

A Rich Old Bachelor in Minnesota Takes a Ride on Invitation of a Woman—She Proves to be a Man in Disguise, and He is Forced to Give Up His Money.

An Albert Lea, Minn., despatch says: Sanford Tanner has been in the city for about twenty years in this county. He is a bachelor, and seems to have no relatives or confidential friend. He stays but a few months in a place, being most of the time at Mona and St. Ansgar, Iowa, and at Austin, Glenville and Albert Lea, in this State, looking after his loans and collecting his interest. He is very eccentric. He is worth probably \$100,000, and generally carries on his person his certificates of deposit and other papers and a considerable sum in cash. It is said he has been robbed several times, last spring having been relieved of \$1,000 at Austin, Minn. The particulars of a recent exciting experience have just been learned.

He had been boarding for a month or more with the family of J. P. Bennett, within gunshot of Glenville, nine miles south of this city. One day, on the evening preceding Christmas a young, well-informed, stylishly-dressed, and self-possessed woman drove up to Fred Morrison's home in Glenville with a horse and cutter, and inquired about Tanner, as to where he boarded, where he was generally to be found, and other particulars. She drove around for a time and finally returned to Albert Lea. The next day she alighted from the cars at the Glenville depot and engaged John Showers, a stranger in that section, to drive her into the country. They drove four miles south to the house of Mrs. Ann Buchanan, where the mysterious woman stopped. She then directed Showers to drive back to Bennett's and tell Sanford Tanner that a lady at Mrs. Buchanan's wanted to see him. Showers did as directed, and soon returned with Tanner. The strange woman came out and got into the sleigh, took Tanner on her lap and instructed the man to drive further on, as she wanted to talk over some business matters with Tanner. In Glenville she had pretended to see him, and she had followed him to the robbery of Tanner at Austin, and she thus partly explained her object to Tanner and Showers.

Arriving at the cross roads, just east of Gordonville Station, she directed Showers to get out and wait, as she wanted to drive on short distance to have a confidential talk with Tanner. The accommodating driver did so. She drove with Tanner over a hill to the east and returned in twenty minutes, when they all went to Gordonville Station. Tanner took the train that soon came along and returned to Glenville, and Showers returned to the woman to take her to Northwood, where he left her. She doubtless took the train there, and has lived in clover ever since. During the ride Showers had his suspicion aroused, and asked the woman what caused her to be so late. She answered, "I had to stop to slightly stop through the paint. The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply tin sheet iron, plated with tin by being dipped into molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip it into a bath of boiling tin, and remove it, enveloped with the silvery metal, to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of the arts. It is here that the woman was guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufacturing works in England, and there he discovered the secret. He brought it home. The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between the two is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now, steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the center, it is, therefore, unreliable. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast steel there was nothing better. In 1760 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the way in which his work was done, and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout." He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's invention of the secret was a demand. He did not call them cast steel. That was his secret. About 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every one within reach. He employed a man hired, the work was divided and subdivided, and the workmen were paid, and stringent oaths administered. It did not avail. One midnight night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe steel works belched forth their smoke, a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold, the snow lay deep, and the wind howled across the moor. The stranger, apparently a ploughman or agricultural laborer, seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request a right to do so, and the stranger was compelled to redeem them if they are for journeys over the line of which they are agents. All that was necessary for the holder of the Calgary ticket to do was to take it to one of the C. P. R. agents and she would have received the full amount of its value in cash.—St. Thomas Times.

TICKET SCALPING.

A Few Facts of Importance to Travellers.—About a month since an advertisement appeared in a Toronto paper offering for sale a ticket from St. Thomas to Calgary on the C. P. R. As the Act Respecting the Sale of Railway Tickets passed by the Dominion Government in 1850 provides no person shall be allowed to offer for sale a ticket except such person is licensed to do so by the railway company interested. Mr. Dransfield, representing the C. P. R. Co., investigated, and found that box 808, St. Thomas, the address to which any designs, plans, or proposals intended to communicate were sent by Mr. L. H. Tarrant, merchant tailor. It appears that Mrs. Kerr, daughter of Mr. Tarrant, came home on a visit from Calgary, purchasing before leaving a limited return ticket. After arriving here her parents persuaded her to remain longer than she originally intended, and as the ticket would expire before the time of her departure, it was offered for sale, the holder not being aware that it was against the law. The ticket was not, however. It is now reported that Mrs. Kerr has been summoned before the magistrate on a charge of misdemeanor. He states, however, that he courts inquiry; that the ticket did not belong to him; that he did not see it, and that he did not advertise or offer it for sale, although he wrote to Dransfield asking at what price he would purchase the same. The same Act which makes it a misdemeanor to sell a ticket compels the agent of a railroad company to redeem such portion of a ticket as has not been used, so that people who almost daily offer for sale unused tickets at the city ticket offices have a right to do so, and the agents are compelled to redeem them if they are for journeys over the line of which they are agents. All that was necessary for the holder of the Calgary ticket to do was to take it to one of the C. P. R. agents and she would have received the full amount of its value in cash.—St. Thomas Times.

ANOTHER MINE DISASTER.

Fatal Gas Explosion in a Wilkesbarre Pit.—A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: A terrific explosion of gas occurred in the Lottingham mine at Plymouth yesterday afternoon, by which five men, who were engaged in repairing the timbering, were seriously if not fatally buried. It was an idle city at the mine, but before the workmen entered the pit the fire boss made an examination and reported everything safe, but owing to some defective ventilation gas had in some way accumulated. Not knowing this, the repair men walked into the gas with naked lamps, setting fire to it. The explosion which followed was tremendous and the men were hurled in every direction. They were not alone buried, but were seriously buried. As the whole party was badly injured and unable to speak, further details are unobtainable. The names of the unfortunate victims are as follows: William aged 38; Ludwig Dose, married, aged 32; John McElwee, married, aged 35; David L. Lloyd, married, aged 40, and a Polish whose name is not known.

The telephone wires in Buffalo are being put under ground. Heavy winds have driven the ice from New York harbor. What we call underwriters were not originally so classed. Formerly all the marine insurance in England was taken by private individuals. A contract would be drawn up insuring a vessel and cargo about to sail on a voyage. Under this contract it was customary for citizens to contribute to write their names for a specified amount till the full insurance required was taken. These persons were called underwriters. Custom has extended the term till it is now extended to all who engage in the insurance business.

STOLEN SECRETS.

How Great Inventions Were Got Hold of by Determined Men.

CLEVER TRICKS PLAYED ON MEN OF GENIUS.

One hundred years ago what a man discovered in the arts and mechanics he concealed. Workmen were put on oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hidden in by quick guesses of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. There used to be close by Temple Bar, in London, an old chemist's shop. The proprietor of it in days gone by enjoyed the monopoly of making citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufacturers, his was a process that required no assistants. He employed no workmen. Experts came to sample and assort and bottle his products. They never entered the laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having packed the doors and windows secure, as usual, of the safety of his secret, our chemist went home to his dinner. A chimney-sweep, or a boy disguised as such, wide awake in chemistry, was on the watch. Following the secret-keeper so far on his way to Charing Cross as to be sure he could not return, he saw the philosopher hurriedly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted and returned, carrying with him the mystery of making citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone. A few months after another secret was revealed by four fifths. The poor man was heart-broken, and died shortly afterwards, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimized. Like Miss Tabitha Bramble, when informed that the thunder had spoiled two barrels of her in her cellar, he might have said, "Heaven and thunder should get there when the cellar was double-locked I can't comprehend." The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need to be informed that tinware is simply tin sheet iron, plated with tin by being dipped into molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron. Dip it into a bath of boiling tin, and remove it, enveloped with the silvery metal, to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult of the arts. It is here that the woman was guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin plate manufacturing works in England, and there he discovered the secret. He brought it home. The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between the two is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now, steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the center, it is, therefore, unreliable. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast steel there was nothing better. In 1760 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the way in which his work was done, and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout." He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's invention of the secret was a demand. He did not call them cast steel. That was his secret. About 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every one within reach. He employed a man hired, the work was divided and subdivided, and the workmen were paid, and stringent oaths administered. It did not avail. One midnight night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe steel works belched forth their smoke, a traveler knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold, the snow lay deep, and the wind howled across the moor. The stranger, apparently a ploughman or agricultural laborer, seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request a right to do so, and the stranger was compelled to redeem them if they are for journeys over the line of which they are agents. All that was necessary for the holder of the Calgary ticket to do was to take it to one of the C. P. R. agents and she would have received the full amount of its value in cash.—St. Thomas Times.

LOADED DOWN WITH GOLD.

Wild Extravagance in Melbourne During the Days of the Gold Fever.

Melbourne dates its prosperity from 1851, the year of the gold discovery. That was a period of wild excitement; everybody dug, and gold went to the diggings; an unwonted silence reigned in the well-lighted deserted streets; the shops and public resorts were almost empty, and the few wayfarers who remained at home had a restless and excited appearance. Toward Christmas, however, the deserted city suddenly put on a gay and altered aspect, for the successful diggers abandoned their labors for a time and swarmed in crowds to spend the festive season in the city.

A season of reckless extravagance ensued, and the gold of the diggers was scattered with wild profusion, and was spent even more quickly than it had been amassed. Every conceivable folly was perpetrated by the rough men with unwashed faces, who paraded the streets arrayed in the finest of broadcloth and with huge rings glittering on their dingy, toil-worn hands. With them might be seen women decked out in the richest of silks and satins, below which not infrequently peeped red feet, while long, tawny locks hung uncombed over their shoulders. The utter incongruity of their conduct with their appearance defies description; they seemed uneasy till all their quickly won wealth had been dissipated.

No materials, however elegant, won their favor unless it had the additional merit of being most costly; and the shop-keepers, finding that articles of a moderate price were almost unobtainable, profited by such folly and raised their prices to extravagant prices to suit the taste of the purchasers. With this prodigality was connected an unthinking lavishness; they gave to others as foolishly as they spent on themselves. Among the well-authenticated anecdotes of such liberality is one of which the daughter of an English gentleman of rank in one of the colonies was the object.

This young lady entered a shop and asked the price of a valuable shawl, which, on being informed of the cost, she regretted to find beyond her means. A stalwart digger was standing near and overheard the colloquy between the young lady and the shopman.

He immediately purchased the shawl, and advancing toward her with his prize in hand he held it out ostentatiously to her and said, "Here, my pretty lass, you shan't be disappointed; I can afford to pay for it and ye can't, bless you!"

The young lady, who loved finery beyond the limits of her purse, and who was not troubled with scruples of delicacy or propriety, smiled, thanked him, and accepted the handsome gift.

A Hatful Set.

I have an acquaintance who takes snuff. The other day, when the wind was blowing from the west, he started out in that direction. He was in a hurry, too—important business. By and by he wanted some snuff. He took out his box, stopped, turned his back to the wind to keep the snuff from blowing away, took a pinch and walked on. Yes, sir, walked on in the very direction he had come—didn't know he had turned around. A goose hasn't much brain, but you never saw a goose do such a thing as that.

I am glad I live in this age, there are so many people in this age who hate people; but I prefer to have them deserve to be hated. Most of them, nowadays, thank heaven, do deserve to be hated. Now, there is that fellow with the moccasins on his feet. Comes up behind you noiselessly, the sneak. You don't know who he is, anybody within a mile of you. Suddenly you see him from the corner of your eye, right beside you, close up, and your blood jumps and stops. There ought to be a law to make men in moccasins wear sleigh-bells. They frighten decent folks half out of their wits.

Then there is that fellow with the left-over expression, as somebody in the Atlantic Monthly once called it—the fellow who meets a friend in front of your face the street and pokes into your face the expression of a man who has just been surprised to know that he meets the man who is grinning the grin of recognition—how am I to know whether it is intended for me or for the man walking in front of me? Perhaps I grin in return. Then I feel like a fool, and all on account of that fellow's left-over expression.

Everybody has met the dodger—the miserable, vacillating creature who never knows which way he is going to turn out for you. Down he comes toward you, walking like a personified hurricane. First he thinks he will turn to the right. Then he changes his mind and darts a little to the left. Then he brings up square in front of you, and you stand there playing peep-a-boo with him till you feel that everybody on the street is looking at you and laughing at you. I meet this wretch every now and then, and I always leave him with a feeling that the law against carrying weapons is an injustice and an outrage.

I want a vigilance committee organized to snuff out the man, who, in the street car in the evening, holds his newspaper by the two remotest edges till he reads everything between it. I have tried to read in the same car with this person and I know what I am talking about. I want him shut up in a dungeon till he learns to fold his paper and give other people a chance at the light.

Would Make Him an Architect.

Dawny Campbell went to build a small out-house of brick. After the usual fashion of bricklayers he wrought from the inside, and having the material close beside him, the walls were rising fast when dinner-time arrived, and with it his son Jock, who brought his father's dinner. With honest pride in his eye Dawny looked at Jock over the wall which he was engaged and asked, "How'd ye think I'm getting on?" "Famous, father; but hoor dae ye get out? Ye've forgot the door!" "One look around him showed Dawny that his son was right; but, looking kindly at him, he said: "Man, Jock, you've got a grand head on you; ye'll be an architect yet as share's yer father's a mason."—Glasgow Evening Times.

A certain doctor in this city, says the Augusta, Me., Journal, was called upon the other day by a woman who desired to get a prescription for alcohol. "For what purpose?" asked the doctor. "Mechanical," said the man with a countenance honest enough to look any judge in the country out of countenance. After writing the prescription and handing it to the man the doctor said: "For what kind of mechanical purpose do you intend to use the alcohol?" "Sawing wood. Good day, sir," was the reply.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

Toronto—The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Stratton, on rising to move the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, was received with loud applause. The occasion to extend hearty congratulations to Sir Alexander Campbell upon taking the office of Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. It was true, he said, that these operations among the agriculturists were not altogether satisfactory; yet in some branches, notably in dairy farming, there had been marked and gratifying success. He referred to the recent timber sales by the Provincial Government, and thought that the Province was to be congratulated upon the success which had attended this ninth sale of timber lands in the Province. He quoted figures relating to the sales of timber lands in Ontario, proving an average of receipts of \$360 per square mile of bonus. He quoted also the figures of nine sales during the same period in the Province of Quebec, showing average receipts of only \$100 per square mile. It was complained in some quarters that the timber resources of the Province were being too quickly used up, but it was not to be forgotten that the forests stood constantly in danger of being swept away by fire. Moreover, it would be inimical to the general interests of the Province to arbitrarily prevent the employment of the great capital invested in Ontario's lumbering interests. Referring to that part of the speech relating to Provincial Lunatic Asylums, he said that it had become evident that further accommodation was necessary for this most unfortunate class of the population. The Province had expended over \$5,000,000 upon this most unfortunate class. Yet there were 471 last year whose misfortune had been converted into a crime and they had been left in the county jails. In relation to the proposal to appoint a Minister of Agriculture, he drew upon the importance of the farming interest, showing that the capital invested in the farms of the Province was \$75,292,000, the field crops alone reaching the value of \$105,679,000 a year. It was but just to this great interest that it should have special representation in the Cabinet. While the Government showed this attention to the interest of the farming community, the interests of labor were not forgotten.

Mr. McKay seconded the motion in a speech which was well delivered and well received. He was glad to know that in conformity with their policy of extending the franchise as rapidly as public sentiment would justify it, the Government would justify this proposal that manhood suffrage should be established in the Province.

Mr. Meredith said he would postpone observations upon some points referred to by other speakers until a later period of the session. He heartily concurred in the congratulations extended to the new Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alexander Campbell, to the benefits of training in the Conservative camp than the high praise given by gentlemen opposite to Sir Alexander Campbell, and this was also a complete answer to the statements which had been made by parties opposite in the House and by members of the Government which would have led one who believed them to regard the present Lieut.-Governor as a traitor to this Province and desirous of depriving her of over 100,000 square miles of territory. He was glad to know that the members of the Government, led by the leaders, the Minister of Education (Mr. Ross) being the first among them to voice the opposite view, were not held by the mover and seconder of the Address.

The resolution for the address was carried, the customary form was gone through and the address adopted. Petitions were presented from the County Councils of Welland and Lennox and Addington praying relief respecting the confinement of insane persons in the common jails.

Hon. Mr. Fraser presented a Bill respecting the closing of shops and the hours of labor of young children and persons therein. Hon. Mr. Mowat presented a Bill relating to alimony in the courts. He explained the object was to provide that the magistrates or police magistrate trying cases of non-support might decide the amount of alimony to be given where the amount claimed was not large, appeal being allowed to the judge of the Division Court. The Bill was read the first time.

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NOTICES OF MOTION. Mr. Garson—On Tuesday next—Bill respecting stationary engines and engineers. Mr. Ross—On Wednesday next—Bill to amend the Assessment Act.

Also, bill to enable widows and unmarried women to vote for members of the Legislative Assembly. Mr. French—On Monday next—Bill to authorize the appointment of fire guards and the better protection of back streets.

Mr. McKay—On Wednesday next—Bill for the prevention of accidents by fire in hotels and other public buildings.

A Lucky Trip. "What have you been doing for a living lately?" asked a very tough-looking citizen of a man who looked as if he might be a boon companion. "Burglaring."

"What was your last job?" "I tackled the residence of a real estate agent last night."

"How'd you you any luck?" "Yes; first-rate."

"What did you get?" "I got away without buying a house and lot."

For Papa's Sake. "Give us this day our daily beer," said Flossie as she was repeating her nightly prayer. "What do you mean by that, Flossie?" sharply demanded her mother. "I was praying for papa. I didn't care much for bread, anyhow."—Drake's Travellers' Magazine.

The Difference. "Oh, Maud, what do you think? My canary bird has laid an egg!" "That ain't nothin' much; my pa laid two last carpenter yesterday!"

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy action and thy conversation, sympathize with men of low estate, aid the distressed and show consideration to the neglected; be great.—Lawrence Sterne.

INDEPENDENT GOTHAM GIRLS.

They Are Not Afraid to Go to the Theatre and Opera Alone.

The question as to the propriety of ladies going out in this city to places of entertainments unattended by male escorts has ceased to be a question. They simply go when they wish to and say nothing about whether it is proper or not, and that is exactly what they ought to do. A civilization which does not insure safety and respect to women as well as men after night is in need of improvement. Not every woman who likes concerts and theatres has male relatives ready to escort her. New York is full of independent, self-supporting women, who like to go when and where they please and ask no man's leave or aid, since they belong to no man. They go in twos, threes and fours to whatever entertainments they wish to see, and nobody respects them any the less. In truth, it would be a sorry day for theatrical managers when they made their theatres less than pleasant for unattended women. They know very well that the bulk of their patronage comes from the beautiful and the young, and ladies who are in the habit of going accompanied only by other ladies pronounce in favor of that habit. Some times they say they "don't like the care of a man." Of course, when the man goes along and pays all the expenses and acts in the capacity of a conductor, it is necessary to make him feel repaid by the lady devoting herself to his eyes, ears and tongue, if not heart. This "having to be agreeable" becomes irksome unless she is much interested in the man. That is why she prefers a companion of her own sex.—N. Y. Press.

TABACCO AND RELIGION.

How the Virginia Weed Helped to Support and Spread the Gospel.

A later vestry-book extending from 1723 to 1771 is still carefully preserved, having been rescued from some old county records by Mr. Young. From this chronicle one can get a glimpse of the state of society and its economic condition. Ecclesiastical currency, as it is well-known, was tobacco. For the service of the church, each "writable" was assessed every year so many pounds. We find such entries as these:

To Mr. Barlow for 17 sermons at 350 lbs. tobacco..... 5,550 lbs. To Rev. John Reid salary..... 16,000 " To do for board..... 1,250 " To Mrs. Clark, sexton..... 400 "

Agreed with James Briggs to keep Eliza Mipet for one year and to find her in clothes for 1,200 lbs. tobacco. To widow Lawrence before poor 500 lbs. tobacco.

From an entry before the book closes, it appears that 11,000 pounds of tobacco sold for \$210 11s. 10d.

The church expenses averaged about 70,000 pounds tobacco a year, or in the neighborhood of \$140. The price of tobacco varied; but that there should not be an unlimited currency, as it were, the parish was divided into districts, and each year appeared such records as:

Samuel Davis and William Bridger are appointed collectors of tobacco from the River to Blackwater.

It was the business of these viewers, or tellers, as they were sometimes called, to estimate and restrict the number of young plants, that there might not be over-production, lest the church income suffer from too low prices.—American Magazine.

A Remedy Against Drummers.

Friend—Don't you have a great many drummers coming in and boring you with their samples and their talk? "No, but a few drummers come in here, but they don't bore me."

"Don't they ask you to look at their samples?" "No."

"Don't they ask you to give them orders?" "No, they go right out without saying a word."

"How do you manage to get rid of them?" "It's the simplest thing in the world. I put a plug hat and an open gripack on the corner every morning. When a drummer sees these signs of another drummer being on the premises he goes off. Every ten minutes in the day a drummer comes to the door, looks at the gripack and goes away, and I am left in peace."

Diogenes' Beautiful American.

A Middle-town (Conn.) reader of the Sunday Republican writes to write that the identity of the beautiful girl of whom Charles Dickens speaks in his "American Notes" as a passenger on the steamboat Massachusetts from Springfield to Hartford in 1842, is not a mystery—at least in the mind of this correspondent. She was Miss Mather, of Middletown, now Mrs. Kent, of New York, who was with her sister, and both girls were considered among their friends very handsome. Now let some one tell you that Mr. Dickens the arbiter on his second visit, in 1868, and both mysteries will be cleared away.—Springfield Republican.

Times Have Changed.

"Times have changed. The public taste has changed," exclaimed the professor who was delivering the literary lecture, as he warmed up with his subject and brought his hand down emphatically on the desk. "Where is the man that reads Anthony Trollope to-day?" "Here he is," said a hollow-eyed, dejected-looking man, in the rear of the hall, as he rose up. "I am reading one of his books, but I'm doing it on a bet, and I can lick the oratory of a gun that has given me away!"

Idiomatic English.

First Party—Hello, Charley! How are you? Second Party—Oh, I'm enjoying very poor health. How are you? First Party—Well, I'm suffering very good health.

Sympathy for the Sick.

Fanny Man (of Chicago daily)—A sudden feeling of nausea has come over me. It must be something I've eaten, and I'm Horse Editor (sympathetically)—Possibly it's something you have written.

There is a story of a pretty Kerry lady who had all her life a slight tendency to a redness of the nose, which developed with years. One day, speaking to a neighboring gentleman, she said, imperiously: "All my life I've been in dread of having a red nose," which elicited the following reply, in the broadest Kerry brogue: "And, good heavens, woman, now that you have a red nose, will you tell me what harm it does you?"

CURRENT TOPICS.

JOHN BRUGH criticises Gladstone because of his silence regarding the disturbances in Ireland. Mr. Bright need not worry. Gladstone is not in the habit of failing to express himself when time and occasion would permit. He has heard from, and the snipers of Ballou's despotism policy are likely to regret that they were in any hurry to stir up the "old man."

ANOTHER gas well has been struck on the shore of Lake Michigan at Chicago, and three big blazes at three widely-separated points are regarded as confirmatory proofs of the theory that a big deposit of natural gas underlies the city. We hope that the gas is there. Chicago without natural gas has been great, but Chicago with natural gas will be greater.

WATERBURY, N. Y., has enough pulp mills to consume all the spruce in the big woods inside of fifteen years. The amount of wood turned into paper in this country is enormous. The Rochester Paper Company uses seven cords a day for its pulp mill in this city, and as much more for its pulp mill it owns in Lockport.

An interesting tariff contest is in progress on the other side of the Atlantic. The high tariff countries, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and Russia, are struggling to protect their pauper labor. The wisdom and economy of paying judicial salaries adequate to secure the best talent for judges.

The Chicago News makes a comparison of the salaries received by judges in Great Britain and in the United States respectively. Thirty-four judges in England receive from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year, aggregate \$910,000, or nearly a million annually, while eighty judges in the United States draw from \$3,500 to \$10,500 annually, or \$138,000 in the aggregate.

"It is about time," says the News, "that American people recognized the wisdom and economy of paying judicial salaries adequate to secure the best talent for judges."

"Fiction lath in it a higher aim than fact" is not sustained by the recent ruling of the Iowa courts relative to the Glidden barb wire fence patent. It appears that in 1859 Alvin Morley, an insane man of Delaware county, who before and since that time resided in an asylum, twisted a barbed wire fence, sections of which were exhibited at an obscure county fair. Fifteen years later Joseph Glidden obtained letters patent for his "new" fencing. He subsequently assigned to a large company, who have recently invoked the law to protect their rights. Readers of current fiction will recall Holland's "Seven Oaks," the story of which turns on the wrongs of an insane patient.

Beyond the fisheries question is settled our Canadian neighbors probably have reason to suspect that they are not the free and independent nation they fondly imagine themselves to be. Canada's demands are so outrageously selfish and unjust that they would not be for a moment considered by the United States Congress, and the British Commissioners are now fully convinced of this fact. Under pressure from the home Government, Canada will doubtless feel impelled to abate materially her unfair exactions. Great Britain is not going to get into a tangle with America on the subject of the few mackerel, her boats, and the Dominion grabbers will have to come down a peg or two, whether they like it or not.—Chicago Times.

Mrs. LANGTRY'S board fence in front of her residence, No. 361 West Twenty-third street, New York, did not come down yesterday as announced. Mrs. Langtry's lawyer, Mr. Rogers of Platt & Bowers, called on Deputy Commissioner of Public Works Smith yesterday morning and stated that the objectionable fence was only temporary. Mrs. Langtry intending to keep it only until some repairs and alterations are to be made to her house. It will be replaced by a neat iron structure, which, while it will not obstruct her neighbor's lights, will be sufficient to screen her from the public gaze. Mr. Smith gallantly consented to allow the fence to remain. The first complaint was from Mr. McLean, who is the owner of two flat houses almost adjoining Mrs. Langtry's. Mrs. Livingston, who lives opposite, and Mrs. De Vivo, who resides at No. 359, have both cause of annoyance, the latter alleging that she is damaged to the extent of \$5,000 a year. Neither has made any formal complaint. Mrs. Langtry is at present in Philadelphia.—N. Y. World.

THE other day a memorial slab was placed in the Church of Catskill, Leicester shire, recording the death of Rev. Mr. Hagaman, a very singular character of the county, who died in January, 1885. He was a property behind him valued at £700 (\$3,500) per annum and £1,000 in sovereigns, all of which went to a railroad porter, Mr. Hagaman's heir-at-law. The queer old man kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him and threw him into a pond, where he was found breast high. His servants heard him call for assistance, but, being locked up, could not assist him. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pairs of trousers, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair; 58 dogs, 80 wagons and carts, 50 ploughs, and used none; 50 saddles and furniture for the menage, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks, that a boy man offered £8 for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes and shovels, and 240 razors.

Something About "Made" Dishes. "It's all very well to talk of 'made dishes,'" broke out a woman one day in a council of housekeepers, "but what is to go to do if her family won't touch them? Now, there's my husband; he won't eat hashes or stews or made-overs of any kind. He always wants steaks or chops or veal outlets for his breakfast, and the boys are just like him."

"The table, if I call it baked hash or boarding-house fare, and it would be just the same with croquettes or anything else of the kind. He says he wants something solid for his meals."

Undoubtedly many women have to battle with this sort of opposition in their endeavors to raise the standard of cookery in their homes. Still there are many men who relish made dishes, and there are others who can be brought to do so by a little innocent diplomacy. It is not worth while to advertise by blowing trumpets before it has been raised or played that presents such an attractive appearance is composed of scraps from yesterday's roast, the gravy made of the bones and a little boiled rice or macaroni. It would be no gratification to most men to know that the whole dish cost just 37 cents, with the wheat on the other hand, the knowledge of the fact causes her to thrill with mild exultation and imparts a flavor to the food that would be quite missing in a meal three times as expensive.

Oscar Wilde on Dressmaking as a Fine Art.

PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD CLOTHES.

Some Plain Talk to Husbands—Latest General Fashion Notes.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Costumes for the Princess of Wales. A Birmingham firm has received an order for tailor-made costumes, etc., from the Princess of Wales. Among these costumes is a black and white jacket of faced cloth, the bodice being habit-shaped, with a waistcoat of tan Swede leather, elaborately embroidered in blue and silver. An outdoor jacket of the same cloth is made to button diagonally with military buttons and loop, the edges being trimmed with black Astrachan fur. There is also a costume made plainly of faced cloth in a new shade of bright red, especially dyed for the Princess. The outdoor jacket to this costume is trimmed with otter fur.

A shooting-gown is made of soft long-wool Vienna cloth, in fawn and brown check, with a loose fronted overjacket. Another gown is made of black-faced cloth, the skirt having revers of black corded silk; the bodice, of a Zouave shape, has a full waistcoat of striped grey silk, the collar and cuffs being trimmed to match the skirt. For outdoor wear, a dominion of the black cloth, braided and trimmed with Astrachan fur