Deaths of English Sovereigns.

William the First got a bruise from his horse,
A random shot arrow made Rufus a corpse
Henry the Clever on fish too well fed,
Stephen of Blois disquietly in bed;
Henry the Second of grief broke his heart;
Cœur de Lion got killed by a dart;
John, by the fever—and nobody sighed,
Harry of Winchester naturally died;
Edward the First died marching to fight,
Edward the Second was murdered at night;
The warrior Edward passed calmly away,
Richard, deposed, was starved out of the way;
Henry the Fourth died of fits to excess,
Henry the Fifth in the noon of success;
Henry the Sixth died of grief in the Tower;
'Twas just beneath Edward the Fourth his last hour;
Edward the Fifth in the Tower, too, was killed,
By Richard the Third—slain at Bosworth Field;
Henry the Seventh owes death to the gout,
Disorders untold put his namesake to rout;
Edward the Sixth died a natural death,
Mary, in quietness, exhaled her last breath;
Queen Bess closed an anguish an ill-spent reign,
Scotch James the First passed away without pain;
The First King Charles died under the knife,
Charles, his son, passed off without strife;
His second son, James, died exiled from his throne,
William the Third broke his right collar bone;
Queen Ann very suddenly went to her doom,
Apoplectical fits sent King George to the tomb;
King George the Second turned out in a rage,
His long reigned successor slipped off in old age;
The Fourth king George, and William, his brother,
With an obscure heart left this life for another;
Victoria reigns—so good and so wise,
And she'll be greatly missed when—never she dies.

IN ROSEBUD ROW.

The Way Some Girls Keep Roses in Their Cheeks.

Down on Michigan avenue are six houses known as "Rosebud Row." There are from two to four girls in each house, and are all in society. They constitute a clique of themselves, and are so conspicuously inseparable as to give foundation to the report that they have one big dining-room in the rear of the houses wherein they eat together. "When one has the measles they all have it," is a common expression for the rapidity with which the breaking out of any craze in one member spreads through the crowd. Waiting in her parlor the other morning for the appearance of one of the rosebuds my curiosity was excited by hearing a constant tramp and occasional thuds followed by shrieks of mirth in the room overhead. Bertha came in quite out of breath, and I at once asked "What in the name of common sense are the girls doing upstairs?" "Come up and see," she answered. What I saw was eight girls dressed in white flannel suits composed of blouse waist, short skirts and trousers, marching around the room with great bags of sand on the head. Every few minutes some of them would grow frisky, break from the dignified step and "thud" would go the sandbag. A ninth girl was swinging Indian clubs in a wildand reckless manner, suggestive of the scientific way in which girls throw stones. Still another was on a rowing machine, puffing and working. And still another was vigorously punching at an air-bag, which now she hit and now she didn't. As I entered the room the procession halted, and in one breath they told me they were going in for a graceful carriage. "Just see my gait," said a giddy little blonde, stepping off for inspection. The girl with the Indian clubs came up for me to feel of her muscle. I took it for granted it was there. I couldn't feel it. The fat girl on the rowing machine wanted to know if I didn't think she had lost about 25 pounds, and the thin girl left the air-bag to tell me that she couldn't begin to get into her best black silk and that the seams could not be let out without showing. "There was a time when you could play hide and seek behind my shoulder blades, count 'rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief' on my ribs, and hang a hat on either knee. But, bless me! this exercise has put so much flesh on me, you couldn't do it now."—*Chicago Letter.*

A NOBLE WIFE.

Pathetic Story of Her Attempts to Save Her Husband's Life.

A Shell Lake, Wis., dispatch says: Fritz Hass and his wife were in Shell Lake doing some trading on Thursday, and about 2 o'clock in the afternoon started for home. The aged couple had walked to town in the morning and felt equal to the task of walking back again, a distance of five miles. It was a bitter cold day, and as they advanced the wind began to blow. Before half of their journey had been accomplished they were wrapped in a blinding snow storm, and their progress became slow and difficult. Soon Mr. Hass sank down in the snow, thoroughly exhausted and unable to proceed. His new frantic wife tried in vain to urge him on. But she was compelled to leave him and seek aid at the nearest house. When she arrived at the house she sought she found a woman alone. It was then about 10 o'clock at night, but taking blankets the two women started back to succor Mr. Hass. He was unconscious when they reached him and with difficulty they succeeded in getting him a few rods further toward shelter. But Hass was a large, fleshy man, and the women were compelled to abandon their efforts in his behalf. Wrapping her exhausted husband in blankets and again giving him some nourishment, his noble helpmeet sat down beside him, while her kind assistant started for home. Mr. Hass remained with her husband until he died, about 8 o'clock in the morning. When help arrived at the scene the unfortunate couple were taken home, one nearly as lifeless as the other. Mr. Hass was nearly 70 years of age, and his faithful wife a few years his junior.

A Natural Mistake.

Amateur Arctic Explorer—Well, well; the books are all wrong. I thought these people dressed in sealskins.

Native—Oh, no! Ordinary fur is good enough for us.

"Great St. Arctic. Where did you learn English?"

"English! We all talk English."

"Well, I don't see how these former Arctic explorers could lie so. Say, my friend, the North Pole is right about here somewhere, and I want to get together a party of natives to help me find it."

"You're wrong in your geography, young feller. This is Dakota."—*Omaha World.*

An Explanation.

Customer—"I must say I don't like this milk." Milkman—"Why, what's the matter with it?" "Just look at it; don't you see that it is blue?" "Well, yes; it is a little darker than usual." "What is the cause of it?" "I think I can explain it." "I'd be glad to hear it." "You see, we weaned the calf a few days ago, and probably the old cow feels a little blue about it. That's the only way I can account for it."—*Texas Siftings.*

After the close of the services in the Methodist Church of Switzler, Ind., the other evening, a number of young men waiting for their girls blocked the doorways, and retarded the exit of the large congregation. Pastor Heyland asked the boys to get out of the way. They paid no attention to him, whereupon he grabbed James F. Smith and threw him out, and the others hurried after. Smith had the preacher arrested, and he was fined $1 and costs. He has appealed the case and filed a charge against Smith for disturbing a religious meeting.

The value of the cotton plant, great as it is acknowledged by all to be, seems to have the possibility of being increased, since it has lately been discovered that the bark of the root contains what promises to be an available coloring matter.

A Lake Michigan captain says that a long course of observation has convinced him that vessels named after women are remarkably unlucky, as compared with those bearing the name of men. He also says that he never knew a boat named the "Mayflower" that was unlucky.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Cable News of the Latest Parisian Novelties.

THE HIGH HAT TO GO.

A cablegram from Paris says: March sunshine has given a new impetus to the fancies of the Parisian modistes, and a coming revolution in ladies' head covering is impending. The high hat is decidedly doomed, and *toques* are making their appearance in all kinds of pretty fancy straws, trimmed with velvet and with wide *faille* ribbon, with a wing placed at one side or else two quill feathers. The *capote* bonnet, with the sides covered with large leaves instead of birds' wings, is one of the latest novelties.

COLORED STRAW BONNETS.

A pretty innovation is the bordering of the bonnet brim with small flowers, such as primroses, violets or very small rosebuds. Tortoise shell pins are a good deal employed on black lace bonnets. Colored straws are exclusively shown for the present, and are very stylish trimmed with *faille* ribbon of a paler shade than the bonnet itself, such as Ophelia lilac on dark purple straw, pale blue on marine blue and pink on wine colored straw. A few high crowned Tyrolean hats that are still shown have a trimming in some cases passing over the crown in flat bias folds of velvet, with a large flower caught here and there among the folds. This style of trimming is very picturesque, but has to be carefully managed in order to prevent a topheavy appearance.

The newest colors of the season are a delicate shade of old pink, or dying rose, as it is poetically called, and a silver shade of green known as serpent green.

TWO ELEGANT TOILETS.

Two elegant dresses worn by hostesses at two recent receptions were made as follows: One was in crushed raspberry velvet, made with a long train and plain, full skirt, the beauty and richness of the material requiring no elaboration in making or trimming. The pointed corsage was high to the throat and was shaded by a *fichu* in exquisite old *point d'Alençon*. The other toilet was worn by a young married lady. The corsage was in olive green velvet, brocaded with roses in their natural hues and bordered with a fringe in dark green jet. The skirt was composed of Pekin, in very wide stripes of olive *faille* and net, looped over an underskirt of olive *faille*. A costume, all in silver gray velvet, even to the bonnet, muff and jacket, was worn by a young lady visitor.

It must be admitted, in fact, that some of the most effective of these afternoon dresses have been in plain rich velvet, very simply made, and with scarcely any trimming, the beauty of the material and the perfection of the fit of the dress forming the highest types of elegance.

A FANCY COSTUME.

An original costume, to be worn by a well known military man in Paris at a fancy dress ball, is called *Image d'Epinal*. It consists of white satin breeches and a coat, upon which are printed in colors and in small square blocks fairy tales of all kinds. Epinal, in the Vosges, is famous for its children's picture books. Sheets of fairy tales are sold there to the multitude for the modest price of one cent each.

Decorum in Western Courts.

"When Eastern people read *Puck* and see signs which are claimed to be taken from court-rooms out West, they imagine that the signs are burlesques. I thought so until I went West," said a gentleman to the Arcouder last night. "I know now that the signs are literal in every sense. I have two pasted up in my office which may do as samples of those I have seen. They were taken from a court-room in the northern part of Wyoming Territory, and read: 'No cracking peanuts in this court-room,' and 'Lawyers are not allowed to kiss the baby during court hours.' This latter being translated means that they are not allowed to take a drink. Then I saw one in a court-room at a town on Lake Superior which read: 'This court adjourns at 2.30; the court is going to the dance at H——.' The dance was held in a camp about six miles back of the town.—*Buffalo Courier.*

The Housemaid Carries the Point.

Apropos of the movement on foot at present to encourage American girls to enter domestic service is told an amusing story. A lady whose consideration for her servants is only equalled by her kindness and charity toward the rest of the world, took an American girl into her service. Both mistress and maid got on well until it came to a question of curl papers. The maid gently rebelled when admonished about opening the door to guests in the morning with her hair done up in papers, her argument being this somewhat astonishing one: "Madame, something must be sacrificed to the cause of beauty." It is superfluous to add that the maid triumphed and still wears the curl papers until noon.—*Boston Post.*

A Place for Surplus.

Lawyer—You are entitled to a pension?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—What battles were you in?

Applicant—I wasn't in any battles. I stayed at home and yipped and yelled for the grand old flag, and looked after defenceless women and children.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Why They Stand Up.

Countryman (in the gallery of the stock exchange)—How much does it cost, mister, to do business down there?

Mister—The seats, I think, are worth about $30,000.

Countryman (fetching his breath)—Gosh, I don't wonder most of 'em stand up.—*Life.*

Cheerful View.

Gentleman (looking at flat)—"I am afraid my wife won't want to come up as high as this. It's the tenth story, isn't it?" Landlord—"Yes; tenth story, including the basement. I think your wife will like it up here, sir. The family who occupied it last summer told me that they preferred it to the White Mountains."—*Hartford Times.*

Some St. Paul investigators have decided that the word "toboggan" is from the Ojibwa word "odaban," which means a sled or any vehicle on which anything is drawn. Or it may be from the verb "obabanjge," which means "I ride in a sleigh."

The four daughters of Ignatius Riggin, of Madison county, Ill., not only make their own dresses and other clothing, but spin and weave the cloth of which they are made from raw cotton and wool. Mr. Riggin is a rich man, rated worth $250,000, and his daughters are pretty, intelligent and accomplished. They live luxuriously in a handsome house, expensively and tastefully furnished. Home-made clothing is the father's hobby, and the girls sensibly indulge him in it. "What wives they would make!"

Michael Krueger, of Manchester, Wis., was born 113 years ago in Posen, Prussia. He is the father of nine children, seven being sons, and when the seventh son was born Michael received a letter and $50 from the King of Prussia. Four of the children are dead, and the oldest living child is Gottlieb, who is 78 years old and lives in Milwaukee. The youngest of the nine is now 50 years old.

Rev. Archdeacon Ellwood, of Goderich, was struck with paralysis the other day, and now lies very low.

JUBILEE DRAWING-ROOM.

Buckingham Palace Thronged With Rank and Beauty—Description of the Dresses of Royalty.

A London cablegram says: The Queen yesterday afternoon held at Buckingham Palace her first jubilee drawing-room. The rush was so great that the Queen had retired before a large number of carriages had reached the grand portal, around which the brilliant military guards of honor were attending. One line of carriages extended eastward along the double roads of St. James' Park beyond the club district of Pall Mall, and another line westward around the Buckingham Hotel and past Hyde Park corner into Piccadilly. At least 5,000 curious spectators clustered along the lines staring at the inmates of the carriages and their gorgeous dresses, not omitting to make the usual sarcasms on the Jeames Yellowplushes who adorned the hammercloths. There was the usual fatigue of the guests awaiting their turns, a more than customary crush on the grand staircase. There was the wonted battle of trains, disregarding the motto *noblesse oblige*. There was the traditional pushing and wedging and the use of fans as weapons, all accompanied by the time-honored jealousies for precedence or degree in the royal sunshine.

The Queen, standing on the dais in the Royal Throne Room, looked a remarkably happy matron, with the Princess of Wales and the Princesses Beatrice and Helena and the Duchess of Albany just below her. Beyond the royal group of ladies the Prince of Wales looked as buoyant as one should who had slept through an earthquake. He wore the brilliant uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Horse Guards, of which Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant is the active colonel. A squadron of the same regiment had escorted the Prince and Princess from Marlborough House amid the hearty cheers of everybody. The Marquis of Salisbury and nearly all the Cabinet were in another group beyond the Prince of Wales and suite. Some of the Ministers displayed in their court dress larger heads than calves.

Lord Randolph was absent from the Commoners, but her ladyship was present, smiling away the baseless scandals lately rife. Lady John Manners, who is a veteran at drawing-rooms, was heard to say that never within her recollection had there been such an immense and brilliant attendance at a drawing-room. The Lord Chamberlain's presentation book really makes up a bulky volume. The number of *debutantes* mindful of the notable Jubilee flavor of the occasion was very large. The supplement to to-day's *Court Journal* runs to sixty columns.

The Queen wore a train and bodice of black velvet and silk, trimmed with Russian sable over a black silk skirt trimmed with tulle and jet, a white tulle veil, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds, necklace and earrings of diamonds, and the Kohinoor as a brooch, with orders and ribbons dazzling in number and arrangements.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of silver grey and silver brocade, with draperies of brocade and crape embroidered in silver, looped with grey and silver marabouts; a train of brocade lined with satin duchesse and bordered with silver fringe and marabouts; a corsage to correspond; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds and feathers and veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

The Princess Beatrice wore a dress and train of ruby velvet, embroidered with beads of the same color; headdress, a diadem of rubies and diamonds, feathers and veil; ornaments, rubies and diamonds.

The Duchess of Albany wore a black corded silk, with bead embroideries and a black veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Both the Princesses of Wales, granddaughters of the Queen, wore trains of pearl white satin broche, lined with faille and bordered in tulle, and bouquets of lilies of the valley; corsage to correspond, trimmed with tulle and lilies over a jupe of tulle in bouillonces and plisses looped with bouquets of lilies of the valley; ornaments, pearls, diamonds and rubies, also the Orders of Victoria and Albert.

It was three hours after the close of the reception before the last carriage left the precincts of the palace in a dense fog, which made vehicular traffic and pedestrianism highly dangerous.

Wifely Pride.

We had called, Jennie and I, on a bright young bride, and very bright she was, with sparkling eyes and laughing lips, and a pretty, girlish way with her, half timid, half defiant, a mixture of girlishness and self-will that always looks pretty—when you don't see too much of it; then it becomes monotonous. Her husband was not in. We inquired for him, of course, and she answered, with a pretty toss of the head:

"He's at that horrid office. I hate it."

When we came away I said, "What a pretty bride Cousin Harry has!"

"But I'm sorry for him," said Jennie.

"Sorry!" said I, in surprise.

"Yes," said Jennie; "I am sorry for any man whose wife has no pride in her husband's business. Sorry for any man whose wife, by her undisguised contempt for what ought to be her husband's pride and ambition, does what she can to make it a drudgery for him. If she looks at his office or his store or his factory as a horrid place, useful only to make money in, what must be the result? Either his joy in it will be quenched, or he will come to look on her with that pity which is dangerously akin to contempt. If, on the other hand, she has a wifely pride in his law, or his trade, or his theology, or his practice, whatever it may be, he will catch inspiration from her high thoughts about it, and his law will become to him an instrument of justice, and his trade a means of doing good to humanity, and his theology a spiritual experience; for she will illumine and elevate everything by her womanly aspiration."

"And what," said I, "if it be a business that a woman cannot have a pride in?"

"Then," said Jennie, "the sooner he leaves it the better; for no man ought to do what a true wife ought to be ashamed to have him do."

And I rather think Jennie is right. She generally is.—*Spectator, in Christian Union.*

A Sun That Winks.

Dr. Gould has recently discovered a new winking sun, resembling in the rapidity of its changes the famous Algol, which the Arabs regarded as a sort of demon in the sky. The theory most in vogue to account for the variations of the light of these unsteady stars is that an enormous planet, or rather an extinct sun, is whirlingat close quarters around them and partially eclipsing them when it comes between them and us.—*New York Sun.*

Coal Famine at Halifax.

A Halifax despatch says: The continuous strike of coal miners at the Pictou mines has created a coal famine in this city and very serious results will ensue if the strike continues much longer. The Cape Breton ports are frozen up and no coal can be obtained thence. The Spring Hill mines cannot supply their orders from the upper provinces. Halifax people, therefore, will soon be compelled to burn wood or pay about $10 a chaldron for coal.

Emperor William has conferred the order pour le merite for arts and sciences upon the historiographer of Prussia, Privy Councillor Professor Dr. von Treitschka, of Berlin; on Privy Councillor Dr. Gustav Freytag, the author of Wiesbaden; on the composer, Herr Johannes Brahms, of Vienna, and on Maestro Guiseppe Verdi, of Milan.

FEMALE AMERICA BEFORE THE QUEEN.

How New World Beauties Look and Feel.

The London correspondent of the New York *Sun* thus describes the presentation at court of American ladies:

Each lady will be most awfully low-necked, with train reaching from almost anywhere to the door. With that train wrapped two or three times round her lower extremities she will sit for a good long time in her carriage in front of the palace, while the carriages of most important personages drive in, and while more or less gilded youth walk up and down and stare. By and by she will be huddled into a cold room with about 499 other trains as big as her own. She will wait there for an hour or more, probably more. When her arms are getting blue and her dignity has pretty well oozed away she will be requested to hand a card with her name on it to the Lord Chamberlain. He will read it and steer her to the door. She will drag the train past a big chair on which the Queen sits perched, and as she goes past will make her finest bow. Her eyes will be dazzled by gay costumes, and her wonder will be excited, if she is not too much flurried, by the tremendous display of calves all about, from the Prince and noble ambassadors right down to the servants. Then everything will fade like a scene from a magic lantern, and she will find herself outside the second door and not at all impressed with her own greatness, and free to find her carriage and go home. Next day there will only be one thing to console her. It will be the pleasure of mailing to all her friends and relatives a copy of the *Times* which tells of her presentation to the Queen. The knowledge that her deluded relatives will picture her sitting on a lounge with the Queen of England drinking tea and swapping baby stories will be the only sordid return for the considerable investment. Apart from an excusable vanity, the presentation at Court can be of use only to American ladies who intend residing in London, who want to go into society and bring out their daughters.

A PHANTOM SIGNALMAN.

A "Spook" Disturbing Baltimore & Ohio Train Employees.

A Tiffin, O., despatch says: The village of Republic, O., has a ghost which stops trains, and there is great excitement there. A few nights ago when limited express No. 5, the same train that was wrecked and burned on January 4th, was approaching the scene of that horrible disaster, the engineer saw a red light—the danger signal—ahead. He applied the brakes and reversed his engine, and the train came to a standstill on almost the exact spot of the great wreck. Strange to say, when the train came to a standstill the light had disappeared and could nowhere be seen. Before stopping both the engineer and fireman noticed that the light appeared to be carried by a woman dressed entirely in white. Puzzled by the disappearance of the signal, the engineer and conductor walked over the track for some distance ahead, but could discover nothing wrong. The train then backed to Republic station and the operator was questioned, but he assured them that no signal had been sent out. The train proceeded on its way, running cautiously for several miles and the engineer keeping a sharp lookout, but nothing more was seen of the mysterious woman or signal. This strange apparition has appeared on three different occasions and has greatly excited trainmen and residents. A *posse* of men have watched the place for several nights, but the ghost has not since appeared.

THE CANADIAN HORSE TRADE.

The Kind of Animals Wanted for the British Army.

A London cable says: Col. Ravenhill lectured last night before the Institute of Agriculture on the breeding of horses for military purposes. He said that the horse wanted was a cross on an English thoroughbred stallion, up-standing, with short legs, good bone, heavy shoulders, plenty of length, depth of girth and good action.

Col. Goldie has been instructed by the War Office to purchase 300 horses in Canada for army purposes in England. Veterinary Matthews, of the Royal Horse Guards, has been ordered to Canada to assist in the purchase of horses which are required here. Owing to continental countries having prohibited the export of horses, Canada can, by producing suitable horses, obtain a large market. There is no reason, if the matter is properly undertaken by Canadian farmers, why the Dominion horse trade should not become of large importance and as profitable as the cattle trade.

What an Armless Man Did.

There recently died at Potsdam, St. Lawrence county, N.Y., Richard Donovan, who was in some respects one of the most remarkable men in northern New York. Twenty years ago, when a boy, Donovan worked in a flour mill. One day he was caught in a belt and received injuries that necessitated taking off both arms at the shoulders. This misfortune did not discourage him, and after recovering his health he set about earning a livelihood as best he could without the use of hands or arms. Part of the time he lived alone, and from the necessity of helping himself he became wonderfully adept in performing all kinds of work, using his feet and mouth principally. He owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a waggon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and, with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in this town and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He would pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two arms could do.—*Boston Transcript.*

Current Facts and Curious Figures.

There are now 16,000 colored teachers in the United States.

The average price for peaches received by the Delaware growers in 1886 was 52½ cents per basket.

The Barnstead, N. H., brass band, which claims to be the oldest band in the United States now in active service under its original organization, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary February 22nd.

The stalls of the famous "Marche du Temple" at Paris, where great sales of second-hand clothing are made, are rented at an annual charge of $400, and the receipts for each occupant are said to average between $8,000 and $10,000 a year.

Two men of Burnett, Wis., have trapped 3,000 muskrats and 65 mink at Horicon marsh this winter. They are paid 11 cents apiece for the muskrat skins. Last season their trapping receipts amounted to $800.

It is never too late to mend; but a man need not expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.

When a young man in the Aleutian Islands goes to see his girl in the evening, the parents of the girl thoughtfully retire to another compartment of the ice house, leaving a burning candle with the lovers. Do they let the candle burn? Not much; they promptly blow it out and eat it in the dark.—*New York Tribune.*

BISHOP BALDWIN'S PROHIBITION.

No Church Revenue Should be Raised by Games of Chance or Theatricals.

The following decree has been issued by Bishop Baldwin in his Diocese of Huron:

"Inasmuch as serious injury has for some time past been inflicted on the cause of Christ in this, our diocese, by the use of unscriptural and utterly fallacious methods of raising money for church purposes, and seeing, moreover, that the principles which should regulate our giving, advocated by us in our primary charge in 1884, have in some instances been neglected, forgotten or ignored, we deem it best, for the interests of our Redeemer's kingdom and the furtherance of His truth among us, clearly and unreservedly to state what are the practices to which we refer, and to take such action as the welfare of our sacred religion demands.

While allowing to congregations all reasonable liberty in the conduct of their own affairs, we yet feel that certain abuses in connection with the raising of money for church purposes have crept in among us, of so secular and unholy a character that to leave them unchecked would be not only to injure the spirituality of the church at large, but also, by implication, to make us partaker of other men's sins.

In accordance with the above, and in virtue of the authority committed unto us, the chief pastor over this portion of our Lord's flock, we now formally inhibit all churches and congregations within our diocese using the following methods of raising money for ecclesiastical or parochial purposes

First—Raffling, throwing of dice, games of chance or gambling of any kind.

Secondly—All theatrical, dramatic or impersonating exhibitions, whether public or private.

Beyond these two injunctions it is not our intention to proceed, preferring to leave all other matters connected with this subject to your Christian judgment and sense of what is right as professors of the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. We may, however, state our opinion, and in this we think we have the "mind of Christ."

The only true and Scriptural method by which we can raise money for the cause of Christ is the exercise of the divine principle of self-renunciation. The spirit too often invoked is that of self-gratification, or aggrandizement. Our offerings, to be acceptable to God, must represent, not the price which some have paid for amusement and others for gain, but the self-denial of our hearts for the love we bear to Christ.

MAURICE S. HURON.

CONFERRING THE RED HAT.

Representatives of Canada and the United States to Receive It.

The two American cardinals, the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, Gibbons, and the Archbishop of Quebec, Taschereau, who are at present in Rome, will receive their red hats at a public consistory, to be held March 17th, the feast of St. Patrick. The insignia of a cardinal can only be given by the Pope himself in person. The ceremony of conferring the cardinal's hat is a very impressive one. The new cardinal is led into the Pope's presence by two of the cardinal deacons, and he immediately makes a triple profound reverence to the head of the Catholic Church—one at the threshold of the hall, one in the middle and still another at the foot of the throne. The Pope then bestows upon him the kiss of peace, and he is embraced by all his cardinalitial colleagues in turn. The *Te Deum* is chanted, and, after encircling the altar with his colleagues, the new cardinal prostrates himself, and remains in that position while the canticle is being finished, and the proper prayers said by the cardinal dean. Arising, next his hood is thrown back, the cardinal dean receives his oath of office, and leads him before the Pope, who confers upon him the red velvet hat, with due prayers. The Pope then withdraws, and the new cardinal receives the congratulations of his brethren. The cardinalitial ring and title are not conferred until the second consistory; only the hat is given at the first.

The cardinal's hat is of red cloth, with a very small crown and broad brim. Two ties, each ending in five rows of red silk acorns or tassels, three in each row, are fastened to the crown, and fall on either side, being long enough to meet under the wearer's chin. Originally, instead of this fringe, each tie had but a single tassel, because the hat was then used on all solemn occasions. At present the hat is not worn, and, therefore, the fringing may be more elaborate. Indeed, after the hat has been conferred, it is not again seen till the cardinal's death, when it is placed upon his bier, and, as a rule, suspended in the church above his tomb. The red hat of the late Cardinal McCloskey may be seen thus suspended in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. The red ferreta of the cardinal is of felt, of the same shape as those of simple ecclesiastics. On ordinary occasions they wear a black hat, with a red ribbon gold embroidered. The ring given to the cardinal to consecrate his marriage with the Church is a sapphire set in gold.

Canadian News Notes.

The Township of Otonabee is trebly honored. Its reeve, Mr. Jno. Lang, has been elected M. P. for East Peterboro'. Its Deputy-Reeve is Warden of the county, and Mr. Blezard, M. P. P., is a resident of the township.

Measles and diphtheria are very prevalent about Watford and have proved fatal in a number of cases. Three members of the family of Mr. John Lightfoot, of Brooke Township, and two daughters of Mr. Wm. Clutterback, of Watford, have died.

An offer of prizes by the Brant County Sabbath School Association to the Sunday School pupils on the Indian reserve has borne good fruit. Three schools have sent in lists of those entitled to a prize for attendance. One school carried off forty prizes, twenty-two of whom had been present every day; another school claimed eight, four of whom had been present every day; the latter school seventy-two, most of whom had been present full time.

Equal to the Occasion.

"This is a great subject," said a grandiloquent orator; "can you name a greater?"

He paused for effect, and, to the horror of the audience, a small poy piped up:

"I can mister, a nutmeg-grater.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Death of Tennyson's Sister.

The death at Margate, England, is announced of Mrs. Jesse, wife of Captain Jesse, Royal Navy, who, when Miss Emily Tennyson, would have been married, but for his death, to Arthur Hallam, immortalized by Tennyson's "In Memoriam."—*Boston Post.*

A citizen of Pocahontas, Ia., has invented a new fuel, which bids fair to take the place of coal in the prairie countries. He grinds cornstalks and coarse prairie grass together and moistens them. This pulp is pressed into blocks about twelve inches long and four inches thick and dried. One block will give an hour's steady heat. This fuel can be produced for $2 a ton, and the inventor claims that it will last twice as long as the best soft coal.

Sir A. B. Walker, the founder of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, has given £10,000 towards the building of the Liverpool Cathedral, and suggests that the Queen's jubilee would be an appropriate occasion for the laying of the foundation stone.

—A dress worn by Lady Randolph Churchill at a recent London reception is described as a royal satin brocade, the design showing an artistic blending of various exquisite shades of heliotrope on ground of pale gold.

BISMARCK AS BIG AS EVER.

Utter Inability of the French to Solve the Great Man's Riddles.

(Paris Letter in Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

As an American I recognize in Prince Bismarck a gift which he possesses in a greater degree than nature has vouchsafed to any diplomatist since the days of Benjamin Franklin—namely, that of appearing frank, simple and sincere, and yet of being, at the same time, deep, cunning and enigmatic. In fact, the Sphinx, Franklin and Bismarck have been the world's three great masters of diplomacy. The Sphinx outwitted all the world; Franklin outwitted all Europe, and Bismarck outwits all France. This is because the astute Chancellor, conscious, like Pericles, not only of his great position, but also of his great ability, always, or nearly always—that is to say, ninety-nine times out of a hundred speaks his mind with honest simplicity and audacity, and without the "forcible feebleness" of diplomatic reserve. On the other hand, once in a hundred times he ceases to be Bismarck and for the nonce becomes Machiavelli. In all the Chancellor's recent utterances, save one, there has been a charming frankness. For instance, he said sublimely that the German victory over France was an accident. A lesser statesman would have boastingly claimed it as a foregone conclusion. But Bismarck, the Franklin of Europe, is capable also of the most drab and downright Quaker duplicity. The Chancellor's Parisian critics, subtle as they are, have failed to fathom one of the most deceptive of his recent meanings. I mean deceptive in the honorable sense, just as a varnish, a veneer, a stucco, is a pleasing and commendable deception. I have vainly searched the volumes of twenty French journals to find even a passing reference to the point to which I refer. It has strangely escaped French notice; the Gallic mind does not comprehend the Germanic. Bismarck, in asking for an army appropriation covering seven years instead of three, adduced as one of his cogent reasons for the proposed measure a singular statement, which, on being rendered into plain English, would be the following:

"I may hope to be alive at the end of three but not at the end of seven years."

This remark at once set the whole Paris press agog with a pleasing wonder as to whether or not the great enemy of France was really likely, himself being the judge, to pay the debt of nature so unexpectedly and conveniently soon. There were innumerable articles on his age, on his rheumatisms, on his gout, on his dyspepsia, on his other ailments, and on his possibly imminent "shuffling off this mortal coil." All these jesting and jubilant comments were based on the above quoted allusion, which he was erroneously thought to have made to himself. I venture to declare that this allusion was not to himself at all. It was to the Emperor. The Chancellor could not decently say: "The Emperor is very, very old, and may drop off at any moment." His real meaning, however, was: "The Emperor has but a few days left; while he lives his prestige will be enormous; but his life, and the phenomenal weight and reverence attaching to him as the honored patriarch of living sovereigns, may be lost to the Imperial party in Germany at any moment; and hence before the Emperor dies, I, his Chancellor, who expect to be Chancellor also under the new reign, want to put the German army, now while I may, beyond all possible interference by the next Reichstag." This was Bismarck's real meaning.

CURE AND CARE OF BURNS.

Advice to Those Who Have Suffered From Fire—Preservation of the Skin.

In all burns great care should be taken to save the cuticle—the raised portion of the skin that forms the blister. Clothing, etc., should be removed with the utmost gentleness. Blisters should be carefully punctured with a clean needle. The best way to be sure that a needle is clean when required for such service is to heat it red hot, allow it to cool, and then use it. It will thus be freed from any organisms, for in such a place as a burn germs will thrive abundantly and prove most detrimental, so that the utmost care is necessary. Then the raised cuticle should be pressed down to the true skin, and covered with a large quantity of clean cotton wool to prevent the access of air, as free exposure tends to increase shock and pain. Equal parts of lime water and linseed oil applied on lint and covered with cotton wool is a favorite remedy, known under the name of carron-oil, or the blister may be covered with wheaten flour. Lately powdered clay has been employed, but for the first few days it is best to wrap the part in cotton wool, sufficient oil being employed to prevent its sticking. The dressings once put on must not be removed for some days—not, indeed, until they have been lossened by the discharge or become offensive. The constant removal of dressings is disturbing, painful and consequently injurious, and to obviate any necessity for it carbolic oil, as a disinfectant, is used in the proportion of one to ten or more. Small burns or scalds may be treated by water dressing, lead lotion, chalk and water, collodion or Friar's balsam. Two parts of collodion to one of castor oil is an excellent application. The patient should be kept in a warm atmosphere, well covered up, and some wine or brandy and hot water may be administered.—*The Family Doctor.*

AN ECCENTRIC MAN'S END.

He is Cremated, and His Ashes will be Scattered Over a Saloon Keeper's Grave.

A Buffalo despatch says: The remains of the late Edward Kuehl, of Omaha, arrived here yesterday. Mr. Kuehl was engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes. He had been in ill-health some time and unable to attend to business. On Monday last he took an overdose of morphine, from the effects of which he died. A week ago yesterday he made his will. In it he directs that his body be cremated and his ashes placed in an urn, and that when a certain saloon keeper in Omaha dies, that they shall be strewn over his grave so that no flowers will bloom upon it. The body was put in the crematory at 4 o'clock, and it took one hour and a quarter to incinerate the 200 pounds of flesh and bone.

Spiders and Telegraphers.

Spiders are one of the great obstacles to telegraphers in Japan. Filling the trees along the lines, these insects spin their webs between the earth, the wires, the post, the insulators and the trees. When these webs become wet with dew they constitute a good conductor, and the lines are found to be in connection with the earth. The only method of obviating this inconvenience is by employing brooms of bamboo to brush away the webs.—*Good Cheer.*

Little Belle McNichol, of St. Louis, playing with her pet Scotch terrier, accidentally locked herself in a small and nearly airtight closet. The dog at once ran down stairs, and by his actions induced a servant to follow him to the closet, where she found the child unconscious. Belle would have died in a few minutes more but for the terrier.

Little Felippe Meldonado, a seven-year-old Spanish boy of Los Angeles, while playing about the yard with his father's horse, tied the end of the halter around his own ankle. Then he and the horse trotted around until a jerk by the horse threw the boy under his heels and frightened him so that he set off on a run through the open gate, dragging his little play-fellow after him. He ran two miles without stopping, and little Felippe was alive then, but unconscious. He died soon after.

THE LOVE OF TOBACCO.

Remembering Life in Libby Prison Prompts a Veteran to Tell a Very Queer War Story.

"Tobacco! It's a blessing to mankind," said the old veteran, as he hitched a little nearer the sawdust box. "It cheers the sad; it consoles the weary and heavy-laden; it comforts the despondent; it lends hope to the hopeless; it makes the present enjoyable and the future rosy; it exhilarates the rich and makes the poor content. Yes, and occasionally it saves a life. Did I ever tell you of the time it saved mine? No? How did I overlook that reminiscence, I wonder? Well, it starts off a good deal like an antique chestnut, for it happened when I was in Libby prison. Don't run away! I'm not going to tell you how such and such a battle was won or how another could have been won, like the magazines are doing. My story is about tobacco. I was a prisoner, and was lolling in luxury as all the boys were at Libby. I wasn't having such a terrible time of it, though, for I had two big plugs of black tobacco, and I had a chum who didn't chew. You see there's such a thing as luck even in Libby Prison. My chum was the nicest fellow I ever knew. We were captured from the same company and had kept together by good luck. He didn't have fun at all, though in prison. He was the most temperate man in the company—neither smoked, chewed, drank nor cussed. He was a model. Still he was a prisoner just like any common every-day chap, and it was about an even thing for a good while as to our living through our imprisonment or dying there, as scores of the boys were doing right along.

"One day the news got abroad among the fellows that the Union forces were pushing on toward Richmond, and they were about to shout for joy when another rumor swept through the prison that the rebs were about to ship a lot of us to Salisbury for safe-keeping. A death-chill seemed to seize everybody, for all the boys knew that if they once got to Salisbury there would be no chance for them. It was bad enough in Libby, but all reports pronounced Salisbury infinitely more horrible. I didn't care about jumping out of the frying-pan unless I knew I could escape the fire, so I thought I would fix up a scheme to stay right there. I called my chum and told him that our only chance of living was in staying where we were. 'Now,' says I, 'if we can get sick enough to get into the hospital they can't move us. I'm going to eat this plug of tobacco and get sick on it if I can.' I gave him the other one and told him to do the same. He tried it, but couldn't swallow the first bite, try how he might. He smiled in a patient kind of way, and said that he'd have to take his chances. I ate my plug, though—swallowed every bit of it—and may I be blessed if it made me sick a bit. I waited for effects, and when I saw the doctor coming my way I tried to play sick, but he was too smart for me and wouldn't have it. I was disgusted with my attempt, and thought I would just take chances, same as my chum. I had some bread