Old Jones is Dead.

I sat in my window, high overhead,
And heard them say, below in the street:
"I suppose you know old Jones is dead?"
Then the speakers passed, and I heard their feet
Heedlessly walking their onward way.
"Dead!" what more could there be to say?

But I sat and pondered what it might mean
Thus to be dead while the world went by:
Did Jones see further than we have seen?
Was he one with the stars in the watching sky?
Or down there under the growing grass
Did he hear the feet of the daylight pass?

Were day time and night time as one to him now,
And grieving and hoping a tale that is told?
A kiss on his lips, or a hand on his brow,
Could he feel them under the churchyard mould,
As he surely had felt them his whole life long,
Though they passed with his youth time, hot and strong?

They called him "Old Jones" when at last he died;
"Old Jones" he had been for many a year;
Yet his faithful memory Time defied,
And dwelt in the days so distant and dear
When first he had found that love was sweet,
And recked not the speed of its hurrying feet.

Does he brood in the long night under the sod
On the joys and sorrows he used to know;
Or far in some wonderful world of God,
Where the shining seraphs stand row on row;
Does he wake like a child at the daylight's gleam,
And know that the past was a night's short dream?

Is he dead, and a clod there down below;
Or dead and wiser than any alive?
Which? Ah, who of us all may know,
Or who can say how the dead folk thrive?
But the summer morning is cool and sweet,
And I hear the live folk laugh in the street.
—*Louise Chandler Moulton in Congregationalist.*

Odd Sayings of To-day.

MARRIAGE WORKS GREAT CHANGES.

"Ah, John!" she said, just before marriage, "I fear I am not worthy of you. You are such a good man."

"Never mind, Martha, I'll change all that after the wedding."—*Tid Bits.*

SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

"Yes," said Miss Richladie, "my daughter graduates next week."

"I understand she is at the head of her class."

"No," she said with some sadness, "she will not be the valedictorian, but she will take the salutary, and that's nearly as high."

"The commencement exercises are to be very interesting."

"Oh, yes. Rev. Dr. Grace will preach the bacchanalian sermon, Rev. Mr. Mortimer will deliver the dilemmas, and there will be other detractions too numerous to mention."

"BUG JUICE" UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is difficult to get a drink in Minneapolis on Sunday, but a shrewd fellow got one the other evening. He went into a drug store with a big bug in his hand, asked the clerk what it was, went into raptures over the rare specimen he had found, and bought 10 cents' worth of alcohol to preserve it in. Then he went out and had his drink.—*New York Sun.*

DIRECTED TO THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

We are in need of a little play-spell, and our readers can get along without a paper one week by calling at the barber shop for the latest news.—*Brandon (Wis.) Times.*

BE PRACTISED ON THE HELP.

Madame was recounting that her husband was ill the night before, and it was necessary to send for a doctor at 3 o'clock in the morning. "But I thought you had a doctor in the house, your eldest son," said a neighbor. "True, but we only let him doctor the servants."—*From the French.*

THE DISCRIMINATING CRITIC.

First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)—"I flatter myself that is not a bad story." Second newspaper humorist (without smiling)—"Yes, it will do." F. N. H.—"Then why don't you laugh? That is a nice way to treat a friend's joke." S. N. H. (laughing)—"Oh, I didn't know this was a social matter. I thought you wanted my professional opinion. Pray pardon me.—*Puck.*

ONLY DURING THE HONEYMOON.

The President's bride is the most trusting and confiding woman. She believes her husband's fish stories.—*Chicago Times.*

A Musical Monkey.

There was a great fuss a few months back about Sir John Lubbock's wonderful dog, which its master had almost taught to speak. A monkey has completely eclipsed the quadruped. A well known American savant has educated a favorite monkey to become a good pianist; all monkeys, this gentleman maintains, have more or less a musical faculty. If men had not invented the piano, the learned American seriously maintains, monkeys would infallibly have done so. After only forty-eight lessons the monkey Tabitha, who is a real ornament to her sex, could play scales with surprising dexterity. The suppleness of their fingers, their agility, their strength, all tend to show, at least according to Tabitha's master, that most monkeys are born pianists. Patience is the only thing required to bring out this hidden faculty. There is another fact which strikes one. Monkeys have this great advantage over human pianists: they have four hands, while men are unfortunately not endowed with more than two. A monkey, among other advantages, can thus, it will readily be observed, play a duet without the assistance of a companion.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Real Western Heroine.

One of those heroines of whom the world hears but little lives near Lexington, in this State. Her name is Sallie Hardefort. Her husband has been bedridden for nine years with rheumatism, and she has had four children—two boys and two girls—to support. Last year she bought 107 acres of land, much in original forest, and with the aid of two boys, 14 and 15 years old, cleared five acres. She cut down the trees, rolled the logs, split the rails, built the fence, burnt the brush with their help alone, and raised nine bales of cotton, also corn and peas enough for her own use, and paid her rent, her store account and $40 on her land debt. She has bought her meat for this year and paid for it. In addition to this she has done her cooking, milked her cows and gone to market with eggs, chickens and butter, selling enough to buy all the clothing needed for the family. She is indeed a heroine, and we will wager anything that we have that she is a Christian heroine at that.—*Butler (Ga.) Herald.*

The late James Smith, of Falkirk, Scotland, who introduced American cooking stoves into Great Britain, was a brother of the rebel, Colonel Robert Smith, who was killed in the assault upon Fort Craig, at Munfordville, Ky., and was also a warm personal friend of Jeff Davis.

A mountain grouse pursued by a hawk flew into Lake City, Col., and through a pane of plate glass three-eighths of an inch thick. Damage to glass $75.

Canon Knox Little has returned to Worcester from the Mediterranean, where he has been cruising for several months in Mrs. Meynell-Ingram's yacht, and his health has much improved.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a circular respecting the clover midge, asking information respecting this destructive insect.

A Los Angeles tinner was recently examined for life insurance, and to the question "Have you ever been intoxicated?" answered "It is just this way: I was born the 4th of July, this country was born the 4th of July, and I was with Grant when Vicksburg capitulated the 4th of July; and so get through with these three celebrations in one day fills me pretty—full."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Man Who Has Not Been Able to Move Hand or Foot for Twenty-two Years.

On a pillow in a little back parlor at No. 792 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, says New York *World*, rests the intellectual head of Dr. Charles F. Reed, 56 years old, who has not been able to move hand or foot or turn in bed since he was 34. He lives only in his head, for every joint is fast bound and his body and limbs are wasted to the bone. His eyes are sightless, his neck stiff, his jaws set so close as to prevent him from taking any food unless it be in very soft or liquid form, and shoulder joints, elbows, wrists, finger joints, hips, knees and toes are immovable. The knees are drawn up, the left knee joint is almost thrown from its socket, the right foot is turned so far outward as almost to turn backward. A white moustache and beard that Rip Van Winkle would have envied cover the lower part of a face strong in outline and full of character. Around this sufferer's bed, where so heavy a cross has been laid, gather almost daily people who come to get consolation in trouble. Dr. Reed is a philosopher, and his cheerful disposition, in spite of the extreme hardness of his lot, has made him the wonder of everybody who knows him. Those who have lost friends call to learn a lesson in fortitude, and all who meet the doctor say they go away with new ideas of life and its purposes. He is well read in every branch of literature. Dr. Reed was born in Woburn, Mass., and worked on a farm until he was of age, when he began the study of medicine, which he continued in New York and Cleveland. In 1864 he was in charge of a sanitarium at Kenosha, Wis., and his sickness, which has led him a life in the midst of death, first came upon him at Kenosha. He had inherited rheumatism, and contracted malaria in the West. These diseases seized him about 9 o'clock at night on Sept. 6th, 1864, and he has not moved since. When the burning fever he suffered began to pass away and the sensitiveness of the joints grew gradually less, he felt the joints stiffening, and in the fingers and toes he now has complete anchylosis. In other words, the joints have grown into solid bone. He weighed 200 pounds, and was tall and vigorous when taken sick. In a few years he was reduced to a skeleton. Dr. Reed now suffers from toothache, and nothing can be done for him because his jaws are set and the teeth can not be pulled, and even the relief of toothache drops is denied him. When his sight left him, thirteen years ago, a sensation of always looking at the full blaze of the noonday sun took possession of the left eye, and the doctor suffers the most intense pain. Dr. Reed was married in 1858, and during all his suffering his wife has remained faithfully day and night at her helpless husband's bedside. At first two men were required to lift him. The money saved from a lucrative practice dwindled, and with exigencies of the case the doctor invented a kind of derrick, with two arms and hoisting cranks, by means of which his wife can easily move him from the bed while it is being made. Bands and straps are placed under him and he is raised above the bed. He was brought to New York by his wife in 1868. Before the bones solidified his spine was affected, and as the trouble slowly worked upward the muscles of the body contracted and compressed his ribs so that at one time he nearly died by having the breath squeezed out of him. He was troubled with nervousness, and when he was asleep his jaw would suddenly snap open and close again so quickly and violently that he several times cut through his tongue. If any one crossed the floor the jarring made him wild with pain through the spine. The feather bed had to be made up with a hollow centre, that his spine might not touch anything. It required four men to hold him that he might go to sleep, as the twitching of his limbs was beyond his own control. The doctor has never suffered from headache. A curious phase of the disease is that he lies awake from about 11 o'clock at night until 2 in the morning, and on the following day succumbs to irresistible sleepiness at precisely the corresponding hour—11 a.m. till 2 p.m. Even if he goes to sleep early in the evening he wakes about 11 at night, and the curious sleep follows next day at 11 a.m.

"I attribute my disease to an accidental prick from a surgical instrument while I was dissecting in Cleveland," said the doctor. "Malaria and rheumatism combined to thoroughly poison my system and bring me to this state. I had a very offensive post-mortem about the same time and breathed so much of the foul air that I was sick for two weeks. I contracted malaria while in Illinois. I read a great deal when first stricken down, and when I lost my sight my wife took this new burden upon her. In 1876 I had nervous prostration. I have been looking for death these many years, but when one wants him to come he is a very slow coach."

"For seven years," said Mrs. Reed, "he laid here without ever knowing how the street in front of the house looked. He used to say that the misery he suffered gathered in the very walls and was reflected back upon him. Then a committee of ladies made it possible for me to take him into Vermont, and he sat all day in the sunshine, and oh, it did him so much good. He came back in so much better health, but the long winter indoors wears him out."

Dr. Reed was educated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. He is of New England stock, and his grandfathers on the paternal and maternal side fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He has a brother who is a farmer in Iowa, and who aids him to the extent of his small means.

"I could live out there on the prairie, miles from any habitation," said the doctor, "but how can I take a wife who has devoted her life to me to such a place as that, without society, and ask her to stay alone with this misery which is always present?"

The Three Graces.

There has been another remarkable discovery in the gardens of Sallust, where excavations are going on relative to the process of establishing and building up a new quarter of the city. It is no less than a colossal marble group of the Three Graces, evidently a work executed in the palmy days of ancient sculpture, and of rare merit. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, except the unfortunate loss of all three heads, which, it is hoped, may yet be unearthed. If these be found, it will be one of the most important revelations that this mania for progress and the rebuilding of Rome has yet given us.

French in Chicago.

Mrs. G.—Why, my love, I guess she hasn't a new equipage, has she?

Mrs. G.—Of course she has. I heard her say at her party the other evening that her husband had given her a carte blanche.

Mr. G.—Is it one of those basket phaetons, I guess.—*From the Rambler.*

A North Carolina guinea hen had a nest in a hedge row. A crow discovered it, and after trying in vain to break an egg with its beak, clutched one in its claws, and flying up forty or fifty feet in the air, let it fall, and thus accomplished its purpose.

A man named Donovan was driving a horse and cart load of stone up a steep hill near the Queen's wharf, Ottawa, when the horse, losing his footing, was dragged over a cliff and fell a distance of about 50 feet, being instantly killed. The driver fortunately escaped.

Smallpox has broken out in Chippewa county, Mich.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The Mad King and His Vocalists.

At 18, King Louis of Bavaria (who suicided the other day) was frail and slender, fair haired and handsome. It was about this time he witnessed his first stage representation, Wagner's "Lohengrin," and it fascinated him. He sent for the composer and loaded him with favors of the costliest kind. This was perhaps the beginning of the mad King's extravagances. Wagner took up his residence in Munich, and the King caused all the works of the great composer to be produced in magnificent style. He himself made drawings for the scenery, and a fortune was spent on costumes and accessories. The courtiers became jealous of the King's devotion to the composer, and Wagner was finally sent away. But he was made rich by Louis' favors, and their friendship never was broken. The mad King had one other friend. He heard a tenor voice one day singing his favorite "Swan Song" from "Lohengrin." He sought out the singer, embraced him and made him his aide-de-camp. The two were inseparable for a long period, and the favored tenor used to float about on the miniature lake at Castle Berg in a gilded boat drawn by swans, singing to the lonely King on shore.

On another occasion, the King sent for a new soprano, who had made wonderful success at Munich, to entertain him with her singing, at his castle at Hohenschwangau. When the singer arrived the King told her she wanted to hear her singing on water at midnight. They proceeded to a shallow lake in the castle grounds, and King Ludwig produced a gaudy pleasure boat with a model between a canoe and a gondola. He seated the singer in the bow of the boat and placed himself on a luxurious pile of cushions in the stern. The little craft was propelled by one oar, which was skilfully wielded by the King. There he kept the poor artist singing for fully three hours. At last she begged to be allowed to stop, saying that she had already contracted a severe cold and was really unable to control her voice. The King sternly ordered her to proceed, but she could not. Then the King said he was going home and he supposed she knew the way ashore. He stepped over the side of the boat into the water, which was not more than three feet deep, and calmly waded ashore and walked up to his castle. The artiste staid in the boat filled with despair. For the first hour she thought the King would surely send some one to her rescue, but no one came and after two hours of waiting she too waded to the shore. She went to the castle, but nobody there knew anything about her and she was turned away as an imposter. She started to walk to Munich, notwithstanding that her clothes were soaked with water and bedraggled with mud. Fortunately she soon met a hackney coach, which took her to her apartments. She immediately summoned a doctor, but the fatal mischief had been done and she died within a week of pneumonia. The King sent an extravagant sum to pay for her funeral.

Notes.

Patti begins her wedded life in great style. She is already supporting a brood of five children of Nicolini by his former wife.

Sardou and Paladilh are jointly writing a new grand opera to be entitled "La Patrie." It will be ready for production in November.

Harriett Beecher Stowe on Monday passed the 75th mile post in her journey of life, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still devastating the land.

The first concert of the Toronto Musical Festival, given last night, was a great success. Two thousand five hundred persons were present. This concert was essentially the most important of the series, consisting as it did of Gounod's latest work, "Mors et Vita," which was preceded by "God Save the Queen."

A foreign despatch says: "The coming marriage of Mme. Christine Nilsson is one of the leading social topics just now. Count Casa Miranda was once a prominent Paris boulevardier, writing for the Madrid newspapers, and was attached to the Spanish legation in Paris. He is now a deputy in the Spanish Cortes, and is regarded as a rising politician."

Frank Mayo, the actor, who has made fame and fortune as *Davy Crockett*, has a most extraordinary aversion to the play, and declares that he will not appear in it again, unless compelled by poverty to do so. Mr. Mayo wants to be a tragedian, and is, indeed, an excellent actor, but the critics always insist that his *Hamlet* and *Othello* talk like *Davy*, hence his disgust.

Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, the composer of "Columbia" and "The Rose of Sharon," has just produced, under Mr. Carl Rosa's management, in London, a new opera called "The Troubadour." It seems to have been written in the Wagnerian fashion, and a critic cabling about it says: "I doubt if any auditor took home one remembrance of five consecutive bars."

What the Ladies Wore at the Ascot Races.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* cables to that paper as follows: "The Ascot week produced great millinery as well as equine triumphs. Even on the two rainy days the modiste ran races of colors with the jockey. Ascot copies Saratoga in that no feminine habitue appears twice in the same kind of costume. On the opening day the Princess of Wales wore a close-fitting straw brown silk dress, with light colored bands and a chip bonnet to match, with dark brown velvet strings edged with gold. She did not wear the usual throat clasp of roses which is generally associated with her toilets, but she resumed this throat clasp on the gold cup day, when she wore a ruby brown costume with a white brocade stomacher. Her daughters on the first day wore, the one a dark pansy shade of blue, the other a heliotrope shade of blue. Upon the last day her three daughters were in the royal inclosure, wearing lawn dresses, with faint pink sprays in their bonnets. The Duchess of Connaught chose an ivory tint for one costume; a plastron of moss green illusion and a moss velvet bonnet trimmed with plush roses completed the dress. The Marchioness of Londonderry, who is famous for original toilets, wore at Ormonde's new victory a cream crepe de chine, with a soft falling bodice draped in indescribable folds dressing in front and no fastenings visible. The folds were apparently kept in place by a corselet of velvet of rich mousse tone. Miss Grant, the future Countess Cairns, had one of the few Figaro jackets of black, elaborately embroidered in gold, gold being introduced into the hats. Nun's veiling, as during the last season, was largely used, amber, old gold, crocus cloth, marigold and buttercup sashes being curiously predominant.

An Indignant Scientist.

"Madam, could I get you to give me a cold bit of something to eat? I was a wealthy man once."

"How did you lose your money? Drinking, I suppose."

"On the contrary, madam, I contributed too heavily to the cause of science."

"Science!"

"Yes, marm, I am one of the Keely motor stockholders."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Only a Question of Time.

"Doctor, how is Banker Jones? I heard that he was very sick."

"He has joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician solemnly.

"What! You don't mean to say that Jones has skipped to Canada? Well! well!"—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Morrison will bring his Tariff Bill before the House of Representatives on Thursday.

THE CARICATURE PLANT.

A Botanic Development That May Assist Artists and Mimics.

One of the most remarkable plants in the whole vegetable kingdom is that known to botanists as the justicia picta, which has also been well named the caricature plant, as "St. Nicholas." At first sight, it appears to be a heavy, large-leafed plant, with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light yellow centres of its dark green leaves. When I first saw this odd plant and was thinking what a sickly, blighted appearance the queer, yellow stains gave it, I was suddenly impressed with the fact that the plant was "making faces" at me. And my first impression was correct. This curious shrub had indeed occupied itself in growing up in ridiculous caricatures of the "human face divine," until it now stood, covered from the topmost leaf down, with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature has taken to caricaturing. The flesh-colored profiles stood out in strong relief against the dark green of the leaves. A discovery of one of these vegetable marks led to an examination of a second and a third leaf, until all were scanned as closely and curiously as the leaves of the comic papers that form the caricature plant of the literary kingdom. What a valuable plant this would be for one of our professional caricaturists to have growing in his conservatory. When an order was sent to him for a "speaking likeness" of some unhappy politician, he could simply visit his justicia picta with pencil and paper in hand, and look over the leaves for a suitable squint, grin or distorted nose to sketch from. He could, moreover, affirm with truth that the portrait was "taken from nature." Cuthbert Collingwood, the celebrated naturalist, says of the justicia picta: "One of these plants in the garden of Gustave Dore would be worth a fortune to him, supplying him with a never failing fund of grotesque physiognomies, from which he might illustrate every serio-comic romance ever written." I have never heard of the cultivation of the caricature plant in this country; but botanists tell us it is a hardy shrub. I think we should be glad to see the funny faces on its leaves. After all the lovely flowers we are called upon to admire, I am sure that a plant evidently intended to make us laugh would receive a warm welcome.

Bad Results from Rice Throwing at Weddings.

The danger of the custom of throwing rice at weddings has just been exemplified. The vicar of St. James the Less, Bethnal Green, has for many years solemnized the ceremony of marriage free to any who choose to avail themselves of his kindness. It is usual for the friends to wait outside and give the couples a reception with a shower of rice, and to such an extent has the practice grown that the neighboring grocers keep parcels ready packed for the occasion. The brides are generally protected by their veils; the bridegrooms are less fortunate, and yesterday one of them received several grains in his eyes. When he raised his arm to shield himself a fresh fusilade was opened upon him, and it was only when he staggered back in pain that it dawned upon his friends that they had given him a reception with more vigor than discretion. After a vain attempt to clear his eyes he was led to a surgery adjacent, and he will now have to pass in the ward of a hospital what would have been his honeymoon. This is not by any means the first serious accident caused in this way.—*London Times.*

The Irish as Rulers.

Col. J. C. Normile, addressing the central branch of the Irish National League in St. Louis the other evening, quoted the following examples as proof of Irish capacity for governing: Dufferin is now governing 250,000,000 in India, and Lansdowne is getting along in his government of Canada. Wall governed Spain, and MacMahon governed France; O'Donnell governed Cuba, and O'Reilly governed Mexico. The Republic of Chili was really founded and afterward governed by O'Higgins, J. Ross Browne, while not governing China, was her ambassador to the civilized world, while Jackson, Buchanan and Arthur have represented the Irish race at the head of our own nation. Before I forget it, I must inform you that an Irishman was with Columbus when he discovered America. I had heard of it, and, on visiting Spain, I examined the original list preserved in Seville, and no mistake about it, there is a Hibernian from the town of Galway, as the document faithfully proves.

Male Servants Supplanted.

The growth of the Primrose League, by the way, is by no means the only indication of the increasing importance of servant-girlism in England. At the last meeting of the Statistical Society Mr. Charles Booth called attention to the remarkable fact that the female domestic servant is gradually supplanting her male competitor in the kitchen of the English household. The following figures are very remarkable:

	Population.	Male Indoor Servants
1861	18,000,000	74,000
1881	26,000,000	50,000
In 30 years	8,000,000	18,000

Jeames de la Yellowpluche seems to be going to the wall. At this rate he bids fair to be extinct as the dodo about the middle of the nineteenth century.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Iron or Wooden Ties.

Chief Engineer Brown, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who has made a test of iron ties, does not favor their use at the present price. He says: "We have had some of these ties in use on our Filbert street extension since 1880. Last year we laid about 400 or 500 of them on the 4½ degree curve in the West Philadelphia yards, where 134 fast passenger trains pass over them every twenty-four hours. The ties we have been using cost from $3 to $4 each. As long as good oak ties can be procured for not exceeding $1 a piece we would not recommend the adoption of iron ties, although they give perfect satisfaction, and are no more trouble to keep in line and surface than wooden ties."

The Apple Tree Borer.

June is the time when you may expect to see the apple tree borer set up his carpenter shop in the orchard. This mechanic you do not want. Build small fires of shavings, brush and rubbish in different parts of the orchard on some of these summer evenings and cremate the inquisitive chap. The borer also objects to cleanliness. Wash the bodies of the trees, especially near the ground, with soft soap and water—all the better if hot—or with reasonable strong lye—all the better if salt or saltpetre is mixed with it—and thus prevent the borer from depositing its eggs. The beetle is not quite an inch long, striped brown and white. Look out for the fellow!

A Neat Epigram.

At one of the great hotels, a gentleman seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room, passed a young lady who had two candles, o which she politely offered him one. He thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram. The young lady was as handsome as she was polite:

You gave me a candle, I gave you my thanks,
And add—as a compliment justly your due—
There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
Who could, if she tried, hold a candle to you

The Polynesian, from Liverpool, with the weekly mails and 28 cabin, 30 intermediate and 429 steerage passengers, arrived at Rimouski at 6 25 yesterday morning. Her mails were forwarded at 7.40 a.m.

SCRAPS.

OWED TO THE MAN WHO HAS SAID UNTO HIS BROTHER, "IS IT WARM?" ETC.

Sing hey! for a cauldron of boiling oil,
And a basin of molten lead,
Where this obdurate sinner may sizzle and boil
And tropically soak his head.

Who says to his brother in sweltering stew,
With a gurgle of fervid glee,
"Is it torrid enough to-day for you?
It's not warm enough for me."

May he singe and toast and simmer and roast,
And char and kindle and burn,
And scorch and singe and ever cringe
And his body to cinders turn.

Then the blistering heat of a furnace fire
Shall accomplish his just cremation,
And fagots and peat be his funeral pyre
To finish his incineration.

And thus this felon we'll ardently kim,
And listen with joy to his moans;
And when he has carbonized all that he will,
We'll each take one of his bones.

And waving the calcined remains of him,
A Parseean dance we'll do;
And shout this jocular requiem,
"Is it hot enough now for you.

—Speaking of yachts, it may be remarked that there is considerable of a demand for schooners at present.

—A labor exchange has an article on "How to Let People Help Themselves." A good way is to leave your front door unlooked.

—The bright light of advancing civilization is shining in the dark places of the earth. The Emir of Afghanistan has the gout.

—"It does a man good to go down among the children occasionally," said the man when he slipped and fell in the Kindergarten.

—When a man will insist upon offering a $20 reward for the return of a 75 cent dog, his wife ought to soothe his grief with a flatiron.

—"Paul," said his mamma, "will you go softly into the parlor and see if grandpa is asleep?" "Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he's all asleep but his nose."

—Beecher says: "I hold that a man should be a round and perfect man." Herein Henry Ward differs from the generality of people. Most folks like a man who is square.

—Little Johnnie, inquisitively—"Say, pa, what did Mr. Merritt mean last night when he spoke to Cora about the 'fabric of a dream?'" Brown, impatiently—"Mince pie, my boy—mince pie."

—Mamma (at the doll counter)—Now, Flossy, here is a very large assortment to select from. What kind of a dolly would you like to have? Flossie—Twins, mamma, if you please.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"How to Act in a Cyclone" is the heading of a newspaper article. The neighbors can act just as they want to when a cyclone strikes the town, but we shall act as if we were going down cellar.

—New York is considerably torn up, so to speak, over the question of whether the girls who clerk in stores are saleswomen or salesladies. We don't know what they are in New York city, but in this town they are both.

—An exchange tells of an irate parent who attempted to kick one of his daughter's admirers off the front steps, but missed him by two feet. Any man who attempts to kick with two feet ought to and is sure to miss.

—As to the relative merits of hard and soft steel rails, the investigations in Germany seem to leave the matter of wear indeterminate, with the conclusion that the wear of rails depends more upon the impurity of the steel than upon its hardness or softness.

—Mrs. Maternal—conversing with a friend as whose house she is calling, is disturbed by seeing her little daughter in another part of the room examining some ornaments—"Hortense, dear, I wouldn't touch those things." Hortense—"Oh, they're not so very dusty."

—A rollicking Irishman fell in love with a maiden whose father's antipathy was undisguised. "Well, I suppose you have met your fate?" said a friend to him one day. "Me fate! and by the powers I haven't," he exclaimed. "It's the cold gintleman's fate that I met."

—Pigeons will not look at lettuce, chickweed or other green stuff thrown down on the floor of their fly or loft; but if it is fastened securely by means of a bit of wire or cord a few inches off the floor, so they can just reach it, they will help themselves to as much as is good for them.

—If broken rice be boiled with one-third milk and two-thirds water, adding one egg to each pint of liquid, and the mass thickened with oatmeal and cornmeal while boiling, it will prove an excellent diet for very young chicks. It keeps well and may be crumbled very easily when cold.

—"I am struck dumb at your conduct!" exclaimed Mrs. Dempsey as her husband tottered into the house at 2 a. m. the other night, after playing a tattoo with the latch-key all over the door. "W—well, my dear," was the cheerful response. "I'm sure I h—hope it's a permanent strike."

—An exchange says: "People with very fine complexions have been known to travel on their face." "Yes, neighbor, you are right, for only last evening we beheld a young man with a complexion as fair as a girl's take a header from a bicycle, and travel about twenty feet on his face through a lot of gravel."

—Ripening spirits by electricity, instead of by age, the Albany *Sunday Press* says, is now practised across the Atlantic. Three incandescent lamps of 32 c. p. are inserted in a barrel of whiskey, and their light and heat are said to produce the same effect on the spirits as the ripening of age, thus fitting the whiskey for the market in much less time. Good judges report that the process improves the quality of the spirit.

AUNTIE'S ROSE.

It is only a rose, my darlings,
Do you ask what the tale can be—
Why a rose that is withered and faded
Should be so dear to me
Somebody sent it me, darlings,
Back in the days of yore.
On the night that his ship was sailing
Away to the dreadful war.

But I had my rose, my darlings,
To comfort me day by day,
As I read the bitter tidings
Of the fighting far away.
Till it dropped and died, my darlings,
And I read its message plain,
That he who had given that little rose
Would never come back again.

And now I am old, my darlings,
And life draws near its close,
You know why my heart is happy
As I watch my sweet dead rose.
Our life has another chapter
To read in the world to be,
And love like a new rose, darlings,
Will blossom for him and me.

Bavaria's King Regent.

The Bavarian King regent, Prince Luitpold, is a fine, handsome man, with a broad Teutonic face, and blond hair and whiskers, and wears a single eyeglass. He is full of fun, and when visiting Egypt a few years ago used to ride about the streets of Cairo and far into the desert on a large grey donkey. He is 65 years old, healthy and strong. He served in the artillery and infantry, and fought against the Prussians in 1866, and with them in 1870. The King made him President of the Council of State soon after his accession—a post usually held by the Monarch.

An attempt was recently made to fire Inglewyld, the hotel near Inglis Falls, Owen Sound. The flames, which were enveloping the kitchen, were extinguished, and after a search the remains of an armful of cotton waste saturated with coal oil and two bottles in which the oil was brought were found on the ground. A reward will be given for the capture of the incendiaries.

A CURIOUS CHURCH ANNEX.

Rev. Mr. Rainsford's New Method of Reaching New Yorkers.

A New York letter to the Buffalo *Courier* says: As it is only a step or so from Tammany Hall to St. George's Church, the mention of Tammany reminds me that the energetic six foot rector of St. George's, the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, has quite an undertaking on his hands just now. Of course there is nothing else in or about Tammany to suggest anything concerning a church. The enterprise that Mr. Rainsford has on hand bears some resemblance to the project carried out at Elmira several years ago by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher. St. George's ran down a good deal during the latter years of the rectorship of the late Dr. Tyng, sen., who grew old in it, and held it too long. Many of the old parishioners dropped off, and the affairs of the church were in rather a bad way when Tyng was finally retired on full salary. Mr. Rainsford believes in new ideas and new methods. He came to New York from Canada, but whether he is a Canadian or an Englishman I do not know. His new project is a large building, a sort of annex to the church, which shall contain a dispensary, a library, a gymnasium, a school-room, rooms for the clergy, a room for guides, and—mirabile dictu!—positively a smoking-room. And more astonishing still, all will be open Sundays just the same as other days. A church gymnasium and a church smoking-room open Sundays! And there are preposterous old pterodactils who say the world does not move! The cost of this new fangled building and its equipment will be about $200,000, and Mr. Rainsford is quite confident about raising the money to pay for it. Perhaps it will be as well invested after all as if it were to put up another fashionable edifice for strictly religious purposes on Fifth avenue. Bringing the young people together and making them comfortable and happy is not a bad thing to do. Mr. Rainsford himself is still young enough for enjoyment. His project is a novel one and it may also turn out a very good one, even if not strictly orthodox.

How Beer Brewers Drink.

"We have one man who drinks 100 glasses per day!" This answer was in reply to a question as to how much beer the employees in the Milwaukee breweries consumed. The speaker was a gentleman engaged in the office of an extensive brewing company. "What is the average consumption per man?" "About one and one-fourth gallons, or forty glasses daily. As a rule our employees drink fifty one-quarter barrels a day—nearly $100 worth. During warm days this number is increased to sixty quarters and more. Each man generally takes two glasses at one time, which would make the number of visits to the bar about twenty during the day. Allowing three minutes only for each time he knocks off work there is one hour which he loses in this way. Some of the men have to walk a block and further, and it often takes about five minutes." "Where is the bar generally located?" "Ours is in a corner of the wash-house. We pay a man $60 a month to draw beer for the men, and he earns his money, too. He does nothing else." "Do your employees get as much beer as they can hold since the late strike?" "They receive all they want."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Natural Gas in Grates.

A Pittsburger was telling me of some of the oddities of natural gas the other day. It seems that many houses are heated by the gas, it being burned in grates in which are logs of asbestos.

"These look like real logs, and burn very naturally," he said, "only they are forever unconsumed. Well, folks grew tired of simple logs, and now they have taken to making things of terra cotta as well as asbestos, and putting them in the grates to burn. You see they perforate them so that little jets of flame come from all parts. One day last week I saw two life-like English bull-dogs sitting in a fireplace, covered from head to foot with blue flames. They seemed very contented, but I guess if a stranger had seen them unexpectedly he would have thought it as great a miracle as that of Shadrach in the fiery furnace. Then, again, one grate I know of is fixed up with a chicken on her nest, while still another is filled with little bisque French dolls."

"And does the gas really heat houses nicely?"

"Oh, admirably. Then it is so clean. No soot, you know, and no coal to carry or ashes so empty. That is its great advantage."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

A Charming Princess.

The Princess of Wales is really the most beautiful woman I have seen of late years. There used to be as handsome women formerly, but I have not seen one so handsome for twenty years. She has not a wrinkle or a sign of age; her complexion is brilliant, her eyes dazzling, her lips red, her teeth perfect, her features commanding, her expression that mysterious thing we call beauty, her smile enchanting. She was dressed in lilac, and it became her magnificent loveliness. That such a woman can be the mother of a grown up son is preposterous. Her daughters are very plain. How the Prince of Wales can see beauty in any one but his own wife seems impossible. The Princess Christian, whom I have met at the house of a friend, and who is a most unaffected, agreeable, cordial woman, with much bonhomie, stood next to the Princess of Wales. She encouraged me in my progress past royalty with a cordial smile and look of recognition. She was in black and scarlet and looked well.—*From a Late London Letter.*

Young Emmet's Engagement.

A few mornings ago I was standing in the office of the Westminster Hotel, when a handsome young man tapped me on the shoulder and asked me something about how long I was going to ignore him.

It was Joseph Emmet, jun., who is the unconscious incarnation of that vague something which the world has agreed to call American humor.

I answered his salutation pleasantly and proceeded to ask him something concerning his own affairs, when he thrust out his hand hurriedly and said in a tone of business, without the least denotement of having on his mind anything unusual,

"Excuse me a few minutes till I go and get married."

Sure enough, he was at that moment on his way to church, where, in less than half an hour, he was duly and solemnly united in marriage to the very pretty little Miss Keely, of Albany.—*From a New York Letter.*

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get Putnam's and no other.

A heavy thunder storm passed over Atlas Craig on Wednesday night, the 9th instant. The spire of the Presbyterian Church was struck by lightning, and was so shattered that it will have to be taken down. The whole building was badly shaken.

Mr. Charles Rider, while helping to mingle Mr. Dean's barn near Paris on Saturday afternoon, fell from the roof and died in a few minutes from the injuries received. He leaves a wife and two children.

Mr. W. J. Patterson, Secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade, died on Sunday evening.

MAKING THINGS LAST.

How Girls Can Take Care of Their Belongings Effectively.

Every housekeeper knows how careful treatment keeps table linen and household furniture, says *Good Cheer*. Girls do not always know or remember that great care of their own little possessions will often enable them to dress nicely on very little money. A lady says: "When I was a girl there was one of my young friends who was distinguished for 'making her things last.' Her dress, hats, gloves and ribbons were a marvel of durability. I used to wonder how she managed to make them last so without their looking shabby, but I ceased to do so after I had visited her at her own home. The reason why her clothes wore so long was that she took such good care of them. Her dresses were brushed and folded away carefully, and the slightest spot on them was removed as soon as it was discovered. Her hat was wrapped in an old pocket handkerchief, and put away in a box as soon as done with, the strings and laces being straightened and rolled out most symmetrically each time. Her gloves were never left together, but were pulled out straight and laid flat in a box, one upon the other, and the time they were used, the tiniest hole being mended almost before it had time to show itself. But the thing that impressed me most was the care she bestowed on her ribbons. When making up bows she used to line the upper part of the ribbon with white paper, and this not only prevented the ribbon from becoming limp and creased, but kept it clean, so that when the bow was soiled on one side she could turn the ribbon, and the part that had been covered came out looking new and fresh. That girl married and brought up a large family. Her husband had to fight his way and did so bravely, and was unusually successful, for he became wealthy. But his prosperity was due quite as much to his wife's care and economy in saving money as it was to his in making it."

Cultivation of the Peach.

Mr. J. F. Taylor, of Michigan, who has given great attention to the cultivation of the peach, writes the *Horticulturist* of that State five rules each on the condition of failure and success in the cultivation of the fruit. Failure comes from the following causes:

1. A wet soil, or one that from any cause holds water around the roots of the tree, whether the land is situated high or low.

2. Excessive fertility where the trees are young, whether it be secured in the natural condition of the soil or by the ingenuity of man.

3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality.

4. Allowing trees to overbear and thus exhaust their vitality by a single crop of fruit.

5. By deficient and improper cultivation.

Conditions of success are stated as follows:

1. An elevated location that is not subject to late frosts in the spring or early frosts in the fall.

2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificial drainage may prove successful, but its utility has not been fully demonstrated in this region.

3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, until the trees come into bearing, then combine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by growth of trees and fruit.

4. Never let a tree overbear.

5. Continue cultivation until the close of the d