

LATE NEWS NOTES.

Prince Krapotkine is suffering from congestion of the brain.

The Pope has replied to the letter from the Emperor William.

Prince Jerome denies that he aspires to the French dynasty by divine right.

Count Hylan Rheydt has received and resumed his duties as Austrian Minister of War.

There is no chance of M. Fallieres being present in the Senate during the debate on the expulsion bill.

A number of armed explorers, under Austrian officers, have left Belgium to join Stanley in the Congo expedition.

Three thousand pounds, balance of the Duchess of Marlborough's relief fund, will be devoted to assisting Irish emigration.

Sir Stafford Northcote has left Nice for London. The Prince of Wales, the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, left a day or two later.

The Grand Jury has returned a true bill for seditious libel against O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*; also, a true bill against Dowling for the murder of policeman Cox.

Subscriptions have been opened in the County Wicklow to present Mr. Parnell with a testimonial for his purpose of clearing off the mortgage on the estate.

Extra precautions have been taken to ensure the safety of the Ministers. Two Irish detectives followed Earl Spencer as an escort to Lord Granville's residence.

Two convicts, one supposed to be Walsh, the Clerkenwell Fenian, has been examined at the Treasury. It is stated that most important evidence was obtained.

Whatever the vote in the Senate on the expulsion bill, M. Thibaudin, Minister of War, will request M. Grevy to sign a decree placing the Orleans princes on the retired list of the army.

M. St. Hilaire denounces the expulsion bill as useless, unjust and dangerous. Everything sought to be accomplished by it was unfair.

In the Folketheng, the left moved the appointment of a committee to ascertain the position of Danish subjects abroad, especially those in Schleswig.

There have been serious riots among the students at Warsaw in consequence of the professor lecturing on Polish literature in the Russian language.

The Amir of Afghanistan has reached Jellalabad. He will visit India during March in reference to the difficulty with the Radshak of Kumar.

The German Reichstag Committee has resolved to prosecute Deputies Geyser and Frohne, Socialists, for the improper use of railway passes.

The White Star Line Steamship Company have subscribed to the Cork Exhibition, and offer to carry free a hundred tons of American exhibits.

The Socialists at Xeres, Spain, have condemned and murdered a peasant. Fourteen persons accused of complicity in the crime have been arrested.

30,000 tons of new shipping has been ordered on the Clyde in the past fortnight, including two steamers for the North German Lloyds Co.

A schooner has been wrecked near Port-ferry, Ireland, and five sailors drowned. Another is wrecked near the Shetland Islands, and the whole crew drowned.

A note to the Powers announces the rupture of the relations between Montenegro and Turkey, because the latter failed to agree to the accessions of territory on the frontier.

Ashton Wentworth Dilke, Liberal, has accepted the stewardship of Her Majesty's Caithern Hundreds, that making vacant his seat in the House of Commons for Newcastle-upon Tyne.

The Emperor of China has telegraphed his congratulations to the Crown Prince of Germany on the occasion of his silver wedding. This is the first telegram ever sent by a Chinese sovereign to a European Prince.

Sarah Bernhardt's jewels have been sold. Those in attendance at the sale were principally dealers and representatives of the *demimonde*. Her necklace of rare diamonds sold for 24,000 francs, and two bracelets fetched 8,000 francs each.

Prussia's not on the Bundesrath for an increase of the duties on timber is constantly opposed. It is thought it will only be adopted after having been greatly modified. The bill for fortifying the harbours has been dropped for this session.

A London correspondent says: The illness of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck is the current topic. There are grave reasons for believing much is kept back from the public on the subject. The anxiety which the Kaiser has displayed to have cordial relations with the Powers, his transmission of a friendly letter, and the Imperial promise to order the modifications of the May laws, are thought to point to the fact that Germany is beginning to feel the need of greater neutrality on the continent.

Letting \$800 Drop.

A solemn looking citizen appeared at Police Headquarters yesterday, and beckoning the chief into a private room said:

"You know that \$800 robbery at my house that I reported yesterday morning?"

"Certainly, and I have put two of our best men on the case, and—"

"Well, I—ahem—I have decided not to pursue the matter. You needn't take any further steps. In fact—"

"You don't mean to say that you have recovered the money?"

"Oh! no—not at all."

"Found a clue, eh?"

"Well, no-o, not exactly. The fact is the money was taken out of my trousers pockets at night, and—and—this morning my wife had sent home a new sealskin sack."

"Ah."

"And so you see I have about concluded to let the matter drop—let the matter drop," and with a deep sigh the bereaved husband drifted out.—*San Francisco Post.*

VALENTINE POETRY.

A Fair Maker of the Prodnut who is Late for This Season but Early for Next.

"A Poetess" has been advertising to write valentine poetry to order. "She is behind time," said one of the principal manufacturers of valentines, "for this season, and a little early for next. There are not many valentine writers, and I don't think if you hunted them over you would find one distinguished name among them, or even one that you had ever heard of before. Most of my original ones are written by a lady in Bangor, Me. She writes also for another house 8 ms of her relatives were in the business, and she possessed natural talents for it; and so in that way she got into it, and, once in, keeps right along. The late A. J. Fisher, who was a leading publisher of valentines, used to write his own mostly. I don't know exactly what his best hold was, whether it was the purely comic, the vengefully satirical or the gushingly sentimental. The lady in Bangor is best in the last line. It doesn't require a really very powerful poetic genius to grind out valentine poetry. When you can get an idea fit for a verse you can sort of model it over a few times. For instance:

As on the gold the diamond bright doth shine,
So thou upon my heart doth glow, my Valentine.

"And then again, by a slight twist of the wrist, you get:

As in the gold the ruby's gleam doth shine,
So in my heart thy image sits, my Valentine.

"Or, by a slight wrench to the crank:

Like a sparkling glow in the juice of the vine,
Are thy eyes in my heart, my Valentine.

"Same idea, you see; reels off just as easy as yarn off a ball. Lots of our valentine poetry we sort of pick up. Newspapers sometimes have poetical fancies in them that we happen to drop on, and occasionally we can chop out a good chunk of heart throbbing love where you'd hardly notice it, and where the poet who originally wrote it wrote himself be sort of surprised at the discovery. Of course we might doctor it up a little—make it trump in a little better for our uses, you know but we would keep the original idea fairly, nevertheless.

Another dealer in the most expensive sort of imported and hand-made valentines said: "There is hardly any novelty in the imported lace-paper valentines. The same things that were good enough for us when we were young and spooney, if made over fresh, are good enough for those that are young and spooney now, and will for their grandchildren when they begin to get soft about the heart fifty years from now. But for a few years past there has been a growing fancy for hand-painted valentines, some of which are very expensive, and for them there is some demand for original poetry. That is probably the trade that 'the poetess' is striking for. Acrostics are popular in them. They are poorly paid for as a rule, for they are not much in demand—the verses, I mean. The hand-painted valentines are well paid for, you may be sure, and their manufacture is conducted in quite a private way. But the people who order them, as a general thing, grind out their own lovesick doggerel, and no matter how bad it is the girl who gets it will think it divine if a diamond ring is part of the valentine, as it sometimes is. That poetess won't go to Europe next summer on the profits of her valentine writing, I'll bet.—*New York Sun.*

LIVING UP TO A TEAPOT.

A Tale of a Lonely Life.

Wishing not to appear eccentric, but to follow the fashion, I resolved to live up to a Teapot. Therefore, my own little tin-plated one, price sixpence, having sprung a leak, I bought me another, a blue-and-white Japanese Teapot at a grocer's shop in the Strand—cost, five shillings. I had previously lived on a scale of living up to a sixpenny Teapot only—on oatmeal porridge for breakfast principally, and sometimes bread and butter. A legacy from a lamented distant relation enabled me to live up to a superior Teapot—a crown Teapot. So I not only began to breakfast on eggs, but added bloaters likewise to my morning meal, kippered herring also, and smoked salmon, salt haddock, sardines, ham and tongue, brawn, potted meats, and rashers of bacon; besides a considerable variety of other little tiny kickshaws and toys. I did, I flattered myself, live up to my Teapot in some measure. But very soon the Teapot I had been living up to as well as ever I was able by the gratification of my appetite with all manner of good things, came to grief in the kitchen. My maid-of-all-work broke off the tip of its spout. The jagged edges of the fracture caused the tea to dribble on to my tablecloth and then that Teapot was to be lived up to no more. Never trust a Teapot to which you intend living up, to the care of servants. She to whom I had unwisely confided my Teapot supplied me, pending doubt as to procuring another, with a temporary substitute in her own. This was a moderately-sized, globular, glazed black Teapot of earthenware. There was no painting upon it at all, but the Teapot, itself, I discovered, drew admirably. When I say "drew," I mean that it extracted the soluble constituents of my tea so effectually as to make my tea twice as strong again as it used to be made in the Teapot I had chosen to live up to. I will not, therefore, now purchase a new expensive Teapot for my servant to break, but shall stick to the old one—cost, eighteen pence—a Teapot which she will probably take good care of, and which in future will be decidedly the Teapot to live up to for my money.—*Punch's Almanack.*

A Scotch terrier, belonging to Philips, late housekeeper at the Legislature building, Toronto, has died of grief at his death.

The Lord Mayor of London, receiving a deputation asking him to open a fund for the relief of the distress in Western Ireland, said the speeches of O'Donnell and others at the meeting from which the deputation emanated were certain to frustrate the success of any fund traceable to such an agency. He was, however, willing to receive contributions, and if the amount justified it, eventually to open a fund. The Press generally approve of the reply of the Lord Mayor to the Irish deputations.

CURRENCY.

A Washington girl can blush till her nose bleeds.

The French War Office has restored the drum to all infantry regiments, and each company is again on its taps.

Yes, man is a creature of habit. Once let him contract the habit of binging his tobacco and he'll never buy another ounce.

A French writer says the art of giving a dinner is a lost art. Then why not advertise and find it again?

There are people malicious enough to say that the rest which Jay Gould wants is the rest of the railroads.

The one great fault of this life is the readiness with which man accepts the circus bill for the show inside the canvas.

An Indianapolis man broke two ribs while making a boss blow on a lung-tester the other day. What a blessing for Indiana that he never took to oratory.

A Brooklyn grocer put 6,250 beans in a glass jar, and the guessing ranged all the way from 550 to 25,000. It is one thing to know beans and another to estimate numbers.

The Oswego *Palladium* was sued for \$5,000, and the verdict left only the single figure 5. It looks sort of mean for an editor to beat a man out of \$4,895 and then crow over it.

There must be a conspiracy of six different persons in orders to beat the government on the whiskey tax, and yet if it needed a round dozen it would be no trouble to form a ring.

The Washington monument will stop this season at 342 feet. And this is the difference between it and the average Washington politician for he stops at 0.

Dr. Wild, of Toronto, announces that Adam was seven feet high. This would seem to indicate that the garden of Eden was located somewhere in Kentucky.

New England contributes nothing to the history of horrible accidents this year. But there's no use taking this to the spinster lady whose cat was run over by an ice cart.

Three hundred and fifty tons of ice will be stored for cooling Auburn Prison next summer, says a State paper. Ah! Now we know why a jail is called "the cooler."

A man at Lawrence, Mass., didn't know how he was to spend February and March in Florida, but some one proposed a fair; he was made Treasurer, and the \$450 enabled him to skip.

An exchange says that dogs under favorable circumstances, live to be 30 years old; and *Puck* suggests that "favorable circumstances" probably means a family without boys or neighbors.

An Iowa grocer who refused to trust a woman for a pound of logwood was nearly killed by a blow from an axe-helve. When a woman wants to dye an old shawl she is prepared to surmount all obstacles.

A man in Summerville, Ga., sneezed so vigorously that he yanked his spinal column out of place. If he had swallowed the sneeze instead of letting it fly he would have burst into more than a million fragments.

One of the fire escapes in a New York hotel leads to the cellar, dark as pitch and having only one door and a narrow stairway to reach the street. But it's a fire escape, and guests snooze away as contented as salamanders.

A peasant in Sweden never passes a fellow-peasant without a polite lifting of his hat. This explains why so many Swedes come to this country. They come to avoid catching cold in the head.

Human bones have been found in the debris of the old postoffice in New York. They are supposed to be the remains of people who were reckless enough to loiter the stamp clerk while he was reading the last novel.

The *Lancet* says that women often wear a weight of clothing such as few men would care to carry. This is sheer nonsense. There are many men who would carry the clothes, with the women inside of them.

A pension agent in Natchez secured a negro widow a pension of \$1,000, and promptly handed over \$150, taking the remaining \$850 as his fee. It is a pleasure to hear of a man now and then who believes in the good old adage: "Live and let live."

The Buffalo *Express* has its opinion of a clergyman who insists upon kissing the bride after the groom has taken him aside and requested him not to as a special favor. The groom should not make such a request unless she has a cold-sore on her lip.

The latest addition to the British Museum is Nebuchadnezzar's door-step, careful examination of which shows certain marks of wear which indicate that Neb.'s daughter had a young man. Human nature doesn't change much, though years roll on.

Claremont, N. H., has a cooking club composed of young lady graduates of the high school. After passing four years in eating pickled limes and writing notes to the boys, with a few incidental recitations, they are settling down to something practical.

A poor young girl in Mexico is given the cold shake by her lover and wanders by the murmuring sea with intentions of drowning herself. An oyster washes up, she carelessly picks it up, and lo! a pearl worth \$5,000 slips into her palm. That's the way Mexican papers palm it off on their readers.

When an American war vessel reaches Washington from a point a few hundred miles distant the fact is telegraphed all over the country. That a government war vessel should reach Washington safely, after a voyage of a few hundred miles seems to be regarded as a remarkable achievement.

The Hand of Death on a Baby's Face.

A correspondent tells of an event happening many years ago in the country near Hagerstown, Md. A baby born with a fire mark on her face was taken to where an old colored woman was lying dead, and her ice-cold hand was rubbed repeatedly over the mark, it being a superstition that by so doing the mark would disappear. The mother of the girl declares that from that moment the mark faded away and in a few months was entirely gone. The girl is now 19 years old, with a complexion of rare purity.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES' SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy and Pointed.

The ice has vanished from Odessa harbour.

The Dominion Conference has opened at London.

Prussia is agitating for an increase of the timber duties.

Archbishop McCale, of Ireland, is better, but is still feeble.

The ship Bramletye lost four of her crew on the voyage to Hull.

Ex-Gov. Davis, Texas, is dead, of pneumonia, after a short illness.

At the close of the present session the Marquis of Lorne will go to England.

At St. Louis, Henry Dress killed his wife and then himself by cutting his throat.

The treasurer of the Garfield monument fair reports the net proceeds about \$7,000.

Two American companies have applied for charters to build a ships' canal across Cape Cod.

Mr. Andrew Broder has received the Liberal-Conservative nomination for Dundas.

A report has reached Cairo that the Egyptians in Soudan have yielded to the False Prophet.

The Leishman-Beattie case has been dismissed owing to the flight of the prosecutor.

The alarming message from the steamer *Nederland* is regarded by her owners as a miserable joke.

The missing steamer *Quebec* has been spoken, and is expected to arrive at Liverpool in a day or two.

A fire broke out in the Grand Trunk sheds at Hemmingford and in a few moments they were destroyed.

Thus far 200 Quarterly Boards of the Methodist Church of Canada have voted union to 14 against.

It is reported that Mr. Smith, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, has also been appointed Secretary to the new Speaker.

The feeling of uneasiness in Paris still continues and business is stagnant. The public yearn for a strong government.

Charles Lewis, of Detroit, took three-quarters of an ounce of laudanum, but prompt medical attention saved his life.

The Spanish Council of Ministers has decided to treat 40,000 slaves, whom their masters neglected to register in 1870, as free men.

The floods in the Ohio Valley, which it was hoped had subsided, have received fresh additions, and the river is now rapidly rising.

Postmaster Townsend, of Wheaton, Mich., is in a critical condition, from the attack of a rough named Saunders whom he refused to trust.

The Washington Ways and Means Committee of the house of representatives have resolved to recommend that the duty on iron ore be placed at fifty cents a ton.

The investigation into the loss of the *Cimbrina* attracts much attention at Hamburg, and a criminal prosecution against the Sultan's captain is spoken of.

The Canada Manufacturing Company, Montreal, appears to have found a deficiency of \$20,000 by the action of Henry Thomas, their late manager.

A prominent Montreal saloon keeper issued placards announcing that he would bet \$75 to \$5 against any and all single numbers in the London Lottery.

Mr. George Beaudet, a son of one of Quebec's leading French merchants, is about to put into practice the knowledge he acquired at the Guelph Agricultural College.

The Quebec Ultramontane journal are endeavoring to throw cold water upon the proposed public banquet to Mayer Langelier of Quebec, because it is to be given in Lent.

An attempt was made to eject an Irish family named Carigan from a tenement in Montreal by the authorities, when a mob gathered and attacked Mr. Prezeau, the landlord.

A bar-tender named Howard is in charge of the police for attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself into a hole in the ice-bridge at Quebec while laboring under *delirium tremens*.

The mail train going south from Owen Sound stuck in a snow drift at Markdale recently, and remained there. The passengers stayed in the village.

Dowling, a coloured porter on the sleeper, "Monroe," when leaving Essex Centre, was in the act of putting coal in the stove when he fell over bleeding profusely from the mouth, and died immediately.

A Lunatic's Life in Prison.

The following very pathetic story was telegraphed from Uniontown, Pa., a day or two ago. William Stafford known throughout Fayette county as "Crazy Billy," died this morning in the county jail, where he had been a prisoner over fifty-one consecutive years. In 1831 Billy drove Alexander Brov and his wife out of their house in Spring Hill township. The neighbors came to Brov's rescue, and by stratagem overpowered Billy, who was armed with Crow's butcher's knife, and axe. Billy was sent to Uniontown for trial. Soon afterward William Updegraff was locked up for drunkenness, and during the night Billy asked a stick of wood whether he should kill Updegraff. The billet said "Yes," and Billy crushed in the drunkard's skull. The following June Billy was tried and acquitted on account of insanity. For eighteen years he was chained by the leg to the floor of his cell. Since 1848 he has been allowed much liberty, being harmless. Eighteen sheriffs have gone in and out of office while Billy was a prisoner. Four ex-sheriffs will serve as pall-bearers at his funeral, and the entire bar will attend. Billy was about 80 years old, and was born in England, but beyond this nothing is known of his early history. Just before he died he called for his mother, saying "Dear mother." This was the only time he was ever known to refer in any way to anyone connected with his childhood.

OLD ST. VALENTINE.

A Few Thoughts about St. Valentine's Day.

Hardly has the beauty of the book-store windows with their varied splendour of Christmas cards, become familiar to us before good St. Nicholas is compelled to give place to one who is just as familiar to every one—good St. Valentine. While the former has the team of reindeers, the latter has no companion but a little cherub with a bow and arrows, who has wounded more hearts and set them throbbing wildly than any other mythical god in ancient or modern history. The stocks of valentines have been displayed in the shop windows, and many a coy maiden has stood before them perplexed to think which might be sent to her, while at the same time her little fingers were feeling the coins in her pocket, and inwardly wondering which would be the sweetest, the nicest and the most appropriate to send to him she loves the best. How many young ladies have looked forward to the 14th with impatience. What a beautifully foolish old custom this is of sending valentines, to be sure! It may tend to make Post-office clerks and delivery men profane, but how many bright eyes are the brighter, and happy hearts the happier for it?

BEHOLD THE LITTLE MAIDEN

receiving it from the postman, who looks at her shyly, while she tries to appear unconscious that the billet in her hand is a valentine. Behold her hide it in her bosom and fly at the first opportunity to the sacred inner temple of her own room, and if one might be permitted to follow her there he would see a sight. She would open it and admire it and if it was from the right one maybe she would kiss it. Girls will be foolish over these things; you know, and Valentine's day, like Christmas, comes but once a year. She feels it is a little triumph, a pretty little conquest, and that valentine will be stored away in that mysterious little receptacle which contains all that she cherishes most, and every article in which is a chapter in the beautiful story of her heart. And some day in that shadowy future that is yet to come she will show it to her children and cry over it, just a little. She may never have received a valentine before, she may never get one again, but that foolish little nothing of a valentine

WILL MARK A SPOT

on the road she travelled when a girl, where there were nothing but roses, and birds, and a smiling sky. Perhaps she will keep it on the parlor table, so that she may enjoy the exquisite pleasure of being teased by the other girls about it. Who knows indeed what she will do with it? Perhaps she will put it in a fresh envelope and send it to one she loves better. It's hard to say! If some young fellows who are much addicted to sending valentines only knew what became of them, they would straight-way become wiser and sadder men. The invalid sister will get one from her brother on the sly, for he knows that it will flush her pale cheek and set her wandering into fairy land. Perhaps one boy will send one to his mother just for a joke, and then giggle the secret out before night. How many girls will take a deep and awful revenge on truant lovers by sending them those hideous caricatures that the small boy admires so much! When one looks into the shop windows he wonders where they will all go, and if he hasn't money enough to buy one he will call the whole thing a nuisance and pity the post men.

Tea—Its Varieties, &c.

In reply to the questions of a correspondent, the *American Cultivator* says that arranged in the order of their excellence, the different kinds of tea are as follows: The green teas are Gunpowder, Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson-skin and Twankay; the black teas are Pekoe, Souchong, Congou and Bohea. Hyson consists of leaves gathered in the Spring; Young Hyson, of leaves collected in the early part of the same season. Gunpowder is a more carefully picked Hyson, the best rolled and rounded leaves being selected. Hyson-skin is the refuse of Hyson. Pekoe consists of the plant gathered early in the Spring, and is sometimes called "White-blossom tea," from having mixed with it, to give it a higher perfume a few blossoms of a species of olive, a native of China. The inferior qualities are made, as in the case of Hyson, from the second, third and fourth crops. For green teas, the leaves are heated in shallow pans over a brisk wood fire almost immediately after they are gathered. They are then thrown upon a table and rolled with the hands. Lastly, they are put again into the pan, and quickly dried, being kept in rapid motion by the hands of the workmen. Thus prepared, they are of a dullish green color, but become brighter afterwards. For black teas, the leaves are spread out in the air for some time after being gathered. They are then tossed about until they become soft and yielding, then they are thrown into heaps, and allowed to lie for about an hour, or a little longer, undergoing a slight fermentation. Afterward they are rolled upon a table, in the form of a ball, the object being to get rid of a part of the moisture, and at the same time to twist the leaves; and after being roasted in the pans, and exposed to the sun and air for a few hours, they are dried slowly over charcoal fires. The produce of different districts varies in quantity and flavor with the climate, the soil and the variety of the tea-plant cultivated, as well as with the period at which the leaves are gathered, and with the mode of drying them.

An extraordinary security was offered by a man who recently advertised in a Berlin newspaper for a loan. The advertisement ran as follows:—"A medical student whose means are exhausted would like to meet with some one who would advance him the necessary sum to complete his studies at a moderate rate of interest. If necessary he would as a guarantee at once marry his creditor's daughter, or, if he prefers it, would give an undertaking to do so on passing his examination."

Experienced lumbermen say that the supply of walnut is rapidly diminishing, and that fully three-fourths of the good stock throughout the country has been consumed within the last ten years.