SONG OF THE FROST SPIRITS.

We come on the breath of the sharp clear breeze
The spirits of frost are we;
We hang our wreaths on skeleton trees,
And beautiful wreaths they be.

White, pure white, are the robes we wear,
Robes wrought of the feathery snow;
With bright quick wings through the sparkling air
On our silent missions we go.

By our aid the spirit of silence reigns,
We hush the brooklet's song,
And bind the water in icy chains,
By a spell unseen but strong.

Silent we work through the livelong night,
In cities, and trees, and dells;
And men behold, by the morning light,
Our carv'd work and icicles.

We sprinkle the snow on the harden'd plains,
We whiten the barren moor;
We hide from view mortality's stains,
Till the sinful earth seems pure,

—*David Holt.*

COMIC BUDGET.

—There is one consolation in being broke. You have nothing to lose, and everything to gain.

—A lame farmer was asked if he had a corn on his toe. "No," he said, "but I've got lots on the ear."

—Some people are so seriously inclined that it is "no laughing matter" to read over their jokes.

—If you regard yourself as the guardian of your own honor be careful that your position is not a sinecure.

—There be men who would willingly search the Scriptures if they thought they could find anything to steal in them.

—If one marches abreast with obstinate men, who will rush on guns and spikes, he must share the consequences.

—It is a great deal easier to build castles in the air when you are young than it is to live in them when you are old.

—A man in walking a mile lifts a weight equal to thirteen to fifteen tons. This is what makes some men so tired.

—In 1873 the people of this world exchanged 3,300,000,000 letters, and in 1877 they sent 130,000,000 telegrams.

—A Californian has seven acres of tuberoses, which pay better than 100 acres of wheat. Druggists buy them for perfumery.

—London *Lancet* says that injections of morphia under the skin, if not made by physicians, are only another form of opium eating.

—In Iowa the second wife of a man who was about to be hanged was supplicating for his life while he was begging to see the picture of his first wife.

—Some females have just been arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whiskey. This is the first recorded instance of a woman keeping still.

—Newly-married persons should remember that the morning fire is a prolific cause of discord, and husband and wife should arise and light the fire together.

—It took an English judge fourteen hours to decide whether eggs were meat or vegetable, and then he got around it by deciding that the eggs in question were—bad.

—The worst reason for not drinking water comes from an exchange, which says a Western editor refuses to drink water because since the deluge it has tasted of sinners.

—You may conclude that your character is pretty well established in certain circles if you find it easier to borrow money of those who don't know you than of those who do.

—A brother in a colored church in Missouri wanted to sing "Grandfather's Clock,' and before he got through wanting to twenty-one men and women had been badly pounded.

—Lemon well hit the abominable habit which some men have of perfuming themselves by the following epigram:—

—Of miracles this is *sans doute* the most rare
I ever perceived, heard reported, or read;
A man with abundance of scents in his hair
Without the least atom of sense in his head

—You can keep a squash ten years by soldering it up in a tin can, but at the end of that time you could buy another for less money than the can cost, so it isn't a paying job.

—Wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in. It is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

—"What the dickens do you call your mule Ann for?" asked a tourist of a Western teamster. "Wall," said the interrogated, "its the nigh mule of the par, an' I tuk the name out'n the Scripter—An, a nigh ass."

—How much wisdom there is in the following timely verse:

He grasps your hand with a hearty shake,
His face grows meeker and meeker;
You know him well in the fall of the year,
He's the annual office-seeker."

—A Boston lady lost a pocket-book containing $700, and when an honest little boy returned it to her she was so grateful that she gave him a great deal of good advice and didn't charge him a cent for it.

—Apostrophe to somebody:

"She was my idyl while I wooed;
My idol when I won;
My ideal when in after years
Ways idle had she none."

—It is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and a contempt of all injustice and meanness. It is a higher lot never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honors won by dishonor.

—"We must agitate," exclaimed an ardent politician of the Seventh Ward; "we must agitate, or we shall perish." And then he agitated it gently with a spoon, and pretty soon it perished, all but the sugar.

—A young lady who ought to know, accounts for the disposition of the average young fellow to put his arm around a girl's waist by the supposition that he is looking for that rib that was taken from him so long ago.

—The man who ordered 500 cans of oysters just before the "snap" broke can't feel any worse over it than the man who made a hundred gallons of ice cream just before the cold weather came.

—When Douglass Jerrold heard a society bore speaking of a song that "always carried him away" when he heard it, Jerrold simply asked if some one present would please to sing it.

—A Connecticut man once introduced a bill in the Legislature to prevent any person in that State from falling in love with any other person under 18 years of age, and it was defeated by only two votes.

—A passer-by put his head in at the window of the shop where an honest cobbler is working, never thinking of evil, and says cheerfully: "Well, my friend, how many thieves are there in this street without counting you?" "What!" yells the cobbler, "without counting me?" "Well, then," says his imperturbable questioner, "how many are there counting you?"

—When lovely woman looks quite squally
You may be sure her hose gave way;
What charm can make her feel less brawly,
What patch can heal the dreadful fray?

The one thing best the hole to cover
Is a French boot with top quite high;
Or, else, that no eye may discover,
If she can't darn she'll have to dye her exposed epidermis in so skilful a way that it will perfectly blend with the hue of the surrounding stocking in a manner highly calculated to deceive the most searching and critical glances.

—An exchange gives an account of a woman who "had laudanumed herself." If this sort of thing is to go on we shall hear of persons prussic-acidating or Paris greenifying themselves *ad infinitum*.

—A woman who was called as a witness in an assault case tried in the Edinburgh Police Court recently, on being asked by the magistrate what was the profession of her husband, answered promptly, "My husband is a bankrupt, sir."

—The Chinese have gobbled the Pinafore music, and Wah-Hap, of Detroit, doth rub-a dub-dub and sing:

"I'm a long pig-tailed Chinee,
And I keep a laun-dry-ee
And I wash—and I wash-i-ee.'

—What has become of the good old days when a greenhorn traveling by rail could buy for 75 cents a package containing fifty articles worth a dollar each, and then find a gold breast-pin weighing a pound and a-half besides?

—Teacher—"Which of you can mention three animals that live in Africa?"
Johnny—"I can Mr. Ferule."
Teacher—"Well, let's hear!"
Johnny—"Two monkeys and a parrot!"

—The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year;
Of buckwheat cakes and scarlet rash,
And five cent lager beer.
Heaped in the hollow of the grove,
The autumn leaves lie dead,
And festivals and cabbages
Are fifteen cents a head.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And by the fire the loafer toasts
His shins, the live-long day.

—We find this soul-lifting advertisement among the New York *Herald's* personals:

S. H.—O! JOY. O! BLISS. THOU BEAUTIFUL lady of pain, who did smile upon me from thy carriage window. Only my thoughts, not my Pegasus, could keep up with thy fiery steeds. Have no fear, but O! Dolores, please write me and appoint interview; sweet lady of pain. Romeo like, I watch under thy window. O sweet, unconscious Juliet. Address "Romeo."

—A Frenchman said to his hopeful son:—"My boy, marriage is an honorable institution; therefore I would like to have you marry." "Very well," replied the dutiful boy, "I will forthwith wed my sister." "Your sister!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "But it is not lawful to wed your sister." "And why not, sir? Did you not marry my mother, pray?"

—It is well to look at all sides of a subject before you indulge in an opinion. Curran once said to Father Leary, "I wish, reverend father, that you were St. Peter and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in." The shrewd and witty priest saw the sarcasm, and turned its sharp edge on the sceptic by replying, "By my honor and conscience, sir, it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

—*Apropos* of the rent agitation in Ireland, the following from *Mayfair* is very good: Last week a tenant entered the office of a Tipperary land agent, and throwing a roll of notes on the table exclaimed: "There's iv'ry pinny I have in the world. It's a half year's rint, and ye may take it or lave it—av ye take it I'll go to the workhouse; av ye lave it I'll go to America on it. The agent opened the roll of notes and counted the money. "Why, my good man, there is more than a half year's rent here. There is over four years' rent in the bundle." "The divil there is," cried the tenant, putting his hand in his pocket; "begor, I gev you the wrong bundle of notes, after all."

—Irish wit is certainly inimitable. It is like a flash of brilliancy which lights up the surrounding gloom and leaves a pleasant remembrance of itself behind. A son of the Green Isle stood on the highway looking on a comrade who was lying helpless through drink. The day was hot, and, as the Irishman wiped his forehead, he said sadly, "Ah, my boy, I wish I had just half of your disease."

—O, she was a maiden fair to view,
With her blonde black hair and eyes of blue;
But, alas! our life is but a span—
She started a fire with the coal-oil can.

And when the Coroner came to see,
He rubbed his hands with a ghastly glee,
"Oh, I should be a most mournful man
If I got no help from the coal-oil can."

—Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches and looked like a map of some great railroad center, a reporter asked the youngster what the matter was. "Feller spoke disrespectful to my sister; said she was cross-eyed, and I sailed in." "Is your sister cross-eyed!" asked the reporter. "Hain't got no sister," was the reply. "It was the principle of the thing I got licked for."

—A sharp answer is relished by every one except the person who is hit. When a lady in Louisiana was gruffly asked why she rang the bell at both ends she quietly replied, "Because I wanted both ends to stop, sir." And when a soldier who was bitten by a dog, and who killed him with his bayonet, was asked by the owner why he didn't beat him off with the other end of his musket, answered, "And so I would if he had run at me with his tail."

GOOD-NIGHT, GOOD-BYE.

Say not good-bye! Dear friend, from thee
A word too sad that word would be!
Say not good-bye! Say but good-night,
And say it with the tender, light,
Caressing voice, that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this,
Say but good-night!

Say not good-bye! Say but good-night;
A word that blesses in its flight,
In leaving hope of many a kind,
Sweet day like this we leave behind.
Say but good-night! Oh, never say
A word that taketh thee away!
Say but good-night!
Good-night!

—Detroit *Free Press*: "A religious journal draws a moral that shows the evil effects of that wicked game, billiards, from the fact that one young man killed another with a billiard cue the other day over a dispute about the game. This upright paper forgets to notice that by a strange coincidence on that very day T. S. Koiner and Lewis F. Johnson, students in Washington and Lee University, Virginia, were playing that eminently clerical game, croquet, when a quarrel arose and Koiner struck Johnson on the head with a mallet and killed him."

TO DICKENS—1842.

—Pshaw! away with leaf and berry
And the sober sided cup!
Bring a goblet and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up.
Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,
And the longest ever was,
Ere his vessel leaves our river
I will drink a health to Boz!
Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam
And to paddle o'er the Atlantics
After such a sale at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And the shallow sand that lurks,
And his passage be as clever
As the best among his works!

—Thomas Hood.

—Even Death can be robbed of half its terror by a large inheritance. Two people were riding together in a stage coach, one of them in deep mourning. "Somebody dead, ma'am?" was the question. An affirmative nod. "'Usband, ma'am?" Another nod. "Did he leave you his property, ma'am?" Still another nod. "And are you 'appy about his soul, ma'am?" One more nod. The sympathetic stranger stroked his beard for a few silent minutes, and then added in very tender tones, "Well, ma'am, if you have inherited all his property and fell 'appy about his soul, it's not so much of a trial, ma'am, after all."

TAKING TEA IN A BUS.

An American is about to carry out the railway dining-car system in a novel direction. He has designed, especially for the use of Londoners, a "tea 'bus." In this vehicle there will be every accommodation for "5 o'clock tea." It is expected that the 'bus will be a great favorite with ladies, who will take advantage of it not merely for shopping purposes, but also as a pleasant way of spending the afternoon and having agreeable chats with each other over their teacups. A narrow table runs along the middle of the vehicle, and behind the seats there will be room for the conductor to wait on the tea-drinkers. Water will be boiled in a little apparatus beneath the seat of the driver, the tap being inside the 'bus, so that the kettles may be filled without difficulty. The tires of the wheels are to be India rubber, to prevent unpleasant jolting, and the springs of the carriage will be adjusted on an entirely new and improved principle, insuring the complete ease and comfort of its occupants. With a plentiful supply of biscuits and bread and butter the scheme may prove a success, but the 'bus will have to be driven with extreme care, for the horrors of a collision in the streets will be greatly enhanced by broken crockery and boiling water.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—It won't cost over $25 to winter a plant worth fifteen cents.

A PRAIRIE FIRE.

In an article entitled "Some Features of Kansas Farming," in the *Scribner* for Nov., Mr. Henry King gives the following vivid description of that beautiful scourge—a fire on the prairies:—

Next to calamities like that the homesteader's wife told of, the great besetting fear of the settlers on the border—in all the new and thinly peopled portions of Kansas, in fact—is the coming of the autumn prairie fire, which so frequently menaces their stacks and cribs, their helpless stock, their stables and cabins, and even their lives. Were it not for its own danger and power of havoc, this tempest and scourge of fire would be a spectacle of commanding force and beauty. First, you will catch glimpses of what you take to be gray wisps of haze away off on the horizon; and watching, you will see those vagrant particles deepen gradually, and gather into a definite column of smoke, black like a rain cloud, and bronze about the edges. Then the strange, sombre bulk starts forward across the prairie, and you hold your breath at sight of the rapid progress of it. A mile in two minutes is not an exceptional rate of speed for a fire once fairly under way. It halts an instant, you note, over a broad swale where there is standing water; but it is for an instant only. The next moment it reaches the upland again and the dry grass; and directly it grasps a belt of the tall bluestem, and the flame leaps suddenly and madly out above the smoke, then subsides again, and the black mass grows blacker than ever, and rolls higher and higher, and you can scent the burning grass, and hear the distant roar of the fire—an awful roar, resembling the sound of artillery in heavy timber. And it is so calm immediately about you that you do not so much as miss the ticking of your watch in your pocket; there is no breath of air stirring, and the sun is shining and the heavens above you are blue and placid. But the stillness will be broken soon. The oncoming cloud is only a few miles away now, and you easily trace the scarlet and terrific energy at its base; the smoke begins to hurt your eyes, too, and the heat becomes heavily oppressive. And then, all at once, the wind smites and staggers you, that appalling roar deafens you, and the sun is blotted out, and you are in a darkness as of midnight without moon or star. It is an experience of but a dozen seconds or so, this sudden plunge into darkness, though it seems an hour, and when you look out again you find that the fire has passed you a mile or more to your right, and is still rolling desperately onward; and there in its track are charred and smouldering stacks of hay, and an occasional house aflame and tottering to its fall, and a group of men and boys beating back the outer line of the fire with brush and old clothes, and sending forward little counter-fires to meet it and if possible keep it at a safe distance. The creek may stop it and smother it when it gets there, though such a hope has mere chance for a warrant; sometimes these mighty conflagrations vault across streams twenty or thirty yards in width, so swift and resistless in their momentum; and as a rule they are effectually stayed only when they reach a wide extent of plowed land, and have to yield, sullenly, for lack of anything more to feed their inexorable fury

THE VIRTUES OF MUSTARD.

(Philadelphia Sunday Times.)

I have read that the European custom of eating mustard with sausage dates back to remote antiquity. Edward IV., brother-in-law to the Duke of Burgundy, replied in 1475 to the citizens of a town which they besought him to spare, that war could not be conducted without burnings any more than sausage could be eaten without mustard. A little later Rabbelais spoke of mustard as the "natural ointment of sausage." But these are comparatively modern examples, for it is worthy of note that the sausage itself has almost as ancient an origin as its piquant companion. To the seven wise men of philosophical Greece—epicurean Greece opposed seven famous cooks, one of whom (Aphtontus) bears as his title to glory the fame of having invented sausage.

Of the effect of mustard on the human system much has been written. It not only excites the salivary secretions and awakens the indolent stomach from its languor, but it appears to confer upon the system several physiological conditions. One author, experienced in experimental gastronomy, asserts that by some occult virtue it replenishes the smouldering flame of vitality, while others claim that it strengthens the memory, enlivens the imagination and renders the perceptive qualities more clear. Hustins, a physician of the sixteenth century, who bore the name of the Esculapius of Germany, declared that it gave birth to wit.

A "STRAW."

A street car going north yesterday full of passengers was boarded by a man with a book and pencil in his hand, and he straightway began taking a vote of the passengers. Some answered and some didn't, and some didn't exactly understand what he was up to. When he came along to a little old woman with her lap full of parcels and bundles she called out:

"There is four of us in the family, and we are all grown up, our Christian names are John Henry, Betsy Ann, Melinda and Aaron, and that's all the census you'll get out of me."

"I am not taking the census, madam," he explained. "I am simply——."

"You raise on our water tax if you dare!" she interrupted. "We'll dig a well before we'll pay another red cent."

"I am not a water-tax man; I am canvassing this car——"

"Well, you can't canvass me!" she snapped, "I'm bothered to death with canvassers at the house, and I don't care what new-fangled clothes-wringer you've got—I won't subscribe!"

The passengers were all laughing, and he didn't want to give it up that way.

"Madam," he began, "have you any objection to——"

"I won't sign any petition if I die for it!" she shouted, "and now if you don't stop pestering me I'll open this package of pepper and fill your eyes for you, and my husband will thrash you to boot!"

The man with the book let up and dropped off.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HIGHLANDER'S LETTER.

The following is a copy of a letter written by Sir Ewan Cameron, in the year 1702. The spelling and punctuation are as in the original—"Dear James—What for wull ye niver com doon in the vacins tull se ye a', but ye Hielans in sore changitt syn ye saw yem. It is amashing hoo ye are changitt for ye waur. I was at diner at ye Dukes on Satirday & y't is a sore changitt hoose. I mynd in my yont when I was a yonge callant I dynit on a day at ye Dukes wyt mony nobilities & ither of a degrees & behynt ilk chaire or stul as we had yem, was a red-legged loone wyt a clam shell, & a' ye dyshes was timmer, & whan I was dune I pitit my dysh owr my shoulther to the ladie, & he scartit it clean wi' his shell, and gave yt back, but noo a' is changitt for ye waur, & a'ye platters way sylver of wate & ye quaighs was glashes. I luik for no guid of yis changys. Ye wull hear news or lang be. I have sent ye a stott pr my lad Donald going South & houp all is well wt yr ladie an ye bairns. Yr trusty friend, Lochiel. Address to my worthy & honourable friend Mister James Campbell advocat, our brother to ye Laird of Arkinlass at his odgings in Edinr wt an black stott pr Donald McPherson.—*Exchange.*

—An embarrassed actor bounded on the stage of a San Francisco theatre, in a scene depicting a robbery in a hotel office, and shouted. "Gag the safe while I blow open the night clerk." This is on a par with the case of a young man in Hamilton, who in giving evidence before the Police Commissioners asserted three times that the person against whom he was testifying "shook his face in my fist."

THE LIVERPOOL MYSTERY.

How the Missing Miss Edwards was Found and the Story of Her Adventures.

The case of Miss Edwards, who disappeared from Liverpool in a mysterious manner, is still an object of excitement in the London papers. After six weeks she was discovered in London, and, according to the *Daily Telegraph* of the 24th, still remains at the house of her uncle, whither she was conducted upon being recognized. She is suffering from a severe nervous affection, and it is hardly possible that she will be able to travel for some days yet. Her father and mother went to London at once on learning the very welcome news that she had been found, with the intention of taking her home on Wednesday. Mr. Edwards was, however, obliged to return to Liverpool yesterday morning, but her mother remains to tend her. "The poor girl's illness is not to be wondered at," says the *Telegraph*, "considering the sufferings through which she has passed since she left her home on Sept. 3rd last, justifying as there is reason to believe they do, some of the worst apprehensions regarding her disappearance. Upon that day she was to visit some friends in the neighborhood of Islington (Liverpool) and pay several trifling bills. For these purposes she left Fairfield, where she resided with her parents, and took an omnibus to the Monument in London road. In the omnibus she met several persons who were members of the congregation at the chapel which she attended, and with some of whom she entered into conversation. Alighting at the Monument the young lady went down Stafford street as a near cut to the house of a friend, upon whom she was to call, and who knew of the intended visit. A portion of Stafford street and Blandford street form about the lowest neighborhood in Liverpool, and before now there have been more than one strange disappearance from this very locality, and in these cases it is believed that the agents were men affecting the dress and manner of ministers of religion or women who carry out shocking schemes under the guise of friendliness.

"Miss Edwards, who is scarcely eighteen years of age, is subject to fainting fits, and she was in this part of the town when she felt one of them coming upon her. She had either fallen or was stumbling when a man came forward to assist her, and she remembers giving her address and asking him to call a cab and have her driven home. Here begins the mystery. That she was drugged and involuntarily detained her friends have no doubt. She came to London on September 6, it is believed, partly under coercion and partly by the reason of the shame and horror she felt at the outrages of which she had been the victim—the unwilling and even unconscious victim, so far as it is possible to judge from the meagre information which alone is allowed by the relatives to transpire; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether the poor girl, suffering acutely as she has been since her restoration to her friends, could at present give anything more than a disjointed narrative of her terrible experiences. She was seen in Hyde Park, it is believed, on the 7th and 8th, wearing the chequered print dress and black cashmere jacket she had on when she left home, and she remained in London, residing the greater part of the time at Brompton, where she was recognized by her uncle on Tuesday night, the 21st of the present month. There for the moment the authentic story of her treatment ends; her friends are naturally anxious not to enter into details of the painful facts regarding her detention and disgraceful treatment; but they are aware that the public interest and anxiety are too much concerned in the matter to allow it to remain where it is. Hitherto, unfortunately, the Liverpool police have utterly failed to discover the guilty parties, and this young woman has been going about London for many weeks undetected by the officers of Scotland Yard. It remained for an amateur detective to make good those shortcomings. The following statements will be perused with interest:—

"The uncle of Miss Edwards, who is a business man residing in one of the suburbs of the metropolis, said on being applied to last night:—"We are indepted to Mr. Lloyd, an ex-officer of the Liverpool police, for finding my niece, and I am bound to say he deserves the utmost credit for his shrewdness, prudence and caution. She is at present in my house, attended by her mother and my household, and is quite unable to undertake a journey. Mr. Edwards, her father, who was obliged to return to Liverpool early on Thursday morning, has prepared a statement which he proposes, I believe, to make public, feeling that the general interest in her daughter's case called for some statement from her. I must, therefore, decline to go into any particulars, but I must say that there is no doubt upon our minds that our poor girl has been fully treated. You will, no doubt, in due time learn the details, but you may take it that she found herself fainting in the course of paying a visit in Liverpool. A scoundrel offered her assistance. I cannot go any further, and prefer that you would wait for the statement collected from herself by a nearer relative.

LORD BURLEIGH AND THE FARMERS' WIVES.

(London Christian World.)

It one thing be clearer than another, it is that the agricultural depression, existing at the present time all over the country, is really unprecedented as regards character and extent. Before now, under the influence of bad weather, the earth has refused to yield her increase, and the farmer has seen his crops washed away by destructive rains, or nipped off by unkindly frosts, or dried up and parched by an unclouded sun, while his flocks withered on a thousand hills, and the fertile grazing lands left desolate. But a new difficulty faces the agricultural class. In America, in the far-distant West, cattle can be fed and corn can be raised, and both can be sent into this country and retailed at a price with which the farmer, overcharged as to rent, bound and fettered by antiquated covenants, with his land ravaged by game, and his landlord always on the watch, is almost unable to cope. The Government feels the difficulty, and, as usual, evades it by a Commission of Enquiry. In Northamptonshire Lord Burleigh takes the bull by the horns, as he thinks. It is the farmer who is to blame; he has suffered his daughters to learn the piano, when their proper place is the kitchen, and their duties those of a maid-of-all-work. As to reduction of rent that is all nonsence. The farmer must not be above his business, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his daughter, nor his man servant, nor his ox, nor his ass. Such is the Burleigh programme. His lordship objects to a mere pounds, shillings and pence connection between the tenant and the landlord: that implies a contract, and a contract implies independence between those who make it. The Northamptonshire farmers who his lordship condescended to address have to be congratulated on what is before them. Lord Burleigh is the eldest son of the Marquis of Exeter; in time he will reign in his fathers stead, and under his lordships paternal sway, they now know what to expect. No the Burleigh Estates it will be written up, "No Ladies admitted"—that is no women who can lighten and beautify the toil of life and can send the husband to his work resolved to battle with every energy for the home refined taste and woman's love have made so dear. His lordships insolence is really amusing. One wonders that the farmers present did not at once rise in protest. In cities, before now, such speeches have been answered with rotton eggs; but in the the country, of course, rotton eggs are not, and good ones are too valuable to be wasted. Besides, that kind of argument is only fitted for ploughboys. In the meanwhile, the farmers' wives and daughters are filling the daily papers with rejoinders. Why, they ask indignantly, are they to be denied the education which is their birthright, and by means of which they can better be the helpmeets of men? His lordship tells them to put their shoulders to the wheel. Can they do this, they ask, all the better if intelligent than as ignorants milkmaids? One lady in her wrath goes so far as to charge his lordship with cowardice. Assuredly this is going a little too far. His lordship can be no coward thus to make himself a subject of pity and laughter to gods and man. To tell a farmer in these days that his wife and daughters should be no better than servant girls in order that the pomp of the great house may be sustained; that his lordship may live in luxury; that he may be free to devote his time to racing and sporting and maintaining our glorious constitution in Church and State, is not the talk of a coward, but of man who feels that the world exists for the benefit of the class of which he is such an ornaments alone, and whose only fault is, and perhaps that is not his fault, but that of his father and mother and tutors—that he is a hundred years behind his age. A man must have a good deal of courage to talk in such a style as Lord Burleigh in these days of the steamship and the railway and the thoughts that shake mankind. It was because the old aristocracy of France talked in this way—because they thus cultivated this idyllic theory of rustic life as some people call it—that the people in their might and majesty arose, and the chateau was given to the flames, and the owner because a fugitive on the face of the earth, and the heir of a hundred kings fell a victim in a carnival of blood.

SNAKE CHARMING.

How Rattlesnakes Capture Singing Birds.

(From the Popular Science Monthly.)

During the first week of their confinement his rattle snakes disdained to chase their game, and the stupidity of the bugs and young birds made it easy enough to collar them whenever they were wanted; but one morning the gamins of the neighborhood caught an old black bird and sold it to the zoological druggist for two pieces of stick candy. The black snakes were covered up with an old apron to prevent their interference, and the vivoras who had fasted for twenty-four hours, rather than eat cockroaches, got one more chance at a square meal. After fluttering around in an excited way for awhile the bird settled down in a corner, and the two snakes prepared for action. They lowered their heads, and without moving the tail end of their bodies, approached the bird by a gradual extension of their coils; but he was all suspicion, and recommenced his fluttering before their cat-like advance had brought them within range.

Then the female rolled herself up in the blackbirds corner and her mate took post in the center of the room, but after readjusting their coils neither budged an inch; they bided their time. Dashing his head against the windows seemed to tire the bird after a while. Presently he came down, but alighted in a rather inaccessible place, took wing again and, alighted in his old corner finally blundered into the water-pot. He hopped out with drenched wings and devoted a few seconds to the re-arrangement of his toilet, unconscious or heedless of the proximity of the female partner of the hostile alliance. She watched all his movements, and her tail quivered in a curious way when she saw him poke his head under his right wing, the one turned toward the corner; she seemed to know that he would repeat the same manœuvre on the left wing side. He did so, and she had him directly. Drawing herself up, she poised herself like a dart, braced herself by contracting the rear coils, and let drive.

A loud screech, a few feathers flying, and a terrified bird darting through the room like a blind chicken—cause and effect coinciding with shot-like suddenness. Instead of following him she returned to her favorite nook, where she was soon after joined by her mate. The difficult part of the job was done. Three or four time the bird managed to take wing, staggered around in a circle once or twice, and then sat still. The chemicals began to operate. First its legs and then its wings commenced to tremble; trying to stand upright, it put its feet farther and farther apart, and finally spread its wings, but to no purpose; a convulsive tremor seized it, and with a gasp it fell over on its side; and only at that moment did the snakes glide up to take possession of their prey. The same experiment was tried with a ground-squirrel and two half-grown chickens, and always with an analogous result. No animal likely to offer serious resistance was captured outright by the rattlesnakes. They managed to fetch it a bite and let it go, relying on the virus to do the rest.

JOHN MORRISSEY'S WIDOW.

(From an Interview in the Philadelphia Record.)

"I knew John as a ragged little boy about Troy, barefooted and beliggerent, always looking for a fight. When we were married he could not read nor write, and, to tell the truth, I was only a trifle better off in the matter of educational advantages. I told him he must learn to read, and he said I should teach him. Every night before going to bed he devoted himself to his spelling book, and in the morning one hour to writing in the copy book. The rule of study was inflexible. We made it so. The morning after he fought John C. Heenan, when he was all sore and bandaged, and blind of one eye as well, I propped him up with pillows and made him write."

"How long, Mrs. Morrissey, did you keep him a pupil?"

"Till his fatal illness. Every night he studied something, and I studied during the day, that I might be able to help him out. Of course, when I say studied I don't mean in the ordinary school-children way. After we mastered the English branches we took up history, and when we were pretty well posted in that we made the living topics of the day a matter for investigation—the European news, the speeches of the great men. I read them in the day time and John would go through them at night. Mr. Morrissey was a gambler, and by his profession made many enemies, who frowned upon him. He was possessed of knowledge on many subjects independent of city politics and horse racing, which would have put to blush his sternest critics had they been in competition with him."

"Did Mr. Morrissey follow this line of study because of a natural state of mind?"

"I don't think so. He would say, 'No, it is no good for me, Susie;' but I pressed him, and he would soon get interested. Then he had such an indomitable perseverance. When he found a thing he could not readily understand he would master it out of very spite. I remember once of his throwing down his arithmetic, shortly after we were married and saying pettishly, 'I don't care about those fractions; they're only part of a thing, anyway! What's the use of all this study, Susie?' 'John,' I said, 'if you don't beat those fractions you'll never go to Congress.' 'Oh, that's your lay out for me, is it?' 'It is, indeed, my boy,' I replied. 'Then he took up his book again, and said, 'All right, my dear, we'll go to Congress.' And he did."

—One of the returned warriors from Zululand tells a good story. He was at Rorke's Drift, and was witness to the following incident: A clergyman in clerical attire was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus and cursing the while in the most ingenious manner. "Don't swear, man!" shouted the clergyman; "don't swear at them; shoot them!"

—A party of Cleveland youths marched around town the other day wearing elegantly trimmed bonnets. When the police asked them to explain the young men pointed to ladies promenading the streets with men's hats on, and simply said, "Turn about is fair play."

—A paper in Memphis relates a case of a beautiful young lady, the daughter of wealthy parents, eloping with an editor. This is as it should be. We thought all along that the young lady would eventually recover from the coachman mania and aspire to the nobility again.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—A statue of Cervantes has been erected in his birthplace, Alcala de Henares.

—It is proposed to erect in Paris a statue of Fermentier, who introduced the potato into France.

—The Italian citizens of San Francisco celebrated the anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

—There are 50,000 deaf mutes in the United States, and fifty places of worship where services are conducted in the sign language.

—A new Parisian play, the "Black Venus, is to present African scenery and an African princess. The actresses will wear flesh-colored tights.

—Iowa boasts a farmer who, for thirteen months past has drank an average of ten gallons of water a day, and cannot even then satisfy his morbid appetite.

—The French Academy of Sciences has been requested by the Minister of Commerce to as certain a practical method of detecting the adulteration of olive oil with other kinds.

—A Cleveland fire-engine with four men on it, was driven off an open drawbridge forty feet into the water. The men were rescued, but the horses were held to the bottom by the heavy machine and drowned.

—Col. Williamson, a noted Texan lawyer, stood up in church and called on a young lady to come forward and marry him. The suddenness of the proposal threw her into a swoon. Williamson had become insane.

—All that the promoters of the proposed Florida ship canal now want is a charter from the Legislature, and as that body does not meet again until January, 1881, Mr. Aspinwall, who represents the French capitalists, asks Gov. Drew to call an extra session.

—The Great Eastern steamship, which has been long laid up at Milford Haven, is about to be over-hauled, provided with new machinery, and adopted to the conveyance of live cattle from Canada to the United States. She will be ready for operations next March.

—The old trick of getting up a sham fight in the gallery of a theatre, and them throwing the stuffed figure of a man over the railing, was successfully played at Leadville. The excitement in the lower part of the house caused a panic, and an actress fainted on the stage.

—Adam Hammond complains that the bed clothes in the Scottsburg, Ill., penitentiary are rotten. He tore a sheet into strips and hanged himself; but the cloth broke and let him down. Then he tried a quilt with no better success, and was badly bruised by the fall.

—Robert Goodpaster, of Owingsville, Ky., was a sensitive bankrupt. Being accused of trickery, he said he would just live long enough to clear himself of suspicion and then kill himself. A trial at law vindicated him, and immediately after the verdict he swallowed a fatal dose of poison.

—Many English and Americans are already at Monaco, near Nice, betting in the gambling hell of Monte Carlo, now the only establishment of the kind in Europe. A large Russo-German colony will be near by at San Remo, and the gambling season promises to be the heaviest and gayest for many years.

—On the 10th ult., there was a general strike among the kid glove makers at Naples. They demanded an increase of wages, which the proprietors refused. At last the royal carabineers were called in, a few of the ring-leaders were imprisoned, others fined, and then work was resumed at the old wages.

—The Czar has confined the sentence by which a certain Lieutenant Gortaloff, a Custom House officer, was condemned to be deprived of his rank and title of nobility and be banished to Siberia. The Lieutenant's crime was that he had allowed some persons to steal across the frontier with goods duty free.

—In China mothers are unwilling to allow the arms of their daughters to be scratched with the ancet for vaccination, because unless a Chinese girl has a few marks on her face, giving evidence that she passed through small-pox, she is considered as lacking one of the chief qualifications of a marriageable maiden.

—A curious experiment was made with cats recently in Luttich, Germany. Thirty-seven of them were put into bags and taken several miles into the country, where they were released. Within three hours the first cat had found its way home, and before 24 hours elapsed, every one of the others had returned.

—Tray to boggin is the new rainy day country house pastime in England. You take a substantial large wooden tray to the top of a flight of stairs, sit in it, hold on well to the sides, and let yourself go. If you manage well, you slide right down; if you don't, you twist and are tumbled over. Ladies are said to do it best.

—A Swiss workman named Rapin has exhibited at Chaux de Fonds a clock which indicates the day of the week and month, the signs of the zodiac, the moon's phases, and the hour of sunrise and sunset. The pendulum is a barometer. The clock strikes the quarters, and at every hour it plays one of eight tunes, for any one of which it can be set.

—A lady travelling on the New York Central road, the other day, lost her satchel near Ilion. It contained $20,000. A freight train came along shortly after the passenger train, and the conductor picked up the satchel from the side of the track, and left it with the agent at Ilion. It was restored to the lady, who presented the conductor with $800 for his honesty.

—Modern pottery boiled in oil and buried in wood ashes soon becomes very old. Ivories boiled in honey and hung up the chimney quickly become venerable antiquities. Glass buried in a stable becomes iraidescent, and many a bottle of the time of Charles II, fished out of the Thames, the water of which has wonderful chemical properties, has been sold as old Roman glass.

—The tax collector of San Francisco, finding it impossible to collect the tax on a Chinese hospital in that city, levied on a wooden god or idol that he found in the building. The speed with which the terrified Chinaman produced the money and restored the god to its place showed plainly that it was a deity of considerable influence on Chinese fortunes in the next world.

—Giuseppina Raimondi, from whom Garibaldi is seeking a divorce, has written to a Milan paper denying that she was pregnant or a mother at the time of the marriage in 1859. This oft-repeated allegation was invented, she says, as the only means of obtaining a decree of nullity of marriage; but, though she desires the dissolution of the abnormal tie, she cannot allow it to be effected except on condition of respecting honor, truth, and legality.

—Benjamin Devries, one of the wealthiest men of Columbus, Ohio, became suddenly possessed of an impulse to get off the street car in which he had started for his office. He wandered to St. Louis, he says, and for a week he was only vaguely conscious of who and where he was. At length he read a newspaper account of his disappearance, slowly realized that the name was his own, and went back home. He has since been completely restored to health.

—Lawlessness was common in Kentucky in 1866. Ebenezer Kennedy got drunk while out with a party hunting for horse thieves, and, in pure wantonness, killed an inoffensive negro. No effort was made at the time to punish the murderer. Recently, thirteen years after the crime was committed, he was put on trial. The testimony was direct and uncontradicted, but the jury could not agree to a conviction, and the Governor is to be petitioned for a pardon.

—Two Lincolnshire farmers sailed for New Zealand from England, the other day, in compliance with a requisition from upward of 500 farmers and landowners, who occupy or own in the aggregate considerably more than 100,000 acres, asking them to proceed to that colony, in order that, after personal inspection, they may report upon it as a field for emigration for farmers of means and capitalists, with special reference to such as have had experience of farming in Lincolnshire.

—The following interesting item is taken from a London letter: "In examining the budgets I came across one item which has some special home interest. In the statement of receipts and expenditures of the city of London for the year 1877 there occurs this charge: 'Dejeuner to Gen. Ulysses Grant, £1,877.' The item next to it curiously read: Reception to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, £3.'"

—A photographer in Germany has made seals and stamps with the potraits of his customers. A thin layer of gelatine sensitized with bichormate potash, is exposed to the action of light under a photograghic positive, by which the parts acted upon are rendered insoluble in water. The gelatine film is immersed in water, and the parts not acted upon by light swell up, and we obtain a picture in relief, of which a plaster cast can be taken. A galvano-plastic copy being taken of the cast, we have a metallic fac-simile of the photograph which can be employed as a seal.

—A new invention has been tried with success in London in the utilization of the power generated in stopping street cars for the purpose of restarting them and thus saving the extra exertion of the horses. The contrivance is a coiled spring, which is wound up by the stopping of the