BASTILLE LUXURIES.

THE KING WAS A GENEROUS HOST TO HIS PRISONERS.

He Even Granted Those Inmates of His Jail Who Were Poor a Pension, That They Might Live Well—Marmontel and His Lackey's Dinner.

An enforced stay in the most splendid palace would prove an infliction to any freeborn, ambitious child of man. Compulsory well being jars as acutely upon our senses as helpless misery. To be here today and gone tomorrow is for the adventurous the true secret of happiness, and a genuine suffering is inflicted by the assurance that you could not if you would leave a comfortable library for the doubtful pleasures of the town.

There was, then, a definite hardship imposed upon those who sojourned in the Bastille—a restricted movement, an ominous certainty of inaction, for which not even the best society and the oldest wine could wholly atone. But apart from the necessary restriction a stay in the famous prison of Paris was little more than an agreeable diversion. It seemed indeed as though the king were on his mettle. His greatest anxiety was for the comfort of "my prisoners," as he curiously styles them. Again and again you will find notes, signed by the royal hand, insisting that the tastes of the gentlemen whose liberty was for awhile curtailed should be gratified without stint or complaint.

In the first place, not every one was free of the Bastille. The crimes punished by imprisonment in this august dungeon were not, in the golden age at least, the common crimes of robbery and murder. No man was deserving a lettre de cachet who had not proved a danger to the state or who had not superfluously insulted the monarch of his court. It was indeed a form of ostracism, this removal for awhile from the dangers and anxieties of common life, and honor dictated that the victims of a courtly system should be well fed and kindly treated. Richelieu, to whom France owes, among other dignities, her famous academy, first devoted the Bastille to the reception of inconvenient opponents, and from the reign of Louis XIII the celebrated fortress became the luxurious prison of a powerful aristocracy.

When Bassompierre passed across the drawbridge in 1631, he complains that he was permitted no other attendants than two valets and a cook, and henceforth no rich noble need depend for his comfort either upon his own exertion or the faulty attention of unwilling jailers. Money could buy within all the luxury that it bought without, and should a poor man stray within the impenetrable walls the king was so eager to prove his hospitality that he instantly allowed him a reasonable pension.

Not a few prisoners were able to feed and clothe themselves like gentlemen and then to save a comfortable sum out of the money allowed them by their sovereign. The rooms in which they were confined were lofty and well aired. The furniture was arranged according to the taste of the occupant—Mme. de Staël, for instance, hung her walls with rich tapestries, and many a distinguished culprit carried with him to the Faubourg St. Antoine his family portraits or a sumptuous library. Nor is it least significant that the prison barber visited his clients every morning with a silver basin, perfumed soap and embroidered towel.

But it was the kitchen that was the peculiar glory of the place. The best restaurant in Paris could hardly supply such dinners as were lavished upon the captives, whom the popular imagination loaded with irons and surrendered to ravening rats in dark cells. One instance out of many is enough.

Soon after Marmontel arrived in the dungeon, accompanied by his servants, he was disturbed by the drawing of bolts and the turning of keys. Two jailers, silent and discreet, entered to serve the dinner. The plates were of common crockery, and the linen, though white, was coarse and rough. Nor was the cutlery such as became an eminent man of letters. The food, however, was excellent, though it was Friday, and meat was piously withheld.

A soup of white beans, with the freshest butter, was followed by a dish of the same beans perfectly cooked. Then came a codfish exquisitely seasoned with garlic, so fine in taste and odor, says the captive, that it would have flattered the palate of the greediest Gascon. The wine was not of the best, but it was passable, and the absence of dessert seemed the one and only fault. At any rate, Marmontel seemed in good spirits and reflected that after all prison fare was not despicable.

But no sooner was the repast finished than again the bolts were drawn, and the two jailers entered again, this time carrying a pyramid of plates. At the sight of the fine porcelain, the delicate linen, the silver knives and forks, Marmontel recognized his mistake. He had eaten his lackey's dinner, and there was nothing to be done but for the lackey to take his revenge upon what was prepared for his master. And it was a feast that might be served at a London club or at the high table of a learned foundation.

This time there was no thought of Friday—an excellent soup, a succulent olive of beef, the thigh of a boiled capon, fried artichokes and spinach, a fine pear, fresh grapes, a bottle of old burgundy and the finest mocha! And to cap all the governor called within an hour to ask the prisoner if he had dined well and to assure him that every dish was served from his own table and carved with his own hand.

Their dinner finished, the prisoners did not lack distraction. They exchanged visits and received their friends. They played cards or devoted themselves to the translation of the classics. One captive desired a violin. It was given him instantly. Another was an amateur of the flute, and he was permitted at reasonable hours to gratify his taste. The library was large and well chosen. No gentleman who professed an interest in science was disappointed, and the collection of novels was celebrated. Moreover, an amiable censorship was exercised by the lieutenant of police, and we hear that a poem upon the greatness of God was struck out of the catalogue on the ground that it might prove too melancholy for the prisoners.—Exchange.

"Comin Through the Rye."

It is said that Robert Burns' famous song, "Comin Through the Rye," did not have reference to a ryefield, but to a small river, Rye, in Ayrshire, which could be forded. In wading through, however, the lassies had to hold up their petticoats, and it was a favorite pastime of Robbie Burns and mischievous companions to lie in wait for the lassies coming through the Rye. When they got to midstream, the lubbies would waste out and snatch a kiss from the lassies, who were unable to resist without dropping their skirts in the water.

French peas.
French beans.
French sweetbreads.
French mushrooms. James Robbin Co.

My wife is having the best of health now; Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

DUCKS IN A WINDSTORM.

They Display Wonderful Presence of Mind In Face of Danger.

"I once witnessed an excellent example of the coolness and presence of mind that wild ducks can display in the face of danger," says William Everett Cram. "It was on a dark, cloudy October afternoon before a storm, with the wind blowing in fitful, uncertain gusts from all points of the compass, but mainly from the northeast.

"I was following the course of Old river, keeping the wind at my back as much as possible, when I espied the heads of half a dozen black ducks among the reeds 50 yards away. I stood perfectly still, hoping that they would come together and enable me to kill more than one of them at a shot, for I was little better than a pot hunter myself in those days, but they refused to move, so I fired at the nearest, expecting to get a shot at the others as they rose, for ducks can only rise by flying against the wind, which would bring them almost over my head.

"But in spite of the crashing report and the shot that must have gone cutting through the reeds near them they remained motionless until I saw a flurry of wind strike the water to the southward. It came brushing across the river, leaving a fan shaped track of trembling water behind it. As it reached the ducks they spun about like weathercocks on the water and went up into the air and away out of danger, but the unhappy bird I had aimed at was wing tipped and only succeeded in rising a few feet before he splashed back helplessly into the water, whereupon he started at the top of his speed for the bank and took refuge between the low growing junipers that at this point cover the ground for acres.

"I searched for him until it grew so dark as to make it absolutely hopeless, and I was obliged to give it up for the time being. The next morning there was snow on the ground, and I started out, hoping to find the wounded bird by his tracks, but some otters that had been sliding and playing about on the bank were before me, and feathers and a few blood stains on the snow were all that was left to tell of the tragedy."—New England Magazine.

HAVANA IN 1870.

A Picture of the Soldiers Spain Sent Against the Rebels.

We emerged from a narrow, evil smelling alley upon a noble square of immense size at the corner of which I read the name "Plaza de Armas." Here there were trees, fountains, flagged or asphalted walks, seats and cafes, with their little tables and shady verandas in plenty. But our eyes were instantly attracted by a company of armed men, or rather boys, who were apparently being drilled in a curious fashion in one of the open spaces. I had done with laughter for awhile, although it was enough to remind one of Falstaff's ragged regiment.

And, even had I felt inclined to smile, one sight of the faces of that miserable company would have effectually quenched any such desire. They were evidently the offscourings of the city, lean, wolfish, undersized and unutterably sad. There was a faint attempt at uniformity in their clothing, but it was filthy and tattered in the extreme. They were variously armed, but the majority carried only an ugly weapon at their side, a compromise between a bowie knife and a machete or cane cutlass.

The officers were smart, soldierly looking men, well dressed and armed, but evidently profoundly contemptuous of their rank and file. This sight, however interesting to us, was wearisome to our guide, who impatiently ordered us on, saying as he did so: "What do you want to look at that vermin for? One good job, you won't see 'em any more after tonight—at least not many of 'em." I eagerly asked him why, receiving the information that they were marching that evening to the front against the rebels, who would assuredly slay the majority of them within a week. This remark, conveyed in a matter of fact tone, as of one who was describing the destiny of a flock of sheep, filled me with horror, and somehow I felt glad that my informant was no countryman of mine.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Tough Pudding.

Some time ago, writes a volunteer, I spent a week with a garrison battery in a south coast fort. On the last day the sergeants sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum pudding. I had made the pudding two days before, had it boiled, and now, reheated, it made its appearance, amid the welcome shouts of my brother warriors, and I naturally felt a bit proud of it, for I hadn't been a ship's cook for nothing.

"Seems mighty hard," remarked the sergeant major as he vainly tried to stick his fork into it. "Have you boiled us a cannon ball, Browney?"

"Or the regimental football?" asked another.

"Where did you get the flour from?" questioned Sergeant Smith.

"Where from?" I retorted. "From store No. 5 of course."

"The deuce you did!" roared the quartermaster sergeant. "Then, hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement."

And so it proved. That pudding is now preserved in the battery museum.—London Telegraph.

Up and Down.

"There may be others, just the same," said Mr. Gimplits, "but I find that with me a period of exaltation is likely to be followed by one of depression; that my feelings ebb and flow like the tide. If I tread the air over some success—which might indeed not be considered great by some, but which pleases me—why, as likely as not I am down on the ground a few hours later, and very close down to it too.

"I suppose that with an even, humdrum form of existence we might spare ourselves these periods of depression, but as it is I reckon we must take them as they come, putting on a brave front when our spirits are low and never forgetting that the constantly turning wheel will in due course bring us out on top again."—New York Sun.

Chimneys.

Chimneys are very fickle. You can build one all right in theory, but when it comes down to practice that is another matter. Build two chimneys side by side in precisely the same manner. Employ the best skilled labor and construct them exactly on the same principles. One may draw all right, while the other smokes like a pipe.

Odd but Legal Will.

The following will successfully stood the test in the supreme court of California: "Crabtingsire February 3 1892. This is to notify that is hevt may with real and personal and she to dispose for them as she wis. Patrick Donahue."

The Bay of Quinte R'y now short line for Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points. Train leaves City Hall depot at 4.10 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

Excelsior Headache Powders will relieve that pain in the head. 10c. a box at Sills' drug store.

MEXICAN POLITENESS

IT IS SO PROFUSE AS TO BE ALMOST LUDICROUS.

Even If Painfully Hurt by Another Through a Stupid or Bungling Accident Words of Courtesy Bubble From the Lips of the Victim.

"Oh, how deliciously polite!" is a phrase we hear every day from the lips of foreign ladies when they enjoy the not unusual sight of two natives, ragged beyond all description perhaps, who stop a horse car in the street and keep it standing while each insists with elegant bows and flowing compliments that the other precede him in going up the steps.

"After you, sir."

"Not at all. I am unworthy of such a high honor."

"I dare not take precedence, sir."

"It is only what is due your superiority. Walk up, please."

"Not for all the world. You are entitled to that preference."

This goes on for some time until the car begins to move and both fling themselves at once on the steps, smashing the corns of another man standing on the platform, an accident that gives rise to more effusions of good breeding.

"Oh, sir, how sorry I am to have trod on your feet! I sincerely entreat you to excuse my oversight."

"Never mind," says the victim, gritting his teeth and with tears in his eyes, "it is an honor to be trod on by you."

"Thanks for your kindness."

"I am myself in duty bound to thank you."

In fact, dudes from over the sea or from across the Rio Grande may boast of their wealth and their Parisian made trousers, belles of other lands of their golden tresses and charming personalities, but no other nation equals the stately dignity of Mexican courtesy.

If it is a great luxury to be taught how to bow and what to do under all circumstances by a gentleman who knows these things because he belongs to the European aristocracy and has behind him a line of ancestors who behaved as well as they could in such matters, it is surprising to observe in a whole nation, even in the humblest of classes, courtesy not produced by artificial means, but gradually and refinedly practiced as a special endowment of nature.

Persons in other countries are rarely treated to such scenes as those we have attempted to describe, and to many they might appear exaggerated, but let those that doubt come and judge for themselves.

I will cite a few authentic experiences in illustration of the subject:

An American young lady was once talking with an old Mexican gentleman, and she laughingly said something about having some literary work to do.

It was good to see the old fellow's impressive manner and air of perfect sincerity as he exclaimed: "Work! Miss, such lips as yours should never mention work. You should be a queen and wear pearls as beautiful as those incased in your lovely mouth."

Another young woman was overheard to say in English to her mother in the theater:

"Look at that Mexican girl. Do you like her? I think her nose is too long and her features are too sharp."

Whereupon the Mexican girl said in her most endearing tone in broken English:

"Miss, as God bestowed on you all the attributes of perfect beauty, very little was left for me. Believe me, you are the sweetest creature I ever laid my eyes on, and I never get tired of looking at your charming face."

A young man who happened to be accidentally struck in one of his eyes by a pretty 16-year-old damsel with her parasol said appealingly while the blood flowed from the wound:

"Lovely one, be not cruel, seeing that cruelty and beauty cannot dwell together!"

Nowhere will the stranger find more genuine civility and kindness than among the Mexicans.

Their houses, their families, their horses, their flowers, their time, even their lives, are placed, figuratively at least, "at your disposition."

"A los pies de V., senora" (My lady, I am at your feet) is the prescribed form of salutation from a gentleman who meets a lady; where, if two gentlemen meet, they address one another as follows: "Beso a V. la mano" (I kiss your hand).

The same applies to written correspondence. A note from a gentleman to a lady ends in this wise: "Soy de V., senora, atento servidor, Q. SS. PP. B." The initials are for "que sus pies besa," and the whole phrase stands for, "I am, my lady, your attentive servant, who kisses your feet."

If a gentleman is addressed in writing, only his hands are kissed, not his feet.

These formulas are followed not only by the richer but by all classes. As to the poorest, their courtesy toward one another is widely different from the gruff, boorish intercourse of the plebeians of other nations.

The poor of Mexico cannot frame a sentence without employing one or more terms of endearment.

"Como estas, mi alma?" (How are you, my soul?) The words they address each other speak of the gentle consideration for the feelings of their neighbors, which characterizes the race and emanates from spontaneous courtesy.

A Mexican gentleman will never permit a lady to descend the stairs unaccompanied. He takes her softly by the hand or offers his arm to assist her in going down the steps, and only takes leave of her at the street door, when he does not insist on leaving the lady at her own home.

Love is more the business of life in Mexico than in northern climes, perhaps because other people have more diversion than we have. The ladylove is ardently styled "the very apex of me," but that does not prevent the Mexican beau, when stung by jealousy, from denouncing love as treacherous.

"Since there is no help, I bow before you, kiss your feet and depart," is the becoming way in which the unrequited lover takes leave of the girl that has given him the cold shoulder.

All hope is over, love is stretched upon his bier, but the Mexican whom a beauty despises, although naturally angered at the slight, pretends to feel more keenly than anything else the annoyance he has given her with his unremitting attentions. "Excuse me, fair lady, for having put you to the trouble of repelling the audacious revelation of the feeling you have awakened in my bosom." Such is the mild form in which he gives vent to his rage and despair.—Two Republics, City of Mexico.

It is the mind that makes the body rich, and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.—Shakespeare.

Are you satisfied with your tea? Try the Queen Bee brand. We have yet to hear the first complaint of this celebrated tea. James Robbin & Co.

Oh my! how your complexion has improved. Yes, Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming.
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming.
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

A little time to dream of sunlit hours
Spent where white towers rise against the sky,
To tread again that path of too sweet flowers,
To hear again her greeting and goodby!

What is there, say you, in that faroff city
Of my past living and past loving left,
Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity
And call the bitter sigh of the bereft?

The memory of a touch warm, trusting, clinging,
The memory of that touch gown cold as ice?
A voice hushed that was pure as wild bird's singing?
A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice?

Only a grave? Life of today will teach me
Its stream floats fast for sorrow and regret.
Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will reach me.
I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming,
To stand and think of life of yesterday!
—L. Marion Jenks in Donahoe's.

TWO INTERESTING INSECTS.

Something About the Ladybug and the Dragon Fly.

So commonplace an insect as the little ladybird or, as it is often called, the ladybug is something to excite your interest. It is constantly seen upon flowers and is known by naturalists as coccinella. It is a tiny creature with a hard body like a shell, which is of a deep orange color, with black or red spots or a sprinkling of brown. By looking under a rose leaf you will often see a cluster of little amber colored balls. They are ladybirds' eggs and in time will be developed into a flat six footed worm of grayish color marked with yellow. As soon as these worms are hatched out they begin to look about for the aphides, which are tiny green creatures to be found on any neglected rosebush. The worms eat them with great avidity, after which they attach themselves to some solitary leaf, where they remain without food until they are changed into ladybirds.

Besides furnishing food for the development of the ladybird, the aphides serve another purpose in the economy of nature. They are called the ants' cows. When the ants stroke them with their feelers, they exude a pale, sweet, green substance not unlike honey, which the ants devour. The aphides are lazy and never roam from the leaves upon which they have commenced their life.

Four times in 12 days they change their coverings before they reach maturity, and then they begin with their family cares. Some 20 are produced by their parents daily, and were it not that the ladybird worms devour them in such quantities they would soon overrun and kill the plants.

Another interesting insect is the dragon fly, with its wings of transparent iridescent gauze. It, too, must pass through a process of transformation before its perfection is reached. At first it is only a greenish gray grub, which lives in the mud on the margin of the stream. The grub crawls from the mud and attaches itself to a reed with its claws. In a little time its eyes become very brilliant, the back opens, a head appears, then the body and finally the wings, which are closely folded, and very soon the dragon fly will be able to fly. Dragon flies live upon other insects, and when they are numerous the mosquitoes are said to disappear. Some of them are very beautiful. The wings of some are golden green, of others slate blue and still others have black and blue spots upon the extremities.

Debut of a Maroon Girl.

In the "good old days now gone by," a Maroon might have as many wives as he pleased, but few had more than two on account of the expense, for on making a present to one wife the husband was obliged to bestow a gift of equal value on each of the others. When a girl was old enough to be married, it was usual for the parents to kill a pig to make a feast for their neighbors, rum flowed plentifully and the people amused themselves dancing and singing. Each guest was expected to place a small piece of money in the girl's mouth. This entertainment was the intimation on the part of the family that the eligible young men might come forward with their suits. The girl's debut in Maroon parlance was called "she hab killed hog!"—"The Maroons of Jamaica," by Lady Blake, in North American Review.

A Costly Autograph.

At a charitable sale in Paris Baron Rothschild stopped at a stall conducted by "Gyp," and the fair litterateur addressed him with the usual request to buy something.

"What am I to buy?" said the baron. "You have nothing at all suitable for me. But I have an idea. I should like to have your autograph. Sell me that."

Taking a sheet of paper, the lady wrote upon it, "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of 1,000 francs for the benefit of charity. Gyp."

Baron Rothschild read it, thanked her and, handing her a note for the amount named, went away delighted with the lady's ingenuity.—Spare Moments.

Sheathing a Ship.

Sheathing a ship is covering the bottom with a sheath of copper. In all seas, but particularly in those of the tropics, the hulls of ships are liable to the attack of certain worms which penetrate the hardest wood and have been known in the course of a few months to damage the hull so as to render the vessel worthless. Copper sheathing protects the ship not only against the attacks of these borers, but also against decay, and is specially valuable in the case of iron ships, the metal rapidly oxidizing and becoming brittle when exposed to the action of the sea water.

A Suggestion of High Jinks.

Tommy—Mamma, why are papa's watches always bigger than mamma's watches?

His Mother—Oh, it seems that men can't get along without having great times.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A man was recently convicted in England of having enlisted as a recruit in 18 places, decamping each time with advance money. England loses about $500,000 a year from such operations.

It is said that in the sandy deserts of Arabia whirling winds sometimes excavate pits 300 feet in depth and extending down to the harder stratum on which the great bed of sand rests.

Saturday and Monday we will give big reductions in men's ulsters. Come early Saturday and get first choice. Dunlop, King street.

Tomatoes, corn, peas, beans. All new goods. Every tin guaranteed. James Robbin & Co.

Established 1780.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. **No Chemicals** are used in their manufactures. Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine **Walter Baker & Co.'s** goods, made at **Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.**

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

THE . . .

Art Garland

This Heater continues to hold the first position as the best known and best selling Stove of its class. They will give more heat with less fuel than any other base burner on the market.

Elliott Bros.,
77 Princess St.

OLD GINGER FINGERS.

A Humorous Incident of the Battle of Gettysburg.

"The artillery fire at Gettysburg," said a gunner of the old war, "was simply magnificent. I was in an Ohio battery, posted on Cemetery hill. We were running short of ammunition when General Meade, dismissing his staff below, rode with a single orderly to our exposed position. The boys were all at white heat and in a state of mind bordering on frenzy because the ammunition called for had not come. They heard the quiet man on horseback say repeatedly to the captain that the hill must be held at all hazards, ammunition or no ammunition. This vexed them, but they knew that the officer, whoever he was, spoke the truth, and they began to collect the unexploded shells that had been fired at them by the Confederate batteries.

"There were a good many of these scattered over our part of the hill, and when Meade comprehended what the boys were doing he was greatly pleased. He dismounted and in a quiet sort of way proceeded to supervise the collection of shells. He was in fatigue dress and wore no shoulder straps, and none of the men recognized him. They thought he was some ordnance officer, and finally, when he turned his horse over to his orderly and proceeded to carry shells himself they did not resent his supervision. As a rule the shells were heavier than the general expected, and he did not compare in efficiency with the stalwart artillerymen rushing about with the recklessness and energy of madmen.

"John Snicker was one of the best men in the battery, but was rough in speech and action. Seeing, as he supposed, a lieutenant or captain from the outside stooping to pick up a shell, he pushed the officer aside with the remark, 'Get out of this, old Ginger Fingers; your mind's willin, but your body's weak, and you are in the way.' Meade, surprised and amused, stood aside. A few minutes later General Warren and staff rode up for a conference with Meade, and the cat was out of the bag.

"Snicker was so overcome with confusion that he almost had a fit. The sergeant tried to comfort him with the assurance that General Meade would excuse informality under such circumstances, but John insisted that what scared him was that he never came so near kicking a man in his life without doing it as he did General Meade when he stooped to pick up the shell. He was grieved to think he hadn't recognized Meade and was in a panic whenever he thought what might have happened had he acted on the impulse and kicked the general commanding the army."

Chinese Pirates.

It has been asserted that China was a fond mother of pirates before the first pyramid was built, says a writer in Chambers' Journal; but, whether or no, it is certain that in no part of the world has this profession flourished during the present century as on the coast of China. The piratical centers now, as half a century ago, are Amoy and Macao. Methods have changed somewhat in the past few years by reason of the vigilance of the armed cruisers that prowl around.

The pirates no longer cruise boldly in the open seas; but, learning from their spies that a richly laden junk will leave a given place on a given date, they plan to intercept the vessel in the shoal water near the coast or in some river or arm of the sea where meddlers are not likely to be found. They succeed in rifling the cargo and, if necessary, in scuttling the ship in perhaps two cases out of six. We hear of these occurrences only when the vessel attacked happens to be British. Not more than four years ago a steamer brought into Shanghai the crew of a small bark which had been rifled by pirates and set on fire.

Nasty Speeches.

An old cleric once said to a young man who had published some volumes which had been very successful, "Your popularity is quite gone."

There was no call earthly to say such a thing, even if it had been true. And, in fact, it was quite the reverse. But the aged cleric wished it had been true.

Thus Brougham, when reading of Lord Campbell's later biographies said wearifully, explained to that judge and author that "people had to make up their beds."—Longman's Magazine.

Confirming a Suspicion.

Short—Do you know I've a strong suspicion that the house I'm living in is haunted?

Naber—I know it is. I see the landlord's agent there nearly every day.—Boston Courier.

FASHION AND FABRIC.

The fall shades, both in silk and cloth, and even when combined with bright colors, are still quiet in effect.

The soft warm brown and a pretty soft blue are found in combination this year, both in materials and in gowns.

Many handsome imported gowns are in cashmere of delicate shades. A coarse lace applique is seen on handsome afternoon and evening gowns.

Stylish skirts are made with the plaid on the bias and apparently of the thick woolen material of which golf capes are made. They are pretty on slender women.

The baby Persian lamb is to be found as an effective trimming on the bodices of many gowns. It is effective in giving character to a gown of one of the pretty shades of brown.

Chinchilla in narrow bands finishes the bottom and outlines panels of handsome reception and evening gowns, and with excellent effect, though some people object always to fur on house gowns.

Very pretty jackets of fawn color, stylishly lined with silk stripes and plaids, are to be found at reasonable prices. A stylish jacket has a straight, loose front, one upper and two lower pockets.

Rhinestone buttons, large and small, appear on many pretty frocks, cut steel ornaments, a large plain crystal button, and there is nothing prettier than the plain crystal button which has no ornamentation.

The very becoming medici collar is seen on many reception gowns. With this high collar in the back and lapels at either side, a square cut neck filled in with soft puffed mull, the effect is very pretty and much affected by elderly women.

The lining of your gown this season must be of the same color as it or as the trimmings to be au fait. They may be a shade lighter if desired, but there must be no contrasts. These small things do much to make the general elegance of the gown.—New York Times.

THE OBSTINATE TURK.

Probably Hobson could raise that money from the sultan.—Pittsburg Post.

Mr. Sultan, you would better pay up. Dewey can pluck a bellicose Turkey as neatly as he can sink a hostile fleet.—Ridgewood (N. J.) News.

The United States has a small account against Turkey, and if the sultan is smart he will settle it without waiting to hear that Dewey is in the Dardanelles.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pure Blood Is Life.

Paine's Celery Compound the Only Hope of All Suffering from Blood Diseases.

The Great Medicine Quickly Expels all Poisons and Renews the System.

Scrofula is one of the most terrible and wasting of blood diseases; it usually develops in early life, and in the majority of cases is hereditary. Many medical men contend that scrofula is the parent of consumption.

When the blood is thin, impoverished impure and foul, its poisoned condition shows up clearly in pimples, sores, tumors, abscesses, blotches, erysipelas, cancerous swellings, sore eyes, felons, boils, salt rheum, eczema, etc.

Pure blood represents life; foul and poisoned blood means suffering and death. Strength, action and the health of all parts of the human system are dependent upon the blood.

The only true way to cleanse and enrich the blood is to use Paine's Celery Compound. Its vitalizing and purifying effect upon the blood of old and young is magical. The most virulent blood diseases quickly yield to its healing and cleansing power. No other medicine known to man has ever achieved the victories over obstinate blood troubles that Paine's Celery Compound has accomplished.

If you have a trace or symptom of blood disease your life is truly in danger. If you are anxiously looking for a cure, have a care how you make use of the widely advertised "blood purifiers;" in the great majority of instances they are frauds. Ask your druggist for Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that can make your blood and flesh clean, pure and healthy.

IT'S ODD ABOUT GEESE.

Can't Stand a Rainstorm When Thirsty, Says an Old Poultryman.

"Geese are peculiar," said an old poultry salesman in Manhattan market. "Put them out in a rainstorm when they have a good thirst on, and they are liable to die. About ten years ago I was engaged by a firm to go out through the west to buy live geese and chickens. I bought about ten carloads, put them in crates and started east. The geese were in the crates nearest the floor of the open car—that's the regular way to ship them—and on top of them were piled the chicken crates.

"We got about ten miles from St. Joseph, Mo., when the load on one of the cars sagged, and the whole pile of crates was spilled on the side of the track. In piling the crates on again the geese were piled on top. I knew I was taking chances, because a rainstorm meant death to the geese, but there didn't seem to be any storm in sight, and I thought we could make St. Joseph and shift the load there.

"The train had only gone a short distance when a storm came up so suddenly that the rain was falling almost as soon as the clouds were noticed. The geese had been without water for some hours, and the moment they felt the rain they were stretching their necks through the openings between the slats and holding their bills open to catch the drops. Well, I got an old coat and laid it over as many of the crates as it would cover, so as to save as many as possible.

"Then I got a switch and tried to force the others to keep their heads inside the crates. They didn't mind the switch very much, and I had to give each one four or five good hits before it would pull in its head, and when I started on a new load the old one would pop up again. When we got into St. Joseph, it was still raining, and every goose in the crates, with the exception of those under the coat, was dead.

"Whether they died from drinking too much or from drinking while their necks were in an unnatural position I do not know, but every man who has handled live geese knows that a thirsty goose in a rainstorm in a crate is as good as dead. I've never told of this peculiarity about geese without being doubted, but you just ask any poultryman if it isn't true."—New York Sun.

A BUSINESS LESSON.

How Peter Cooper Taught One Man the Value of Money.

Peter Cooper was one of the most successful, careful and prudent business men of his time. He was strongly opposed to the methods of many merchants who launched out into extravagant enterprises on borrowed money, for which they paid exorbitant rates of interest. The following anecdote illustrates this point very forcibly:

Once, while talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of 6 per cent per month.

"Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked.

"Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer."

"Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the would be borrower.

"Certainly I am. I will discount your note for $10,000 for three years at that rate. Will you do it?"

"Of course I will," said the merchant.

"Very well," said Mr. Cooper. "Just sign this note for $10,000, payable in three years and give your check for $600, and the transaction will be complete."

"But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant.

"You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for 36 months at 6 per cent per month amounts to 108 per cent, or $10,800. Therefore your check for $800 just makes us even."

The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal by Mr. Cooper.—Exchange.

Blue Heat in Steel Working.

Iron workers find it necessary to exercise much care in order that the metal is not raised to the temperature known as "blue heat." In case this point is reached, they do not work the metal until it cools a little, as working at this pitch makes the articles brittle, and in some instances has rendered them worthless. Blue heat does not appear to injure the metal if it is allowed to remain undisturbed until it cools. The question arises whether working with the metal at such a degree of heat consumes some portion of it, thereby destroying its integrity, or whether the process of working may be at fault. The fact, however, remains that the quality of the product is sensibly affected. Especially does it destroy much of its ductility, and articles that are to be subjected to tensile strains cannot be successfully made of metal which has been subjected to blue heat.

An Old Timer.

In an old diary bearing the date of 1776 several pages are devoted to cash accounts. On one of these is a quaintly worded statement, duly witnessed and dated.

The spelling is not particularly commendable, but spelling was an uncertain art in those days, and even now is a gift denied to some:

Novan. 20th 1776.

This is to sartifie to all Parsons house it may Consarne that I have Paid a sufishent charge for a redish Colerd Surtute with a Blew Velvet Capa, wich I now wair. Joan Smith.

He Knew.

"Willie Jones," said Mr. Grimface, the schoolmaster, sternly, "I am very much afraid from your behavior you wish me to chastise you. Do you remember the old precept beginning, 'Spare the rod?'"

"Yessir," said Willie. "Spare the rod and lose the fish."—Harper's Bazar.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"They say," said the proxy boarder, 'that there is a newspaper in China that was started a thousand years ago."

"They must have been the original yellow journalists," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

It was in the middle of the seventeenth century that Louis XIV first brought the game of billiards into fashion, that royal personage having been ordered by his medical advisers to take exercise after meals.

The cost of maintaining a cavalry soldier and horse in the British army is about $500 per annum.

My daughter has improved so much that you would scarcely know her.—Miller's Compound Iron Pills did it.

Father Vahrey, pastor of St. John's cathedral, Cleveland, advocates in a recent address the whipping post for fathers who desert their families.