

A "Wolf Boy."

An interesting child, remarks the *Pull Mall Gazette*, has lately made his appearance at Lucknow. The *Pioneer* reports the arrival there of "a novelty in the shape of a wolf boy." This young gentleman, who is now undergoing a process of taming in a Lunatic Asylum, was, it is said, carried off by wolves when an infant, and has remained with them until a short time ago, when caught and recognized by his parents. His family, however, can hardly be congratulated on his restoration to their bosom, for his education in the wolf nursery (which, by the way, was purely secular,) seems to have been very defective. His manners are not only disagreeable, but peculiar. At first he walked on all fours, though now he has been induced to walk on his two feet only, like a reasonable being; he has long hair on his head, and his body is much scarred, and he cannot speak, nor can he understand a single word.—His parents suffered much inconvenience on his first arrival at home, owing to his frequently attacking and trying to devour them by night; and, indeed, it was owing to his persistence in this unwholesome conduct that they were compelled in self-defence to place him under medical surveillance. He also, among other disagreeable habits, tears raw meat with his teeth, and eats it ravenously like a wild beast, and, moreover, bites and snaps at any one who attempts to touch him.

A Disputed Question.

Why do we wear "mourning" because dear friends are taken from us? Does the outward emblem of woe console our grief, or afford any pleasure to those who go before? From the beginning of the world it has been instilled into the minds of the young people that when any personal loss comes to them it is not only proper, but even a duty, to indulge in deep and protracted lamentation; to blind the senses to every natural beauty; to enshroud their bodies, not in the fragrant bloom of flowers, which wear their dress alike in storm and sunshine, but in a pall. And this, thought by so many to be right, is all wrong. With all due deference to the views of some good people, we say it is not a duty. Success here and hereafter is not attained by looking backward and groveling, but by a continued forward movement. It is the eye that penetrates the smoke of battle, that gains happy glimpses of the eternal victory. He who stops to show the world by his attire how he mourns his losses, will never gain many triumphs. True mourning is of the heart; the clothes you wear can tell no story. The heart troubles of any of us are deep enough, Heaven knows; why, then, seek to make them more grievous by the absurdity of funeral attire? To strive to magnify our pains—and this is what we do, unwittingly may be, in clinging to "mourning"—is to do far worse than never to mourn at all.

Seville Belles.

Seville women are noted for being the most coquettish women under the sun. They are very pretty—for prettiness is an appropriate term to specify their personal attractions. They resemble each other to a surprising degree, as in all pure races of a marked type. Their eyes, fringed with long black lashes, produce an effect of white and black unknown to our colder, less passionate clime. It seems as if the sun had left its reflection in these magnificent orbs, equally noticeable in the face of some two-year-old child, and in the gypsy girls of France. The gleaming and glancing and the burning of these eyes has a very expressive word in Spanish called *ojas*, which is full of subtle meaning, although these eye-thrusts so embarrassing to strangers, have nothing particularly significant. The large, ardent, velvety eyes of a young Sevillana glance upon a dog in the street with the same intensity she would bestow upon some more worthy object. The exquisite smallness of the ladies' feet is too well known to dwell upon; many could be easily held in a child's hand, and wear shoes accordingly, not differing so very much from the Chinese shoes.

Mr. McMullon has instituted a 24,000 libel suit against the *Kingston News*.

"I don't mean to reflect on you," said a coarse would-be wit to a man whom he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to reflect on anybody."

Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, a distinguished geologist and chemist, is suffering from disease of the brain, and has been committed to an insane asylum by his friends.

A cargo of 350 tons of rails had been landed at Kinross in the Southern Extension of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway so that track-laying can be proceeded with from both ends of the road at the same time.

The annual return of the trustees of the Savings Banks in England shows that in November last these institutions held a total of deposits amounting to £39,689,000 sterling, or nearly \$320,000,000.

An Atlanta doctor advises persons afraid of cholera to stand on their heads for one minute three times a day. He argues that this arrests the abdominal depression, and would be a healthful gymnastic exercise at any time. Don't do it, ladies. Tisn't so.

An acre of strawberries, well handled, should produce a net profit of \$300, over and above the cost of production and the necessary expense of marketing. The commissions are ten per cent. There have been instances where \$500 has been cleared from an acre, and in one case over \$1,000. But these instances are rare. The crop was grown on a small area, and the best of culture was applied.

Fruit Stealing.

Boys steal grapes from gardens, having exhausted the stock of apples. Some one speaking of these predatory urchins says that the problem of raising fruit is nothing to that of getting it after it is matured. So long as the law, just in many respects, is in force against shooting birds and small boys, the gardener may sow in tears and reap in vain. The power of the boy is something fearful. Consider what he can do. You buy and set out a choice pear tree; you enrich the earth for it; you train and trim it, and vanish the borer, and watch its slow growth. At length it rewards your care by producing two or three pears, which you cut up and divide in the family, declaring the flavor to be something extraordinary. The next year, the little tree blossoms full, and sets well, and in the autumn has on its slender, drooping limbs half a bushel of fruit, daily growing more delicious in the sun. You show it to your friends, reading to them the French name, which you can never remember, on the label; and you take an honest pride in the successful fruit of long care. That night your pears shall be required of you by a boy! Along comes an irresponsible urchin, who has not been growing much longer than the tree, with not twenty-five cents' worth of clothing on him, and in five minutes takes off every pear, and retires into safe obscurity.

Great Jewel Robbery.

A robbery of jewelry of the value of upwards of £10,000 has lately been effected on the premises of a well-known firm of jewellers in Bond Street, London, Eng., under somewhat mysterious circumstances. The firm in question had received an order from the Shah to submit to him a certain amount of jewels, and several packages, very small in bulk, but containing articles of large value, were accordingly prepared for his Majesty's inspection. In the course of that preparation one of the packages, consisting of four diamond crosses, a splendid necklace of large diamonds, several brooches, rings, and earrings, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, worth more than £10,000, was missed, and up to this moment not the slightest clue has been obtained as to the actual circumstances of the robbery. All that is known by the firm is that the package was safe in their hands on the 18th of June, and that it was gone—no one knows where—on the 1st of July. Whether it was lost in the streets by an assistant, or stolen from the counter while the shopman had momentarily turned his back is not at present known. Inquiries were set on foot by the police, and on Thursday last the gold mountings of the ornaments, but without the stones, were discovered in the bed of the river, where they had evidently lain for some weeks. The mountings had not been submitted to the action of aquafortis, and it is, therefore, surmised that some apparently unprofessional and unskilful hand had extracted the stones. On the other hand, it is considered improbable that an ordinary thief would have been content even to lose the value of the mountings in his attempt to destroy the traces of the robbery, seeing that they alone were worth a considerable sum. Thus the matter stands at present.

A Home Shave.

A Lancaster gentleman, after having been partially flayed by his barber three times a week, for a number of years, suddenly came to the conclusion that he would in future do his own shaving. It took him some time to hunt up his implements, but he found them at last. His shaving brush was firmly imbedded in the family glue pot, his wife having discovered that it was quite handy to mend some broken furniture, but by careful manipulation he managed to recover most of the handle. He did not say much, but when he found one of his razors on the top shelf in the pantry, where the hired girl had left it after she had used it for chopping suet, he could not help giving vent to a soliloquy on the general want of discrimination exhibited by hired girls. Then, after another half hour's search, he found his other razor in the little drawer under the *chiffoniers*, with signs visible on the blade that his little daughter had been stropping it on a slate pencil. He was calm, very calm, and during all breakfast time he talked to his wife about women being the most foolish, idiotic creatures on the face of the earth, and if she called that slop coffee, he'd better board some where where they knew how to make coffee, and the way he slammed the door when he went out showed how the temper raged within. His wife says he can't understand how John could make such a fuss out of nothing. The razors were not hurt a bit, for after he had gone she nearly cut her finger off cleaning them with soap and sand, and had them both beautifully bright by the time John came home. He, however, has given up all idea of shaving himself, and lets his beard grow out of revenge.

Mark Twain will do up Ireland and Scotland this fall.

What does the grocer do with all his things before he sells them?—Gives them a weigh.

A charitable Cincinnati man keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front door, so that poor people who stop to "get a bite," can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go into the house.

There is a long haired youth at Buffalo who has written seven hundred verses the refrain to each of which is "I'm dying, mother, dying," and withal he isn't dead, and what is worse, is about to perpetrate more poetry.—*Chicago Post*

Chips.

A water-bed—A spring mattress. Theodore Tilton is writing a novel. All women ought to be dear to a man. Some are—very. When is a thief like a reporter?—When he takes notes. The Home Circuit.—Walking about with a baby in the night. When is a captain in his heaviest attire?—When he wears his ship.

What goes most against farmer's grain? His reaping machine. To the benevolent.—There is a man so hard up that he sleeps on tick.

Why is a provident man like a monkey? Because he's fore-handed (four-handed.)

The Danbury News Man's funny lubrications are already republished in London.

"He fell down dead and expired in two minutes," says a Georgia paper of the death of a negro.

Don Piatt has severed his connection with the *Washington Capital*; \$25,000, it is said, did it.

Harry Bassett will be on exhibition at the approaching State Fair of Georgia. Mr. Bassett is a horse.

If you had a relation in the money-lending trade, would it not be well for you to get him to leave you alone.

Jefferson Davis is still engaged at intervals on his "History of the Confederate States," though suffering from defective sight.

Kate Stoddard, the Brooklyn murderess, it appears, was originally a kleptomaniac, practicing at first on Attleboro' jewelry.

"The crisis has come," cried a boy as he rushed into the house, panting with excitement from seeing the circus enter the town, "and I want a quarter."

An amateur farmer wonders "why, on all this fair earth, the ground is spread bottom side up, so that it must be turned over with a plow before crops can be raised."

The will of Cora L. Barton, late of Red Hook, Dutchess County, N. Y., leaves property of over \$2,000,000 to over seventy heirs-at-law, among whom there is entire harmony.

The latest instance afforded by a "fond mother" of her son's cleverness is said to be her correcting her for saying he was all over dirt. He said the dirt was all over him.

A Dubuque grocer refuses to advertise in the papers, but spoiled a \$60 suit of clothes in covering the fences and walls with a painted sign which read: "Buy your Kodphish and Kauply at Bilson's."

A teacher who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young devils, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing their arithmetic.

A man in New York went to bed drunk the other night, rolled out and broke his neck; his wife found him dead in the morning. Moral: Shun the flowing bowl—or else take the back side of the bed.

The editor of a religious paper which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago, says that it is a good city for a religious paper, provided Satan has three pages of it, and other things page is mixed.

This is Chicago's way of chronicling deaths in St. Louis.—"Those that left St. Louis last week for a better country (no matter which way they went), numbered 252; and twenty-one of these took passage by the cholera line."

A young man prided himself on his mental qualifications, once speaking of the advantages of these, remarked: "What is better than a good education?" "Common sense, you fool you," quickly responded one of his hearers.

A "young lady" wishing for a situation, was recently interested in an advertisement for some one to do "light housekeeping." So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the lighthouse was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sundays.

At the trial of the Claimant on the 29th Aug., several witnesses from Wapping swore he was not Arthur Orton, and great excitement was caused by the testimony of two men who swore they had seen Orton and Castro together in Australia, and identified the Claimant as the person who went by the name of Castro.

The spreading of a rail threw a train off the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, fatally injuring three or four German emigrants and wounding fifteen or twenty. Some of the emigrants, thinking the train officials meant to murder them, became enraged and attacked them with stones so that they had to flee for their lives.

A fearful combat with a monstrous reptile took place in Peoria, recently, according to a local paper, which says: "A rural gentleman, visiting a friend in the Third Ward, found in the back yard, after dusk, an immense snake lying in the grass. He procured an axe, and when he had chopped the reptile into about a dozen pieces, he discovered it to be a garden hose which had not been properly hung up in the coal shed."

There is no moral difference between "white" and "black" lies. We think a great lie is a great sin, and a great shame to a man; but, after all, little lies are much more dangerous, because there are so many of them, and because each one of them is diamond-pointed. And these little, petty untruths, which are so small that we do not notice them, and so numerous that we cannot estimate them, are the ones that take off the very enamel of the moral sense—cut away its entire surface.

The wild boar is one of the most dreadful animals in nature, except the tame bear.

At Adairsville, Ohio, recently, one of the daughters of Mr. A. J. Wine descended a dry and unused well to place in it a quantity of butter to cool. Before she reached the bottom, she was overcome by the foul air and fell insensible. Her brother went down to bring her up and he too fell senseless. A third person went to their relief, but before he could reach them, he lost consciousness, was drawn out and died shortly after. Grappling irons were obtained, and the bodies of brother and sister were brought up, but life had fled.

A dreadful case of wife-murder has occurred at Bridgewater, N. S. A man named Mailman, who has not lived on the best terms with his wife for some years, took her to the woods, a mile from her house, and there murdered her by striking her on the head with some blunt instrument, fracturing her skull. He then hid her body under the root of a tree, where it was found covered with moss. He also set the woods on fire in two places as a decoy. The Coroner's jury found a verdict of murder against Mailman, who has been arrested, and so intense was the excitement among the people that it required a strong force to save him from being lynched.

A London paper tells the following thrilling story:—"A *pater-familias* in this city, anxious that the slumbers of his olive branch should not be disturbed by the flies, bought one of the sticky paper, and laid on the pillow of the bed, whereon the infant was reposing. To his horror, however, in his absence from the room, the child had wrapped his head up in the paper like a parcel, and it took his maternal parent about four hours to unpeck him and get the flies clear of his hair, which had to be shorn pretty close in order to attain the desired end. Moral—don't try experiments with babies and fly papers."

A Pennsylvania paper contains an account of a disgraceful occurrence. It says: "On Sunday last twenty or thirty men collected in the hollow back of William Magee's and engaged in fighting during the whole morning." Certainly this was outrageous, and it must have been extremely uncomfortable for Mr. Magee! He won't pretend to understand how it was, for it seems strange to us how twenty men could all collect on one man's back, even if it was hollow. Either Magee has an enormous back, or else the ruffians were too much crowded to fight. We would seriously advise *Wig*, the next time they get together on his back, to *turn over*. Something of the kind must be done to stop this outrageous desecration of the Sabbath-day.

A PHYSICIAN WHO HEALED HIMSELF.—If a railroad director was lashed to every locomotive, there would be fewer railroad accidents, and if doctors had to take their own physic before administering it to their patients, fewer people would be poisoned. Dr. Joseph Walker of California, took this course when he first compounded the famous Vinegar Bitters which now rank as an inestimable household remedy in all parts of the United States. He healed himself with this specific before he offered it to the world. He introduced it with a simple statement of the man in whom he had discovered its vegetable ingredients, and been cured, while wandering, sick and poor, among the California tribes. He stated what the preparation had done for himself and a few sufferers from dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, lung diseases, and many other prevalent disorders, believed him, tried the new restorative and were more than satisfied with the results. In this way the sale of the Vinegar Bitters began, and we mention the fact as an evidence that in this age of intelligence and inquiry, nothing that is really valuable to mankind can prove a pecuniary failure—even though it may lack the help of capital, and have to fight its way against powerful opposition. Within two or three months after its introduction, the article became self-supporting, and it now yields a magnificent annual revenue.

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