with what they could themselves purchase for a few shillings whenever they chose. During the discussion of the subject a year or two since, it was stated that managers and actors frequently receive letters from persons who are entire strangers to them, expressing a desire to witness their performances, and begging for orders. Reasonable economy is always respectable in small things as in great; but the meanness of which we have been speaking are at the best but bastard economies, and serve not unfrequently as an excuse for extravagence in other ways.—*Saturday Review.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

—Foxes are doing considerable execution among lambs on the farms about Glenbarr and the Largie side of Kintyre.

—The bark "Alice Holden," of London, has sailed from the Clyde for Berbice, taking thither sugar-making machinery valued at £4,425.

—A picture of "Glencoe," by Mr. Alfred Woolnoth, of Edinburgh, in the Royal Academy's Exhibition, was sold on the opening day for £50.

—The Counters of Claremont has originated a subscription for a testimonial to the Countess Dowager of Mayo from those of her own sex. The subscription is limited to £1.

—The blue riband of the Order of St. Patrick which is left at the disposal of the Crown by the melancholy death of Lord Mayo, has been conferred upon the Earl of Kenmare.

—The annual conference of the Mormons in Scotland was recently held in Glasgow. The total number of members was stated to be 767, of whom 34 had been baptized since June last.

—A blacksmith in Dundee named Anderson, threw the contents of a jar of vitriol over his wife, and the consequence is that her life is in danger, and she has hopelessly lost her sight.

—Mass meetings of miners in the districts surrounding Glasgow were held on the 16th May, and it was resolved to initiate a strike next week unless the advance of wages demanded is granted.

—The other day the clock at All Saints' Church, Leighton-Buzzard, stopped without any apparent cause; but, on a search being made, it was found that a pair of starlings had made their nest in the movements behind the face of the clock.

—A free museum has lately been opened at Nottingham in Wheeler Gate. The greater portion of the objects of interest which are in the museum, now the property of the town, originally belonged to the Nottingham Naturalists' Society, and a considerable number of valuable objects were added from time to time until the museum assumed its present dimensions.

—The quantity of home-made spirits on which duty was paid in 1871 for consumption in the United Kingdom, as beverage only, was 24,163,644 gallons, being 1,550,154 gallons more than in 1870: in England, 12,874,732, in Scotland 5,671,477, in Ireland 5,617,435 gallons. The quantity of foreign spirits entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom in 1871 amounted to 8,895,883 proof gallons.

—Five months ago a retriever dog bit several people at Crookes, near Sheffield. Two of them, children, died soon afterwards. Thomas Ashdale, a painter, another of those bitten, had just died at one of the hospitals in Sheffield from hydrophobia in its worst form. A valuable horse and a number of dogs bitten by the same brute on the same day have been destroyed.

—Robert Cross, Hamilton, a peninsular veteran, died on the 16th May, in his 84th year. With the 92nd Highlanders he took part in all the Peninsula engagements, including Toulouse, Orthes, Nive, Nivelle, Pyrennees, Vittoria, Fuentes. D'Onor, and Corunna, The martial spirit by which he was animated, descended to his sons, one of them having been in the 78th Highlanders, a second in the 72nd, and a third in the 59th.

—At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland a silver chain and godle, the property of Thomas Simson, of Blanstie, was exhibited. The chain is 57 inches in length, having a round disk at one end ornamented with a floriated pattern and the initials B. C., and at the other end a tassel-like pendant. The chain itself is of a square-sided, curb like form, divided into unequal lengths connected by rings. On the back of the circular plate are several die stamps, the oldest probably the Edinburgh "Hall mark" — a castel. The chain is said to have been presented by the second Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, to the gudewife of Tollies Hill in recognition of services rendered to him in the days of his adversity. Lord Lauderdale, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and was confined in prison for nine years, was visited in the Tower by the heroine, better known in Border story as "Midside Maggie," and presented with a bannock baked full of gold pieces, representing the rents of Tollies Hill for that period. The initials on the chain, however, do not correspond with the name of the heroine of this pretty tale. Another somewhat similar chain was found in "Herrits Dyke," near Greenlaw.

—The proceedings at the last meeting of the Geographical Society should have a significance for those who pretend that the love of adventure is dying out in England. The questions of the night were the fate of Livingstone and a proposed expedition to the Arctic region. Pole or equator, torrid or frigid zone, it's all one, England still finds eager volunteers for her forlorn hopes, and science and inquiry count their devoted followers. In the nineteenth century we can boast spirits as daring as those who sought the gold mines of El Dorado, or swept the Spanish main for its galleons. Our modern adventurers, indeed, show to infinite advantage in the comparison. They are dazzled by no dreams of vulgar wealth, but follow knowledge for its own sake, or are animated by the love of fame at the lowest. We should be the last to discourage disinterested enthusiasm, which serves the country in ways that go far beyond the limits of its immediate mission. The spectacle of men daring and enduring for an abstraction or a sentiment has its appreciable value in these prosaic and commercial days. At the same time the zeal of mature science may sometimes take undue advantage of the chivalrous impetuosity of personal and professional ardor, and one and the other may shut the probable consequences from sight. Our uncertainty about Livingstone should be a warning to those who urge a new Polar expedition, and give them reason to reflect before they go farther. The great African traveler is missing in the middle of the Continent, and the sympathies of England are enlisted in reaching him and bringing him home in safety and triumph. The expedition which is on its way, may, in its turn become the object of other ones. So if Captain Sherard Osborn's proposal be put in execution it is very possible that for some time to come Arctic voyages may become things of annual recurrence, as Capt. Osborne puts it. Other nations are competing for the final laurels of Polar discovery. We may rely upon it that the Englishmen who sail this time will do their utmost to push their way to the north pole, and we may have some second Franklin frozen up somewhere among the Arctic icebergs. Should it be so, we know that England will never rest in contented ignorance of his fate, and expedition after expedition will be sent to hazard itself for the relics of the lost ones.

UNITED STATES.

—A few days ago a colored man of Halifax county, N. C., was exhibiting to a party of admiring friends the docile qualities of his favorite mule by pulling his tail and otherwise caressing him. The coffin was made of poplar plank—so says the *Roanoke News*.

—A Louisville man, says the Indianapolis *Evening Journal*, very drunk, fooled a rattlesnake, which he found on the common, by letting it bite him fifty times. A snake is fooling away its time in biting a Louisville man. They are not afraid of snakes down there until they get into their shoes.

—The New York *Tribune* finds hope for Greeley in the fact that among the newly-elected Methodist Bishops are three men who have been editors. But it forgets that they did not secure their election by an abandonment of their religious creed and denominational friends, and an appeal to the rationalists or the ritualists for votes.

—A gentleman who passed through Syracuse on Monday reports that he saw three policemen standing on East Genesee street, close behind them were two dogs fighting cruelly. The police looked at the dogs, but evidently feared to interfere, and allowed a lady to separate them, which she did with difficulty, and then those policemen had not politeness enough to prompt them to thank the lady—neither had the dogs.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The police were compelled to interfere to protect the workingmen to-day from the strikers at the new building, corner of Hester street and Bowery, corner of Eleventh street and Third avenue, and on Nineteenth street and Seventh avenue. Threats were also made against the workmen on the public sewer at 110th street, but those at work say they will kill any one interfering with them. The rock blasters, who struck work on the public sewer east of Ninety-third street, threaten to destroy the steam drill and drive off the few men at work with it. Coach painters are also threatening the men at work in the factories, and it is feared the striking workmen will attack the gas works.

—The enthusiastic zanies who assembled a week or two ago at Oberlin and manufactured an anti-secret society presidental ticket consisting of Charles Francis Adams, and General Howard, probably built beyond their knowledge. The indications are that Mr. Adams is not *en rapport* with "that crowd." Indeed, the Cleveland *Herald* has a letter which would seem to settle that point. It says: Mr. Adams stands high in Masonry, and there has been much talk in that body of late of making him Supreme Grand Master of the United States. He has not distinguished himself on the side degrees of Masonry, but has held the office of Grand High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter, taking all the straight degrees. His election to the Supreme Grand Chair is merely a question of time—four or five years—for the only qualifications are fitness and seniority, and by that time it will be Mr. Adams' right to sit in the chair now occupied by the Right Worshipful and Mighty Supreme Grand Commander Pike.

—An eccentric New Yorker has invented a water velocipede, consisting of two watertight tubes each about twenty feet long, held three feet apart by means of iron braces. A wooden horse is placed in the center, with a fore and hind leg resting on each of the tubes. Under the horse is placed a light paddle-wheel, which is worked like the driving wheel of a velocipede by the navigator, who sits on horseback. At a trial on the Harlem river, the other day, a very fair rate of speed was attained.

—Engagement bracelets are the latest novelty. They are placed on the ladies' arm as soon a papa has given his consent, and then locked on by a small gold key.

—A juvenile named Levigne has been arrested at Bathurst, N. B., for taking money letters from the post office at that place.

PERSONAL.

—The Rev. T. J. Harcourt, Presbyterian, has been declared a state pauper, in Connecticut, and sent to Tariffville.

—Tennie C. has been offered the command of the Spencer Greys of New York. They are black, and only number fifty, but will do for a body guard.

—Mr. Carlyle has lately received from the German Empress the formal expression of the thanks of the Emperor for his "Life of Frederick the Great."

—Bob Brettle, the well-known cruiser and contestant for the honors of the ring with Mace, has thrown up the sponge. Death knocked him out of time.

—There is no ground for the report which has found its way into some northern papers, that the state of Mr Carlyle's health is causing serious anxiety to his friends.

—Ben Wade takes so little interest in the Presidential canvass that he is going uncommitted for several months' sojourn in the Yellowstone valley, without leaving even his Benny-diction.

—It is announced that the late James Gordon Bennett left a will by which he gives the Washington Heights estate to his daughter Jeannette; his Fifth Avenue mansion to his wife; and the New York *Herald* and the real estate connected therewith, being nearly the entire block, bounded by Fulton, Nassau and Ann streets, to young Bennett. The latter cannot sell the *Herald*, and it must remain in the family. The entire estate is estimated at ten millions.

—Attempts at suicide may be expensive; nothing can be more ridiculous than for a man to pay the bill out of his own pocket for cutting his own throat. This happened to an unfortunate fellow lately at Iowa City. He, to make matters sure, not only severed his windpipe, but slashed the arteries of his wrists. Then three doctors took him in hand and stitched him up, and insisted upon his living: and so live he did to receive from the high-cost doctors a bill of $300. He said that he wouldn't pay it; but the sawbones brought an action against him, and the judge and jury said that pay he must. The poor man will probably refrain from such luxuries in future.

—A singular character, known as Whiskey Joe, was killed at Athens, Pa., the other day. Joe was six feet seven inches high. He was a middle-aged, well-to-do farmer. Joe and his father would frequently indulge in drinking bouts at the country taverns together. At these times it was very difficult to get Joe to go home. Finally, Joe's father hit upon a plan that often proved successful. Joe had very long legs and he was a great jumper. His father would bet him drinks for the party that he could not jump into the wagon. The old man would get into the front seat, and as soon as Joe landed he would lash the horses and take Joe home in a hurry At last Joe fell out of the wagon and broke his neck. They had to send to New York to get a coffin long enough to bury Joe in.

FOREIGN.

—A bill will soon be presented in the German Reichstag directed against the Jesuits. It is understood that it will deprive members of the order of the rights of citizenship.

—A rumor that the schooner Ogle had been captured by the natives of Solomon Islands, and Capt. Bird late of Machusetts and the crew massacred has been fully confirmed by advices from San Francisco.

—The famine in Persia which now seems to be drawing near it close has been productive of an amount of misery almost unparalleled in modern times. Captain Pierson, an Englishman who has recently traveled in that unhappy country, describes the last stage of the famine as worse than the first. On his journey from Shiraz to Teheran he found the road strewn with half-eaten corpses; cannibalism was very prevalent, and starvation had aroused the usually peaceable inhabitants to despair, and brigandage and other crimes of violence were rife all along the roads. In the capital alone, out of a population of eighty thousand, at least twenty thousand has fallen victims to the famine and its attendant diseases.

The Saskatchewan Gold Mines.

We have the following from a gentleman who accompanied Mr. Noberly's surveying party and made a thorough exploration of the country in the neighborhood of Fort Edmonton: The fort is about 300 miles east of the Rocky Mountains, and over 1000 west of Fort Garry. For about 50 miles west and 400 miles east of Fort Edmonton the country contains auriferous deposits. On the Saskatchewan river for 450 miles gold has been found in considerable quantities, and there have been several miners at work, making from $6 to $8 per hand. The gold is generally in the shape of dust when discovered. The pay dirt is said to be unlimited in extent, as nearly every creek entering into the Saskatchewan within the 400 miles limit has yielded satisfactory results to prospectors. No gold quartz has been struck; but as the color does not appear far beyond the fort it is thought that coarse gold and quartz will eventually be found in the neighborhood. The country is generally a level prairie, and presents but few obstacles to mining operations, the river is sufficiently rapid for sluicing and washing purposes. The soil is rich, and samples of wheat and of corn of a superior quality were exhibited. It is expected there will be a rush of miners to the Saskatchewan and Shebandowan next summer. The best route is via Sarnia and Fort William.

"No Time to Make Money."

A lecture committee once urged Professor Agassiz to deliver a course of lectures, on the ground that it would yield him a large sum of money. "I have no time to make money," was the cool and startling reply. They were noble words for our day, when scholars seem as eager as merchants to win wealth. They proved his devotion to study and science.

Michael Faraday, who recently died in England, had a familiar spirit. He could have made a splendid fortune by giving advice to practical chemists who were making articles for popular use. But his enthusiasm in scientific study was so sincere that he would not turn aside to gain wealth. He was content to live on a moderate salary, giving himself wholly to scientific pursuits, rather than to make a large fortune by sacrificing his valuable time.

This should be the spirit of every true scholar. Learning and service to one's race are far better than wealth.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—Nine weeks ago to-day, says the Detroit *Post* of the 1st inst., a boy about 8 years of age, named Charles Schmidt, living on Orleans street, near Maple, was delivering papers on Silver street in this city, when a dog belonging to a man named Charles Zimmer jumped out from the yard of his master and attacked the boy. The dog bit him severely on the hip, and medical aid was immediately sought. Drs. Flintermann, Kaiser and Mulheron were called in, and it was decided to cauterize the wound, which, however, did not have the desired effect. The boy grew worse and soon showed aggravated signs of the terrible malady. Upon water being brought into the room he was seized with convulsions, and it was found impossible to keep him on the bed without first tying him down firmly. The convulsions grew more frequent, until they terminated yesterday morning in young Schmidt's death. Coroner Gnau was called in, and deemed it at first best to impanel a jury to investigate it to the matter, but the cause being evident it was thought perhaps unnecessary. The dog which attacked Schmidt had not previously shown any signs of madness, but as soon as the owner knew of his attack the beast was at once put out of the way of further endangering the lives of the people in the vicinity.

—An Indiana woman got nine glasses of lemonade for nothing at a circus by pretending to faint.

—Two women, who "gouged" out the eye of a witness in London, was sentenced by a judge to penal servitude for life.

No 1. GROUND WHITE LEAD TRADE MARK 25 lbs Nett

WHITE LEADS, "GENUINE." "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3," of this brand, are unsurpassed for body and brilliancy of shade. Packages contain full net weight. The public are warned that certain other brands are 1½ lbs short in every so-called 25 pound package.

Examine the brand and do not be put with inferior paints. The BEST is always CHEAPEST.

Sold by respectable dealers in Paints throughout Ontario, and to dealers only by

ELLIOT & Co., TORONTO.

J. BELL SIMPSON'S

SPECIFIC PILLS,

The only known cure for

NERVOUS DEBILITY, NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCE, & THOSE

distressing resulting diseases, such as lassitude, inability for business, dimness of vision, &c. Robert Arthur, machinist, Catharine street, Hamilton, among hundreds of others, testifies to his cure of a very bad case by their use. One box is sufficient to produce a beneficial result. If not procured at the druggists they will be sent by mail securely wrapped from observation, on receipt of $1.00, by the General Agent for Dominion,

WM. G. STARK, Drawer 91 P.O. Hamilton.

April 12, 1872. a.f.p.

Iowa & Nebraska Lands

FOR SALE BY THE

Burlington & Mo. River R.-R. Co.

MILLIONS OF ACRES.

On Ten Years' Credit at 6 per ct. Interest.

No part of principal due for two years, and thence only one-tenth yearly till paid in full.

PRODUCTS will pay for land and improvements within the limited this generous credit.

☞ Better terms were never offered, are not now, and probably never will be.

CIRCULARS giving full particulars are supplied gratis; any wishing to induce others to emigrate with them, or to form a colony, are invited to ask for as many they want to distribute.

Apply to GEO. S. HARRIS, Land Comm'r.

For Iowa Lands, at Burlington, Iowa,

And for Nebraska Lands, at Lincoln, Neb.

March 26, 1872 a.f.g.

D. ARNOTT & CO,

WILL

SHOW FULL LINES

IN

EVERY DEPARTMENT!!

Merchants visiting the city are invited to inspect our

SUMMER STOCK.

Special Terms to First Class Men.

41 Yonge, and 3 Wellington St., West.

D. ARNOTT & Co

Toronto May 18. afp

MONEY!

$100,000 To Lend

—AT—

EIGHT PER CENT!!

INTEREST YEARLY,

OR AT

7 and One-half Per Cent.

nterest Half Yearly,

On Mortgage of Good Farm Property.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED!

Apply to

BLAIKIE & ALEXANDER,

10 King Street East,

May 16, 1m afp. TORONTO.

E. K. BROWN'S

Well known, never failing.

ELIXIR OF STRENGTH

[put up in Pills or Tonic]

Creates Health, Strength, and vigorous old age cures nervous debility, weakness, disturbed sleep, lowness of spirits, and purifies the blood. Pills sent in boxes, $1.00. Send addressed envelope, stamp, for E. K. Brown's circular. Pr. Cantharibon, being the acting ingredient of E. K. Brown's Holayax, which speedily forces WHISKERS and MUSTACHE to grow heavy and thick in a short time, and prevents baldness. Receipt sent in envelope, post free, for 50 cts.

Address,

E. K. BROWN

Box 7, Stratford, Ont.

May 4, 1872. 3l afp-tf

SPRING TRADE, 1872.

DAVID McLELLAN & Co.

53 KING STREET WEST

HAMILTON,

ARE SHOWING A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

GENTS' FURNISHINGS & JEWELLERY,

SMALL WARES,

FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY,

GLOVES & CORSETS, HOOP SKIRTS AND BUSTLES.

N. B.—Orders by letter promptly and carefully filled.

March 26 a.f.g.

H. T. SMITH,

BRASS FOUNDER,

Plumber, Steam Fitter,

AND

Soda Water Machine Maker.

Gas & Coal Oil Chandeliers on Hand & MADE TO ORDER.

JOBBING of all KINDS ATTENDED TO

95 Queen Street, West, Toronto.

May 18, afp-tf

AMERICAN HOTEL,

KING STREET WEST,

F. W. BEARMAN,

PROPRIETOR.

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE,

HAMILTON, ONT.

April 4, 1872. a.f.p

HARDWARE!

HE SUBSCRIBERS OFFER FOR SALE A Large Stock of

HELF HARDWARE,

BAR IRON,

CUT NAILS, HORSE NAILS

HARVEST TOOLS,

BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS,

TIN, CANADA PLATES, &c

ALSO

Agents for the "CALDER" Pig Iron Nos. 1, 3. and white.

ADAM HOPE & Co., Hamilton Ont.

April 8, 1872. a.f.p.-3m.

CHEAP LANDS FOR SALE.

LANDS IN VARIOUS COUNTIES OF ONTARIO FOR SALE from 30 cents an acre.

Many lands well timbered.

T. D. LEDYARD.

May 25 afp 21 Toronto.

GREAT REDUCTION

ONLY $40

FOR THE GENUINE

ELIAS HOWE!

FAMILY

Sewing Machine!

DOMINION OFFICE

117 YONGE ST,

TORONTO ONT.

The Howe Machine Co.'y,

W. W. WHITLARK, Manager.

Liberal Inducements!!

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18May afp 4in

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BETWEEN

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COMPOSED of the following or other FIRST-CLASS IRONSTEAMSHIPS:—

SCOTLAND, TWEED, NIGER, MEDWAY, THAMES, SEVERN, ADALIA, TEVIOT, HECTOR, NILE

THE STEAMERS OF THIS LINE are intended to sail WEEKLY, as follows, during the Season of Navigation of 1872, to and from LONDON, QUEBEC & MONTREAL, [Calling at PLYMOUTH, Outward, for Passengers, and leaving the Port EVERY FRIDAY.]

FROM LONDON.

HECTOR	Wednesday,	22d May.
EMPEROR	"	29th "
ADALIA	"	5th June
NIGER	"	12th "
NILE	"	19th "
MEDWAY	"	26th "
SCOTLAND	"	3rd July
THAMES	"	10th "

And direct every WEDNESDAY thereafter.

FROM QUEBEC.

THAMES	Tuesday,	4th June
HECTOR	"	18th "
EMPEROR	"	25th "
ADALIA	"	2nd July
NIGER	"	9th "
NILE	"	16th "
MEDWAY	"	23rd "
SCOTLAND	"	30th "

And every TUESDAY thereafter.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

QUEBEC TO LONDON:

CABIN	$60.00
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Through Tickets from all Points West at Reduced Fares. Certificates issued to persons desirous of bringing out their friends. Through Bills of Lading issued on the Continent and in London for all parts of Canada, and in the United States to DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, CHICAGO, and other points in the West.

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