This Don'tcher Knaw Dudie.

(Air, 'Old Oaken Bucket.')

I w[illegible] in my spirit for Talmage the preacher, [illegible] to his line,
That the growth of true grace is so scarce in the creature
Called man, till I gazed on this exquisite fine.
He is nice from the tip of his shining shoe-leather
To that part on his head where, in others, is brain,
And he cheered up my faith as he lisped of the weather
While he gnawed at the nib of his eglantine cane.
This don'tcher knaw dudie, this dear little dudie,
This wincopipe dude with his eglantine cane.

This sweet little dudie "I hail as a treasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield,"
For he shows what the barber and tailor at pleasure
Can do for a fool, if they're properly skilled.
O, fine art in cloth's such a high inspiration,
As more than makes up for the absence of brain,
And wisdom and worth are a small calculation
Compared to the watch-charm or eglantine cane
Of this dear little dudie, this exquisite dudie,
This don'tcher knaw dude with his eglantine cane.

How sweetly he posed on the doorway with Tannie;
The pale moon fell soft on his yellow moustache,
While his tongue lisped a noise like the seed, if there's any,
Such as babes used to shake from a green calabash.
And he struggled, so manly, to ask her to tell him
(His hair-part and necktie had wearied his brain)
If she thought, "Don'tcher knaw, Fweddie Chawls could excel him
In the number of knots on his eglantine cane,
This dear little dudie, the don'tcher knaw dudie,
This wincopipe dude with his peculiar cane.

—A. RAMSAY, author of "Muriel."

Canadian Coin in the States.

Canadian coin is of no small worry in metropolitan life. Intrinsically it is worth more than our own, but practically it is commercially tabooed and is always a source of irritation and sometimes personal loss, except to those who deal in it as a commodity. Nearly every time you get change a 10-cent or 25 cent Canadian coin will slip in—usually the former—which can scarcely be detected from our dime. Then when you are in a hurrying line at an elevated station the ticket agent will push that coin back to you and you must fumble around for more money. If you should board a street car and happen to have no other change short of a $5 note you will be compelled to get off and get change, for the conductor will neither accept your Canadian piece nor change anything bigger than a $2 bill. You may not have noticed up to that time that you had the doubtful coin. You take an inward oath that you will never accept another, and during the next hour will probably be caught again. Some tradesmen will take the coin at par, others at a discount. The result is it is shifted on somebody else and gets passed around in some way—perhaps to you once more. There are business men who let this coin accumulate and finally sell it to a broker, who in turn makes a good margin on it by shipping it at a premium back to its own country.—*New York World.*

Children.

I am fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes; little conjurers with their natural magic, evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but grown-up men and women! how we would long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office is is to turn the fathers' hearts to the children, and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. A child softens and purifies the heart, warming it and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart. They brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.—*Thomas Binney.*

The Way it Happened.

Boston *Courier*: Edgely—Hello, old man; I hear that your are married. Wasn't it rather sudden?

"Wooden—Well, yes, a bit sudden, perhaps."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, it was this way. I was calling on Miss Simcon, from Chicago, and she said, 'Do you think, Mr. Wooden, that Marriage is always a failure?'

"'Why, no,' said I, 'not always. I can imagine a case where it would undoubtedly be a perfect success.' At this she leaped up, threw her arms around my neck, and said: 'This is very sudden, but you have made me the happiest of women. Let next Tuesday be the day.'"

Some Indian Names.

The census of the families of the Cheyenne scouts at Fort Supply includes Mrs. Short Nose, formerly Miss Piping Woman; Mrs. Big Head, formerly Miss Snort Face; Mrs. Nibbs, formerly Miss Young Bear; Mrs. White Crow, formerly Miss Crook Pipe; Mrs. Howling Water, formerly Miss Crow Woman; also Mrs. White Skunk, Mrs. Sweet Water, Miss Walk High, daughter of Mr. White Calf, and Miss Osage, daughter-in-law of Mr. Hard Case. The scouts at Fort Supply are proud of their uniforms and their military work. The women are proud of their husbands and fathers who are thus employed, and, no doubt, also of the names they bear.—*New York Sun.*

The Robin Society.

Lord Rothschild and Lord Randolph Churchill are among the patrons of the Robin Society, an English organization, which has two objects—to give Christmas treats to poor children and to send the little ones into the country in the summer. In 1889 it gave a Christmas breakfast to 5,000 London children, and in 1890 it largely increased that number. A Christmas card is placed under each child's plate. The breakfast consists of a large buttered roll, a good-sized currant roll and hot coffee. The buttered roll is consumed on the premises, but the currant one is taken away to be enjoyed subsequently.

And Have as Much Fun.

New York *Sun*: "Why do you live in the country, anyhow?" asked a New Yorker of a suburban friend.

"To save money."

"Is the cost of living less?"

"No, slightly higher."

"Then how do you save?"

"No opera, $50 a season. No concerts, $25 a season. No theatres, $50 a season. No big dinners to friends, $100 a year. No fun of any kind, $500 a year."

"Say!" said the city man, seized with an inspiration, "wouldn't you save money if you died?"

A Wise Policy.

Montreal Star: If prevention is better than cure the Grand Trunk officials are certainly acting wisely in prosecuting persons who steal rides by boarding their moving trains. Then, too, the cases are justified on the grounds of public economy; the authorities receive the fines and are perhaps saved the expense of coroner's inquests. Yet it seems strange that men have to be fined for continuing a practice in which they run greater danger than a soldier does in an ordinary campaign. Truly, familiarity begets contempt.

The Largest Kitchen in the World.

The Bon Marche in Paris possesses probably the largest kitchen in the world. It provides food for all the employees of the house, 4,000 in number. The smallest kettle holds 75 quarts, the largest 375 quarts. There are 50 frying pans, each of which is capable of cooking 300 cutlets at a time, or of frying 220 pounds of potatoes. When there are omelettes for breakfast 7,800 eggs are used. There are 60 cooks and 100 kitchen boys.—*London Globe.*

His Gas Bill.

Rochester *Herald*: A Brooklyn man who had reached an advanced stage of madness over his gas bills recently discovered an advertisement in a newspaper which read thus: "Reduce your gas bills over 75 per cent. Secret free by mail for only $2. Address ———, Cincinnati, Ohio." He was just eager enough to bite and this was the secret: "Use kerosene oil." We suppose the moral of the above is—"Don't take the newspapers."

Mr. A. Matheson, of Stratford, has been appointed Bursar of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville.

RUN TO EARTH.

Padlewski, the Nihilist Avenger, Captured in Spain.

A Madrid cable says: News has been received here to the effect that Padlewski the Polish Nihilist and alleged murderer in the Russian chief of secret police, Gen. Seliverskoff, has been captured while of hiding at Olot, about twenty miles from Gerona, on the Fluvia. Seliverskoff was shot Nov. 18th in the library of his residence in Paris while reading a letter of introduction from the Franco-Russian Club which had been handed to him by the man who fired the shot. The general died Nov. 19th. In Padlewski's lodging the police found cartridges of the same calibre as those fitting the pistol used by the murderer.

The man arrested at Olot on suspicion of being Padlewski, the murderer of General Seliverskoff, at first gave the name of Leopold Frances, and said that he was a commercial traveller. Upon finding, however, that the police authorities suspected him of being the Paris murderer he changed his statement, alleging that he was the man so long sought for. The prisoner was thereupon taken before a magistrate and subjected to a rigid examination. The incoherent replies made by him to the questions of the magistrate indicated insanity, and yesterday evening he showed decided signs of madness. The prisoner bears a close resemblance to Padlewski both in stature and features, and is the same age as the suspected murderer. His face has a worn look and shows signs of physical and mental suffering. The police lack convincing proof of his identity with Padlewski, but will hold him until he has been seen by persons who knew Padlewski. French police agents are now on their way from Paris to Olot for the purpose of identifying the man if possible, and the Russian Consul at Barcelona has sent an officer to Olot to examine the prisoner. When asked for his passport the prisoner said he had left it at home, whither an officer accompanied him. As an additional precaution gendarmes had been summoned to guard the house. Finding then that escape was impossible, the arrested man made a desperate effort to jump from a window, and afterwards to swallow a paper. A quantity of torn documents and a bill of exchange of a Paris firm, together with a revolver and 22 cartridges, were found in the prisoner's room.

TWELVE DROWNED.

The Bear Britannia Collision in the Firth of Forth.

A London cable says: The steamer Britannia, from Leith, came into collision with the steamer Bear, from Grangemouth, in the Firth of Forth, Scotland, at an early hour this morning. The Bear sank immediately, her crew having no time to launch a boat or make any effort whatever to save themselves. Of the fourteen men on board the Bear twelve went down with the vessel. The two others were rescued by a boat from the Britannia. After the collision the Britannia, which was badly damaged, transferred her 45 passengers to the steamer Thames, and was then taken in tow by that vessel, the steamers proceeding slowly in the direction of Leith. They had not gone far, however, before the hawser connecting the vessels was snapped asunder, and before another line could be carried to the damaged vessel she gave a terrific plunge and sank beneath the waves. Fortunately the crew had put on life belts after the collision with the Bear, and all with the exception of the chief engineer managed to keep afloat until they were picked up by boats from the steamer Thames. The chief engineer went down with the vessel, and nothing was seen of him again.

AN OVERLOADED WHARF

Collapses and Four Men are Killed and Others Hurt.

A Victoria, B.C., despatch says: This afternoon shortly after 4 o'clock a terrible accident happened at Ocean Dock at the entrance to the harbor, resulting in the loss of four lives. A gang of men were employed in discharging canned salmon from the steamer Danube, which arrived a few days ago from northern ports. The cases of salmon were being piled in a large shed at the end of the wharf, and about 5,000 cases had been landed and piled up in addition to a quantity already stored in the shed when suddenly a depression of the flooring was noticed, and with a grinding, crashing noise the piles gave way. Crash went some of the stringers and the heavy pieces of timber, and the flooring parted, precipitating the men and thousands of cases of salmon into the yawning gulf. The names of the killed are Fox (married), Kelly, Tom Higgins and Bestell, all longshoremen and residents of Victoria. Chas. Carl, a Swede, is badly injured.

PICKING UP THE STRAYS.

Pushers of the "Queer" in Essex Being Gathered In.

A Windsor despatch says: As a result of Detective Campau's expedition to Stoney Point, he brought in Bernard Laforet on a warrant charging him with complicity in the counterfeiting operations of John Stinson and his sons at St. Clair siding. Laforet formerly worked on Stinson's farm, and is accused of passing some of the "queer" product. His examination is set for January 16th, with that of the Stinsons, the Doodley woman and Stoddard. He was taken to Sandwich jail. Government Detective O'Leary and Detective Campau were out in Rochester township to day and have got trace of a number of others who were engaged in shoving the "queer." It is altogether likely more arrests will be made Monday.

The Merriest Girl That's Out.

"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee," was, no doubt, the kind of a girl to ask, "What are the wild waves saying?" or to put "a little faded flower" in your buttonhole, she was so full of vivacity, and beaming with robust health. Every girl in the land can be just as full of life, just as well, and just as merry as she, since Dr. Pierce has placed his "Favorite Prescription" within the reach of all. Young girls in their teens, passing the age of puberty, find it a great aid. Delicate, pale and sickly girls will find this a wonderful invigorator, and a sure corrective for all derangements and weaknesses incident to females.

Not a Man to be Trusted.

New York *Sun*: Landlady—Don't the steak suit you?

Boarder—Perfectly, madam.

Landlady—How is the coffee?

Boarder—Delicious.

Landlady—How about the muffins?

Boarder—They could not be better.

Landlady—Your references were unexceptionable, Mr. Costa, and you appear like a gentleman; but I shall have to ask you to find new place to board. Such replies are highly suspicious.

For Tongues Loose at Both Ends.

New York *Ledger*: Here are some sentences which rival the celebrated "Peter Piper's Peck of Pickled Peppers" in testing the agility of the tongue:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells sea shells.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

Rev. Wm. Robertson, M. A., of the Presbyterian Church at Chesterfield, Ont., died on Saturday. Deceased had ministered to the Chesterfield congregation for 32 years, and was highly respected.

The Montreal detectives are looking hard for a man named R. A. Stoutar, formerly in the employ of the Daniels-Cornish Company, of Worcester, Mass., a wholesale grocery firm, whom he robbed of $3,000. He absconded on New Year's Eve, and there is good reason for believing that he is in Montreal.

Last night between 12 and 1 o'clock fire broke out in the dwelling house owned and occupied by Denis Cavanagh, Forest. Most of the household furniture was saved. The building was insured in the Gore Insurance Company for $300. The cause of the fire was a defective chimney.

Rudyard Kipling makes the statement that Lady Dufferin's work in India has done more, and promises more, in the solution of the troublesome eastern empire problem than all masculine efforts and suggestions.

Major Pond expects to make from $75,000 to $100,000 out of Stanley's lecture tour. The explorer is paid $50,000 for fifty lectures and his travelling expenses in addition.

DREGS IN THE DARK.

A Doctor Takes the Wrong Bottle and Swallows a Deadly Dose.

A Windsor Mills, Que., despatch says: Dr. Tremblay, of this place, was taken off on Saturday night by a most tragical death from poisoning. At 7 o'clock he was called out to attend a patient. As he was about to step into his sleigh he returned into his back office in the dark to take a dose of a preparation he had made as an expectorant to relieve asthma, to which he was subject. He unfortunately put his hand on the wrong phial, which, instead of the preparation intended, contained aconite. Of this he swallowed, as he estimates himself, about an ounce. No sooner had he made the mistake than he perceived it, and at once tried to relieve himself of the poison by resorting to an emetic, but not succeeding, he hurriedly went over to Dr. Meagher's office. Dr. Meager failed in his attempts to relieve him. The unfortunate doctor then and there resigned himself to his doom, and at half-past 8 went up himself to the residence of Father Dignan, saying he was poisoned and desired to prepare for death. Father Dignan, astonished, could not believe him until he had given definite assurances by relating the circumstances of his perilous condition. Then the doctor quietly and composedly made his confession, received the sacraments, and had his will drafted. He then returned to his home, and at 11.50, in the most excruciating torture, he died in the presence of his young wife and three children.

The New General Manager.

Mr. Lewis James Seargeant, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Joseph Hickson as general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, of which line he has been traffic manager for the last sixteen years, came out to Canada from England in August, 1874. He was not then a novice in railway work. He was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, and his railway career is associated with the largest English railway, the "Great Western," which has a capital of nearly $400,000,000 and over 2,210 miles of rails.

He was superintendent of the South Wales division and afterwards chief officer of the South Devon Railway and subsequently was associated with the Cornwall Railway as secretary and general manager, and secretary of the joint committees of the Great Western, Bristol & Exeter, South Devon and Cornwall Railways; he also represented those interested before the parliamentary committees. The success of his management was evidenced by largely increased dividends, as the line was at a very low ebb when he took it in charge.

During this period he was offered the appointment of chief officer of one of the largest Indian railway systems, a position, from the delicate relations of the Imperial and Local Governments and railroad companies, that required experience of the character which he possessed.

He declined the appointment in view of further promotion by the Great Western Company. Toward the close of his English railway career he was, with the representatives of other companies, engaged in framing an agreement for the division of traffic between the Great Western and London & Southwestern systems. Upon his resignation, to come to Canada, he brought with him evidences of the highest consideration and esteem, including an intrinsically valuable presentation from the directors and officers with whom he had served. Mr. Seargeant was the first "Traffic Manager" on this continent. He has ably represented the Grand Trunk Railway in the Trunk Line Executive and other committees, and has always advocated the division of competitive traffic on equitable principles and the settlement of differences between railways by arbitration. He is a man of fine presence, prompt and decisive in his actions, courteous and accessible to all. He has been a close student of the interstate law and has written many able arguments on pooling and other leading questions, and contributed a very able article to *The Railway Review* on the English railway system, which was subsequently published in pamphlet form and widely distributed. In the 16 years that he has been traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway its receipts have increased from $10,000,000 to $24,000,000, while its tonnage increase is immeasurably greater, in consequence of [illegible] being done at lower rates.

Mr. Seargeant has also been Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Executive Council and of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway and other affiliated lines.

In his new position he will have many complicated questions to solve. He will have to confront the contentions of American railways affecting Canadian lines carrying through United States traffic, which is obtaining political significance; in Canada there is an ambitious and bold rival system built alongside the Grand Trunk claiming a share of the traffic none too large. He will have the benefit of the new tunnel and the double track between Toronto and Montreal, and both will expedite the movement of traffic and reduce cost, but with a large capital and a considerable portion of it unproductive, no small amount of ability and good judgment will be required to insure success.—*Chicago Railway Review.*

To Slaughter Indians.

A London cable says: Two wild-eyed boys, named Davis and Abelson, sailed yesterday on the Gallia bound for the "Wild West." They carry a complete arsenal of bowie knives and other implements of warfare. Their parents are wealthy people, who, after useless entreaty, have concluded to let their boys go on their adventurous tour. They have no idea where they are going, but imagine they will strike Indians and cowboys on Broadway, and New York had better look out for a wild whoop when the Gallia arrives. It is needless to say that as they arrive at Pine Ridge agency, where they will probably go, they will end the Indian war at one fell swoop, and give Gen. Miles enough points to last for a dozen campaigns.

Fight With Cattle Thieves.

A Spokane Falls, Wash., despatch says: Officers of this county are now engaged in a campaign against a large band of cattle thieves which has been operating throughout the northwest for a long time. Five members of the band were arrested at Hangman Creek, near this city. Sheriff Pugh, who was operating in another part of the county, went to a house near Spangle yesterday to arrest two more of the band. The thieves at once opened fire upon him, which was returned. In the fusilade which followed the sheriff was shot in the leg and one of the thieves was wounded, but both the thieves escaped.

The Women of Africa.

A novel expedition is preparing to leave London in February, its port of destination being Zanzibar, and its object, investigation of the condition of African women, with a view to their improvement. It will be composed entirely of women, with the exception of the Arab attendants in charge of the baggage. These ladies say, that, while Stanley has given the world much information about the men of Africa, he has left the women still in the "dark continent" of obscurity. Mrs. Mary French Sheldon, daughter of a well-known woman physician, of Chicago, leads the expedition. Her husband is the London manager of the banking house of Jarvis-Conklin.

At the Stationers'.

Book-markers are made of many pretty metals.

Tiny manicure sets are made to carry in a pocketbook.

Elegant silver frames surround the newest photographs.

Table gongs are increasing in size. The metal disk is hung both from natural horns and in wooden frames; the hammer is a mallet of chamois skin.

Elegant embossed leather covers are made to hold the latest novel while it is being read. They are lined with silk and furnished with a book marker.

The latest odor case is a small plush hat. The top of the crown raises up like a box lid, and within is disclosed two bottles of perfumery reclining on cotton and decorated with ribbons.

The Required.

Philadelphia Record: There are not less than 146 different religious denominations or sects in the United States, according to the latest accounts. It used to be said that it took only a Bible an old woman and a cat to set up a new religious denomination; and perhaps some of the existing sects are not much better endowed and equipped.

The Girl of the Period.

New York *Herald*: He—Shall I come and talk to you while you have your tooth pulled?

She—No, I don't think it will be necessary to take gas.

THE IRISH LEADERSHIP.

No Indication of a Peaceful Solution of the Problem.

DEFENDING O'SHEA.

A London cable says: William O'Brien is irrevocably and absolutely opposed to Mr. Parnell's retention of the leadership, and has made this entirely clear to Mr. Parnell. But, while not precisely hopeful that a compromise can be reached, he has not abandoned the idea and will accordingly meet Mr. Parnell again on Tuesday. This postponement of a decision was due more to Mr. Parnell than to Mr. O'Brien, and was made in order to enable Mr. Parnell to return to Ireland and consult certain supporters there. Nobody save the persons directly involved knows what Mr. O'Brien's idea of a compromise is. There are reasons, however, to believe that Mr. Parnell has suggested as one alternative that Mr. O'Brien himself assume the position of leader. It is not credited either here or in Dublin that Mr. O'Brien would ever seriously consider such a proposition. It must be as obvious to him as it is to everybody else that Mr. Parnell's purpose would be merely such a leader as could most easily be undermined by intrigue and overthrown by cunning treachery when the opportunity came The conviction among the Nationalists is that neither this nor anything else to be classed as a compromise can be concluded between Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Parnell. Even if these two professed to agree upon some common ground their action would bind positively nobody else. The other members of the party who have passed through the ordeal of committee room No. 15 and the Kilkenny contest comprehend more clearly than perhaps Mr. O'Brien can that there is nothing to do but to fight Mr. Parnell mercilessly and remorselessly out of the field. They feel that he has revealed himself to them as an ingrained traitor. They laugh aloud at the idea of accepting his word or trusting him in anything. They would not believe him if he announced to-morrow his intention of retiring from politics. They believe he will never surrender while he lives and keeps out of a madhouse. They look forward to doing battle with him until he is beaten flat to the earth. This will not take long when once this foolish by-play about a compromise is done with.

The new Nationalist daily paper will be started in Dublin early in February. The delay is due to the expansion of the original plans into arrangements for a great paper which from the outset shall rival the *Freeman's Journal* in size, scope and resources.

PARNELL'S MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Parnell left Dublin to day for his country seat, Avondale, where it is expected he will remain until Monday morning next. Unless his plans are changed between now and Tuesday, Mr. Parnell will leave Avondale for Boulogne-sur-Mer at an early hour on Monday to take part in what is likely to be the final conference between the Irish leaders so far as the question of the leadership of the Irish party is concerned.

DAVITT WANTS THE BANK BOOK.

Mr. O'Brien will not resume his conference with Mr. Parnell unless the proposed negotiations obtain such sanction from the leaders of the majority of the Irish party as will justify the hope of a reunion of the party. In the meantime Mr. O'Brien declines to state whether in the communications passing between himself and Messrs. Dillon and McCarthy and others they promise their approval of further negotiations. The opinion of the group in this city is unfavorable to a resumption of the conference at Boulogne-sur-Mer. It is reported that Mr. Davitt has written a letter to Mr. O'Brien not to deal with Mr. Parnell except as a medium to obtain the surrender of the party's banking account in Paris. Mme. Raffalovich, Mr. O'Brien's mother-in-law, says that Mr. O'Brien will not return to Ireland to enter prison, leaving the party feud unhealed. While the rupture lasts, she says, he can better serve the cause here or in America.

A HINT TO "THE TIMES."

Mr. O'Brien has written another letter to the *Times*, in which he calls upon that paper to withdraw its statement charging him with having approved the schemes of the dynamiters in the past.

DEFENDS O'SHEA.

A Dublin cable says: Fr. O'Shea has written a letter from the Franciscan Convent at Drogheda. He says: "As Capt. O'Shea's nominator for the Galway election of 1886, I can throw light upon the foul calumnies uttered about Mr. Parnell and Capt. O'Shea. From undoubted authorities present it can be proved that no shadow of suspicion rests upon the political purity of the motive actuating Mr. Parnell when he decided to run Capt O'Shea for Galway. He hoped thereby to secure Capt. O'Shea's influence and to induce the coalition of the 86 Irish members of Parliament with the English Liberal party. Mr. Parnell's anxiety was so great to obtain this result that he carried Capt. O'Shea forward against all opposition and without exacting the usual political pledges. In spite of the fact that few stones have been left unturned to ruin Capt. O'Shea's reputation and lessen his pocket, I believe him worthy of his friends' esteem for his kind-heartedness and his right sense of great moral virtues. In the event of another election in Galway I should act in a similar manner to prove my belief in Mr Parnell's honesty at that time. I could bear witness that the proceedings in the Divorce Court had no connection with the Galway matter so far as Capt. O'Shea was concerned."

An Indian Romance.

Rain-in-the Face is another smart and exceedingly dangerous Sioux warrior. His daughter had a romance that makes a rather interesting story. She fell in love with a young lieutenant in the army once, when the lieutenant visited the Sioux reservation. Later he was transferred to Fort Laramie. Not long after that a band of Sioux obtained a hunting pass and roamed over into Wyoming. The Indian maiden persisted in accompanying them. She saw the lieutenant, and upon learning that he was married she fell upon the ground moaning and tearing her black tresses. The young squaw refused to return with the Indians, and they continued to camp in the vicinity for several weeks. One day the Indian girl ended her unhappy life by cutting her throat with a hunting knife. She was buried with the usual ceremonies of Indian obsequies.—*Denver Republican.*

The Advantages of Conversation.

The most agreeable way of getting information is by conversation. If you talk with a well-informed person, who can express clearly his ideas on any subject in which you are interested, you can ask questions, you can have explanations, you can go over the subject until you thoroughly understand it, and searching out in this way, in the mind of another, a thing which you earnestly desire to know, you are more likely to remember it and so profit by it. This is why a competent teacher is better than any text book. Besides talk inspires both the speaker and the listener—the one becomes more eager to know and other more eager to communicate.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in January St. Nicholas.*

Gosh!

St. Thomas *Times*: You can get your postage stamp moistened when you buy it now in the St. Thomas P.O. Miss Martin the obliging stamp vendor there having procured one of Hager's patent stamp moisteners. It is a very ingenious little contrivance, consisting of a wet sponge placed in a box. In the lid over the sponge is a series of small rollers over which the stamp is passed and which prevent it from getting too much wet.

Booth a Banker

It is not generally known, says a London cablegram to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that General Booth is a banker, as well as a preacher and commander of the Salvation Army. He issues Salvation Army bonds, secured by first mortgage on the property of the Salvation Army, and offers the high interest for Great Britain of 4½ per cent. The object of issuing these bonds is said to be "fair interest, sound security and the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ." Some curiosity is expressed as to the nature of the investment that justifies such a rate of interest.

The McKinley Way.

Louisville *Courier-Journal*: Here you have the whole story in a nutshell:

First—The prices of all the necessaries of life have been advanced.

Second—Wages have been declining.

Third—Money has been so scarce as to threaten widespread disaster.

THE IRISH DISTRESS.

Balfour's Chief Secretary Reports on the Condition of the Poor.

LIMITATIONS OF RELIEF.

A Dublin cable says: The Earl of Zetland, Viceroy of Ireland, and Chief Secretary Balfour signed a declaration which has been issued on the condition of the poor in the western part of Ireland. The declaration says:

"Poverty is chronic in some districts, and will, if the people are not aided, reach a stage of acute distress during the winter and spring. There is neither a resident gentry nor a substantial middle class to give employment, nor are there charitable organizations to aid those who are unable to aid themselves. Outdoor relief, except in cases of emergency, cannot legally be administered except to persons holding over a quarter of an acre of land. Although none acquainted with the history of the Irish poor law would regard the relaxing of this rule as other than a public calamity, its maintenance undoubtedly limits the capacity to deal with periods of exceptional distress. The position thus created leaves a part of the social organism sick at all times—stricken with a disease from which without extraneous help it has no power to rally. The question is not whether money ought to be given, but how it ought to be given, to what class and for what special purposes. Charity ill administered injures the recipient everywhere, but is especially injurious in those parts with which we are concerned. Elsewhere the injury may be confined to a class relatively small, but in the worst portions of the congested districts the whole community may be affected. All are poor; all can plausibly appeal for aid, and help recklessly given in response may infect whole townships with the vices and weaknesses of professional mendicancy. We have spoken of this matter to many priests and others acquainted with the condition of the people. There was not one of them, however keenly they may have felt the sufferings of those amongst whom they lived, who did not admit that permanent ill-effects followed from much charitable expenditure within their experience.

"Regarding the appeals for help it is needful to say that tales of distress need not be taken as authentic because they are couched in strong language and seem to come from well informed quarters. The desire to stimulate flagging charity has been a fruitful source of exaggeration. We do not know that there is any reason to suppose that in Ireland this tendency is likely to be controlled by long-established habits of severe and disciplined accuracy. It is not easy adequately to check such statements, even by personal observation aided by statistics, however accurate.

"In regard to the failure of the potato crop, small occupiers in the west seem at first sight all to live much in the same way. They live in the same cabins, cultivate the same kind of holdings, and are clothed with the same kind of dress. It would be natural to conclude that in all places where the failure of the crop is the same distress is the same, but such is not the case. In no district does the bulk of the community live wholly on the potato. Every district has means of livelihood independent of the cultivation of the potato, such as fishing, labor in England, cottage industries, kelpmaking and sales of farm stock. The degree of the failure of the potato crop is therefore by itself a misleading guide to the degree of distress existing among the people. Other elements in the finding of the position of the people are the amount of their savings and their debt and credit with local tradesmen. Furthermore, in the organization of any plan of gratuitous assistance caution is necessary in order that it shall not interfere with the system of railway relief works. Several thousand pounds weekly are already distributed in the form of wages in the districts most in need. Those getting wages through work ought not to get charity without it.

"The conclusions we come to are that charitable aid ought to be confined, (1) to families which are in a serious want, and which, having no able bodied persons among them, cannot derive benefit from the public relief works; (2) to providing meals in the schools for children attending them; and (3) to supplying clothes for children unable to procure them elsewhere. These forms of assistance are less liable to abuse than others."

Smart Enough That Time.

The other day a man presented a check for $50 at a down town bank and it was passed back to him with the remark that it was "no good."

"Hasn't the man got any funds here?" inquired the indignant checkholder.

"Yes, a small balance. He has been drawing other checks of this kind of late," said the teller.

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the man with the check, "I'll see if we can't stop that. What's his exact balance?"

It is against the rules of the bank, but the teller gave it. Then the check-holder stepped over to the receiving teller's window and pulling out a roll of money said he desired to deposit $47.50 to the credit of Mr. Blank. "Now," said he to the paying teller, "pay this check." The latter did so and then closed Mr. Blank's account. "Now if any more checks of this kind come here Mr. Blank can be jailed," saying which the check-holder walked out.—*New York World.*

Which is the Coward?

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman to a Cincinnati *Times Star* reporter, "we placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into the corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paw and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."

Between Two Fires.

Brooklyn *Life*: Editor—That performance at the opera house Monday night was the worst fraud I ever witnessed, yet I see your article puffs it up to the skies.

Dramatic Critic—I had to. The company will be here all the week, and the manager said if I printed a word against them he'd come around with a gun.

Editor—I see. Well it's always wise to keep on the safe side.

Office Boy (rushing in)—Big mob at the door goin' to shoot the dramatic critic.

Critic (weakly)—I—I never thought of that. They must be the audience.

A Self-Lighting Cigar.

A druggist in St. Petersburg has invented a method of tipping cigars with a preparation so that they are lighted like a match by rubbing against any hard surface. A manufacturing company is said to have paid him 60,000 rubles for the patent. The principle can, of course, be applied to cigarettes, pipes, topers, candles, etc. Much is expected of this curious combustion tip from Russia.

Another Big "Do."

A gang of men are now traveling about making contracts to paint building roofs. The proprietor of the gang offers to paint the roof for $5. You think it reasonable, and allow him to do the work. When you ask him for the bill this is the way he springs it on you. For painting roof, $5 just as he agreed, but here is where he catches you: forty gallons of paint at $1.50 per gallon, $60.

His Mistake.

Harper's Bazar: Amy—Young Mr. Dolley has proposed to me.

Mabel—Of course you accepted him?

Amy—Well, no. I had expected to; but in his proposal he used an irreconcilable figure of speech, and I thought I could not risk my life's happiness with him. He said, "Amy will you walk with me down the stream of life?" If he had even said wade down the stream of life I could have accepted him; but the idea of walking in the water!

The Court of Appeals at Albany yesterday confirmed the convictions of three murderers in New York State, James Slocum, Harris A. Smiler and Frank Fish, all of whom are under sentence of death.

"Pegasus at the Plow."

We'll have to change our tune, O Muse,
We're getting out of date;
We'll have to hustle up in line—
The world has changed of late.

We'll sing no more of balmy spring
And brooks, and birds, and bees;
We'll draw the line on summer, too,
With hammocks, girls, and ease.

Although these things make pretty verse,
They are not worth a cent
To business men of every day
On money-making bent.

Then let us sing of something that
Will help them every day;
Let's sing of grimy printers' ink,
That's always sure to pay.

Let's tell them how to write an "ad.,"
And where to send it to;
Let's tell them of the mighty work
That printers' ink can do.

Let's let them know that nowadays
The business men are wise
Who constantly, judiciously
And boldly advertise.

Thus will we gain the gratitude
Of those who heed our rhymes;
And then, besides, we'll show them that
We keep up with the times.

Sowing Wild Oats.

Nothing reveals the low ebb of conventional morality in a more startling manner than the complacency with which society views the debasement of young men. "Oh, they are sowing their wild oats; they will soon settle down and become excellent husbands"—how often does one hear this or a similar remark, equally unworthy of any man or woman who values life or comprehends the grandeur of true manhood. A man who has sowed his wild oats is unworthy to stand at the head of a home or to be joined for life to a pure-souled wife. He brings to the altar of marriage the dregs of his being. The holy flame of purity gone forever; the cinders of a spent vitality; the coarseness born of contact with vice; the soul scarred by dissipation; the spirit dwarfed and maimed; the mind weakened; the constitution sapped of its reserve strength—this is what he brings to the altar of his home. And from a man so marked by sin, what can we expect? Children that are shriveled in soul, inheriting evil propensities, marked by sin before their eyes see the light of the world. A boy who has sowed his wild oats has sacrificed his noblest self, and is unworthy the love of any high-minded, pure and noble-souled girl. Our moral standards must be elevated. Noble-minded men and women must unite in the work of social regeneration. They must be earnest, brave, and persistent. They must unmask iniquity and assail conventional immorality fearlessly, keeping the splendid end ever before them, the elevation of the moral standard, the salvation of the rising generation. This great end is worthy of every sacrifice.—*Ex.*

The Discomforts of Wealth.

"It's not because we like it that we bustle so in our business," said a leading Boston merchant. "You have no idea of the great responsibility of such a business as this. To be sure, it brings wealth; but what is wealth after all? Money in itself is of very little account. I wouldn't give 5 cents a bushel for it; it doesn't bring happiness. I am happy, but it is not because I have money, but in spite of it. Happiness is a matter of disposition, and money can neither bring a good disposition nor happiness. My happiest days were when I had a small family and a salary just big enough to support that family. Then I was free from this care, this heavy responsibility, and I didn't feel as though I had to hustle every day I lived in order to keep in the procession. Why not ease up now that I am in comfortable circumstances? Ah, how little you fellows know of the shoals and quicksands of trade! If you let up in this race in the least you are surely lost. It is but a single step from a thriving, successful business to the bankruptcy court. You can't let up. If you are in it you've got to pull for all you're worth, and even then failure will frequently overtake you."—*Boston Traveller.*

A $50,000 Dinner Set.

The Astor family possess a gold dinner service that is the envy of every woman who has ever seen it. It is one of the most costly in this country. It is valued at $50,000, and is now the property of Mrs William Astor. It has been in the family's possession a long time; it would be hard to describe, as it was made in different parts of the world and was picked up on odd occasions. It is unique, and has been talked about more than any other dinner set in this country. The larger dishes consist of an immense plateau and centre piece, end pieces, candelabra, wine-coolers and pitchers. In the design is represented fruit of all descriptions, together with the unicorn and lion in *repousse* work. Mrs. Astor uses a white linen tablecloth of the finest texture, made especially for her, with a wide lace border showing a lining of pink satin. Her table is always decorated with Glorie de Paris roses, their exquisite shade of pink matching exactly the satin underneath.

Michael Angelo's Studies in Anatomy.

Before his return to the palace, Michael Angelo had begun a series of careful studies in anatomy, to familiarize himself with every line and dimension of the figure. He toiled at this study for years, until his mastery of the human form was complete. He never painted or chiseled a figure without working out in a drawing the most delicate details of the anatomy, so that no turn of vein or muscle might be false to the absolute truth. It is by such means that that any mastery is secured. Behind every work of genius, whether book, picture, or engine, is an amount of labor and pains—yes, and of pain—that would have frightened off a weak spirit.—*St. Nicholas for January.*

Shot the Girl and Suicided.

A Metropolis, Ill., despatch says: Chas. Rose, of Bay City, is a young farmer who had been paying attention to the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Miss Mollie Welsh, aged 18. Rose was forbidden to visit Miss Welsh by her parents, but while the parents were at church on Sunday Rose visited the house and induced the young woman to take a walk. When they had gone a short distance he asked her if she was willing to die for him. She replied yes, and he drew a pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in the girl's face, inflicting a probably fatal wound. Young Rose then returned, locked himself in a room, and blew out his brains.

Cordial and Affable, But Arithmetical.

Prof Todhunter (who has just run across an old acquaintance at the reception)—I am so glad to have stumbled upon you in this way, my dear Mrs. Goldwin. How long it has been since we met! But, I must say, time has dealt very lightly with you. Who could imagine that you have a daughter as old as Miss Prudence, there—and little Prue—well, just think of her being in society!

Mrs. Goldwin—Yes, Mr. Todhunter; I can't realize these things myself. Prudence is 20 to-day.

Prof. Todhunter—Why, my dear Mrs. Goldwin, you don't tell me so! And only 10 short years ago I remember her so well as a romping little chit of 16! Well, well, how marvellously these girls do grow.

Then and Now.

In ancient days for many an ill,
We used to take a big blue pill.
It did so surely tear and gripe,
We felt for purgatory ripe.

To-day, when sick, we take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, hence always fresh and reliable. Purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.

Divorce or Elopement.

Philadelphia *Record*: During the past year 6,000 suits were filed in the courts of Cincinnati, and of these 375 were for divorce. In Ontario, divorce is a luxury for the great and the wealthy. At Owen Sound it is said that lately there have been several cases where dissatisfied wives have absconded with more congenial mates. In lieu of cheap divorce, this method, being within the reach of all, gains favor.

A Long Farewell.

Buffalo *News*: "My darling," he said, looking into the trustful eyes upturned to his, "do you think you could stand the test of a long absence?"

"If you think it is for the best, dear," she said, with a half mournful, half McAllister look on her young face.

"Then, my angel," he replied, gazing at her long and wistfully, "farewell, I am going to see a cricket match through."

SUFFERING AT SEA.

Rescue of the Crew of the Pollux After Drifting 29 Days.

A New York despatch says: The steamer State of Nevada, from Glasgow, brought to this port the officers and crew of the British steamer Pollux. The Pollux encountered a series of gales, and was in a sinking condition when the crew were taken off in mid ocean by the State of Nevada. The Pollux was bound from Rouen for Philadelphia The Pollux was 48 days out from Rouen when the State of Nevada fell in with her. Her rudder was gone and the vessel had sprung a bad leak. The Pollux only had provisions for an ordinary voyage when she left Rouen. These became exhausted, and all suffered terribly from hunger. For 29 days they had nothing but canned meat to eat. This disappeared so rapidly that during the last seven days previous to their rescue but seven ounces of meat per day were allowed to each man. They had no water or bread, the coal gave out long before they were rescued, and the men also suffered greatly from cold. One of the Pollux's firemen was washed overboard and lost. The Pollux was a steel screw schooner-rigged ship of 1,443 tons. She was owned at Dundee.

Funeral of Emma Abbot.

The mortal remains of Emma Abbott now rest in a vault in Graceland Cemetery, where taken from Central Music Hall in Chicago. There was also a funeral service in Salt Lake City, of which the *Tribune* gives the following account: "In a casket that seemed very small, for she had always looked quite up to the medium height in her stage roles, the beautiful remains of Emma Abbott lay, robed in silk and covered with flowers. Her burial robe was the gown she had worn in the first act of 'Ernani.' It was her 'pet dress,' as the troupe termed it. She had always called it her 'lilac dress' Of the heaviest white silk, it is bordered in white in lilac blossoms, with their trailing green leaves; the train, which was drawn up over the little feet in their lilac satin shoes, had a border of soft green velvet, over which the blossoms fell. Running down the front of the gown was a wide band of pearl passementerie, just where the skirt opened over the loose lavender panel. The snowy neck and arms were wreathed in her 'Romeo and Juliet' veil, a dainty cobweb of lace embroidered in gold. Her waxen hands, so dainty in their dimpled softness, were clasped over lilies of the valley and pink rosebuds, and strewn about the coffin were delicate half-blown roses. Her brown hair fell in soft curls over her forehead, shadowing the sweetly smiling face. It seemed impossible that she was dead, with the color on her lips and in her cheeks, and with that happy smile we had learned to know and love in the years while she had come and gone; it seemed a reproach to the tear-stained faces that hung over the coffin, whispering words of endearment. Slowly the members of the company filed past, stooping long for a last look. Strong men broke down and sobbed, as they stooped to kiss the little hands—the hands that had been so generous with them all.

Anathema Against Dried Apple Pies.

Keene, (N. H.,) *Sentinel*:

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried apple pies,
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's good to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried apple pies.
Give me the toothache or sore eyes,
But don't give me dried apple pies
The farmer takes the gnarliest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
They leave the hulls to make us cough,
They don't take half the peeling off.
Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung,
And in a garret window hung;
And there it serves, a roost for flies,
Until it's made up into pies.
Tread on my corns and tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried apple pies.

Virchow on Koch's Cure.

A Berlin cable says: Professor Virchow delivered a lecture last night before the Berlin Medical Society on Prof. Koch's discovery, in the course of which he gave the results of twenty one post mortem examinations he had made of persons who had died up to the end of December after having received injections of the so-called lymph. Dr. Virchow declared that the injection increases the bacilli in the body and causes them to migrate to previously unaffected parts of the body, thus virtually generating a new affection. He also stated that the fluid invariably causes intense hyperæmia (congestion of blood) in various parts, with the result that the patient's life becomes endangered.

A Novelty in Doors.

Worcester (Mass.) architects are much interested in a new door recently patented by a citizen of that city. The door is an adaptation of the principle of the roller-top desk and cover, and it is described as follows:

The door consists of a series of slats about one and one-half inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick, joined together by wooden spindles, one revolving within another. When the door is opened it is wound up on a spiral drum at top and bottom, and all is enclosed within the door casing. An ordinary three-foot door winds up in a roll seven inches in diameter.

How He Popped.

Buffalo *News*: Tommy entered the parlor where his sister Mamie was entertaining her best young man.

"I would like to have your sister for a Christmas present, Tommy. Will you give her to me?"

"Can't," said Tommy. "When I caught Fitz Dudeigh kissing her the other night she said: 'Now, Tommy, don't give me away,' and I said I wouldn't."

Too Tender-Hearted.

Jester: "I had to discharge the cook today, Jack; she was too tender-hearted."

"What! the red-headed old ruffian tender hearted!"

"Yes, she positively refused to whip the cream or beat the eggs when I wanted to make a cake, so I told her to go."

Too Many Men to See.

Buffalo *News*: "My dear," whispered a man to his wife, as they seated themselves at the theatre, "I left my pocketbook at home. Haven't you any money at all?"

"Only 40 cents. Won't that be enough?"

"Enough!" he repeated, impatiently. "It's a five-act play."

Not That Way.

The Roller Mill: Amateur farmers do not know a great deal, perhaps, but when they do know they are sure.

pigs? farmer—What do you feed your on?

Amateur farmer—Corn.

Old farmer In the ear?

Amateur farmer (in disgust)—No; in the mouth.

Don't Judge by Appearances.

Rochester *Herald*: Carrington—Jove isn't she a stunner? Where does she act?

Murray—Act? Why, that is Mrs. Blassford, the President of the Society for the Refinement and Culture of Chorus Girls.

Carrington—And who is the demure and dignified little woman with her?

Murray—That's Belle Kickley, of the Casino.

The Third Party

New York *World*: The third party in the Irish campaign is generally understood to be Mrs. O'Shea.

The Sultan is said to have taken from the Turkish doctors he sent hither to study Koch's method all the fluid they took back with them to Constantinople. His Ottoman Majesty remarked that he would not let the lymph be used till it could have a fair trial in establishments which would have to be specially erected for tuberculous patients.

Edward Adolphus Seymour, 12th Duke of Somerset, died yesterday at the age of 87. Before succeeding his father in the dukedom in 1855 he was M. P. for Totnes, and held office at different times as a Lord of the Treasury, Secretary to the Board of Control and Chief Commissioner of Works. He was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1859 to 1866.

The Indiana House of Representatives wants another Federal Cabinet office established—that of Commissioner of Labor.

A man can never be grateful, says an observant one, until he is totally oblivious of the presence of his hands and feet.

Farmers living in the neighborhood of Carman, Man., are organizing an elevator company among themselves. They propose to build an elevator with a capacity of 30,000 bushels.

Recently a Conservative convention held at Arichat nominated Mr. H. N. Paint, ex-M. P., as a candidate for the Commons for Richmond, N. S., and a few days ago a second Tory convention held at St. Peter's nominated a second Tory candidate for the same county in the person of Mr. Joseph A. Gillies.

THE COMING BILLIONAIRES.

A very large proportion of the wealth annually produced by the joint labors of the millions of inhabitants of the United States and Canada finds its way into the possession of a few men. There is something in the laws and institutions of these countries which produces this effect—something different from the honest, voluntary exchange of values for equal values. The men who work hardest, and therefore presumably produce most wealth, are not the richest men in the land, and great fortunes grow more rapidly than small ones. A man earning $6,461 54 every year in excess of what he needed to live upon, and putting aside that sum at 6 per cent compound interest, would have to keep on doing so for 40 years in order to have one million dollars saved. How many men can possibly *earn* enough to do this? Yet there are some millionaires in Canada, and in the United States there are thousands of them. There are four Americans who are worth more than $70,000,000 apiece, and there are thirty-five who are worth $10,000,000 and more. A list of Americans who are worth $5,000,000 or more would contain the following:

John D. Rockefeller	$125,000,000
William Waldorf Astor	125,000,000
Jay Gould	100,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt	80,000,000
William K. Vanderbilt	70,000,000
Collis P. Huntington	40,000,000
Russell Sage	30,000,000
John I. Blair	30,000,000
William Rockefeller	30,000,000
Leland Stanford	30,000,000
Mrs. Hetty Green	30,000,000
William Astor	30,000,000
Darius O. Mills	25,000,000
Philip D. Armour	25,000,000
Mrs. Mark Hopkins	25,000,000
Charles Crocker estate	25,000,000
Henry Hilton	20,000,000
E. S. Higgins estate	20,000,000
George Westinghouse, jr	15,000,000
Anthony J. Drexel	15,000,000
J. Pierpont Morgan	15,000,000
Andrew Carnegie	15,000,000
Oliver H. Payne	15,000,000
Frederick W. Vanderbilt	12,000,000
George W. Vanderbilt	12,000,000
Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard	12,000,000
Mrs William D. Sloane	12,000,000
Mrs Hamilton McK. Twombly	12,000,000
Mrs. W. Seward Webb	12,000,000
George M. Pullman	10,000,000
John W. Mackay	10,000,000
Robert Goelet	10,000,000
Ogden Goelet	10,000,000
Percy R. Pyne	10,000,000
Mrs. Moses Taylor	10,000,000
David Dows estate	8,000,000
James G. Fair	8,000,000
Weld estate (Philadelphia)	8,000,000
Miss Mary Garrett	8,000,000
Robert Garrett	8,000,000
John T. Martin	8,000,000
Amos R. Eno	8,000,000
Theodore Havemeyer	8,000,000
Ives estate (Providence)	8,000,000
Brown estate (Providence)	8,000,000
Henry A. Taylor	6,000,000
Mrs Robert Winthrop	6,000,000
Z. Leiter	5,000,000
Marshall Field	5,000,000
William L. Scott	5,000,000
George Bliss	5,000,000
James M. Constable	5,000,000
H. H. Cook	5,000,000
Mrs. R. L. Stuart	5,000,000
Mrs. Bradley Martin	5,000,000
Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes	5,000,000
Henry G. Marquand	5,000,000
Henry Hart	5,000,000
Edward Cooper	5,000,000
Abram S. Hewitt	5,000,000
William Steinway	5,000,000
George Ehret	5,000,000
Jacob Ruppert	5,000,000
George J. Gould	5,000,000
P. A. B. Widener	5,000,000
Addison Cammack	5,000,000
Adrian Iselin	5,000,000
Henry Clews	5,000,000
Mme. de Barrios	5,000,000
John H. Inman	5,000,000
R. T. Wilson	5,000,000
E. D. Morgan	5,000,000
James M. Brown estate	5,000,000
R. Heber Bishop	5,000,000
Thomas Garner estate	5,000,000
William E. Dodge	5,000,000
D. Willis James	5,000,000
Mrs. John C. Green	5,000,000
A. A. Low	5,000,000
George W. Childs	5,000,000
John Wanamaker	5,000,000
General Samuel Thomas	5,000,000
Fred. L. Ames	5,000,000
Oliver Ames	5,000,000
Benjamin P. Hutchinson	5,000,000
Charles L. Tiffany	5,000,000
Mrs William H. Vanderbilt	5,000,000
Levi P. Morton	5,000,000
August Belmont estate	5,000,000
James B. Colgate	5,000,000
John B. Trevor	5,000,000
Eugene Kelly	5,000,000
William Rhinelander	5,000,000
H. O. Havermeyer	5,000,000
Austin Corbin	5,000,000
Robert Bonner	5,000,000
Bayard and Thomas L. Cutting	5,000,000
James and Townsend Burden	5,000,000
Edward Schermerhorn	5,000,000
J. N. L. Griswold	5,000,000
Wilson G. Hunt	5,000,000
Mrs. Josephine Ayer	5,000,000
Phineas T. Barnum	5,000,000
David W. Bishop	5,000,000
Henry A. Cram	5,000,000
Samuel Sloan	5,000,000
William Peabody Wetmore	5,000,000
Elbridge T. Gerry	5,000,000
Robert L. Livingston	5,000,000
Jesse Seligman	5,000,000
William Seligman	5,000,000
Sidney Dillon	5,000,000
E. S. Jaffray	5,000,000
John Claflin	5,000,000
Mrs. Edwin Stevens	5,000,000
Le Grand B. Cannon	5,000,000
William C. Schermerhorn	5,000,000
Rev. Charles Hoffman	5,000,000
Rev. Dean Hoffman	5,000,000
Morris K. Jessup	5,000,000
James M. Waterbury	5,000,000
Paran Stevens estate	5,000,000
Abraham R. Van Nest estate	5,000,000

A year ago Mr. Thomas G. Shearman showed that more than half the wealth of the United States was owned by 40,000 families, and now he declared that unless a great change takes place in the financial or social system of the country, the billionaire is certainly coming, and at a rapid pace.

Notes.

De Wolf Hopper and Ben D. Stevens are now sole owners of the De Wolf Hopper Opera Company.

Effie Ellsler is to revive "Hazel Kirke," with the veteran Couldock as *Dunstan Kirke* The play has been booked from Jan. 26th.

Lillian Russell is to be the star of "La Cigale," which T. Henry French will present next fall at his Garden Theatre, in New York.

"The Power of the Press" is the title with which Gus Piton has handicapped a new play which is to be brought out in New York in March.

Sol Smith Russell enjoys the distinction of being the only dramatic star who never seeks to "work the newspapers," and who keeps no press agent in advance of his company.

"Poor Jonathan" and "The Sea King" have suffered more than any other comic operas from the farce-comedy and barn-storming pirates. Good, light music is as scarce as brass monkeys.

"Babes in the Wood," a genuine Drury Lane English pantomime, is an experiment at Niblo's Garden in New York. The babes are William Mestayer and George Fortescue—about 600 pounds of infantile sweetness.

It was announced with a great rhetorical flourish that the costumes for Fanny Davenport's "Cleopatra" cost $15,000. Being imported they were seized for duties, whereupon their value was discovered to be $3,750. The duty, $2,030.15, was paid under protest.

A pretty story is told of Adelina Patti's treatment of her dependents. A confidential maid, very trustworthy and very ugly, had a birthday anniversary recently, and it became known that the diva intended to celebrate this event. Many presents were purchased, and she insisted beforehand that everyone in the house should kiss the maid. The delighted Caroline was brought in to survey her presents, and she was kissed by every person present, including the great diva herself.

If you want to be convinced that better people than yourself are in the penitentiary run for office.

No Use for a Husband.

He (pointedly)—Have you ever thought of marrying?

She—No; I have a parrot that can swear.

He Had Large Practice.

Epoch: Judge (to small witness)—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Witness—Oh, yes, sir. I am an office boy and have to answer the telephone every few minutes.

They Have To.

Buffalo *News*: "Deaf and dumb people are more or less superstitious."

"Why?"

"Because they believe in signs."

Rudyard Kipling is rather shy in manner and somewhat self-conscious. He wears a pair of spectacles with divided lenses and has a cynical look. He is twenty-five years old.

The directors of the City Mutual Insurance Company, of London, Ont., have decided that it will be prudent to close up the company's business.

—The late Emma Abbott had many noble impulses. She was always doing kindly acts. Ever ready to respond to the call of charity, the end came in a way that was characteristic of her. She took cold while going in stormy weather to the bedside of a dying man, who, as she was informed, had expressed a wish to hear her sing once more the "Last Rose of Summer," and this cold developed into fatal pneumonia.