WANTED -By the Upper Tendom of San Fran-WANTED—By the Upper Tendom of San Francisco, California, half a dozou young British noblemen for kettledrums, teas, musical parties and hotel receptions. As sand Tendom has been recently victimized by a Canadian drummer in the guise of an English baronet, none but well-indorsed parties need apply. To those bringing proper certificates board and lodging free.—London Times.

Younger sons, noblemen, handsome and penniless,
Sparring for grub through the fair British Isles,
Here is a chance for you. Rake up a "ten" or

less, To pay your way hither, where kind Fortune smiles
On all aristocracy. Title will carry you
Straight to Nob Hill, and papas will advise
Well-proportioned daughters to flirt with and marry you. Pack your portmanteaus, make haste and be

Here is your outfit: A gray suit, a wide awake,
Some muttonchop whiskers, an agonized
drawl:
If you can manage it you'd better try and take
A valet along to discourse of the "Hall."
The aucestral mansion, the 'ounds and the 'orses,
Lady This and Lord That, to the slaveys out

here:
Master with man in this free land discourses—
So be sure all will reach the fair millionair

Do not be courteous It is not the fashion Of the nobles who visit this Western town; Dine in your Scotch tweed; and, if you would mash 'em Beyond all recovery, act like a clown.

Wear number twelve boots—the custom's traditional—

Eschew all white linen, and do not forget
Two things that are sternly, strictly conditional—

Two things that are sternly, strictly conditional—Your eigar is a "weed" and your whiskey a "wet."

Follow these rules and your fortune's before you Follow these rules and your fortune's before you.
Let the wormout unonarchies totter alone;
The maids o. Nob Hill will not fail to adore you,
Nor to envy the heiress that calls you her own.;
One thing be careful of—herr me admosish,
Or else you will have but your trip for your

-D O'C., in San Francisco Exchange.

## THE LENTEN FAST.

Ash Wednesday is the beginning of Lent, the fast of 10 days immediately preceding Easter. Lent is observed in the Greek and construction of the Anglo-Saxon length, as well as by Roman to be as inconsistent and as out of proportion to the silent houses as the actors on the stage were to the painted canvas thoroughture of the silent houses as the actors on the stage were to the painted canvas thoroughture of the silent house as the actors on the stage were to the painted canvas thoroughture. man lenz, spring, and the custom is very an cient, having been handed down from the Clinch usually had no fancies, had no eye cient, having been handed down from the ecclesiastical Fathers. Fasting is not, as is sometimes thought, an accompaniment of Christian theology. It has been practised in all historic times, especially by the people of Asia. It was held in high esteem by the ancient Parsees of Irania; it was conspicuous in the Mysteries of Mithras; the old Chinese and Hindus, especially the latter, carried it to an unnatural excess. In Siam, Java, Thibet, fasting is a part of religious coremony, as it was of the old Greek and Roman festivals. The object of the Lenten fast has been disputed, though it is generally regarded as a preparation for Easter, and as a time to be devoted to repontance for sins of the past target. After the collect of the Lenten fast has been disputed, though it is generally regarded as a preparation for Easter, and as a time to be devoted to repontance for sins of the past devoted to repentance for sins of the past year. The 40 days are believed to refer to the 40 days fast of Jesus in the wilderness, the 40 days of the Deluge, the 40 years wanthe 40 days of the Deluge, the 40 years' wandering of the Jews, the 40 days granted to the Ninevites for contrition, the 40 days spent in fasting by Moses and Elias, and to other Scriptural precedents. Lent seems to have been made compulsory as early as the middle of the third century. There was great dishipped over a bit of rechwerk twelve feet. of the third century. There was great di-himsel versity at first in the time and manner of high. its celebration. The time was soon made 38 days, but four days were afterwards added. Ash Wednesday is the forty-sixth day before Easter, the six Sundays be-tween Ash Wednesday and that festival not being fast days and not counted as belonging to Lent. An old English custom of pelting a puppet called Jack of Lent prevailed in the season, but its origin has never been ascertained. The fourth Sunday of Lent, frequently called Mid-Lent or Passion Sunday, was once known as Carl Sunday, when beans or peas called carlings were eaten or given away. The "Quadragesimale Spirituale," published in Paris in 1565, was translated more than forty years after in quaint English, and passages were tenantless. For the first time he began to be impressed with a certain the translation occurs this passage: eat dried beanes, by which we understand con-When we would have beants well they will never seed kindly.

tion of the fast. Formerly in England the people, after confession, dived on pancakes or fritters, and had a merry time The bell rung on that day was vulgarly called Pancake Bell, and the day itself Pancake Day. Roman Catholics assume to follow a rigid rule of fasting in Lent; but Episcopalians do pretty much as they choose, abstaining generally from social grayeties. As there are generally from social gayeties. As there are

# A MAN WITH A RECORD.

He never tasted a drop of liquor.

He never smoked a cigar or tobacco, or chewed in his life. He never saw a horse-race for money.

He never was at a theatre.

He never knew one card from another, though he is known from here to New

He has been a member of the Methodist

steward for fifty-nine years. He has been going to Sunday school for sixty four years.

four years.
chas travelled through eleven States of hand as he answered, "Guten Morgen."
Union.

Was the Herr seeking anything? the Union.

He is ready to say with Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of which the Lord, the Righteons Judge, shall give me."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

# THE POINTS OF THE LAW.

"Waal, san, las' fail I lent him my axe, an when I wanted it back he braced right up an' tole me dat possesshun was nine points o' law, an' refused to gib it up." "Yes." "Waal, de odder day I sent de ole woman ober an' she clinch, gallantly. borrowed his buck-saw, an' when Julius cum for it I told him jist like he answered me, an stood on my dignity." "Well?" "I had nine points o' law, didn't I?" "Yes." An' how many pints am de law composed of?" "I don't know exactly." "Well, dat's what bodders Mr. ober a bar'l an' walked off with his saw an' my snow-shovel to boot! If I had nine pints structions and encumbrances. he mus' hev had ober twenty, an' eben den he "But there was not then didn't half let himself out !"-Detroit Free nitro-glycerine."

-Cents have begun to appear in San Francisco. Hitherto five-cent pieces have been the

# THE YORK HERALD

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1880. VOL. XXII.

WHOLE NO. 1,121.-NO. 38.

It was the sacred hour of noon at Sammtstadt. Everybody was at dinner, and the serious Kellner of "Der wilde Mann" glanced in mild reproach at Mr. James Clinch, who, disregarding that fact and the inviting table d'hote, stepped into the street. For Mr. Clinch had eaten a late breakfast at Kempen, For Mr. was d speptic and American, and moreover preoccyupied with business. He was consequently indignant on entering the garden-like court and cloister-like counting house of Von Becherat, Sons and cousins, to find the Comptoir deserted even by the portier, and was furious at the maid servant who offered the sacred shibboleth, "Mittagsessen," as a reasonable explanation of the solitude. "A country," said Mr. Clinch to himself, "that stops business at midday to go to dinner, and employs women servants to answer the calls

of business men, is played out."

He stepped from the silent building into the equally silent Krouprinzon strasse. Not a soul to be seen anywhere! Rows on rows of two storied. gray-stuccoed buildings that might be dwellings or might be offices, all One thing be careful of—hear me admodish,
Or else you will have but your trip for your

pains—
While big boots and valet and whiskers you
fornish.

For Gol's sake, don't startle us out here with
brains!

Infigit be dwellings of might be offeed, and
supervision in a flower or a curtain that belied
the legended "Comptoir" or "Direction" over
their portals. Mr. Clinch thought of Boston
and old State street, of New York and Wall street, and became coldly contemptu-

Still, there was nothing to do but to walk down the formal rows of chestnuts that lined the broad avenue, and then walk back again, At the corner of the first cross street he was struck with the fact that two men who were standing in front of a dwelling house appeared

himself over a bit of rockwork twelve feet high. "A country," said Mr. Clinch, "that

-" but here he remembered that he had seen, in a park of his native city, an imitation of the Drachenfels on a scale of three inches to the foot; and he checked his speech.

He turned into the principal allee of the town. There was a long white building at remembered a dye house. He had, a year ago, met its hospitable proprietor. He would

call upon him now.

But the same solitude confronted him as foreign quaintness in the surroundings; he found himself also recalling something he had fession. When we would have beanes well read when a boy about an enchanted palace, sooden, we lay them in steeps, for otherwise whose inhabitants awoke on the arrival of a Therefore, if we purpose to mend our faults, of the absolute ridiculousness of this fancy, long predestined prince. To assure himself it is not sufficient barely to confess them at he took from his pocket the business card of all adventure; but we must let our confession lie in steepe in the water of meditation. Shrove Tuesday is so named because the ing dismissed this idea from his mind he faithful were then wont to confess and be lounged on again through a rustic lane that faithful were then wont to comess and lounged on again though a result of shriven, in order to fit them for the purification of the fast. Formerly in England the absurdly enough a part of the factory grounds. generally from social gayeties. As there are a modern-looking dwelling. After satisfying a great many Episcopalians in this city, the coming and continuance of Lent materially dwelling, but was amazed to see the wall reold ivy-grown sturdy, uncompromised, ridiculous. Could it actually be a part of the house? He turned back and repassed the front of the dwelling. There

lessens the pleasure and brilliancy of the season.—N. Y. Times.

dwelling, but was alleased to see the same — appear on the other side—exactly the same — old, ivy-grown, sturgy, uncompromising, and Mr. Ben F. Wilson, of New Haven, is now (Feb. 4th, 1880) 82 years of age. He has been magistrate twelve years in Nelson County. He fines every man \$1 for each time he uses a profane oath, and has receipts for payment of same.

He never uses a profane oath.

He never uses a profane oath.

He never uses a profane oath.

He never uses a profane oath. them, or save the trouble of removal, isbut a very pleasant voice, addressing him, here estopped his usual hasty conclusion.

"Guten Morgen." Mr. Clinch looked hastily up. Leaning over the parapet of what appeared to be a garden on the roof of the house was a young girl, red cheeked, bright-eyed, blonde haired. The voice was soft and pleasing. It was part of the new impression he was receiving Church for sixty years, - class leader and it was certainly unlike a majority of his fair countrywomen. In a vague, illogical way he, in some fashion, connected it with the ivy-

> The Herr was only awaiting a long-time-coming friend, and had strayed here to speak with the before-known proprietor.
>
> So? But the before-known proprietor sleep-

ing well at present, after dinner, would the Herr wait for him on the terrace? The Herr would, but looked around in vain "You see, boss, dar's a nigger libin' up my scaling ladder, when the young woman reapway who orter to be tooken car' of," said an peared at the open door, and bade him enter. Following his youthful hostess, Mr. Clinch old darky to the Captain at the central station yesterday. "What's he been doing now?" mounted the staircase, but, passing the mys-"Waal, sah, las' fall I lent him my axe, an' terious wall, could not forbear an illusion to

"No. But my grandfather found it here,

"And built it over?"
"Why not? It is very, very hard, and so

Mr Clinch here explained, with masculine me, fur dat nigger saw dem nine pints, sh up dis lef eye fur me, pitched de ole woman agents as nitro-glycerine and dynamite, per-"But there was not then what you call

> "But since then " The young girl gazed at him with surprise. to lose all consciousness. "My great grandfather did not take it away when he built the house. Why should

They had passed through a hall and diningme think of what the 'mortal Cato, who lib room, and suddenly stepped out of a window mos' a thousan' years ago, once said: De law stone steps descended terrace. From this a few am like a ground glass window, dat gibs light nuff to light us poor folks in de dark passage yet, looking over the parapet, Mr. Clinch could a few moments before, but was suddenly see the road some twenty feet below. It was

ion, who was standing close beside him. breathing quite audibly, and leaving an impression on his senses as of a gentle and frag-

rant heifer.

"How was all this done?"

The maiden shrugged his shoulders "It was always so. I can't say." Mr. Clinch reascended the steps. He had quite forgotten his impatience. Possibly it was the gentle, equable calm of the girl, who, but for her ready color, did not seem to be stirred at anything; perhaps it was the peaceful repose of this mausoleum of the dead and forgotton wall that subdued him; but he was quite willing to take the old-fashioned chair on the terrace which she offered him, and follow her movements with interested eyes, as, from a mysterious closet in the wall, sh drew out certain glasses and bottles. Mr. Clinch had the weakness of a majority of his sex in believing that he was a good judge of wine and women. The latter, as shown, in the specimen before him, he would have invoiced as a si fair sample of the middle-class German woman, healthy, comfort-loving, home-abiding, the very genius of domesticity— —with the future wholesome matron forecast in all her virgin outlines, from the curves of her broad hips to the lines of her back and shoulders. Of the wine he was to judge later. That required an even more deliberate and unimpassioned intellect.

She placed two bottles before him on the

table. One, the traditional long-necked, amber-colored Rheinflasche; the other an odd,

amber-colored Rheinflasche; the other an odd, quaint, discolored, amphoral-patterned glass jug. The first she opened.

"This," she explained, pointing to the other, "is only to look at."

Mr. Clinch first paid his respects to the opened bottle—a better quality of Rudesheimer. With his intellect thus clarified, he clarged at the other.

glanced at the other.
"It is from my great-grandfather. It is old as the wall."

Mr. Clinch examined the bottle attentively. It had no cork; formed of some obsolete, almost opaque glass, its twisted neck was apparently hermetically sealed by the same material. The maiden smiled as she said, "It cannot be opened now without breaking the bottle. It not good luck to break glass. My great-grand-father and my father would

Mr. Clinch again examined it. The neck was flattened toward the mouth, but, on closer inspection, he became satisfied that it was closed by some equally hard cement, but not

by glass.
"If I can open it without breaking the bottle, have I your permission?"

An interested, half mischievous glance came in the maiden's eye. She colored as she replied, "I shall not object; but for what will you do it ?"

" To taste it." "You are not afraid?" asked the maiden. There was just enough evident admiration of Mr. Clinch's audacity in the girl's manner to spur him on to any risk. He replied by taking from his pocket a small steel instrument. Holding the neck of the flask firmly in one hand, he passed his thumb and the steel twice or thrice around it, near its mouth. A faint rasping, scratching sound was all the wondering maiden heard. Then with wondering maiden heard. Then with a sudden, dexterous twist of his thumb and finger, to her utter astonishment he laid the top of the neck—neatly cut off-in

"There's a better and more modern bottle than you had before," he said, pointing to the clear-divided neck, "and any cork will fit it

But the girl only regarded him with a slight degree of anxiety. "And you still wish to taste the wine?" "With your permission."

mission; there was something more that was flattering to his vanity. He took a wine glass, and slowly and in silence filled it from the

evanescent bubble! Yet it was so clear that but for its faint ambertinting the glass seemed neither secret warrant nor lettres de cachet, empty. There no aroma; no ethereal diffus-ion from its equable surface. Perhaps it was fancy perhaps it was from nervous excitement, but a slight chill seemed to radiate from the still goblet and bring down the temperature of darkness, gnomes, pixies, dragons, Un-of the terrace. Mr. Clinch and his companion dines, Loreleis, nor the like?" both shivered.

But only for a moment. Mr. Clinch raised But only for a moment. Mr. Clinch raised fool," roared Mr. Clinch, now perfectly bethe glass to his lips. As he did so, he remem-side himself with rage. "Come down and bered seeing distinctly, as in a picture before let me in !"
lim, the sunlit terrace, the pretty girl in the "In an in foreground, an amused and interested spectator of his sacrilegious act; the outlying

The wine was delicious. Perhaps a trifle. only a trifle heady. Mr. Clinch was conscious of a certain exaltation. There was, too, a half smile upon the girl's lip, and a roguish Archness was certainly becoming to her.

"Do you find the wine good?" she asked.

" Fair enough, I warrant," said Mr. Clinch, gravely, "but methinks 'tis nothing compared with the nectar that grows upon those rosy lips. Nay, by St. Ursula, I swear it."

Scarcely had the unfortunate man uttered this solemnly ridiculous speech than he was convinced of its assurdity. He would have given to recall it. He knew he must be in toxicated. That the sentiment language were

utterly unlike him, and insulting to the girl he was miserably aware; that he did not even knew exactly what he meant, he was also hopeless conscious of. Yet feeling all this, feeling, too, the shame of appearing pefore her as a man who had lost his through a single glass of wine, nevertheless he rose awkwardly, seized her hand, and through sheer force drew her toward him and kissed ber. With an exclamation that was half a laugh and half a cry, she fled from him, leaving him staggering alone on the terrace.

For a moment, Mr. Clinch supported himself against the window, leaning his throbbing head on the cold glass. Shame, mortifica-tion, a hysterical half consciousness of his ridiculousness, and yet a strange, undefined fright through all, by turns possessed him. Was he ever before guilty of such perfect idiocy? Had he ever before succumbed in way? Was it possible that he, Mr. James Clinch, the coolest head at a supper party, he the American who had drunk Frenchman and Englishman under the table, could be transformed into a sentimental, highflown idiot by a single glass of wine? He was conscious, too, of asking himself these very questions in a stilted sort of rhetoric, and of a rising brutality of anger that he could with difficulty repress. everything swam before him, and he seemed

recall himself, his situation, his surroundings and above all, his appointment. He hurriedly descended the terrace steps, and before he well knew how, found himself again on the road. Once there his faculties returned in

cle made Mr. Clinch doubt the complete return of his reason. He accordingly stepped to the brink to bathe his head in the stream and wash away the last vestiges of his pota-tions. But as he approached the placid depths and knelt down, he again started back, and this time with a full conviction of his own madness. For reflected from its mirror-like surface was a figure he could scarcely call his own, although here and there some traces of

His close-cropped hair, trimmed a la mode, had given way to long curling locks that dropped upon his shoulders. His wet moustache was frightfully prolonged, and curled up at the end stiffly; his Piccadilly collar had changed shape and texture, and reached a mass of lace to a point midway of his breast. His boots—why had he not noticed his boots before? These triumphs of his Parisian boot maker were changed to hideous leathern cases that reached half way up his thigh. In place of his formal high silk hat, there lay upon the ground beside him the awful thing he had just taken off, a mass of thickened felt, flap feathers and buckle, that weighed at least a

A single terrible idea now took possession of him. He had been done, taken in, sold, frightfully. He saw it all. In a state of intoxication he had lost his way, had been dragged into some vile den, stripped of his clothes and valuables, and turned adrift upon the quiet town in this shameful masquerade. How should be keep his appointment? How should he set that the police were duly in-formed of this outrage upon a stranger and an American? How to establish his identity? Had they spared his papers? He self feverishly in his breast—ah! his watch? Yes, a watch, heavy, jewelled, enamelled; and, by all that was ridiculous, five others He ran his hands into his capacious trunk hose. What was this? Brooches, chains, diamond crosses, finger rings, one large Episcopal one, exrrings and a handful of battened gold and alver coins. His papers, his memorandums, his passport, all proofs of his identity, were gone! In their place was the unmistakable omnium gatherum of some accomplished knight of the road. Not only was his personality, but his character gone

It was a part of Mr. Clinch's singular experience that this last stroke of ill-fortune seemed to revive in him something of the brutal instinct he felt a moment before. He turned angrily about, with the intention of calling some one, the first person he met, to account. But the house that he had just quitted was gone! The wall! Ah! there it was—ne longer purposeless, intensive and ivy-clad, but part of the buttress of another assive wall that rose into battlements above im. Mr. Clinch turned again, hopelessly, him.toward Sammtstadt; there was the fringe of poplars outthe Rhine; there were the outly-ing fields, but by the same meridian sun; but

the characteristic chimneys of Sammtstad were gone. Mr. Clinch was hopelessly lost! were gone. Mr. Clinch was nopelessly loss. I The sound of a horn, breaking the stillness, recalled his senses. He now, for the first time perceived that a little distance below him, partichidden in the trees, was a queer, tower-ship d structure, with chains and pulsome strange way recalled his ng. A drawbridge and portcullisl And in the titlement a figure in a masque-rading the transpart as his own, flourish-ing's bonne, and transpet) and trying to at-

tract his attention. " Was wollen Sie ?" "I want to see the proprietor," said Mr. Clinch, choking back his rage.

There was a pause, and the figure turned

apparently to consult with some one behind the pattlements. After a moment he reappeared, and in a perfunctory monotone, with

began: "You do give warrantee as a good knight and true, as well as by the bones of the blessed St. Ursula, that you bear no ill will, heavily, but still and cold as death. There was no sparkle, no cheap ebullition, no evanescent bubble! Yet it was so clear that but for its faint ambertinity the selection of t dagger, magic ring, witch powders, nor en-chanted bullets, and that you have entered chanted bullets, and that you have entered into no unhallowed alliance with the Prince

"Come down out of that. you d--d old

"In an instant confused cries of recognition and joy, not unmixed with some constertator of his sacrilegious act; the outlying nation, rose from the battlements. "Ach livy-crowned wall, the grass-covered ditch, the tall factory chimneys rising above the "It is Jann, der Wandered!" "It is himchestnuts, and the distant poplars that marked | self !" came back to his puzzled ear. The chains rattled, the ponderous drawbridge creaked and dropped, and across it a medley of mottled figures rushed pell mell. But fore most among them, the very maiden he had left not ten minutes before, flew into his arms, and with a cry of joyful greeting sank upon his breast. Mr. Clinch looked down upon the fair head and long braids. It cortainly was the same maiden, his cruel enchantress, but where did she get those absurd

garments?
"Willkommen," said a stout figure advancing with some authority and seizing his disengaged hand; "where hast theu been

Mr. Clinch, by no means placated, coldly dropped the extended hand. It was not the proprietor he had known. But there was a singular resemblance in his face to some one of Mr. Clinch's own kin—but who it was, he could not remember. "May I take the liberty of asking for your name?" he asked

coldly. The figure grinned. "Surely! But if thou standest upon punctilio, it is for me to ask thine, most noble Freiheer," said he, winking upon his retainers, "Whom have I the honor of entertaining?"

"My name is Clinch—James Clinch of

Chicago, Illinois." A shout of laughter followed. In the midst of his rage and mortification Mr.Clinch fanoled he saw a shade of pain and annoyance puzzled, but pressed her hand, in spite of his late experience, reassuringly. She made a gesture of silence to him, and then slipped

away in the crowd.
"Shames Klinsche von Sche-kargo." mimicked the figure, to the unspeakable delight of his retainers. So! That is the latest French style. Holy St. Ursula! Holy St. Ursula! Hark ye, nephew! I am not a travelled man. Since the Crusades we simple Rhine gentleman nave stayed at But I call myself Kolnische of Koln, at your

"Very likely you are right," said Mr. Clinch, hotly disregarding the previous cauto lose all consciousness.

But only for a moment. The next instant, with a strong effort of his will, he seemed to I have been robbed." If Mr. Clinch had uttered an exquisite joke

instead of a very angry statement, it could not have been more hilariously received. He paused, grew confused, and then went on, paused, grew confused, and hesitatingly.

"In place of my papers and credentials I find only these," and he produced the jewelry from his pocket.

" You ?" Another shout of laughter and clapping of

nearly on a level with, and part of the second story of the house. Had an earthquake lifted the adjacent ground, or had the house burrowed into a hill? Mr. Clinch turned to his companions are always and the appearance of this unlooked for obstance. The appearance of this unlooked for obstance with the distribution of the second speech, and the but a flowing stream, thirty feet wide, now separated him from the other bank.

The appearance of this unlooked for obstance with the second speech, and the but a flowing stream, thirty feet wide, now separated him from the other bank.

The appearance of this unlooked for obstance with the second speech, and the but a flowing stream. The appearance of this unlooked for obstance with the second speech, and the second speech is a second speech. The second speech is a second speech in the second speech in the second speech is a second speech in the second speech robbery somewhere."

"It was done," continued Mr. Clinch, hurrying to make an end of his explanation, while I was, inadvertently, overcome by liquor

drugged liquor.

The laughter here was so uproarious that the Baron, albeit with tears of laughter in his one eye, made a peremptory gesture of silence. The gesture was peculiar to the Baron, effica-cious and simple. It consisted merely in knocking down the nearest laugher. Having thus restored tranquillity he strode forward and took Mr. Clinch by the hand. "By St. Adolph, I did doubt thee a moment ago, nephew; but this last frank confession of thine shows me I did thee wrong. Willkom-men zu Hansa! Jann, drunk or sober, Willkommen zu Cracowen!"

More and more mystified, and now con-vinced of the folly of any further explanation, Mr. Clinch took the extended hand of his alleged uncle and permitted himself to be led into the castle. They passed into a large banunto the castie. They passed into a large ban-queting hall, adorned with armor and imple-ments of the chase. Mr. Clinch could not help noticing that, although all the appoint-ments were liberal and picturesque, the ventilation was bad, and the smoke of the huge chimney made the air murky. The oaken ta-bles, massive in carving and rich in color, wereunmistakably greasy, and Mr. Clinch slipped on a piece of meat that one of the dozen halfwild dogs who were occupying the room was tearing on the floor. The dog, yelping, ran between the legs of a retainer, precipitating him upon the Baron, who instartly, with the "equal foot" of fate, kicked him and the dog

nto a corner. "And whence came you last?" asked the Baron, disregarding this little contretemps, and throwing himself heavily on an oaken settee, while he pushed a queer uncomfortable-looking stool, with legs like a Siamesetwin connected double X towards his com

self up to fate, answered, mechanically, Paris." Mr. Clinch, who had quite given him

The Baron winked his eye with unalterable elderly wickedness. "Ack Gott, it is nothing to what it was when I was your age. Ah, there was Manon, Sieur Manon we used to call her, I suppose she is getting old now. How goes on the feud between the students and the citizens—Eh? Did you go to the bal

in la Cite?"

Mr. Clinch stopped the flow of the justiceshallow-like reminiscences by an uneasy exclamation. He was thinking of the maiden who had disappeared so suddenly. The Baron misinterpreted his nervousness. "What, ho! misinterpreted his nervousness. "What, ho! within there, Max, Wolfgang, lazy rascals! Bring some wine."

At the baleful word Mr. Clinch started to

his feet. "Not for me! Bring me none of your body and soul-destroying poison! I've enough

The Baron stared; the three servitors stared

also.
"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Clinch recalling himself slowly, "but I fear the Rhine wine does not agree with me."
The Baron grinned. Perceiving, however, that the three servitors grinned also, he kick-ed two of them into obscurity and felled the third to the floor with his fist. "Hark ye, nephew," he said, turning to the astonished Clinch. "give over this nonsense. By the mitre of Bishop Hato, thou art as big a fool as

" Hato?" repeated Clinch mechanically, what he of the Mouse Tower."
"Aye, of the Mouse Tower," sneered the

ron. "Oh, I see you know the story."
"Why, am I like him?" asked Mr. Clinch in amazement.
The Baron grinned. "He punished the Rhenish wine as thou dost, without judgment.

"The jim jams," said Mr. Clinch, mechan-The Baren stared. "I know not what thou meanest by 'jim jams,' but he had, like thee, the wildest fantasies and imaginings. Saw snakes, toads, rats-in his boots. But pring cipally rats. Said they pursued him. Cam

in his room, his hed, ach Gott!" "Oh." said Mr. Clinch, with a sudden return to his former self and his native inquir-

ing habits. "Then that is the fact about Bishop Hatta of the story?"
"His enemies made it the subject of a vile slander against an old friend of mine," said the Baron, "and those cursed poets who believe everything, and then persuade others to do so-may the devil fly away with them-

Here were facts quite to Mr. Clinch's skeptical mind. He forgot himself and his sur roundings "And that story of the Drachenfels?" he asked, insinuatingly. "The dragon, you know.

Was he, too----The Baron grinned. "A boar transformed by the drunken brains of the Bauers of the Siebengebirge. Ach Gott. Ottefried had many a hearty laugh over it, and it did him, as thou knowest, good service with the nervous mother of the silly maiden."

"And the seven sisters of Schonberg? asked Mr. Clinch, persuasively. "Schonberg? 'Seven sisters?' W them?' demanded the Baron, sharply. "Why, you know—the—maidens

were so co to their suitors, and-don't you remember ?--jumped into the Rhine to avoid

"Coy? Jumped into the Rhine to avoid suitors ?' roared the Baron purple, with " Harkee, nephew, I like not this kind of jesting. Thou knowest I married one of the Schonberg girls, as did thy father. How coy they were is neither here nor there, but mayhap we might tell another story. Thy father—as weak a fellow as thou art when a petticoat is concerned, could not, as a gentleman, do other than he did—and this is his reward! Ach Gott, 'Coy. And so I warrant this is the way the story is delivered in Paris?'

Mr. Clinch would have answered that this was the way he read it in a guide book, checked himself at the hopelessners of the explanation. Besides he was on the eve of historic information-he was, as it were, interviewing the past, and whether he ever would be able or not to profit by the opportunity, he could not bear to lose it. "And now about the Lorelei ?- is she too a fic-

ion?" he asked gilbly.
"It was said," observed the Baron sardonically, "that when thou disappeared with the housekeeper's daughter at Waldeck—heaven knows where !—thou wast swallowed up in a whirlpool with some creature. Ach Gott! I believe it. But a truce to this balderdash. And thou wantest to know of the 'coy' sisters of Schonberg! Jann, that cousin of thine is a Schonberg. Call you her 'coy?' Did I not see thy greet-Eh! By St. Adolph! knowing thee as she does to be robber and thief, call you

her greeting 'coy?''
Furious as Mr. Clinch inwardly grew under these epithets, he felt that his explanation hardly relieved the maiden from deceit or himself from weakness. But out of his very perplexity and travail a bright idea was born. He turned to the Baron.
"Then you have no faith in the Rhine le-

The Baron only replied with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.
"But what if I told you a new one?"

"Yes, out of my own experience."

The Baron was curious. It was early in the

afternoon, just after dinner. He might be worse bored. "Oh, I see. The old trick! Well, call the jade; but mark ye, Sir Nephew, no enchanted maidens and knights. Keep to thyself, be as maidens and knights. Keep to thyself, be as thou art, the wandering vagabond and knight of the road. What, ho, there, Max, Wolfgang; call the Lady Wilhelmina."

It was the first time Mr. Clinch had heard

his fair friend's name. It was not the first time he had seen her, as the very decided wink the gentle creature gave him testified. But with hands lightly clasped, and downcast

ba\_on secondal eyes, he graphicarly described his assent to an invitation from a Lorelei and his descent into a whirpool of the Rhine, some ten years before. "I am free to confess," added Mr. Clinch, with an appealing glance to Wilhelmina, "that I was not attracted by the graces of the lady, but only by my desire to visit unknown regions. I was burning with a desire to travel and se

"Paris," interrupted the Baron, sarcasti-

cally.
"America," continued Mr. Clinch.
"What?"

"America." "Yes, a gnome-like sounding name—this Meriker. Go on, nephew. Tell me of Meri-

ker."
With the characteristic fluency of his nation, Mr. Clinch described his landing on those enchanted shores, via the Rhine whirlpool and Hell Gate, East River, New York. He described the railways, tramways, telegraphs, hotels, phonograph and telephone. An occasional oath broke from the Baron, but he listened attentively, and in a few moments Mr. Clinch, racconteur, had the satisfaction of seeing the vast hall slowly filling with astonishment at meeting on those very shores some of his own blood and kin. "In fact," said Mr. Clinch, "here were a race calling themselves 'Clinch,' but all claiming to have

descended from Kolnische.' "But how?" sneered the Baron.
"Through James Kolnische and Wilheimina, his wife," returned Mr. Clinch, boldly. "They emigrated from Koln and Crefeld to Philapelphia, where there is a quarter named Crefeld. Mr. Clinch felt himself shaky as to his chronology, but wisely remembered that it was a chronology of the future to his hearers, and they could not detect any anachronism. With his eyes fixed on those of the goals Willedman Mr. Clinch on those of the gentle Wilhelmina, Mr. Clinch now proceeded to describe his return to his fatherland; but his astonishment at finding the very face of the country changed, and a city standing on those fields he had played in interest, each year proves that the public press a boy, and how he had wandered hopeless- fer the 3 per cent. of the government. y on, until he had at last sat wearily down

n a humble cottage built on the ruins of ordly castle. 'So utterly travel-worn and weak had l become," said Mr. Clinch, with admirable simulated pathos, "that a single glass of wine offered me by the simple cottage maiden affected me by the simple cottage marker affected me like a prolonged debauch." A long-drawn snore was all that followed this affecting climax. The Baron was asleep. The retainers were also asleep. Only one

pair of eyes remained open, arch, luminous,

pair of eyes remained open, arch, luminous, blue Wilhelmina's!

"There is a subterranean passage below us to Linn. Let us fly?" she whispered.

"But why?"

"They always do it in the legends," she answered modestly.

"But your father?"

"He steps the you not hear him?"

consider. She was right.

With a struggle he awoke. The sun was shining. The maiden was looking at him.
But the castle ?—the castle was gone!
"You have slept well," said the maiden, "Everybody does after dinner at

Sammtstadt. Father has just awakened and of fifty minutes, carried off the truant vi es s coming."
Mr. Clinch stared at the window, at the Mr. Clinch stared at the window, as terrace, at the sky, at the distant chimneys of Sammtstadt, at the more distant Rhine, and finally at the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth, to a prodigate the season Cal Wagner is worth. empty glass. The maiden smiled. "Tell me," bably what he gets.

said Mr. Clinch, looking in her eves. "is there a secret passage, underground, this place and the castle of Linn?" "An underground passage?"

Aye, whence the daughter of the house fled with a stranger knight."
"They say there is," said the maiden, with

gentle blush. Can you show it to me?" She hesitated. " Papa is coming I'll

Herr Consul at Sammistadt informs me of tinued their diversions as though nothing a marriage certificate issued to one Clinch of unusual was going on. The women held It is presumed that she did. At least the there is an amusing stery extant in the and went home. Verein at Sammtstadt of an American connoisseur of Rhine wines, who mistook a flask of Cognac and rock candy, "craftily connoisseur of Rhine wines, who mistook a country, yet muskrat trapping is made a conflask of Cognac and rock candy, "craftily siderable business in the southwestern part of qualified" to dose lower grade wines up to the State. These rodents burrow along the edges of creeks and ditches in great numersheimer.

Bret Harte.

# THEIR RECONCILIATION.

The Spragues and Cooklings have made up, and the reconciliation was duly celebrated last week with all the pomp and ceremony of a formal dinner at the charming Kate Sprague's residence where Roscoe's wife was made a great deal of. We can imagine some state of the conversation of the charming conversation

(They kiss.)

Mrs. Conk – Yes, it's been a long time, sure enough. I was dreadful sorry I couldn't go with Roscoe when he visited you last summer, cigar acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and probut the dear boy was afraid I was not strong pionic acids, prussic acid, creosote and carenough to bear the excitement. I heard you had a very lively season.

Kate—Perfectly delightful. I was so sorry parvoline, corodine and rubidene. And yet Roscoe couldn't stay longer, but he seemed a New York woman was fined \$10 and costs anxious to get back to New York. Husband for assaulting a man who blew cigar smoke in went down to the depot to see him off. Mrs. Conk—Yes, now that I come to think

the time.

Kate-Yes; Prof. Link, our music teacher. them.

He was—
Mrs. Conk.—Now, lookahere, Kate Sprague
I'll stand anything but that German Professor, indeed? Do you suppose that I don't see through that game? Do you suppose I've been married to Roscoe Corkling

The Mrs. Conk.—Now, lookahere, Kate Sprague
of the manufacturing interests in London. It thinks that the governments should authorize the establishment of a lottery similar to that organized in France for the benefit of the sufferers by the Spanish inundations, and that a million of money could easily be raised.

in Ireland now. There is no sale for country unfortunate Glasgow Bank, but the legal property.

# NIAGARAFALLS PARK

Authorizing the Ontario Government to
Proceed in the Matter.
A few months ago a conference took place
between Commissioners from Ontario and the
State of New York with respect to the proposed
crection of the locality about Niagara Falls into a sort of International Park. As the result of that conference definite action is likely to be taken by the government of New York, and the following is the substance of a bill which has been introduced into the egislative Assembly here by the Attorney-

General:—
The preamble states the desirability felt by he authorities of the State of New York and of Ontario of restoring the scenery surrounding the Falls to its natural condition, and of making strenuous endeavors to prevent de-terioration, as well as to afford to travelers and others facilities for seeing the different points of interest to the best advantage. For the gradual accomplishment of these purposes the Bill gives authority to the Minister of Public Works to acquire and take possession of any lands, streams, fences or walks, which he may deem expedient, and for the acquiring of such lands and appurtenances the Minister is empowered to contract with the owners thereof, being invested with the powers of the commissioner of Public Works for the pureyes, she modestly stood before him.

Mr. Clinch began. Without heeding the Ba or's scornful eyes, he graphically described by the arbitrators appointed under the arbitrators appointed under the arbitrators. under the provisions of the Public

Act, 31 Vic. Section 6 provides for the absolute purhase of the lands for the compensation agreed upon or settled by the arbitrators, subject to no claim or encumbrance to be payable out of the compensation money paid by the Min-

ister of Public Works.

Section 7 gives the Minister the right te abandon any proposed purchase within six months after the arbitrators' award has been made, but paying to the owner any reasonable charges incurred in the proceedings.

It will be seen from this that this darling project of the Earl of Dufferin has now some

# GLEN COVE'S SINGING HEN

chance of being ultimately carried out.

(From the Glen Cove Gazette.)
Glen Cove goes to the front with the "boss hen," not a mere ordinary egg laying hen, but a singing hen, a hen that sings "Hold the Fort" with all the unction of a widow Van Cott at a camp meeting. This biped is the pet of a young lady of this village. She has taught the hen to accompany her as she sings the hymn, and the pullet does it with a virus experience are distributed. of seeing the vast nan slowly many slowly sings the nymn, and the punct does it with open-mouthed retainers, hanging upon his vim, a gravity and propriety creditable to words. Mr. Clinch went on to describe his poultry nature. She has only to start the mleody and the pullet joins in and sings along with her to the end, following the scale and minding the rests in a way that would delight the most exacting choir-master; and what is more and to the hen's credit, she doesn't giggle during the rehearsal, nor flirt, nor eat peanuts or candy, nor munch chewing gum, nor get in a huff, nor manifest any other of the usual and soul-harrowing eccen-

AROUND THE WORLD. -Although British savings banks pay high

-Two hundred families of Philadelphia Quakers will form a colony in Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, next spring. -A sale by auction of a tract of land fiftyone by thirty-eight miles in area, in Kansas, is to be made to satisfy a mortgage of \$5,000,-

-A physician says that people become thin by eating salt meat and smoking cigars. A sort of mixture of corn beef and oabbage leaves?

-Voting a ring to the handsomest girl-is always an enjoyable affair, without the least ill-feeling or jealousy, and the homely girk

"They always do it in the legends," she answered modestly.

"But your father?"
"The steepe The you not hear him?"
Certainly somebody was snoring. But under you nough, it seemed to be Wilhelmina. Mr. Clinch gently suggested this to her.

"Foolish fellow—it is yourself."
Mr. Clinch, struck with the idea, stopped to consider. She was right. It certainly was having a business connection with a physical struct of the place abounds in drug struct in liquor, each having a business connection with a physical struct.

never say a word.

It certainly was having a business connection with a physician, who writes alcoholic prescriptions on demand. -A husband whose wife had joined the ranks of the crazy religious enthusiast, Mrs. Girling, in the south of England stormed the camp last month, and, after a fierce contest

-The Italian Government has repeated its warning against emigration to Algeria and Tunis, which is continuing in alarming proportions, despite privations there, leading prison and escape starvation. -By previous agreement, the keepers and frequenters of saloons of Albia, Iowa, pre-

tended to be unconscious of the presence of the women who made a recent raid, but con-Chicago and Kolnische of Sammtstadt, and several prayer meetings, but at last got angry -New Jersey is not regarded as a fur country, yet muskrat tranning is made a con-

Their hides are sold to the furriers at ten to fifteen cents each. -There has been no creation of a peerage As Imagined by a Newspaper Aborigine Lord Norton's in 1878, nor of a barenetcy of the Far Wild West.

—A litigant at Owen, O., said to his counsel, "Abuse the defendant, and I'll take all the consequences." So the lawyer spoke of such conversation as this:

Kate—Why, my dear Mrs. Conkling, how do you do? It's been ever so long since I last saw you and Roscoe. Do take off your things. client for damages, on the ground that the

promised protection was not afforded. -Chemists have found in the smoke of a cigar acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and probonic acid, ammonia, sulphretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline, lutidine, collodine

Mrs. Conk—Yes, now that I come to think of it, I believe I heard something about it at of all the Englishmen serving in the Ottoman ne time.

Kate—Oh, yes; my husband thinks a great observe that the service would be disorganized. ing at the same time his determination to dis miss, if not all, at least the greater part of

one I've been married to Roscoe Corana, all these years not to have found him out? Oh, you horrid, fat, deceitful thing! Oh, you horrid, fat, deceitful thing! Oh, such an expedient if some such authoritative body as the corporation of London were tive body as the corporation of London were -House property in towns finds a market kind was hinted at after the collapse of the