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WEEKLY CHURCH BUDGET.

Notes of the Progress of the Denominations the World Over.

Berlin, with over 1,160,000 population, has only forty-five places of worship.

The *Golden Rule* says congregations have the making and unmaking of good preachers to an extent they do not dream of.

Zion's Herald declares that no man should attempt to preach if he has "sincere doubts about the reliableness of the Bible."

Two native evangelists, who are known as the "Moody and Sankey of Hawaii," are arousing the sinners in the Sandwich Islands.

Mexico has proved a very encouraging mission field for the Methodists and Presbyterians. The most flourishing mission in that country is that of the Presbyterian Church North.

At the Quaker revival meeting in progress in the Orthodox Quaker Church at Lafayette and Washington avenues, Brooklyn, a quarter of an hour is devoted to silence at the beginning of each meeting.

Kashi Okawa, the daughter of the first elder chosen and ordained at Yokahama, is the first to complete the full course of study in the Isaac Ferris Seminary in Japan. She is only 18 years old, and has grown up with the school.

Natives of Madagascar have given $1,000,000 in the last ten years to spread the gospel. The advance of Christianity in that island is one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of missions.

It is proposed to have the Castle Church of Wittenburg, upon the door of which the famous ninety-five theses of Luther were nailed, in thorough repair on the 400th anniversary of the great reformer's birth, November 10th, 1883.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, at the meeting of the Edinburgh Auxiliary of the McAll Mission in France recently, said that eleven years ago they had only 100 followers in Paris; but now they had sixty-eight meeting places, with sittings for nearly 11,000.

A cruel joke is reported in a Sheffield paper. The promoters of a church bazaar received an offer from Manchester of a horse and trap, and gladly accepted it. One of them then went to the railway station to receive the present, which proved to be a clothes horse and a mouse-trap.

The prospects of the success of the crusade against Sunday liquor-selling in England are good. Over 6,000 petitions have been sent to Parliament with 679,000 signatures in favor of the Sunday Closing Bill. In 400 towns in England and Wales there were 8 to 1 in favor of it.

At a recent meeting of the Oxford Union a resolution was adopted declaring that "the present condition of the Established Church in England calls for large and vigorous reforms, and that such reforms should be based upon a recognition of the constitutional right of the Church of England to self-government in spiritual matters." An amendment in favor of disestablishment was lost without a division.

"Well, brethren, what luck?" said the Rev. Joshua Thomas, the famous Methodist clergyman, as he paddled in his canoe to the side of two Maryland fishermen. "Bad enough, Parson Thomas, bad enough," replied one of the men. The other called out in a joking way: "Now, look yer, Parson Thomas, you pray an' we'll fish." "Done!" quickly responded the good man. He tied his canoe to a post and went down on his knees. Over went their lines. The parson poured forth his prayers in earnest, not forgetting to put in a word for the salvation of the souls of the men. Presently, excited and enthusiastic, one of the men straightened himself up and exclaimed: "Stop right thar, Joshua Thomas; I've got a bite; I'll jine your congregation." Sure enough the first fish for that day was a large sunperch, honestly believed to have been caught under the inspiration of that prayer.

Perfectly Well Behaved.

Not long ago a widow stood at the side door of a baggage car watching the stowage of her husband's corpse. As she turned away, another lady, also in mourning, appeared with a dog, which was intrusted to the care of the baggage master. Several times, as the train stopped at stations, the owner of the dog approached the car with solicitous interrogatories about the brute's condition, until the patience of the baggage functionary was about exhausted. At length the widow sidled up with him and asked if the poor dear was all right.

"Yes, confound him!" growled the baggage master, without looking around. "And another time you ship your poor dear over the road he goes by freight. I don't mind helping a woman, but I won't have no saffron-colored beast of obscure ancestry spewing around the floor of this car and howling for—"

Just then he turned and saw his blunder.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he continued, stammering. "I thought yours was the dog. I take it all back, ma'am. The corpse has acted like a perfect gentleman."—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

Sixty-five per cent. of the population of New Mexico can neither read nor write.

Zachary: Yes, there is quite a difference between an entry clerk and a hall boy.

Spain has expressed herself as strongly opposed to the idea of the United States being allowed the exclusive right of intervention in connection with the Panama Canal.

—"I guess there is no need of my naming the value of this parcel," said a sharp countryman to the clerk of the express office; "if it is lost you have enough provises on the back of this receipt to hinder a dozen lawyers from recovering anything from the company."

Secretary Allen, in a letter to the Committee on Indian Affairs, says that sun, scalp and war dances, plural marriages, the practices of medicine men, and the Indian's custom of destroying or disturbing his property on the death of a member of his family, should be discontinued among the Indians supported by the Government.

A horse and cutter belonging to Mark Adams, of Norwich, were stolen from the hitching post at Clare's Hotel, Otterville, on Wednesday evening about 7 o'clock. The thief is supposed to be an Indian, who was drinking around the village in the afternoon. The horse was brown, and was tracked to the east of the village, and is no doubt safely sheltered in the Indian reserve on the Grand River.

Here's an item for the ladies to gloat over. At a recent examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of London there were 237 candidates, of whom 215 were men. Of the men, 90, or about 42 per cent., gained the degree. Of the 22 women who presented themselves, no fewer than 16, or about 73 per cent., were successful. Further, only 58 of the 216 men, or 27 per cent., were placed in the first division, whereas 15 of the 22 women, or 68 per cent., succeeded in obtaining places in that division. The average age of the women was slightly lower than that of the men.

Gangs of men commenced yesterday morning to dig up every lot in Lebanon Cemetery, Philadelphia, for the purpose of comparing the contents with the official interments of the records. Grave D, 134, which should contain sixty bodies, was found empty. The authorities of all the other colored cemeteries of the city have determined on similar examinations. A call has been issued for an indignation meeting on Thursday night, and trouble is feared.

HAPPY AT LAST.

By the Author of "Lost in the Winning," "A Leaf from a Life," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

ARRIVAL OF LORD ARNOLD—THE GARDEN.

The contessa received a communication by a special messenger, and within a week from that time the villa was thrown open for the reception of visitors.

The rooms were decorated with all the skill which the high decorative ability of Italian artists and unlimited resources could achieve. The gardens and walks were laid out in a style which reminded all who entered them of those Eastern wonders read of in tales of enchantment, but scarcely ever realized by human eye.

The Arno, at the appointed hour, was thronged with the beauty and fashion of Florence, and quickly they filled the salons of the contessa. It was a most severe comparison which Amy had to undergo; but, when she appeared with the contessa among the numerous guests—the female portion of which exhibited beauty of a very striking kind, it was acknowledged that she bore the palm.

Lord Arnold and the Earl of Sidmouth arrived at the villa together; the contessa received them, Amy standing by her side. They came late, and the contessa—her principal guests being present—was able, by appointing a titled lady, a dear friend of years gone by, to receive the remainder of her guests, to quit her post and for a time devote her attention to Lord Arnold, by whose features she seemed to be particularly moved. The contessa glowed with triumph as she observed the eye of Lord Arnold incessantly wandering to Amy, and perceived her color come and go as Italian nobles stared at her with undisguised admiration—uttering a passing word to the contessa, but glaring at Amy all the while. She saw, however, that Amy was very white—that she trembled excessively, and was evidently unable to endure being thus the observed of all observers. She, therefore, to give her an opportunity of recovering herself, said to Lord Arnold:

"My Lord, I will put your gallantry to the test, by trusting to you my beloved young friend, Signora Amy Seaton. Will you favor me by presenting your arm to her, and placing yourself under her guidance—permit her to show you some alterations and arrangements I have effected in the gardens, before the beauty of the mieen scene is destroyed by a mass of noisy gazers?"

Lord Arnold's readiness to comply with her request was a very excellent proof that he was as anxious as she could possibly be to submit his gallantry to such a test.

Lord Arnold spoke not during their progress into the garden, nor did Amy. She only knew that he pressed her hand to his side, and that she gladly returned that pressure; for somehow he looked, in his full dress, so noble, so handsome that she seemed never to love him so muce as now.

Lord Arnold wanted but little guidance; nay, he himself, after Amy had led him round the graveled walks for a short distance towards the Arno, directed his steps to that small secluded clump of trees where he had, by the contrivance of Ruth Seaton, met her, and this not having been included in the programme was deserted, lone and silent.

As soon as they were beneath the shade of the trees Arnold passed his arm round the waist of Amy and pressed her to his breast.

"Oh, Amy!" he said, "best beloved and dearest! I am in all things with which you are identified most painfully selfish. I so love you, it makes me unjust even to you."

"What mean you, Arnold?" she said looking up to him tenderly.

"That I would wish you were not here in this place, and with that woman, the Contessa Comarini. You cannot think how it pains, irritates, afflicts me. It seems to me that I cannot bear it—that rather than witness it, I must at once leave here—fly Florence altogether, in preference to knowing you are made the object of wonder, speculation and staring by the insolent of all the fools in the city."

"It is not with my wish—with my will, Arnold, that I am here. No, in truth, it is more painful to me than it can be to you, even. But what am I to do? How emancipate myself from the position in which I am placed? I came not here by choice—I cannot leave without knowing one place in this wide wide world to receive me."

Her eyes were full of tears; she laid her head upon his shoulders.

"There is one place," he said.

"Oh, where? I do not know it," she replied.

"Cruel!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Amy! my heart longs to receive you. Find your home with—"

"Lord Arnold, spare me!" she said, earnestly. "You know I love you with my whole soul, but do not tempt me to that of which in your true heart you would not approve. I know you mean to act to me in all honor, but the time has not come for you to do this—as you would most wish it. No, dearest Arnold, let us both be true to the compact we made; and, if it please heaven, we shall then be happy; if not, I'll share your lot, if you let me, where'er it be, and never, never, repine at any misery, however sharp, if enabled to solace you in sorrow, or remove from your aching brow a pain or care."

"My own Amy!" ejaculated Arnold with passionate fondness.

"Nay," she said; "wait until I have proved myself worthy of your love. See, Arnold, this gaiety shall not woo me to join it, if you wish it not. On the plea of illness, I will retire now, and no power shall force me to rejoin it, if you wish it not."

"Amy, I cannot ask you to give up the pleasures so dear to the young heart as thine."

"It is only pleasure to me, Arnold, when you are there."

"Sweetest Amy? Oh, when will that hour come when I shall make you mine—mine for ever?"

"Never!" exclaimed a harsh voice.

A shadow fell upon them.

A figure passed between them, removing Amy rudely from Arnold's arms. He was about to seize the offender when a moonbeam through the cleft of trees fell upon the stranger's face.

It was Seaton!

Arnold staggered back astounded. Seaton glared upon him, and said through his teeth, "You have fastened upon me an injury I will never forgive. You felled me to the earth by a vile blow. Rather than my child, Amy, should be your wife, I'll find out her seat of life with my wood-knife. Go—you see her no more! Amy, come with me! Upon your allegiance as my child I command you!"

He hurried her sobbing away, while Lord Arnold, electrified, stood transfixed to the spot.

He had not recovered himself from the paralyzed astonishment in which the sudden, unexpected, and bewildering presence of Seaton, during his fond communion with Amy, had plunged him, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and his name was whispered in his ear.

He turned to see by whom he was addressed, and beheld Ruth Seaton.

"My lord," she said, with a slightly perceptible sneer, "you seem converted into a statue!"

"I am," he answered—"of ice!"

"You wish Amy to consent to an immediate union with you, that you might bear her away from here?"

"My heart swells and throbs at the bare mention of the craving of my soul, though it be hopeless."

"No, it is not hopeless."

"Not hopeless?"

"No! you shall carry out your design."

"Explain!"

"I have power over Amy."

"What power?"

"No power but that to which I am entitled by nature and by law. Not that alone; for she is attentive to my counsel, is heedful, and from a sense of duty ready to obey me. I will combat her foolish notions and change her determination."

"Do you think it possible you can effect this?"

"I am sure of it. Will you be prepared to wed her at a moment's notice?"

"I will.

"And to leave Florence immediately after the wedding, provided with the proper passports to facilitate your design?"

"You may trust me to be well prepared for all that!"

"And to keep what has transpired between us from mortal—to breathe it not: even on the day you are prepared to depart, to make outward preparations for a longer stay."

"It shall be as you advise."

"Return to the salons of the contessa; and when speaking to Amy make no allusion to what has passed between us."

"But shall I find Amy in the salons?"

"Why not?"

"Seaton, her father, but now, just ere you approached, presented himself before me and her, while engaged in converse—and led her away."

"Seaton?"

"Even him! He spoke to me scornfully, alluded to an unhappy event which had occurred between us, and, taking her away, vowed that we never should meet more—that she should never be mine!"

"Why—why did you not name this before?"

"Your arrival so closely followed their departure, that it seemed to me you must have met them. Nay, I placed your appearance here in connexion with their departure hence."

Ruth uttered an impatient exclamation.

"Which path did they take?" she inquired.

Arnold indicated with his hand.

"Amy left the rooms in my charge!" he said. "What am I to assign to the contessa as a reason for returning without her?"

"Assign no reason; return not to the salons, but to Florence. You will find a gondola; there are plenty, which will bring you back to Florence. Avoid as much as possible being abroad until you hear from or see me. I will then tell you how to act. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" he responded. I will follow your counsel."

(To be continued.)

Lee's Doggrel.

There must be something inspiring in the condition and surroundings of a condemned murderer, for it very often happens that a few days or hours which intervene between the sentence and its execution are spent in the composition of verses. No one who read them will forget the grotesque lines which Guiteau composed in the solitude of his cell and read on the scaffold. Lee, the murderer of the woman he loved, Maggie Howie, has also experienced the divine *afflatus*. When informed that his sentence had been commuted from hanging to imprisonment for life he did not evince any emotion, but shortly afterwards gave vent to his feelings in a song of no meaning, which he had composed himself, and to each verse of which the following chorus was appended:

Micky, mind your Maggie,
And mind your Maggie well
Roll her up in your overcoat,
Burdock Cornell.
For if you don't you'll rue it
Until the day you die;
But never buy the cradle
Before the baby smiles.

Sensations of a Coal Mine Descent.

The deepest coal mine in America is the Pottsville, in Pennsylvania. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep. From its bottom, almost a third of a mile down, 200 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. They are run upon a platform, and the whole weight of six tons is hoisted at a speed that makes the head swim, the time occupied in lifting a full car being only a little more than a minute. The hoisting and lowering of men into coal mines is regulated by law in that State, and only ten can stand on a platform at once under penalty of a heavy fine. However, carelessness cannot be prevented, and unaccustomed visitors are appalled by it. "A person of weak nerves," says a correspondent, "should not brave the ordeal by descending the Pottsville shaft. The machinery works as smoothly as a hotel elevator, but the speed is so terrific that one seems falling through the air. The knees after a few seconds become weak and tremulous, the ears ring as the drums of these organs are forced inward by the air pressure, and the eyes shut involuntarily as the beams of the shaft seem to dash upward only a foot or two away. As one leaves the light of the upper day the transition to darkness is fantastic. The light does not pass into gloom in the same fashion as our day merges into night, but there is a kind of phosphorescent glow, gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer. Half way down you pass, with a roar and sudden crash, the ascending car; and at last, after what seems several minutes, but is only a fraction of that time, the platform begins to slow up, halts at a gate, and through it you step into a crowd of creatures with the shapes of men, but with the blackened faces, the glaring eyes, and wild physiognomies of fiends."

The majority of our most successful journalists are self-made men. The press is every year becoming a greater power in the land; it is already one of the greatest "resources of civilization," and we might as soon try to get along without steam, or railways, or the post-office, as without our newspapers. If we are to have newspapers we must have editors to direct them, and the editors must march with or in advance of the times. There is therefore good reason to hope that better things are in store for the coming generations of journalists than there have been for those that are gone, and that on the newspaper press the best talent, the maturest judgment, and the most cultivated taste will yet find congenial and appropriate work.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD CIRCLE.

Chatty Notes on Newest Fashions, Recipes, Etc., Etc.

SEASONABLE HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

What We Waste.

We are wasteful people. If any one needs confirmation of this let him station himself at the rear of some of our hotels, or even dwelling-houses, and it will be seen that great quantities of what was good food goes to feed the pigs. We have known families where this waste was enormous. The French are noted for making a little go a great way; and yet they are noted as well for presenting to their guests toothsome dishes. They, above all others, seem to have the faculty of making the most of everything. It is surprising what a good housekeeper may do, if she will, in this direction. For example, meat bones should never be thrown away, but cracked and made into soup. Cold vegetables left over from the previous day's dinner can be fried or otherwise warmed up for the next morning's breakfast. Bits of boiled ham that would hardly be presentable in any other form might be minced and mixed with raw eggs, and warmed up and served on toast. Remnants of meat of any kind should be saved, minced, and served hot for breakfast. It is needless to multiply illustrations, for where one is disposed there are many ways that will constantly come to mind to save. It is wrong to waste, even if we can afford to do so. Not only should every housekeeper seek to prevent waste and loss of food, but it should be the aim to prepare the same for the table in the most attractive and palatable form consistent with economy.

Velvet in Vogue.

Velvet with alternate stripes of Ottoman silk, or velvet figured with half moons, pears or lozenges, is used with a skirt of Ottoman silk, or velvet bordered deeply with a band of fur or feathers. Two shades of a rich dark color are sometimes combined in one dress. A dark-garnet Ottoman silk, striped with velvet, is cut in pelisse style, with a puffed vest of silk inserted in front and tied across with ribbons of velvet. The skirt of velvet is finished by a deep ruche of velvet, lined with Ottoman silk. There are hanging buttons of velvet balls held in a network of silk. Pretty short dresses in Pompadour style are of pale-blue satin, brocaded with rosebuds and leaves in reseda green. The basque is cut square at the neck, with half-long sleeves. The skirt is of solid brocade and the toilet is trimmed with huge ruches and frills of white Oriental lace. An elegant dress is of Ottoman silk in dark green, with lozenge velvet figures. The underskirt, of plain Ottoman silk, is dark green.

Velvet is now used with cloth as well as as with silk. A jacket of velvet is sometimes added to a cloth costume, and there is a touch of velvet in the drapery and on the lower skirt, or the basque or vest, cuffs and collar, are the only place where the velvet appears. A dress in dead-leaf brown Amazon cloth has a velvet jacket fitted in Jersey fashion, smooth in the hips.

Queenly Celebrations in Portugal.

On the birthday of the Queen of Portugal a ball took place at Lisbon, in a temporary ballroom, on a terrace fronting the sea. It was hung with red and white striped cloth, and decorated with suits of armor and banners. Baskets filled with flowers and vines hung from the cornices, and the walls were festooned with vines, interspersed with dahlias of every conceivable hue, while large vases of flowers were placed at intervals around the room. The prevailing flower was the dahlia, which in Portugal attains to a size, beauty and perfection of color unknown in colder climates. The Queen wore a scarlet satin corsage and train, the latter over a petticoat of white watered silk, richly embroidered with silver. She wore a girdle of silver cord, finished with two large tassels. Her diamonds were of great size and beauty. The dress was made high, on account of her delicate health. Owing to this the ladies present all wore high-necked dresses. The ball did not break up till half-past 4, as the Queen wished to see the comet, and no guests left till after their Majesties. The ex-King was present. His second wife, and consequently the stepmother to the present King, is an American lady, formerly Miss Elise Hensler, of Boston, who made her *debut* as an opera singer some thirty years ago.

Bonnets as Pretty in Their Way as a Bright Bird on a Bough.

The latest bonnets for day receptions and theatres are velvet and flowers. Fashion, proverbially fickle goddess, now turns to her forgotten beauties, and decks with the pure lilies and fair roses of summer the bonnets chosen to be worn under the glare of gaslight in mid-winter. The great, loose-leaved æsthetic flowers are favorites. Nasturiums, wall-flowers, crushed roses and wild eglantine are especially popular for garniture. The evening bonnet this season is very small, being scarcely larger than a huge Alsatian bow, yet this tiny head-gear is as ornate and exquisite, and even more costly, than the great picturesque pokes which were worn last summer. The small hat is daintily made of velvet in crushed strawberry, shrimp pink, Simla or cadet blue.

Some of the latest French bonnets, against the folly and extravagance of which newspapers and even pulpits have raved from the days of the *Spectator* till now, are extremely plain in their appearance—innocent bits of dark crimson velvet, with a cluster of wild roses low at one side and strings of pink crape—but they sell at not less than $50.

English walking hats of felt, simply trimmed in the style they are finished by London hatters, are also chosen to wear with plain tailor suits of velvet or velveteen.

"Patience" hats of dark velvet, with soft crowns and with wide pleaded borders, are worn by a few ladies, but are too peculiar to be popular.

Ladies who affect the masculine English styles wear turbans of cloth to match their suits, with a border of fur.

A bonnet of dark sapphire blue has a brim of pale blue forget-me-nots.

A dark red velvet bonnet has a brim of fine white flowers.

Cooking and Other Recipes.

A little borax in the water cleanses ivory and celluloid hair brushes.

In washing muslins and lawns put a little pulverized borax in the water, and use but little soap.

The quality and juices of meats are far better preserved if the meat is wiped with towel instead of washed.

A tough piece of meat can be made tender by letting it cook for seveval hours in water at simmering heat.

To cook ham let it simmer in water to which has been added a large cupful of coarse brown sugar and a pint of sherry.

Excellent beef pudding is made by mixing a pint of cooked sugar beets chopped fine with four eggs, a quart of milk, a little salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of butter. Bake for half an hour.

An excellent shampoo is made of salts of tartar, white castile soap, bay rum and lukewarm water. The salts will remove all dandruff, the soap will soften the hair and clean it thoroughly, and the bay rum will prevent taking cold.

To make nice celery soup boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk, and strain it through a sieve, and then add three heads of celery grated fine, and a quart of strong veal stock; let it boil until the celery is tender, and season with salt and cayenne pepper.

For drop cakes use one cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to make as stiff as soft cake; allow one small spoonful to each cake, and fry in hot lard.

Cold roast beef is very nice broiled. Cut it into slices about a quarter of an inch thick and have it as rare as possible sprinkle with pepper and salt and put it on the gridiron and let it heat quickly; turn it over four times in the same number of minutes, and serve when hot on a dish with melted butter.

For a delicious cake, beat together half a pound of butter and three-quarters of a pound of sugar until they are both white and light; then beat separately the whites and yolks of seven eggs, and stir the yolks and a small wine-glass of brandy in with the butter and sugar and add the whites of the eggs, half a grated nutmeg, a pound and a half of flour, about a pound of seeded and chopped raisins, and half a pint of cream. Bake in tins lined with paper on the sides and bottom.

A very good chocolate pudding is made of one quart of milk boiled with one ounce of finely-grated chocolate. Flavor with vanilla, and sweeten to suit the taste. After it has boiled long enough for the chocolate to thoroughly dissolve, mix with the milk, take it from the fire, and when sufficiently cool stir in the yolks of six eggs well beaten. Put it in a pudding dish and let it bake until of the same consistency of baked custard, and then over the top spread the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and sweeten with six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and let it brown quickly.

A Perthshire minister, more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, was once giving advice to a parishioner on the benefits of early rising, and mentioned as an instance that he had, a few mornings before, composed a sermon and killed a salmon before breakfast. "In fact, sir," said he, with self-satisfaction, "it is a fact on which I plume myself greatly." "Aweel, sir," was the pointed reply, "I wud much rather hae had yer saumon than yer sermon."

It is announced that Canterbury Cathedral is to be lighted with the electric light during the winter months. The project seems neither more nor less than a profanation. That an edifice so venerable in years and so rich in historical incidents should have the dim religious light which accords with the sanctity of a cathedral displaced for the glaring and trying light of the electric lamp is, indeed, enough to make one doubt if the æsthetes have done anything to hurl Philistinism from its throne.

Rev. Dr. Hately Waddell, of Glasgow, recently selected for his text the well known verses in the twentieth chapter of Revelation: "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he lay hold on the dragon and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit," and said that, "if ever an angel came down from heaven to earth for a work like this, it was the angel of electrical science. It came direct from heaven. If such an angel brought a chain in his hand, it was the telegraph wire and the electric cable coiled up and carried on his arm. If ever such an angel had such a key as spoken of in the text, it was the submarine telegraph. Just in proportion as electricity circled the earth, just in that same proportion would the devil be defeated."

The Duke and the Toll-Keeper.

When a Scot meets a Scot then comes the tug of war. The late Duke of Buccleuch, on one occasion, preferred riding on horseback and unattended. He came to a toll-gate.

"The toll, sir, gin you please," said the gate-keeper.

His Grace pulled up, and, while searching for the needful, he was accosted by the gate-keeper:

"Heard ye ony word o' the Duke coming this way the day, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply, "he will be this way to day."

"Will he be in a coach an' four, or only in a carriage an' twa, think ye?"

"In all probability on horseback," was the rejoinder.

"In that case, do you think that he wad be offended gin I offered him back the change should he gae me a saxpence or a shilling to pay wi' as he passed?"

The Duke stretched forth his hand to receive the balance, and, with an arch and knowing look, replied:

"Try him, friend, try him," and pocketed his coppers, muttering to himself: "Not to be done in that way!"

Boys, Note It!

The Governor of Kansas told the young men of Chicago that twenty-five years ago he drove oxen, and drove them well. An exchange says the present Governor of Texas started in life as an hostler at $8 per month, and he did his work well. The financial magnate, Rufus Hatch, began life as a chain carrier in surveying a Wisconsin railroad, and afterwards was a locomotive engineer. There are multitudes of idle young men because they cannot find "honorable work.' They would do well to remember that all honest labor is honorable, and that idleness is a vice.

A despatch from Troy, N. Y., states that a new horse disease has broken out in West Troy and threatens to become epidemic. Many animals are suffering, among them the noted trotter Chieftain, owned by Captain Sweeney. The stallion is valued at $10,000, and it is believed he will die. Inability to masticate and rapid fall of pulse and temperature are the symptoms of the malady.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

How Smokers and Snuffers Were Formerly Persecuted — Interesting Facts Concerning the Red and Mediterranean Seas—The Invention of Playing Cards.

The usual velocity of the waves in the Atlantic is 22.3 miles an hour; off Cape Horn 26 8.

The largest printing establishment in America, and probably in the world, is the Government Printing Office at Washington. About 2,700 persons are employed in it.

According to the prohibitionists alcohol, in the last ten years, in the United States, has sent 100,000 orphans to asylums, caused 10,000 suicides and has made 200,000 widows.

It was only as recently as 1826 that Ehrenberg discovered that the peculiar color of the water in the Red Sea was due to certain marine plants which abound in it. The first recorded navigation of this strange sea was by Sesostris, more than three thousand years ago.

One of the curious consequences of the construction of the Suez Canal has been the introduction into the Mediterranean Sea of sharks, which were formerly almost unknown there.

Liverpool ranks as the most important port in the world, with an annual tonnage of 2,647,372; London stands second, with a tonnage of 2,330,688; Glasgow third, with 1,432,364; New York fourth, with a tonnage of 1,153,676. As a manufacturing city New York leads the world.

The main wheel of a watch makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, 1,460 in a year; the second or centre, 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 70,080 in a year; the fourth wheel—which carries the second—1,440 in the 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth or scape wheel, 12,964 in 24 hours, or 4,731,860 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 388,800, or 141,912,000 in a year.

Six thousand trees were required to build a ship of the line of seventy-four guns; and when we consider that the maritime powers of Europe once possessed over 2,000 of these ships, and 100,000 of smaller dimensions, without counting the merchant marine, it can easily be imagined that without the use of iron in shipbuilding all the trees in what is called the old world would have been destroyed.

A countess of Anjou, in the fifteenth century, paid for one book 200 sheep, five quarters of wheat and the same quantity of rye and millet; and in early times the loan of a book was considered to be an affair of such importance that in 1299 the Bishop of Winchester, on borrowing a Bible from a convent in that city, was obliged to give a bond for its restoration, drawn up in the most solemn manner; and Louis XI., in 1471, was compelled to deposit a large quantity of plate, and to get some of his nobles to join him in a bond, under a heavy penalty, to restore it, before he could procure the loan of a book which he borrowed from the Faculty of Medicine in Paris.

Abbas I., seventh Shah of Persia, had the lips cut off those who smoked and the nose of those who took snuff. Michael Federowitz, Czar of Russia, also executed without trial his subjects who were guilty of the practice. Mahomet IV. had a hole bored in the nose of the culprits, and a pipe introduced across the face. The Parliament of Paris proscribed tobacco. Urban VII. and Urban VIII. excommunicated it, as had formerly been done with pigs that had eaten children, caterpillars and cockchafers that had the audacity to devour the vegetation. Queen Elizabeth of Spain authorized the confiscation, for the benefit of the Church, of all snuff-boxes. Richelieu did better than that—he put a tax on them.

It is commonly asserted that cards were invented about the time of Charles XI., in France, but some authors suppose that they had been known long before, and that they were derived, through the Moors, from the East. At any rate, we first hear of them in France in this reign, when they were employed to divert the melancholy of the king during some of the less violent paroxysms of his disorder. It is very singular that no change should have taken place since in their form or figure. The cards which are played now, resemble in all respects those which were used to amuse Charles XI. At the time they were invented they were intended to convey a distinct meaning, the four suits being designed to represent the four classes of people: the churchmen, the military, the classes of artificers and peasantry. By the hearts were meant the ecclesiastics—the French word is *gens de chœur*, or choir man, and *cœur* is the French for heart. By the spades, which are in fact intended to represent pike heads, are meant the nobles or military. By the square stones, or tiles, which we call diamonds, but which the French call *carreaux*, was intended the artificers' class, and lastly, the suit which we call clubs.

Somewhat Mixed.

A friend sends us the following for insertion: A few evenings ago we called upon the wife of an old-time friend—a policeman. The wife had only recently presented the officer with a junior, and our visit was to fondle the baby and praise the mother. She is afflicted with partial deafness, and just now is also struggling with the prevailing influenza, so called, because the sufferer cannot prevail upon it to leave. The infant is about six months old, and when we asked how the baby was coming on the wife must have had the baby running in her head, as well as the cold, and got them mixed up, for she replied with animation: "I usually have them every winter, but I must say this is the worst one I ever had. I managed to get rid of all the rest in less than three days, but this one sticks to me like a tick." "Madame!" we exclaimed, with horrified feelings. "It just worries me nearly to death. It keeps me awake all night. I expect I will have it on hand all winter, and I can tell you by your looks that you are going to have one just like it."

Adversity flattereth no man.

A mail sloop capsized near Fort Myers, Fla., and four boys were drowned. A steamer grounded at Mount Homer Landing, and two sailors were drowned.

Sir Andrew Agnew was famous for giving broad hints. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote: Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impertinent intruder, it was one day remarked to the baronet that this man no longer appeared in his company, and he was asked how he contrived to get rid of him. "In truth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chiel a broad hint." "A broad hint!" replied the friend. "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint." "By my faith! but he was forced to take it," answered Sir Andrew; "for as the fellow would not go out by the door, I threw him out of the window."

LATEST NORTHWESTERN NOTES

A Budget of Gossip from the Prairie Province.

There is good sleighing in Brandon.

At Nelson dry oak wood sells at $3.50 to $4 per cord.

A bank is expected to be opened in Crystal City shortly.

It is proposed to erect a new brick schoolhouse in Minnedosa.

A line of omnibuses from Brandon to Rapid City has been started.

A large number of deer have been shot around Crystal City this season.

A Court of Queen's Bench will be established in Portage la Prairie next spring.

Mr. W. T. Adamson, a Portage Nimrod, has shot nearly 600 prairie chickens this fall.

Selkirk Council has just passed a by-law fixing a rate of taxation at 5½ mills on the dollar.

Steps have at last been taken to illuminate the streets of Emerson. Coal oil is to be used.

A road is being cut through the woods on the south side of the river from Tiger Hills to the Portage.

A man named Carter was followed by seven wolves while driving from Brandon to Minnedosa last week.

The Town Council of Nelson have struck a rate of one cent on the dollar, and the school tax will bring it up to five mills more.

Nelson farmers are commencing to bring in pork and beef. The former sells at 8c. to 9c., by the carcass, and the latter at 9c. to 10c., by the quarter.

Game is plentiful in the neighborhood of Pembina Crossing. On Friday Mr. R. N. Lee shot two deer and Mr. R. D. Foley secured another couple of the antlered herd.

In Pilot Mound Mr. George Playfair, 5-13, has 1,900 bushels of grain this season, the average yield of which was 50 bushels to the acre. Mr. R. Blackburn has Golden Drop wheat this season which yielded 42 bushels to the acre.

The Emerson *International* says: "It is very probable that Mr. Justice Miller will, in a few days, be elevated to the Chief Justiceship. The appointment of Mr. Alfred Boultbee to the puisne judgeship thus vacated is rumored."

A Kingston gentleman, who bought a thirty dollar lot at Rock Lake City, received a tax bill the other day in which he was charged with three dollars for statute labor, which it was answered, he had not performed. He thinks it would pay him to tramp up and do his statute labor, as otherwise he will soon lose the value of his farm.

A new church was dedicated in Regina the other Sunday in connection with the pastoral charge of Rev. W. J. Hewitt, of the Methodist Church of Canada. The building is of frame, 24x36 feet in size, with a shingled roof and ceiling, and inside walls of matched lumber, and lined with tarred paper. Peculiarities of interest in connection with this church are the facts that the first timber for the new building was only drawn upon the ground 10 days before the structure was opened, also that the church when dedicated was free from debt.

Mr. Macfee, of Brandon & Macfee, who has just returned from Regina, states that a joint stock company has been formed to build a new hotel there. It was originally intended to raise $10,000, but the applications for stock came in so freely that it was decided to raise the amount to $20,000. A waterworks company is being organized to bring water from Boggy Creek, about three miles distant. There is said to be good spring water. The Reginians intend applying for incorporation as a town. Wood sells at $10 per load of 1½ cords and coal from $18 to $20 per ton. A number of lots were sold last week at from $600 to $1,200 per lot. Mr. Macfee sold one at $1,000. There is now three feet of water in the creek.—*Winnipeg Sun.*

She Didn't Dare Do It.

The other day a man and woman came to a sudden halt on Grand River street, and the woman dropped a basket she was carrying and called out:

"I will! I will! I'll not live with you another day!"

"You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked.

"Yes, I will!"

"When?"

"Now—right off—this minute!"

"You'll go away?"

"Yes, sir!"

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to prevent me! I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with it."

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They will want your description, and I shall give it. You wear No. 7 shoes; you have an extra large mouth; you walk stiff in your knees; your nose turns up at the end; hair the color of a brick terra cotta, the newest in fashion; eyes rather on the squint; voice partakes of ——."

"Wretch! you wouldn't dare do that!" she screamed.

"I certainly will, and the description will go into all the papers."

They glared at each other for a minute like cats.

Then he walked on. She looked up and down the street, gritted her teeth together, and then picked up her basket and followed on after. He had what they call the deadwood on her.

Uses and Abuses of Ice Water.

I die two or three times a day (in "Camille"), sometimes for weeks in succession, but somehow it does not seem to affect my general health. As for myself, I am never sick. If my head aches a little I apply ice water and the pain is gone. If I take cold and my throat is sore I dash on ice water and am well. Always ice water; it is my sovereign remedy. But I do not drink it. No. If I did I should be pale and delicate and always ill, like some of your pretty American ladies. Do you know, I believe drinking so much of this same cold, cruel ice water is what makes invalids of so many American women?—*From an interview with Mlle. Rhea.*

The British ship Frona has been lost at sea with all hands.

"Bee Rock," in Tehama County, California, one of the highest buttes in that section, has for the past fifteen years been occupied by bees, who formed a mammoth hive. It was blasted out last week, and the dead bees filled three large grain sacks, while a comb of honey two and a half feet in thickness was found in the hive.

A correspondent asks: "Do canary birds like fish?" Well, we can't tell whether they do or not; but they manage to catch little perch every day.

There are 75 bodies at the morgue in New York waiting to be claimed.

The Belmont-Devoy libel case ended at New York yesterday by a disagreement of the jury, 8 being for conviction. The order committing Devoy for contempt was vacated.

Yesterday John Henry brought his three daughters into court at Reading, Pa., as plaintiffs in three separate actions for breach of promise of marriage. Two of the girls sue own cousins.

The New York State canvassers yesterday morning declared the vote on the recent election as follows: Cleveland, 535,318; Folger, 324,464; Howe, 111,974; Hopkins, 25,783. Constitutional amendment on canals: for, 456,105; against, 163,157.