

## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

James A. Garfield, who is studying law in Cleveland, is said to resemble his father in size, complexion, eyes, and manner. He promises well.

The Indiana Methodist Conference has condemned the use of tobacco as uncleanly and unhealthful, and the delegates promised to preach against it once each year.

A reckless 10-year-old in Belle Plain playing round the great artesian well there, which is still flowing furiously, fell into it; but the great force of the water threw him out again in short order.

Lord Randolph Churchill has little hair on the top of his head, and much on his upper lip. His hands are not at all up to the alleged aristocratic standard, being as large as any ploughman's.

The full name of the owner of Jay-Eye-See, the trotting horse, is Jerome Increase Case. He began business as a blacksmith forty years ago, and is now the owner of a large threshing machine manufactory in Illinois and is worth \$5,000,000.

George W. Cable, the novelist, was born left-handed, but has learned to use his right, and so is ambi-dextrous. He writes with either hand, usually making the first draft of a novel with his left hand and copying it for the printer with his right hand.

A religious enthusiasm of Los Angeles, Cal., thought he heard a voice commanding him to sell what he had and give to the poor. So he sent \$1,000 each to two benevolent societies of the place, leaving his family destitute. The money was sent to the crank's wife and children.

There is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer of the old cook in New Orleans when her young mistress told her of Wiggins's coming earthquake. "Go 'long, chile," she said "go 'long, wid yer nonsense! God-a-mity don't go and tell anybody what He's gwine ter do; He jes' go 'long and do it."

After the murder of the Rev. Mr. Haddock of Sioux City, Ia., the *Tribune* of that city started a fund for the benefit of his family. When the money was sent to Mrs. Haddock the other day she declined to receive it, on the ground that the *Tribune* was opposed to the temperance cause, to which many think her husband was a martyr.

A drunken man lay on the sidewalk in Norwich, Conn., guarded by his dog, who wouldn't permit a person to touch his master. Two policemen tried to club him off, but he dodged and remained. Finally they took a horse blanket, and, after several attempts, threw it over him, caught him and dragged him away, and then took his master to the police station.

A Kentucky planter was so pleased with the acting of a little girl in a play at Louisville, that the next day he sent her five large dolls to "amuse her when not at the theatre." This is the reply he received: "Kind friend, have just received your note and package containing the doll; thanks very much. The doll is very handsome. I showed it to my husband, and we think it will be great amusement for me."

When Long John Wentworth, renowned for an appetite commensurate with his size, returned home to Chicago the other day, he was congratulated on his improved personal appearance. "That's because I ain't had any licker for some time," he explained. "You see I've been visiting my brother, Col. Joseph Wentworth, at Concord. He's the Prohibition candidate for Governor; been a Prohibitionist all his life; so there was nothing to drink. Guess that's why I look so good."

The Lutheran *Observer* joins with other American newspapers in advocating changing the time for the national Thanksgiving Day from "bleak November to golden October." It says that November was chosen by the Puritans to bring the day near the Christmas time that it might take the place of that festival, to which they were opposed. But now that all Christians observe Christmas there is no reason for appointing Thanksgiving Day so late in the year.

The women's Christian Temperance Union of Burlington, N. J., are doing the same sort of work as did the Crusaders of Ohio some years ago, and last Sunday they made personal visits to the open saloons. At one the wife of the proprietor told them what she thought of them in most emphatic language. At another the proprietor listened patiently, accepted their tracts, and asked them to pray for him; and the temperance women went away much encouraged.

A young lawyer of Ellaville, Ga., bantered a young woman at a social gathering to marry him. To his evident surprise she told him to get the license. He wouldn't be bluffed, and got the license at once, while others of the party sent for a clergyman. He knew nothing of the joke, and when the pair entered the parlor arm in arm he thought it strange that the spectators laughed. But he began solemnly, while the party wondered which of the two would weaken first, and the contracting parties each wished that the other would ask the minister to stop. When the first question was asked the young man concluded that the affair had gone far enough, and he broke ranks and fled, much to the young woman's relief.

The use of the Suez Canal in moving the tea crop from China to America is rapidly being abandoned for the swifter means afforded by our transcontinental railways. In 1884 the bulk of the shipments were via the Suez Canal. In 1885 the shipments by that route to America were but 9,254,197 pounds, while San Francisco imports 12,496,187 pounds. This year the imports by way of San Francisco have reached 20,525,280 pounds, while those via the Suez Canal have fallen off to 7,592,049 pounds. From Yokohama to New York by the canal takes sixty days, by San Francisco 49 days. Insurance and freight charges are diminished, and the tea being fresher, is said to be better when brought by the latter route.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army gave a Toronto reporter this account of the naming of the Army: "One of my secretaries was writing a little tract, describing the movement, and he wrote on the title page, 'The Christian is a volunteer army.' I leaned over his shoulder, took his pen out of his hand, crossed out the word 'volunteer,' and wrote 'Salvation.' We liked the sound of it, seeing that it really described what the organization was—a body formed and united after the fashion of an army, with the purpose of delivering men from sin and the devil. So we adopted the name Salvation Army nine or ten years ago. The terms General, Captains, Lieutenants, &c., soon followed. The drums, flags, banners, and

the like were adopted gradually, in carrying on the purpose of attracting the people."

Russia is peculiarly rich in surprising sects and associations, but the most astonishing is the one lately brought to light bearing the ominous title of "The Red Death." Its members effect to believe that he who consciously permits another to suffer prolonged pain commits a mortal sin. In order to abbreviate the suffering of humanity it is a matter of conscience with them to kill the sick, that they may be put out of their pain quickly. The association takes its name from the fact that its executioners, dressed in red for the occasion, strangle their victim with a red cord, placing them for the purpose upon a red catafalque, beneath the dull reddish light of an oil lamp. This strange and horrible association was brought to light by the energetic opposition interposed by a man in Saratov when his mother and sister endeavored to strangle his sick wife. He called in the authorities, who have already arrested some forty members of the murderous sect. Their organization seems to be a transference from India to Muscovite soil of the worship of Bohwanee, the religion of the Thugs.

## Persecuting the Jews.

The American *Hebrew*, a Jewish paper published in New York, says:—

"Not long ago the cities of Rostow and Taganrog were annexed to a military district in which Jews were forbidden to dwell. As usual, a Senatorial Commission was appointed to consider the contingency, and this body has rendered its decision to the effect that the Jews should not or could not be permitted to remain in the newly created district, with the exception of merchants of the first guild and those who have secured real estate. This will enable some 4,000 wealthy Jews to remain in possession of their homes, while about 16,000 poor, helpless Jews will have to go forth upon the olden well-worn road of exile.

There may, however, yet remain a hope that that direful act may be averted if the voice of civilized humanity may be heard in reprobation of the dastardly act. In the long and terrible annals of political persecution and racial oppressions, there is not another instance of so cold-blooded and willfully atrocious an outrage as this. There is not any pretence of an accusation against these 16,000 outcasts; not any intimation of a popular desire for their expulsion; not any semblance of an uprising among the rabble against the Jew; not a whisper of charges or complaints against them; simply and solely for the topographical reason that the two cities are to be classed into a certain military district, where Jews are forbidden, and those 16,000 are to be driven forth to seek homes whithersoever they may.

We appeal, therefore, to the journalists of America to utter a brave word in behalf of these 16,000 who are threatened with expatriation. We appeal, therefore, to the ministers of America, who preach with word and act the gospel of peace and brotherly love and universal charity, to lift up their voices in eloquent and persuasive protest against this threatened desecration of all that religion teaches. Press, pulpit, and platform should speak the heart of America in reprobation of this heartless, godless deed.

## The Secret of Secrets.

The composition of the philosopher's stone was the prime problem of alchemy; and although many practitioners of the "holy art" declared that they had discovered the ingredients necessary to its production, they unkindly omitted to leave the prescription behind them. From the first there was a hot controversy as to whether the stone had a corporeal or merely an ethereal existence; and the discussion was conducted in language strong enough for a theological disputation. One adept declared that the stone consisted of common mercury "animated by the sulphur of gold and iron," another maintained that it was not a stone at all, but was at one and the same time mineral, vegetable and animal; another that it was a "mineral fire," continual, equal and never evaporating. The gibberish of the hermetic philosophy is somewhat vague reading, and when the writer does not know his own meaning the curious student may be pardoned for occasional lack of comprehension. As to the color of the "philosophical matter," there was the usual diversity of opinion. Florus, in "La Tourbe des Philosophes," says that it was black; to Zenon it was red, to Rosinus white on the surface and red inside. Another philosopher found that it had a red head, white feet, and black eyes. Others were not wanting to declare that it took upon occasions all the colors of the rainbow. Searchers who pretended to have found the stone said, some that it was light, others that it was heavy; it was also aerial, spongy, and mutable equally by fire, water, or even the wind. Morienus said that to touch it, was soft, but two such distinguished alchemists as Geber and Raymond Lullii opined that it was hard. Morienus, moreover, was able graphically to describe the odor of the philosopher's stone; it was sickly and like unto the stench of a charnel-house. Most of the other writers said that it had a pleasant perfume. Several of the adepts had tasted it, but they were quite unable to agree whether its taste was sweet or bitter.

## For Their Personal Comfort.

Paris is trying an experiment which has long ago been found to answer in Italy. On one of the boulevards a new establishment has been opened for the personal comfort of Parisians. You can wash your hands, have your clothes brushed, your boots cleaned. You can write your letters. Paper, pens, ink, etc., are at your disposal. In one room are all the newspapers, not merely of Paris and the Provinces, but of all the great Continental capitals. A third room is devoted to works of reference, encyclopedias, dictionaries and directories. There is a telephone and a post office, and all this is open to any passer-by who pays half-a-franc admission. The Italian idea did not go quite so far, but in some respects it was more useful. I was not a private speculation, but a Government concern. In fact, it was part of the working of the postal system of the country. You paid a penny entrance fee and found all the means of writing materials gratuitously. The French institution is a speculation, and if the building just opened on the Boulevard Montmartre succeeds, no doubt we shall see others established all over the capital.

A long-delayed monument to Berlioz will be unveiled on October 17th in Place Vintille, Paris.

## HOUSEHOLD.

### A WEEK OF PUDDINGS.

**SUNDAY.**—Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs. With the yolks make a boiled custard (with a pint of milk, and sugar to taste.) Dissolve five sheets of gelatine (the red gelatine gives the pudding a pretty pink tint) in three-fourths of a cupful of boiling water. When the custard has cooled, add the gelatine water and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth; flavor with vanilla, stir all together, and put it into a mould, or moulds. It will settle into three layers, and is a very pretty pudding, tasting much like Charlotte-Russe. (To be made on Saturday.)

**MONDAY.**—Wash a small cup of rice and put it into three pints of milk. Add a piece of butter half as large as an egg, a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt, cinnamon or nutmeg. Bake very slowly two hours and a half. After it has become hot enough to melt the butter, but not to brown the top, stir it (without moving the dish) from the bottom. (If raisins are to be used, put them in now, a good handful. They add much to the richness of the pudding, which is very good without, however, and easy to make for washing day.)

**TUESDAY.**—Into one pint of milk stir half a teaspoonful of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of flour, adding the milk a little at a time. Beat well the yolks of three eggs, and stir them into the mass. Lastly add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, and pour the mixture into six or eight hot buttered cups which should be in readiness. Place in a quick oven immediately, and bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. The cups should be about half full. Eat with the following sauce:—Mix half a cupful white sugar with a tablespoonful butter (the latter being in a bowl set in hot water), add three or four tablespoonfuls hot cream, and a tablespoonful of current jelly dissolved. To be served hot or cold. These puddings will rise like puffs in the oven, then sink and become creamy. They can be cooked while the preceding courses are being eaten, and are a quick addition to dinner on a busy baking-day.

**WEDNESDAY.**—One cup raisins stoned and chopped in half, one of chopped apples, one and a half of bread crumbs, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little nutmeg and cinnamon. Steam or boil in a bowl or mould three hours, and serve with a sweet liquid sauce. A pudding for ironing day, when a continuous hot fire is kept up.

**THURSDAY.**—Two ounces flour, two ounces sugar, two ounces butter, one pint milk, six eggs. Mix the flour smoothly in a little of the milk, make the remainder, with the sugar, hot; add the flour, stirring briskly until the milk boils, remove from the stove and add the butter. When slightly cool add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, then the whites. Bake in a pudding-dish or bowl set in a pan of boiling-water in the oven, one hour. Serve (with the sauce described for Tuesday,) as expeditiously as possible. The leisure of Thursday will allow the care necessary in the preparation of this pudding.

**FRIDAY.**—A cold pudding will be most convenient on sweeping-day, and must be made early. While preparing breakfast, set a pint of milk on the fire to boil. Dissolve two ounces of soluble chocolate in part of the hot milk, add it to the remainder, and remove from the fire. Add sugar to taste (more or less according to the sweetness of the chocolate), and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Bake as a custard. In the meantime beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with half a cup of sugar; when the pudding is cooked firm, but not watery, remove, and spread *meringue* over it. Return to the oven and lightly brown the top. To be eaten cold without a sauce.

**SATURDAY.**—Soak a teacupful of tapioca overnight in milk. The next day, stir into it the yolks of three eggs well-beaten, and a cupful of sugar. Place a quart of milk on the fire, let it come to the boiling-point, stir in the tapioca, and let the whole cook until it has thickened; then take it off the fire, and stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Flavor to taste. As this pudding is cooked on top of the stove, baking will not be interfered with.

## Saved by Kindness.

John Roach, the famous ship builder, believes in the laws of kindness, in dealing with erring men. Out of twenty-five thousand men employed by him first and last, there were seventy found guilty of criminal conduct. He saved sixty of them. This is his story of the way he reformed a "confirmed drunkard." The man was a "master workman."

"He had terrible sprees, and had them pretty often. He would come raving into the shop, disgracing himself and disgusting everybody. When sober he was penitent, and I forgave him and took him back again and again. I appealed to him till there seemed to be nothing else to appeal to. One morning he came in after one of his sprees and said: 'Mr. Roach, I want you to discharge me. You can't make anything of me. I have broken my promise and abused your trust over and over. You took me up when I had nothing to do, and you learned me your trade and paid me good wages, and have bore with my faults till it ain't human to ask you to bear any more. Now discharge me.'

"Mike," said I, 'I won't discharge you, but I'll let you resign. I'll write your resignation,' for an idea struck me, and I went to my desk and wrote:

"John Roach—Sir: You helped me when I was penniless. You gave me work when I was idle. You taught me when I was ignorant. You have always paid me well. You have borne with my infirmities over and over. But I have lost my self-respect, and have not enough regard for you or love for my wife and children to behave like a man, and therefore I hereby withdraw from your employment."

"I gave it to him, and said, 'I want you to promise me one thing, that you will always carry this with you, and that, when about to take a glass of liquor, you will take this out, read it, sign it and mail it to me before you drink.' He promised solemnly that he would. He stayed in my employ for years and was never drunk again."

Admiral Shestakoff, the Russian Minister of Marine, is expected to arrive at San Francisco, en route to Europe, some time during the month. He is traveling unofficially, but the U. S. Navy Department will tender him the customary courtesies during his visit in this country.

## IT IS MRS. WIGGINS.

### Responsible for Those Unfulfilled Predictions of Dire Portent.

Would it surprise our readers to know that the direful predictions of Wiggins—Wiggins, the foreteller of cyclones and earthquakes and tidal waves and all sorts of terrible events which never come to pass—are practically the work of a woman? Most likely it would. Yet such is the fact.

Along about 1870 a little village school away down near the backwoods of New Brunswick was presided over by a modest, unassuming young teacher named Ebenezer Wiggins. Notwithstanding that his appearance was by no means strikingly handsome, that he possessed only very mediocre talent, he managed to attract and interest Miss Gunhilda Davies, the pretty daughter of the farmer in whose house he boarded.

### GUNHILDA WAS THE BELLE

of the settlement, and at the picnic, husking bee, singing school or party there was always great rivalry among the village swains as to which of them should have the honor of being her cavalier. But after the advent of Wiggins she regarded all of these numerous admirers with lofty scorn and reserved all her favors for the pale-faced young schoolmaster. Her interest in him rapidly ripened into love, and one fine Spring morning, greatly to the disgust of the aforementioned village swains, Gunhilda and Wiggins were made one. Wiggins would have been content to continue his career as a schoolmaster, his highest ambition being at that time to get a situation in one of the city schools. But his wife was chuck full of ambition and determined to be a shining star in the great world of society. To be sure there were what would appear to be insuperable obstacles in the way of such an ambition for the wife of a poor country schoolmaster; but Gunhilda was as plucky and persistent as she was clever and pretty and she systematically set to work to attain her object. She determined as a first step in her upward career to obtain for her husband a government situation, and with that end in view applied to Sir Albert Smith, a Cabinet minister and member of Parliament for the district in which she resided. The result was that her husband received an appointment to a

### CLERKSHIP IN ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

at Ottawa, where the young couple at once took up their residence. Immediately after arriving there Gunhilda caused her husband to drop the unaristocratic prenomens of Ebenezer and to sign himself "E. Stone Wiggins." Stone being his mother's paternal name. But she was not long in finding out that neither a change in her husband's name nor in his condition had proved the passport to social recognition which she had expected. Her frequent failures, however, only spurred the indomitable Gunhilda on to fresh exertions. Her ready wit told her that before she could be received by "society" as she desired she must be something more than the wife of a subordinate government official; she must do something to distinguish herself. Her opportunity was not long coming, and when it did arrive she lost no time in taking advantage of it. The bill to legalize marriage

### WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER

which was then before the Canadian House of Commons, was occupying to a larger extent than any other measure the attention of the public, and the Episcopal bishop of Ontario—one of the most prominent and influential ecclesiastics in the Dominion—had delivered from the pulpit a bitter philippic against the proposed measure, which was printed in pamphlet form and circulated far and wide by the opponents of the bill. Shortly after this there appeared in the columns of the Ottawa Citizen a series of remarkable letters signed "Gunhilda," and entitled "A Woman's Answer to the Bishop of Ontario." These letters attracted wide attention. For felicity of expression, cogency of reasoning, fierceness of invective, keenness of satire and piquancy of style nothing equal to them had appeared in the Canadian press for years. The poor bishop was,

### FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, PLAYED ALIVE

and the opponents of the bill were left without a leg to stand on. These letters were the sensation of the hour. Everybody read them and everybody talked about them. They were published in pamphlet form, and edition after edition was rapidly exhausted. The secret of their authorship—as it was intended it should—rapidly leaked out. The Mrs. Wiggins, who as the wife of an unimportant government clerk was snubbed by society, as Gunhilda, the dauntless bearer of the Episcopal lion in his den, was exalted to the highest social pinnacle.

### THE PRINCESS LOUISE INVITED HER

to Rideau Hall and made much of her and all the other leaders of society at the Canadian capital were not slow to follow suit, so that soon no entertainment was considered a success unless Gunhilda deigned to grace it with her presence. Her triumph was complete. By one bold coup she had broken down all the barriers to her success and her position in society was now assured. But still she was not happy. While she was being worshipped, and glorified, and feted, and lionized Wiggins was still a nobody. He was simply regarded as Mrs. Wiggins's husband, although of course people had to invite him to their houses with his wife. Now Gunhilda was by no means satisfied with this condition of affairs, though her husband's position was by this time much improved from a material point of view, for his wife no sooner found herself a woman of influence than she discovered a way of procuring his promotion to a lucrative sinecure; but he still seemed as far as ever from creating a name for himself in the world. Mrs. Wiggins was almost in despair, when suddenly she was seized with what struck her as a happy inspiration.

VENOR, THE CANADIAN WEATHER PROPHET, was at the zenith of his fame, and it was his success which suggested to Gunhilda an easy plan for causing her husband to gain the notoriety she wished him to obtain. He should be a weather prophet. Not one of your ordinary small-fry local prophets, but one whose name would be heralded all over the world. True, neither Wiggins nor his wife knew the first thing about meteorology, but Gunhilda was not a woman to allow a trifle of that sort to stand in her way. She composed for her husband a letter predicting for a certain date

### A TERRIFIC GALE AND TIDAL WAVE

which would sweep the Atlantic coast from end to end and the like of which had never

before been seen. Wiggins took the letter to his office, made a number of copies of it, sent them to the leading American and Canadian journals and lay back to await results. As the date he had set for the storm drew near, the first letter was supplemented by others in order to keep up the interest. The fishermen of Gloucester and Marblehead were especially warned that it would be highly dangerous for them to put to sea until the date in question had passed. So earnest did these warnings appear that they were believed in by many and hundreds of fishing vessels which were ready to put to sea remained in port.

### WHEN THE GREAT DAY ARRIVED,

what did these confiding fishermen see? Clear, calm weather and the water scarcely disturbed by a ripple. Had these people who had been put to so much inconvenience and expense by Wiggins been able to lay hands on him just then they would have given the "professor" a bad quarter of an hour. This failure by no means abashed Gunhilda and she wrote over her husband's name a long explanation of how Saturn's unexpectedly coming into conjunction with Venus, or something of that sort, had caused the storm to slow round and expend its force up at the North Pole, or some other out of the way place. Her scheme had worked like a charm. Her ambition was as near being satisfied as it is likely to be. It was impossible to

### MAKE WIGGINS A GENIUS,

but she succeeded in making him notorious, which was, in her eyes, the next best thing, and she is bound to keep up his notoriety as long as she can make people talk and write about the nonsensical prophecies made in his name. This is the true story, now first told, of Wiggins, the prophet.

## MEN WHO LIVE IN TREES.

### Discovery of an African Forest Tribe Whose Huts are in High Air.

Dr. Louis Wolf, who made the sensational discovery a while ago that the Sankuru River afforded a more direct and more easily navigated route to Central Africa than the Congo, made another discovery in the course of the same journey which was quite as remarkable if not so important. On the banks of the Lomani River, far toward the centre of the Continent, he says he found whole villages that were built in the trees. The natives, partly to protect themselves from the river when in flood, and partly to make it more difficult for their enemies to surprise them, built their huts on the limbs of the trees where the thick foliage almost completely hides the structures from view. The inmates possess almost the agility of monkeys, and they climb up to or descend from their little houses with astonishing ease. It is believed they are the only Africans yet known who live in trees.

In Borneo some of the natives are said to live in trees, and Mr. Chalmers, in his book on New Guinea, tells of a number of tree houses that he visited on that island. These huts, which are built near the tops of very high trees, are used for look-out purposes, or as a place of refuge for women and children in case of attack. They are perfect little huts with sloping roofs and platforms in front, to which extends the long ladder, by means of which the natives reach the huts. Mr. Gill describes one of these houses which was used as a residence. He says it was well built, but that it rocked uncomfortably in the wind.

## To Make Your Town Prosper.

Don't fret.  
Talk about good.  
Write about it.  
Beautify the streets.  
Patronize the merchants.  
Be friendly to everybody.  
Advertise in its newspapers.  
Elect good men to all the offices.  
Don't grumble about hard times.  
Keep your sidewalks in good repair.  
Avoid gossip about your neighbors.  
Do your trading with your home merchants.

Sell all you can and buy all you can at home.

If you are rich, invest something; employ somebody, be a "rustler."

If you don't think of any good word don't say anything about it.

Remember that every dollar invested in permanent improvement is so much on interest.

Be courteous to strangers that come among you, so that they may go away with good impressions.

Always cheer on the men who go in for improvements, your portion of the cost will be nothing only what is just.

Don't kick at any proposed improvement because it is not at your own door, or for fear that your taxes will be raised fifty cents.

Don't use rubber stamps on your letter heads, that is a dead give away on your business, on the town and newspaper published in it. Get your letter heads, envelopes, business cards, etc., printed at the printing office.

Never condemn the local paper until it has fairly misused you. If it has dealt with you unjustly write to it or go into the office and tell the editor about your case; if he is wrong he will lose no time in telling the public about it.

Remember that no man does as much for your town as the local newspaper. Every paper sent out is an advertisement of the business, the resources and enterprises of the place; and people get a better idea of it from the local paper than from any other source.

## A Loving Son.

A man and his son were fishing one day near New York. Suddenly the boat capsized, and they were both thrown into the water. The man could not swim well, but he tried at once to save his son, who could not swim at all. By-and-by, as the boy saw his father getting exhausted, he said earnestly, "Never mind me, father. Save yourself, for mother's sake." Such love had the reward which it deserved, and the noble-hearted boy was saved, as well as his father, by some sailors from the shore.

New umbrellas made in Paris have a glass lookout in front. The improvement is of doubtful advantage, as the rain-drops will soon blur the glass.