

Fairy Stories.

"Do I believe in fairy stories?"
 Darling, of course I do;
 In giants so tall,
 And Titania small;
 I believe in them all,
 Don't you?"

"Was there ever any Red Riding Hood?"
 Oh, yes; without a doubt.
 There are wolves to-day
 To lead you astray;
 When they come in your way,
 Look out!"

"And was there ever a Cinderella,
 With haughty sisters?" Why yes,
 I've met with her since;
 And, though proud ones may wince,
 She'll marry the prince,
 I guess.

KHEDIVE AND ARABI.

THE REBEL CHIEF'S SERVILITY.

The Field of Tel-el-Kebir—A Mile of Dead—Arabi Fired at—The Highlanders in Action—Another Conference.

Regarding the Egyptian loss in Wednesday's engagement no computation approaching accuracy has yet been made, but including what has been accounted for by the cavalry, it cannot be short of 2,500 to 3,000. In several places the bodies of the Egyptians were lying in heaps of 30 to 50, and they lay in dense rows where the 42nd, getting in flank, enveloped Arabi's lines while they were holding the position against the attack in front. The dead extended for over a mile behind the position as our pursuing troops fired after the mass of fugitives. Altogether the field at Tel-el-Kebir presents a terribly ghastly sight. In many instances the wounded Arabs fired upon the English after they had passed. There were lamentable casualties on the enemy's side; even

OLD MEN AND CHILDREN WERE KILLED.

This was unavoidable, owing to the fact that the Egyptians kept up a straggling fire from the mud hills.

Sufficient tinned provisions for 2,000 men for one month were captured. Fifty guns have fallen into the hands of the British. The chief of the commissariat, a prisoner, states that rations were issued on the day before the battle for 15,000 regular troops and 7,000 irregulars.

The *Herald's* correspondent writes:—A ride over the field after the battle shows that the enemy's loss was extremely heavy; indeed it is difficult to understand how so great a number of men have been killed in the battle, which lasted but a brief hour. The enemy's position consisted of lines of solid entrenchments bound together by wadis. It was four miles long from flank to flank. At intervals bastions mounted by guns protected the front, and there were successive

SERIES OF DEEP TRENCHES.

At right angles to the extreme left of their position a deep trench extends two miles to the rear, behind which is another entrenchment, forming a defence of the front line from attack on the flank towards the canal. On the right were very strong works. The natural irregularities of the ground constituted a very formidable position, which would have cost great expenditure of life had it been attacked in front. This part of the line, however, was avoided and our attacks were directed towards the flanks. All who accompanied the Highland brigade were enthusiastic at the brilliant character of their advance. Their orders were to march up to the first trench and carry it by the bayonet.

WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT.

This order was literally executed. After their conduct on preceding occasions, it was expected that the Egyptians would not stop to oppose the determined rush, but hundreds remained at their posts, and were bayoneted where they stood. As soon as the trench was won, the Highlanders were assailed from the strong river line commanding the trench which had been carried, but cheering loudly they pressed forward, carrying one redoubt after another, shooting and bayoneting the foe as they ran. At one point only was the advance checked for a moment, but the first line was reinforced from behind, and with another cheer they swept on again.

AND CLEARED THE ENEMY

from before them. At some of the bastions, the resistance, although unavailing, was desperate, the Egyptians being caught as in a trap by the rapidity of the advance, defending themselves to the last. At these points the Egyptians lie dead in hundreds, while only here and there a Highlander lies stretched among them, lying face downwards, as if shot in the act of charging. Had the Egyptians fired any way accurately the losses must have been tremendous; as it is they are marvelously slight when the nature of the works carried and the number of the defenders is considered.

Roubi Pasha says Arabi when the attack on Tel-el-Kebir commenced, was panic-stricken at its suddenness. Obeid Pasha was killed in battle.

According to the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, Arabi was seen riding by the village of Belbeis from the disaster at Tel-el-Kebir attended by only twenty horsemen. The fugitive rebel leader as he dashed past waved

his sword red with blood, appealing to the natives with the cry, "Egypt is ruined." His cause is everywhere considered as hopeless.

Twelve hundred prisoners and twenty-seven Egyptian officers have been marched back to Ismailia from Tel-el-Kebir. After the arrival of the Khedive at Cairo a regularly constituted court will be established for the public trial of the rebel chiefs, who will be allowed to engage counsel.

Arabi Pasha was taken before the Khedive. He presented a loathsome

PICTURE OF GROVELLING SERVILITY. He swore that he was not aware he was fighting against the Khedive. The Khedive remained standing while Arabi was in his presence, and when Arabi had concluded the Khedive ordered his removal.

Egyptian doctors state that when Arabi was making off to Zagazig he was fired at by one of his own officers.

Mahmoud Baroudi and Saieiman Sami, who commanded a battalion which took a leading part in the burning of Alexandria, have fled to Upper Egypt.

The engineers report Kafr-el-Dwar abandoned. They saw many skeletons there.

The rebels are supposed to have gone to the Aboukir forts. The enemy's troops from Mahalla, Aboukir, and Kafr-el-Dwar will parade at the front here; those from Mahalla on Sunday, when they surrendered their arms, will be stripped of their military dress, and disbanded.

Telegrams from the Governor of Ben-hal-Asel to the Governor of Zagazig ordering the latter to cut the canal and flood the country have been intercepted.

The Egyptian guns at Kafr-el-Dwar were cleverly concealed. Four were as large, if not larger, than the British guns. The garrison consisted of Arabi's best troops, the Tel-el-Kebir lot being recruits of

NOT MORE THAN TWENTY DAYS' SERVICE.

The Egyptian negro troops crossed bayonets with the Highlanders and Irish regiments yesterday. The accuracy with which the Highland brigade came into line, after a seven miles march, on a moonless night, in the desert sand, guided only by stars, and stormed the entrenchments and redoubts yesterday, has never been surpassed in history.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The man who "broke the noose gently" got a divorce in Indiana.

After a man has been hugged nearly to death by sin he turns around and embraces religion.

"Keep off the gas" is a corporation way of interdicting a certain class of duelling; it forbids the public to cross swords.

It is a singular freak which ladies have that of making their new bonnets match everything but their husband's pocket-books.

Tourists are sometimes suggestive. "Why, a donkey couldn't climb that hill," said one of them; and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

So much spring water is toted about at Saratoga that a fellow may be seen there with a bottle under his arm and not lose his character.

"You are accused of being a chronic thief. What excuse have you got?" "None, boss, 'ceptin' chronic poverty," replied the Austin colored vagrant.

"Look out for ten-dollar bills on the Bank," says an exchange. Of course we will; been looking out for ten-dollar bills for a long time, but they do not come along.

"Wealth," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is sure to take wings and fly away." Yes, Henry, that is so. One day we have thirty-five cents and the next day we are dead broke. But, such is life.

Just think of it. Arabi Bey took to himself a third wife only a day or two ago. We have no sympathy with a man who dies in the face of Providence so recklessly. He must be an awful fighter to want a third wife.

Says the Philadelphia *Nexus*: "Mary Anderson has been out sailing in her new yacht. She is very handsome, decidedly fast, has all the modern improvements, and plenty of room on deck." We presume the *Nexus* refers to the yacht.

Where ignorance is bliss: A number of Baltimoreans caught in an unlicensed beer saloon swore that they did not know what they were drinking. A good many Boston beer consumers could truthfully subscribe to the same declaration.

Just exactly what a woman wants a watch for is not quite certain. The chain is the only part of the arrangement she ever wears. The watch itself is "run down," mainspring broke, and tucked away in the dressing-case most of the time. A woman and a watch are incompatible.

It is quite the idea this season for a young lady to artistically decorate a little fan and present it to her best gentleman friend. This doesn't signify "There is a coolness between us," as might be supposed. It is a hint for the young man to fan the flame with more ardor.

"What is a yacht?" we inquired of a long, gaunt codder, who was lounging about the wharf. "What is a yacht?" said the fisherman; "well, you gets any sort of a craft you please, and fill her up with liquor and seeygars, and get yer frens on board and have a high old time and that's a yacht."

"I see," said old Mrs. Anchovy, "that they are making car wheels out of paper. What do you suppose that's for, Mrs. Birdseye?" "That, oh, I've no doubt they are getting scared about so many people being run over and cut in two andwise and are trying to get some kind of stuff that ain't so dangerous."

Arithmetical progression: County Court Judge (to defendant)—"The case seems clear to me, and having had the goods you must pay the amount claimed. Now, how much can you pay? Can you manage four shillings a month?" Defendant (a poor man, certainly)—"Me, sir! Four shilling a month! No, certainly not; but I don't mind paying two shillings a week!"

Love's at the seashore: "Oh, Harold," said she, as she clung close to his arm, "how very quiet and restful the sea seems to be this evening." "Just as I would like a wife to be," was the response. "And would you, as a husband, be the quiet, restful complement of such a wife?" He thought he could, and the launch into the sea of matrimonial difficulties was thus quietly made. There's sure to be a gale however.

The Newest Rain Theory.

A correspondent of an agricultural paper starts a curious theory in regard to wet summers. He has noted that after a great battle rain has fallen in heavy showers within twenty-four hours, and he suspects that we artificially and unintentionally increase our rainfall. He goes on to say:—"If a bird's-eye view of England could be taken any Saturday afternoon or evening during our summer months, the whole coast line at intervals would appear to be dotted with puffs of smoke, the breath of the big guns our artillery volunteers practice with. Now, if taken in the aggregate, the number and weight of these guns would, I think, far exceed in these respects anything that recent battles have brought together, and though the effect is of course diminished by the guns being wide scattered, yet for the same reason the area affected is increased in an inverse ratio."

CANADIAN GLEANINGS.

HOME NEWS.

What is going on Throughout the Dominion—Clippings from our Exchanges—The best the Scissors can find.

Mr. B. B. Osler, Q.C., has sold his residence, Hannah-street Hamilton, to Mr. John Stuart for \$13,000 cash.

A young man named Fortin was almost instantly killed at Levis on Tuesday night by being thrown on his head out of a wagon.

During the recent gale a number of sail boats capsized on Burlington Bay on account of the changeable winds. No serious results are reported.

Dr. Girard, for 44 years Secy. of the Quebec Education Department, has been appointed an officer d'academic by the President of the French Republic.

A company owning quarries at Port Philip, Com. Ireland county, N. S., has suspended work, and the manager has absconded without paying the workmen.

Mrs. Gillespie, of Huntington, who in 1878 entrusted J. S. Hunter with \$2,000 for investment, has taken an action against that much celebrated notary, who is now over the border.

John MacLure, the engineer of the steam shovel machine at work on the Canada Atlantic Railway near Ottawa, was injured by a boiler explosion a day or two ago and died on Wednesday.

The Quebec Garrison Artillery mustered at the armoury and afterwards proceeded to Levis, where they went into camp. Several rural battalions also arrived and joined the camp.

James, Thomas and John F. Keefe and John Kent appeared before Squire Stanley at Lucan to answer the charge of shooting M. Toohey in the late Biddulph unpleasantness. The quartette were sent for trial.

It seems that a large portion of the town of Levis is built upon the Jesuit's estate property, for the restoration of which through-out the Province a regular claim is confidently expected to be set up shortly.

The Montreal Harbour Commissioners show an increased revenue for the month of August over the same month of last year of \$3,000, and of tonnage by 8,299 tons. For the season the decrease is about 3 per cent.

A shocking tatal accident occurred at Quebec. A young man named Costelow, son of a Government contractor of that name, fell to the street below from the dome of a two-storey house, on which he was working, and was instantly killed.

On Thursday, at Chatham, a man named Green fell from a scaffold on R. O. Smith's new building. His leg was broken in two places; several ribs were broken and he was injured internally. He is still alive, but no hopes of his recovery are entertained.

Considerable opposition was manifested at Montreal to the Canada Pacific Railway being allowed to take up St. Louis, Champ de Mars, and other streets with their proposed railway depot. It is believed that they will carry the scheme to completion notwithstanding the opposition made.

The number of men in camp at Levis is 670, the whole under the command of the commandant of the Seventh Military District, Lieut.-Col. Duchesnay, D.A.G., with Lieut.-Col. Dorsonsens, as Brigade Major. The men drill thrice a day, two hours each time. General Luard is expected in a few days.

An interesting feature of the London Camp is the Young Men's Christian Association tent, a large marquee in which reading matter and stationery is provided for the volunteers free of charge, while a parlour organ and a good choir furnish music for the religious services, which are held daily at 3 and 7.30 p. m.

Ralph Gular, a farmer living near Niagara Falls, had his barn fired on Wednesday and totally consumed with its contents, a valuable team of horses, nine hogs, 275 bushels of oats, seven tons of hay, and a quantity of grain, farm implements, etc. The loss is not known. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

The American canal boat Earl & Skinner, from Hoboken, with coal to Messrs. Bennett & Co., has been seized by the custom authorities at Quebec for some infraction of the customs regulations. It seems some of the vessel's cargo was sold on the passage down, and no report of the transaction was made at the custom house.

At Teeswater, on Thursday, a little girl aged 7, daughter of John E. Kennedy, was crossing the river on a plank, she was blown off by a sudden gust of wind, falling a distance of about twenty feet and striking on the stone work below. Her face and head were badly cut and one arm shockingly mangled. She will likely recover.

A disgraceful affair happened at Jones Falls, near Kingston, at the wake of a man. Some got to betting on the weight of the corpse. To prove which was right they took the corpse out of the coffin and carried it a quarter of a mile to a hotel where it could be weighed. Thence they went to a spring, gave the corpse a drink of water, and tried to pour whiskey down the throat.

Frances A. Smith, the daughter of the late Major Hiram B. Mills, has come out in public with a statement over her own signature, in which she recapitulated the story originally published. She insists that she has a claim upon her father's estate, and has documents with her to prove it. These she has handed over to Messrs. Abbott, Tait & Abbott, Montreal, who have her case in hand.

An item for the household says, "If the water in which new cabbage is boiled is changed once or twice it will be less likely to be indigestible." Perhaps it will, and persons who are in the habit of drinking water in which new cabbage is boiled should heed the suggestion; but as long as water is so cheap we shall continue to take ours raw.—*Norristown Herald*.

The weary husband, as he proceeds to take down the clothes-line, unconsciously trips over a croquet arch, and from the bottom of his feet wishes he was where the wickets cease from troubling.

An engagement is reported in Tunis to have occurred near Kairouan, in which the French lost 50 killed and the Arabs 150.

Columbus and His Sailors.

When we think how superstition, retiring from the world, still keeps its grasp upon the sailors of to-day, we can imagine how it must have ruled the ignorant seamen of Columbus. The thoughtful, lonely ways of their admiral made him only an object of terror; they yielded to him with wonderful submission, but it was the homage of fear. The terror reached its climax when they entered the vast "Sargasso Sea," a region of Gulf-weed—a tract of ocean as large as France, Humboldt says—through which they sailed. Here at last, they thought, was the home of all the monsters depicted in the charts, who might at any moment rear their distorted forms from the snaky sea-weed, "Like demons' endlong tresses, they sailed through."

At the very best, they said, it was an inundated land (*Uerras anegades*—probably the fabled sunken Island Atlantis, of which they had heard; whose slime, tradition said, make it impossible to explore that sea, and on whose submerged shallows they might at any time be hopelessly swamped or entangled. "Are there no graves at home," they asked each other, according to Herrera, "that we should be brought here to die?" The trade-winds, afterwards called by the friars "winds of mercy," because they aided in the discovery of the New World, were only winds of despair to the sailors. They believed that the ships were sailing down an inclined slope, and that to return would be impossible, since it blew always from home. There was little to do in the way of trimming sails, for they sailed almost on a parallel of latitude from the Canaries to the Bahamas. Their severest labor was in pumping out the leaky ships. The young adventurers remained listlessly on deck, or played the then fashionable game of *primero*, and heard incredulously the daily reports told by Columbus of the rate of sailing. They would have been still more incredulous had they known the truth. "They sighed and wept," Herrera says, "and every hour seemed like a year."

The same Spanish annalist compares Columbus to St. Christopher in the legend bearing the infant Christ across the stream on his shoulders; and the explorer has often been painted in that character in those days. But the weight that Columbus had to bear up was a wearisome and unworthy load. Sometimes they plotted to throw him overboard by a manoeuvre (*con disimulacion*, Herrera says), intending to say that he fell in while star-gazing. But he according to Peter Martyr, dealt with them now by winning words, now by encouraging their hopes (*blandis modo verbis, amplaspe modo*). If they thought they saw land, he encouraged them to sing an anthem; when it proved to be but a cloud, he held out the hope of land to-morrow. They had sailed August 3, 1492, and when they had been out two months (October 3), he refused to beat about in search of land, though he thought they were near it, but he would press straight through to the Indies. Sometimes there came a contrary wind, and Columbus was cheered by it, for would convince his men that the wind did not always blow one way, and that by patient waiting they could yet return to Spain.

As the days went on the signs of land increased, but very slowly. When we think of the intense impatience of the passengers on an ocean steamer after they have been ten long days on the water, even though they know precisely where they are, and where they are going, and that they are driven by mechanical forces stronger than winds and waves, we can imagine something of the feelings of Columbus and his crew as the third month wore on. Still there was no sign of hope but a pelican to-day and a crab to-morrow; or a drizzling rain without wind—a combination which was supposed to indicate nearness to the land. There has scarcely been a moment in the history of the race more full of solemn consequences than that evening hour when, after finding a carved stick and a Hawthorn branch, Columbus watched from the deck in the momentary expectation of some glimpse of land. The first shore light is a signal of success and triumph to sailors who cross the Atlantic every three weeks. What then was it to the patient commander who was looking for the first gleam from an unknown world?—T. W. HIGGINSON, in *Harper's Magazine for October*.

Health Item.

About a year ago the smallpox prevailed to some extent in Austin, and there were great apprehensions at the time of the dread disease becoming epidemic. It was during this excitement that a sad-eyed colored man entered a pawnbroker's store on Austin Avenue with a blanket under his arm, which he offered as collateral security for a temporary loan of a dollar. The contracting parties disagreed on financial issues, the pawnbroker asserting with considerable positiveness, that he was inviting financial ruin to take possession of him if he advanced more than a slick quarter on the blanket, while the negro stated if the times were not so panicky, five dollars would be no inducement for him to part with the blanket.

"Why, you are out of your mind," said the pawnbroker, running his arm through a hole in the blanket. "It was not worth three dollars when it was new."

"I know dat, boss, but I hates to part wid dat blanket on account ob de tender recollections connected wid it."

"Eh?" exclaimed the alarmed pawnbroker.

A pearly drop ran down the dusky nose, and as he tried to swallow a big lump the colored man said, "Dat blanket belonged to my wife's mudder, who died yesterday wid de smallpox, but yer can hab it for a quarter."

People wondered why the colored man with a blanket came out of the shop in haste, as if fired out of a cannon, but he knew why. He wanted to get a good start, so as to beat a load of buckshot, with which the pawnbroker was preparing to vaccinate him.—A. E. SWEET, in *EDITOR'S DRAWER, Harper's Magazine for October*.

It is stated at St. Petersburg that the convicts in the prison at Rhetan have revolted. The soldiers were sent to suppress them. A struggle ensued, in which forty convicts were killed.

ASHION CHAT.

White Danish kid gloves of exaggerated length are worn by bridesmaids.

Many rich dresses have velvet collars and cuffs and dispense with any white lace next the flesh.

Mantles next Fall will all be lined with some bright color, gold, blue, red or pink. Gold will be preferred.

The ready-made light woolen costumes for Autumn wear are very attractive, both in quality and in price.

The new colors show many faded tapestry shades, and it is the caprice of the season to label these new shades old.

Embroidery will to a certain extent hold a prominent place in the higher grades of garnitures imported for next season.

Crinoline is gradually becoming popular. Bustles are worn quite large, giving an expanded expression to the entire skirt.

Sailor hats, trimmed with a wide band of ribbon, with some upright loops at one side, are the latest revival for young ladies' wear.

A singular fashion is that of wearing officers' collars and cuffs of red embroidered with gold over walking jackets of cloth, surcoat or stockinet.

New Parisian corsets show the fronts of the basque continued into long panels, which reach nearly to the foot of the underskirt. This is a favorite style at present.

Straw fans brought from Tuscany are accompanied by a parasol of straw, and worn with white muslin dresses that have yellow satin or brown velvet ribbon ornaments.

The flatly folded scarfs worn by gentlemen are much used by ladies with their Norfolk jackets and tailor-made cheviot dresses. Those of foulard or pique are most liked for the present season.

White will be worn both for day and evening dress for many weeks to come, and white dresses upon the promenade will be seen until the cold days of Autumn shall render this "huele's hue" inappropriate.

In the arrangement of the coiffure, heavy bangs, "Montagues," or thick rings of hair, are now considered "lad form" by the most fashionable people, and only the light est babyish flush of hair now shades the forehead.

Ladies who have small shawls of French or Spanish lace can utilize them as fichus by gathering them up slightly upon the shoulders and at the back, across the waist-line, and belting them in over the points, front and back.

Though the popularity of the Jersey bodice seems greatly to have subsided abroad, it appears to find increasing favor with American ladies, it being too trim, compact and comfortable to be abolished for a waist of fewer desirable qualities.

Half-high bodices are coming rapidly into favor for evening wear. They are cut away about three inches from the neck all around, and are usually worn with lace, or transparent, beaded sleeves, which reach to the gloves that quite cover the elbows.

The most elegant collars are of sheer linen in a straight band, with a pattern of drawn-work near one edge and Venetian lace turned up on the other edge. When the ends meet in front the lace is gathered very full and tied by narrow ivory-white satin ribbon that gives the effect of a lace bow.

Ribbon in velvet, moire and satin is worn in the greatest profusion on dresses and mantles as sashes, flat-bows for draping scarfs and tunics, papillon bows scattered over flounces and puffings, and loops pendant over kiltings, peeping from amid waves of lace or forming the edge to bodice and tunic.

Some of the newly-imported polonaises are made with open bodices, square or heart-shaped, or in a long V, the point reaching to the belt. The opening is usually edged with a plaited ruching, or with embroidery or applique bands of beaded work. Underneath this opening is worn a plastron of velvet or chemisette of lace.

The newest fashion in Paris—that of wearing black underclothing—has become the favorite amongst the women of the highest aristocracy. The undergarments like those of the eastern odalisques, are composed usually of silk, generally of what is called foulard des Indes. From head to foot the Parisian ladies appear, when divested of the outer robe, as just emerging from an ink bath—the stockings of black silk, the slippers of black velvet, the corsets of black satin, adorned with black lace, and the petticoats of black surah, filled around the bottom with a stiff mousse of black illusion or net.

The Upas Valley Story Exploded.

Another romantic tradition has been refuted, another thrilling illusion dispelled, by Dr. Otto Kuntz's discovery that the lethal capacities of Pakaraman, the renowned Japanese Death Valley, are as utterly fabulous as the Norwegian Kraaken or Richard of Gloucester hump. It is no longer permitted to us to believe that the effects of the subtle poison given off by the "Deadly Upas Tree" have bestrewn that dismal vale with countless carcasses of savage beasts, serpents, and birds, or that a certain death awaits any foolhardy traveller attempting to cross it; for the eminent German explorer has paid Pakaraman an exhaustive visit, and reports it to be as healthy as any other part of the island. In the way of corpses he did not see so much as a dead fly within its precincts. He describes it as a small circular depression in a gorge of the Dieng mountains, about seven square meters in size, and forlorn of vegetation. It is approached by two footpaths, winding downwards from the hills by which it is surrounded. By one of these paths Dr. Kuntz entered the death valley, despite the entreaties of his guides and servants, one of whom repeatedly strove to hold him back by force, and, having traversed Pakaraman in every direction, quitted it by the other path. The natives had assured him that he would find the valley choked up by skeletons, as even the swiftest birds flying above it would drop down some-dead, slain by its poisonous exhalations. In vain, however, did he look about for a single bone: nor could he detect the least unpleasant odor. Dr. Kuntz pronounces Pakaraman to be an imposture, the off-spring of ignorance and superstition. Unable to dispute his sentence, we are bound, not altogether without regret, to relegate the death-dealing vale to the limbo of exploded myths.—*London Telegraph*.