### WOMAN GOSSIP

The Transcendently Utterly Utter of London Mildly Imitated by New Vork Idiots.

How a Clergyman was Assisted to Por the Question-An Awkward Drawback-General Gossip.

#### CHIT CHAT.

To be in style letters should be sealed with wax.

The latest name for snow balls is "guelder rose.

Artistic are the fashion plates that now

appear in the fashion journals. Corsage bouquets of pure white flowers

are the fancy of the passing moment. Fine embroidery and elaborate shirring

are the adornments of Indian mull dresses It is the correct thing to serve straw-berries at dinner in little baskets of straw or

The Hour asks the pertinent question "Why should not masculine friends who quarrel with each other return gifts, as lovers are wont to do?

Self-luminous photographs are attracting much public attention in Vienna. They are intended for house decoration and in the dark are beautifully phosphorescent.

It's an ugly fashion for women who have plump, round arms to bury them under wrinkled gloves, but they will be in the style even if it is detrimental to their beauty.

Princess Stephanie, who has hitherto borne such a simple and pretty title, is now afflicted, in accordance with ponderous Austrian court etiquette, "Her Royal and Imperial Highness, the Most Serene Frau Princess, Archduchess Stephanie."

Affairs are not so bad in Russia as to affect the gallantry of spendthrifts. One of the rich admirers of an opera singer at Charook sent her a fan the other day made of white sation, mounted in gold, and each leaf covered with a hundred rouble note.

New York City is the home of a damsel who exhibits a well furnished cabinet of engagement rings and other spoils of her various sentimental duels, with much the same kind of pride as a Sioux brave displays the scalps that decorate his wigwam.

THE new aesthetic craze, says the London World, has been a great blow to the young curates of the period. Instead of embroidering slippers and decorating churches, maiden ladies, elderly and otherwise, now devote their spare time to the pursuit of the "intensely intense" and the "too-utterly

In Pere la Chaise Sara Bernhardt has already arranged her burial place. It is a granite tomb after the Roman style, with a coffin of black marble under the canopy, and the word "Bernhardt" in large stone letters on the temple's front. Each day fresh flowers are laid on the tomb, although it is as yet unoccupied.

The New York Herald has something to say in favor of a hot-tempered woman; "She always makes the spiciest dishes. You never knew a mild-tempered woman to make a rich and spicy pie. Her tea is always mild; her chicken is as tame on the table as it was in the coop. But a sharpwitted woman, with a tongue like a buzz-saw, will devil a crab, dress a cutlet, or serve a rum omelette to a turn.

## Æsthetics.

The crop of asthetics is growing larger, says a New York correspondent, and when the sweet-girl graduates from the seminaries scatter over the land the seed will doubtless be sown in the honest western soil, where the juice of country, it is to be trusted, will be too strong for it. Females, who a dozen years ago, when Sorosis was strong, walked with a masculine tread, wore thick-soled and heeled shoes, a plain costume; a hat without plumes or flowers, and carried a roll of manuscript in their hands, are now willowly, supple, languid creatures, gazing into the depth of Japan lilics and looking unutterabl their environment. It is most amusing to see the transition; but "it's English, you know," and therefore it's the fashion.

"What is the matter with Constance? said an out-of-town lady to her sister at a wedding a few evenings ago, as the latter's daughter arose with a languid air and took the arm of a wabbling young man to enter the ball-room. "Isn't she well?"

She never was stronger and has a won derful appetite," said the fond mother "but Constance, you must know, is esthe-

"Well, I thought she must have the low

The asthetics are fond of artists and grey hounds. A young lady, not yet inoculated, attended an artist's reception a few evenings ago, and there found Miss Gabrielle Greeley, daughter of Horace Greeley, and Louise Chandler Moulton, both in an apparent state of collapse, but she discovered in a few moments that the other ladies were in the same condition, and then it flashed upon her that she was in a company of aesthetics. She declares that she began to expect a cherubim in a wisp of drapery to enter and pass the ambrosia. The ladies fell back in their cushioned chairs with a die-away sigh and an undulating movement, rolled their eyes, crossed their hands languidly, and seemed to be too -too good for human existence. "I like your sister," said one to another. "I like your sister," said one to another, "she has such a soul and is so intense. And I really must ask you to take this The asthetics roll up the avenues now in open carriages, peering into the depths of a bunch of roses. It is the fashion to ride alone - "all, all alone" - and to look unutterable. It is certainly vulgar for some of the broad-shouldered, healthy fellows who have been raised in the country to say that these creatures, so divinely asthetic, look like sick kittens, but the comparison is not wholly inapt. The daffodil has reigned as the queen of flowers in London, but Labouchere says that the fashionable flower of the present day there is the tulip. "I saw," he says, "a leader of the asthetic world sauntering down Pall Mall last week, holding one in his hand, and gazing into its depths with unutterable rhapsody. A German poet, speaking of the tulip, says 'tis rather gazed on than caressed, and this seems to apply with some degree of fitness

to the members of the community who have adopted it as their badge of the present season. Why do you not marry?' a lady asked one of these unutterables the other day. The woman I marry,' replied the wildflower, twining his arms around one of his straight stalks, and looking up at her sadly, 'must be quite good, quite pure, and quivering with soul.'"

### Received A Call.

At a church sociable some time ago, says The New York Graphic, a theological student was detailed to assist a young lady, whom he had long admired from afar, in making out a new Sabbath school library catalogue. The prospective minister found the task by no means an unpleasant one, as the charming young creature read him the title of each book from the title page, while he deliberately copied it into the catalogue before him. In fact, there flitted through the mind of the sedate and rather bashful youth several times the question whether the aforesaid maiden, with her pretty figure and bright eyes, could not be induced to "the sharer of his labors and become

"I believe I would ask her to-night if I only dared," thought the young man. "But I don't dare, so there's the end of it." And with gloomier face than before he continued his work, calling out, "Next Book ?" almost as mechanically as fast as he had transcribed the former title. He was aroused from his reveric by the following rejoiner to one of his demands for "next book:"

"Why don't you do it?"

He started as though the girl had been

reading his thoughts "Do what?" he "Do what?" he inquired, by way of drawing her out. replied not a word. To gain time he again

"Next book !

"No time like the present," said the maid en with an encouraging smile.

"I see it is of no use to hide my thoughts from you, Miss M.," he said, struggling with his embarrassment. "Your last two remarks have shown me how perfectly you realize my state of mind. I will therefore follow your advise and end was the property of the same of of th advice and embrace the present opportunity of asking you whether you are willing to ac cept me as your partner for life. Your answer, I am confident from these remarks, will

It was the young lady's turn to be embar-"To what remarks do you refer?" she

said. "To the two sentences in which you so delicately blended words of advice and encouragement on this most important of subjects, when you said: "Why don't you do it?" and 'No time like the

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a merry laugh. 'Why, those were the titles of the books you called for. Well, you have got yourself into a pretty fix," and she laughed at the discomfited stu-

dent maliciously.

"Miss M.," said the young man, springing up with sudden earnestness, "I beg you will consider the words which I cannot now Be mine and I shall be supremely happy. Refuse me and you will make me miserable for life. Will you be mine? "Yes, yes; don't make such a noise about it, or somebody will overhear you."

## The Ring in His Boot.

They had a terrible time, says The San Francisco Post, at a wedding up at Petaluma, Cal., the other day, and which only goes to show how the smallest drawback will sometimes take the stiffening out of the swellest occasion.

It seems that the ceremony was a very grand affair, indeed. There were eight bridesmaids, and the church was crowded from pit to dome, as the dramatic critics would say. But when they got to the proper place in the ceremony, and the groom proper place in the ceremony, and the groom began feeling around for the ring, he dis-covered the ring wasn't on hand. After the minister had scowled at the miserable wretch for a while the latter detected that the magic circlet had slipped through a hole in his pocket and worked down to his boot. He communicated the terrible fact in a whisper turned deadly pale, and was only prevented from fainting by the reflection that they would inevitably cut the strings of her satin corset in case she

"Why don't you produce the ring?" whispered the bride's big brother, hoarsely, and feeling for his pistol, under the impression that the miscrable man was about to back out.

"I can't. It's in my boot," explained the groom under his breath, his very hair, mean while, turning red with mortification.

"Try and fish it out somehow—hurry

mumbled the minister behind his

"I'll try," gasped the victim, who was rather stout, and he put one foot on the chancel rail, pulled up his trousers leg, and began making spasmodic jabs for the ring with his forefinger. The minister motioned to the organist to squeeze out a few notes to fill in the time, while a rumour rapidly went through the congregation to the effect that a dispatch had just arrived proving that the groom had four wives living in the east

already.

"I—I can't reach it," grouned the half-married man in agony. "It won't come."

"Sit down and take your boot off, you fool!" hissed the bride's mother, while the bride herself mouned piteously, and wrung

her powdered hands. There was nothing left, so the sufferer sat down on the floor and began to wrestle with his boot, which was naturally new and tight, while a fresh rumor got under way to the effect that the groom was tight and insisted on paring his corns.

As the boot came finally off, its crushed wearer endeavored, unsuccessfully, to hide a trade-dollar hole in the heel of his stocking, noticing which, the parson said,

grimly:

"You seem to be getting married just in time, my young friend." And the ceremony proceeded, with the party of the first part standing on one leg trying to hide his well-ventilated foot under the tail of his cost. his coat.

Unconscious profanity sometimes comes to the most exemplary Christian. A real good brother said yesterday: "I must get me a copy of the new Bible. I hear the revisers have knocked -- out of it.

### SNAKE-CHARMING IN INDIA.

#### A Baroda Demon Snake-Man Conjures Cobra Out of a Boy's Head. Pall Mall Gazette

The following story of snake-charming has been sent to us by a correspondent who is making a sketching tour through some of the states of north-west India:

One morning I was strolling with a friend in the verandah when we saw a strange figure coming along the drive; a tallish man, in scarlet turban -only, unlike the usual solid turban, it was wound serpent-wise about his head; a kind of loose, flame-colored shirt; a loin cloth, and the ordinary peaked shoe of the easterns. Across his shoulders he carried a stout bamboo pole between five and six feet long, at either end of which hung two bags of coarse woven cloth, colored a less vivid flame-color. As he came up to us we saw he had long black hair, twisted up like a woman's, and secured at the left side by a heavy silver comb whose back was cased in strange patterns and shaped like a curve in a snake's body. In his ears were delicate earrings of silver, set with small green and red and white stones in flower-like shapes; on his forehead was the red mark of the Hindoo; across the bridge of the nose between the eyes, there was a black and scarlet line drawn that looked like a fine silk ribbon, and a similar ribbon ran from the outer corner of each eye to the temple. His face gave you the impression of his having been alive since the flood; his eyes looked as if they could not shut; yet he had not a wrinkle, and was evidently young. His hands were beautifully shaped, with delicate

nails; his feet were strong and shapely too.
My friend said: "This man will show you some fun for a few coppers." So he was had up on to the verandah and the play began. He opened his bags, sat down on his haunches, and proceeded to unpack. The bags contained each a large wicker, or, rather, bam-boo-lath basket, and nondescript bundles of many-colored cloth. The latter contained a tin box full of live and lively scorpions, some neck-laces of strange grey and red, some pieces of wood supposed to be cures for scorpion bites, round black substances like small shining buttons—these are snake stones, and if laid on a cobra-bite are supposed to cure it.

The baskets contained also a large cobra apiece. He took on the two cobras and laid them on the stone floor of the verandah. I am not quite sure if he showed us two or one at first, for he has been here many times since. At any rate he took a cobra out, let it squirm about on the floor; then he produced from his bag a weird pipe, made of a gourd and shaped something like a bagpipe. The lower part, below the belly, is pierced with holes on which the fingers play. With this pipe he began the most goblin rant that ever was heard; the cobra ceased writhing about and gradually missing them. about and gradually raised itself on its coils, swelled out its hood, and slowly waved its awful head to and fro in front of the music. Suddenly the music made a wild, leaping yell and "was not;" the cobra's head sank down and his hood shrunk into nothing.

The demon snake-man then remarked pointing to a big boy, a servant of my friend "I will bring a cobra out of that boy's cap." The boy had on a close-fitting, pork-pic cap. his head was shaved and the rest of his clothing consisted of a shirt. The man then took his pipe and began to walk around the boy; then on a sudden the air was rent by a melody such as might soothe the damned; it whirled around the boy like a visible thing, but the boy stood firm. Suddenly again the music stopped, and the man began to take off his drapery. He appeared for a moment an noturel, and there wasn't the ghost of a snake about him. He shook out all his clothes—no snake. He wrapped his loin cloth about him, and began again his devil's

dance and his soul-killing pipe.

Not once, from first to last, did he approach his baskets or the cobra which lay sleeping in the sun. He came up to where I sat, and took a small paint rag of mine; he put it on the boy's head, and then shook it out, and gave it back to me. (I told you the boy's cap fitted tight to his head, and his head was shaved.) On went the whirl and yell, and, as before, stopped suddenly with a heaven-ascending shriek. He stepped up to the boy, and with his naked hand plucked out-where from? -a great cobra, which flung straight at me. me on the shoulder, and went shuddering down my leg, where it subsided on the ground, hissing heavily. I sat still and laughed. He laid the new cobra by the old one, put both in the basket, opened up all his cloths and baskets and things—there were two cobras now and no more. Then he took my paint rag, laid it down against a pillar of the verandah, and went through the same music. When the music was exhausted he walked to the rag and plucked out a third cobra, which also greeted me in friendly wise. There were three now; we saw them all, but my friend said: "This won't do; he'll fill the place with snakes."

## The National Sport of Spain.

London Telegraph The dreadful scene of the day was, however, yet to come, for a young Murcian bull, of a dull dun color had not entered, though he was already being tormented by his keepers in the cage. Scarcely had his comrade been dragged forth than out he came into the centre of the ring with a bound, lashing his sides with his tail, and looking viciously round. The "picadors" had by this time entered, and on their blindfolded horses had taken up their positions at the sides of the ring near the fence; the "capeadors" were all in their places, and the excitement was in-

In an instant the creature was across the ring, and had rushed at one of the horses. In vain its rider caught the infuriated assailant with the point of his lance; in vain he pushed as hard as he could to stave off its terrible horns; the bull would not be denied, but in spite of lance and rider, and horse's feet, pushed his horns into the stomach of the wretched creature, and turning them round, actually ripped up the entire belly, tearing out the whole of the entrails and tossing the rider into the air. Down went the horse, and up rushed the "capeadors," succeeding in diverting the bull's attention; but for a moment only, for the bull had cleared half the ring once more and had rushed at another horse that he saw in front of him. For a time it seemed as though this too must share the fate of the other, for the horns were under it and the bull could not be kept off; but by some miracle the animal passed beneath without doing more than upsetting the "picador," and was upon an-

other horse before a single "capeador" could come up. With more success, this time the huge horns were able once again to disembowel the horse and dethrone the rider, and the bull was left free to attack a fresh horse, and to serve it likewise.

To a stranger not a Spaniard the sight was now horribly revolting, for three homes lay struggling upon the ground with their insides torn out, and the bull, from the efforts of the "picadors," was bleeding rapidly from of the 'picators, was neccing rapidly from its shoulders. Worse was, however, yet to follow. With a roar like that of a lion, the bull now dashed over the ring once more. He had seen the first horse he had attack. ed trying to struggle from the ground, and he resolved to attack him again. Up he rushed, and, standing over the wretched creature, whose eyes had been closed by bandages, he began once more to gore him, this time rending open his neck and part of his shoulders, and so pushed him against the fence in one mangled lump. Happily the horse was by this time nearly dead, but the sight of its torn body was one which I could scarcely support.

The bull was evidently mad. So said the

Madrillenos, who for that reason now thought it was time the "banderilleros" should enter, and run a risk of their lives. So in obedience to the command of aristocratic Madrid, the poor fellows with the darts entered, and began their desperate work. Over and over again they tried, at the imminent peril of their bodies, to plunge in the barbed arrows and over and over again the plunging bull made them fly for safety. But their superior intelligence gradually triumphed, and two by two the darts were affixed, till, tearing with rage, the bull stood in the centre of the ring waiting the "espada." What this gentleman's name was is not so much to the point as that he was very nearly an amateur, having been a lawyer in his carlier days. He was not the one who had entered at first, and grave doubts existed whether he could kill the bull. However, in he came, made the usual speech, and approached the infuriated beast. The charges were duly made, and now was the time for the thrust, when it became apparent that without the aid of the "capeadors" the "espada" had no more chance of giving a satisfactory thrust than he had of eating his enemy. Over and over again he tried, with always the same resuls. Over and over He would get his sword a little way into the neck of the bull, and then, leaving it there, would dance away with the animal after him, only to be saved by the cleaks of the "chulos" or "capeadors;" then he would have a fresh sword brought him and try again. From loss of blood, the beast almost fainted, and there was a pause.

Then came another rush, for the indomitable spirit of the bull was not yet conquered. Another stab followed, but with only this success -that it seemed to daze the bull for a moment and make him fall on the ground; still that it had not killed him was demonstrated by the fact that the animal got up and made another bound. The Madrid "senors" were by this time delighted. There was blood flowing enough even for them, for several men had been slightly hurt, three horses killed, one seriously injured, and the bull was bleeding from a dozen wounds. Down fell the Murcian, but not to die he There was a cry for the slaughterman to come up and strike the beast, and that official now stepped forward. No sooner had he done so, however, than once more the poor brute rose and essayed to walk away, bearing the sword with him. No cloak or man could now tempt him to attack. Slowly he moved round the ring, followed and surrounded by a crowd of butchers, disdaining them all, for three or four minutes, when from loss of blood, and without anoth-

when from loss of blood, and without another fight for life, he sank to the ground for the last time, and then died in agony.

I felt I could stay no longer to look upon the rest of the "entertainment"— the dismal slaughter had unnerved me. To the people of Madrid, however, it was by no means destitute of anneapont for they now means destitute of amusement, for they now composed themselves to witness the afternoon's proceedings with becoming satisfac tion, and refreshing themselves with oranges, "aguardiente," and eigarettes, shouted hoarsely for the next bull and the "pica-"They love it," said a native of Madrid to me as we went out together, "and sooner than give up their bull-fights they would have a revolution." I should from what I saw last Sunday, that he was right.

# Theatricals at Rideau Hall.

Of all the entertainments given at the Government House none are more popular or more enjoyed than the theatricals, and invitations to them are eagerly sought. The ball-room is so constructed that it can easily be converted into a theatre. The platform upon which the musicians have sat for the one occasion is now, by an ingenious contrivance for enlarging it, turning into an exquisitely appointed stage. Of late years Rideau Hall has been fortunate in having within its walls most excellent amateur talent. Lady Dufferin was a most charming actress, and in the present household one of the aides-de-camp has the reputation of being the finest amateur actor in England. He certainly plays to perfection—that is, non-professional perfection. The ladies and gentlemen taking part in the theatricals are usually from Ottawa, and the Princess does not act. And just here I am reminded to say that the announcement that the Princess has written a play founded upon scenes, and amongst the fisherman of Gaspe Bay is quite untrue. No such play has been written, or, at least, not by her Royal Highness. The theatricals are full-dress occasions, and the ball-room on these nights presents a brillant appearance. The plays are always put upon the stage with all the elegance of which they admit, or taste or money can supply. Flow ers are used in profusion, and their arrangement calls forth the greatest admiration. New scenery has been painted, under the supervision of the Princess, and altogther the stage is a little gem.

Correct Terminology. - Different terms are applied to different groups of animals. The following are examples: A covy of partridges, a nide of pheasants, a wisp of snipe, a bevy of quails, a flight of doves or of swallows, a muster of peacocks, a siege of herons, a building of rooks, a brood of grouse, a plump of wild fowl, a stand of plovers, a cast of hawks, a watch of nightingales, a clattering of choughs, a flock of geese, a swarm of bees, a school of whales, a shoal of herrings, a herd of swine, a skulk of foxes, a pack of wolves, a drove of oxen, a troop of monkeys, a pride of lions, and a sleuth of bears.

### DOUGLASS JERROLD.

### Wit and Wisdom of His Table-Talk. Brooklyn Engle.

As neither Jerrold nor his guests kept any

record of his impromptu sayings, many of the best of them probably escaped their memory. and have never been recorded. Some of his sayings have their doubles, perhaps, in those of other humorists and philosophers, but they are none the worse for that, and he was never an intentional plagiarist. His remark that "a man is only as old as he feels" has probably been said by thousands of people in all ages and countries, but its truth, not its originality, is what commands it. One of Jerrold's aphorisms, "there is an aristocracy of rags, as there is an aristocracy of stars and garters," reminds us of that of Archbishop Leighton. "Pride may often strut in rags, and humility be arrayed in fine linen."
There is something of Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" in the cynical saying of Jerrold. which he practically contradicted by his own good deeds of unselfishness: "Virtue reads prettily upon a tombstone, but 'tis a losing quality, with bare walls and a quenched hearth. Virtue, honesty, benevolence—what are they? The counters with which the wise men of the world gull its fools and slaves." The following we have picked out here and there from Blanchard Jerrold's collection. there from Blanchard Jerrold's collection. To discover spots in the sun is to some men greater than the discovery of the laws that govern the sun itself. Wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require gredit. To be ruined your own way require credit. To be ruined your own way is some comfort. When many people would ruin us, it is a triumph over the villainy of the world to be rained after one's own pat-The model policeman, according to Jerrold, had no nerves. Medusa, staring at him, would have had the worst of it, and bashfully, hopelessly let drop her eyes. You might as well have frowned on Newgate stones, expecting to see them tumble, as think to move one nerve. Eve ate the apple that she might dress. "Call that a kind man! a man who is away from his family. and never sends them a farthing ! Call that kindness?" "Yes," replied Jerrold, "unremitting kindness!" A person was mentioned who was famous for the intensity as well as short duration of his friendships. "Yes." said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again." The first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh yes; I've all the confidence, but I haven't have wine?" Of the famous Richard Philip said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm the guinea." Of the famous Bishop Phillpotts, of Exeter, the friend of Lord Eldon, Jerrold said: "What a lawyer was spoiled in that bishop! What a brain he has for cobwebs! How be the said to the said the said to the said the sa webs! How he drags you along through sentence after sentence—every one a dark passage—until your head swims and you can't see your fingers close to your nose!" Of a celebrated actress who painted her face; "Egad! she should have a hoop about her, with a notice upon it, Beware of the paint." haracter flies, and, of course, the lighter it is the quicker it goes. On the first night of one of Jerrold's plays, a successful adaptor from the French rallied him on his nervousness. "1." said the adaptor, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces." "Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before." "Well, Jerrold," asked a jovial spendthrift, "What do you think of my grays!" "To tell the truth," answered Jerrold, "I was just thinking of your duns." "How did you know I ever had a wife?" "Why, because you look as if you had." "Why, because you look as if you had. There is a sort of married mark upon some people -a sort of wedding-ring mark-just like the mark of a collar." Could the apostles, in their old world attire, enter a London church, the beadle, with a big look, would wave them from the pews and motion would wave them from the pews and motion them down upon the benches. A gentleman during cholera time in London, complained to his landlady that the water with which she made her tea had an unwholesome flavor. "Well, sir," said the landlady, "I can only account for it by the graveyard at the back of the house. The spring must pass through it!" The lodger rushed frantically from the house, and presently met Douglas Jerrold, to it!" The lodger rushed frantically from the house, and presently met Douglas Jerrold, to whom he told this. "I suppose your landlady thought you liked your tea like your port—with plenty of body in it," said the humorist. A celebrated barrister entered a club-room where his friend Jerrold was sitting and avalating a markfully. "It house ting, and exclaimed, wrathfully: "I have just met a scoundrelly barrister!" "What a coincidence!" broke in Jerrold. There are many idlers to whom a penny begged is sweeter than a shilling earned. Attorneys are described by him as "men with consciences tender as the bellies of alligators." Jerrold, who was strong for free trade, wrote this epitaph for protection: "Here lies prothis epitaph for protection: "Here lies protection. It lied throughout its life, and now lies still." When a vestry was discussing a wood pavement for the parish, and some of the vestrymen were raising difficulties, Jer-rold said: "Difficulties in the way! Absurd. They have only to put their heads together, and there is the wood pavement." This joke and there is the wood pavement." This joke has been wrongly assigned to Sydney Smith. "Any news, Mr. Nutts? Nothing in the paper?" "Nothing," replies Nutts. "Well. I'm blest if according to you there ever is! If an earthquake was to swallow up London to-morrow, y'd say: "There's nothing in the paper, only the earthquake!" With one true and serious aphorism we will close. "Thete and serious aphorism we will close." and serious aphorism we will close: "That a man should be just and respectful toward all mankind, he must first begin with himself. A man, so to speak, who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

## Asbestos.

Asbestos-from a Greek word meaning in consumable-is a variety of the hornblende group of minerals, and the chemical composition of the whole family is chiefly silica, magnesia, alumina, and ferrous oxide: but the qualities vary widely. In colour it is usually from white to grey and green—sometimes yellow, when impregnated with iron with fine crystalline flexible fibres of a silky lustre, and feels somewhat oily to the touch. although in its native state it is a little suggestive of the use for which it may be made available as the rough iron ore is of a chronometer. A few years ago asbestos was supposed to be very rare; but, since there has been a demand for it in considerable quanti ties, new sources of supply have been opened up, and it is now found in many parts of Europe and America.