A VERY "FAKEY" STORY.

A Toronto Preacher's Yarn that Comes by Way of Kingston.

A special dispatch from Kingston last night says: Writing to a friend in Kingston a Congregational minister in Toronto tells of a narrow escape he had from cholera. Two weeks ago the minister received several religious tracts from Hamburg. He read them through, which took up considerable time, and laid them aside. Next day he was compelled to seek his bed, and for the next week struggled between life and death. During two days of the crisis all hope of recovery had been abandoned, but by careful attention he finally pulled through. The attending physicians pronounced it a case of cholera, though in a slight degree on account of precautions having been taken from the start. Clergymen who knew of the case believe the tracts were sent to the clergyman by some infidel in Hamburg. Only the most intimate friends of the clergyman yet know of his narrow escape.

The Crowd in the Railway Station.

"One cold rainy night last winter," remarked the drummer, as he wiped a string of perspiration beads from his neck and face, "I was left at a small station on a Western branch road, to wait for four hours for the train that was to take me somewhere. There was nobody around and I looked pretty lonesome, I guess, for the brakeman came up and tendered me his sympathy for two or three minutes before his train went back up the road.

"'Hard place, ain't it?' he said, looking around on the general dismalness.

"'Rather,' I responded; 'and worse when a man has to wait in it for four hours.'

"'Oh, well, you may have some company,' he said, encouragingly.

"'Who?' and I peered about me to see if anybody had arisen from the earth.

"'Well,' he said slowly, as if making a calculation, 'you'll find in the station the telegraph operator, the station agent, the baggage master, the train despatcher, the ticket-seller, the storekeeper, the accident insurance agent, the express agent, the postmaster and one or two other officials.'

"'That isn't so bad,' I replied, and told him good night as he jumped for the last platform.

"Then I went into the dimly lighted station and looked about for my prospective companions. Nobody was visible except a sandy-haired, freckled-faced man at the telegraph instrument.

"'Where are the others?' I inquired, much surprised.

"'Others what?' he answered.

"'Why the others the brakeman told me were here. The telegraph operator, the station agent, the baggage master, the train despatcher, the storekeeper, the ——'

"The man at the instrument began to grin.

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'That darn brakeman!' he said.

"'He's the only agreeable thing I've seen around here,' I put in, in defense of my friend. 'He said those men would be here until the next train comes.'

"'And they will,' said the man.

"'Well, where are they,' I asked, with considerable asperity.

"'The sandy-hair man stood up and tapped himself on the chest.

"'Them's me,' he smiled; 'come in and sat down with us.'

"And I did for four mortal hours."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Nothing More to be Learned.

With figure swathed in white cloths and face covered with lather, it was difficult to form a correct notion of the appearance of the man who occupied the first chair in the corner barber shop. To the most casual observer it was obvious that the man in the first chair was laboring under intense excitement. He was breathing in short gasps, his bosom heaved under the white towel, and his hands nervously clutched the cushion seat.

"Fine day."

The barber was whetting his razor and gazing vacantly into space. The bosom under the white towel betrayed new agitation, but the man in the first chair made no audible comment.

"Going to the exposition?"

The convulsive twitching of facial muscles was noticeable through the lather. The lips worked violently, but no sound escaped them.

"How's your folks?"

"See here."

The man in the first chair had jerked himself into an upright position.

"See here, I say."

His manner was positively ferocious, and the barber was transfixed with consternation.

"You've shaved me for twenty-five years, hain't you?" demanded the man.

The barber gulped and nodded feebly.

"Asked more than ten million questions in that time?"

"Er—I—er—guess—"

The barber stammered and looked uncomfortable.

"Yes, you've asked as many as that. In that time you have gradually drawn from me my entire family history so far as I knew it, including the fact that my grandfather was hung—which I have kept from everybody else in the world. What, if I may ask, is your purpose in continuing your interrogations? I'd like to know, if I may, what more you expect to learn?

All the barber could do was to laugh in a sickly way and murmur incoherently, while the man in the first chair resumed a recumbent posture.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Is Marrying Unfashionable?

It is estimated that there are 3,000,000 young men of marriageable age in the United States who obstinately neglect to provide themselves with wives, and this implies the existence of at least an equal number of young women of marriageable age who are waiting for proposals that never come. The fact is important as indicating one of the social tendencies of the period. It cannot be doubted that the popularity of matrimony has materially declined in recent years and that a kind of general hesitancy seems to prevail respecting the negotiation of such alliances. There was a time when the young people of the country hastened to pair themselves with bird-like eagerness and delight, as soon as they were out of school; and society not only encouraged them, but practically commanded them to take that course. They were considered superfluous and burdensome until they got married. The true work of life could not begin with them, they were taught, so long as they remained single; it was their duty to become yoked without unnecessary delay, and it was a disgrace to miss reasonable opportunities in that relation. But it is decidedly different at the present day. The practice of wedlock is no longer imperative nor does discredit attend the unmated state, even when prolonged into the thirties. There is as much advice given against marriage as in favor of it by the wise and experienced of both sexes, and the result is a steady decrease in the proportion of actual weddings to possible ones.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Question of Age.

It was on a Third street car yesterday, says the Cincinatti *Times-Star*, that a woman had a little spat with the conductor in which, though she lost her nickel, she came out ahead in the argument. She had with her two half-bushel baskets and a girl who looked to be about 12 years of age. She passed up a quarter and received back 15 cents. "An' where is the other nickel?" says she. "Why, there are two of you," replied the conductor. "An' it's two of us there is, in there?" says she. "There is," says he. "An' how do yez make that out," says she. "Ain't that your girl," says he. "It is," says she. "Well, there's two of you," says he. "A point yez! She an't nobody yet," says she. "She's over 9 years old," says he. "She's not," says she. "She is," says he. "Well, I ought to know. I've known her longer than you," says she. "I've known her 9 years myself," says he. "An' I've known her ten," says she, "an she's been a-riding on the street cars with me all those years an' I never paid a cent for her yet." And the old lady glared furiously at the humiliated conductor, wondering why the passengers giggled a little bit.

Cool and Collected.

"How cool poor Smithereens was before the dynamite exploded."

"And he was collected afterward."

The British mint coins 25 tons of pennies every year.

Old Nick—I hope the World's Fair will be closed on Sundays. Imp.—Why, what's Old Nick—What would be the use of our making a special exhibit at Chicago if the people had no chance to take it in?

Husband—How much did you spend today? Wife—Seventy-six dollars and seventy cents. Husband (gentlemanly)—Was that all? Wife (with an injured air)—That was all I had.

Many small animals eat their own weight in food in a day.

LETTER FROM COBLENTZ.

German Precautions Against the Spread of Cholera.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

Travelling Through the German Wine Country.

GIBRALTAR OF THE RHINE.

COBLENTZ, Aug. 28, 1892.

It is a week since my last home letter, and now we are out of Holland, with its hundreds of bad smelling canals and great lack of pure water, and are particularly well settled in a very pleasant hotel right on the banks of the Rhine. You know how fidgety Mr. L. is. Well, our rooms in Amsterdam opened on one of the canals and Mr. L. imagined that he smelled a bad odor from the water and became excessively nervous. He wouldn't drink water, and as he is no more used to beer than we are, the couple of glasses that he persisted in drinking kept him awake, and that caused him to imagine that he was going to have the cholera. For a couple of days he fretted and fumed, made Mrs. L. and me re-pack and separate all our things, so that they could go home at any time, and the following night at Cologne he again lay awake and fancied that he saw the black death carts gathering up those stricken with the cholera. Now, however, he is all over his whims, and doesn't say a word about not going into Leipzig. Hamburg seems to be the only German city which is

AFFECTED BY THE CHOLERA,

and according to the newspapers every precaution possible is being taken there to prevent its spread. The Germans are so very stringent, and have so many soldiers to see that their orders are enforced, that I feel much safer here than I would in France. In Holland milk was very cheap—but five Dutch cents, one of our cents, a glass. I got to drinking a great deal of milk, for the water had a nasty sweet taste that was very disagreeable. It was always hot, too, and had not a pure, clear look like that of our Canadian water. Here there are little booths almost every block, where they sell seltzer water for 5 pfennings (a cent and a quarter) a bottle. I have taken to drinking this, though the water here seems pure and good. Last Monday morning we went to Zaandam by boat, to see where Peter the Great worked to learn ship-building. We were shown the little cottage where he lodged and to the ship-yard where he worked. On the way we saw hundreds of windmills and a part of

THE GREAT HOLLAND DYKES.

The land is actually lower than the water, and is protected by great high stone banks, all overgrown with willows to make them doubly strong. I was very anxious to go right out to the sea and have a good view of the largest dykes, so we found out where to go from, and waited a very long time at the wharf, only to learn that the boat went but on Sunday. In the afternoon we went to the zoological gardens, which are second only to those in London. The aquarium is the finest in Europe, far superior to that in London. We saw the coral insects at work, anemones of all kinds, and one of the keepers showed us how he fed them, and fish of almost countless varieties swimming about just as they do in their native waters. Is was a glimpse of "life in the water" which I had never seen before, and in which I was greatly interested. Tuesday we visited a very fine picture gallery and museum in the morning, and in the afternoon came on to Germany, staying over night at Oberhauser, near Duesseldorf. There is nothing particularly attractive in the place, but it began to get dark and we did not wish to miss the scenery along the route, so we decided to wait till morning to continue our journey. Wednesday morning, then, we came on to Cologne, or Koeln as the Germans have it. Mr. L. casually heard that there was a case of cholera in the city, and of course he was sure he was getting it. Nevertheless we greatly enjoyed this beautiful city with its wonderful cathedral, styled by the guide book the grandest monument of Gothic architecture in the world. No description could give you an idea of its vastness which indeed seems altogether beyond comprehension. Its towers rise

FIVE HUNDRED FEET INTO THE AIR

and verily appear to reach the sky. Its vaulted roof is two hundred feet in height and its stained glass windows, presented by the Crown Prince, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Bavaria and other potentates, throw most lovely lights over the capitals and columns. We were at two services in the cathedral and were thrilled to hear the waves of sound resounding through the lofty arches, but the prayers and the responses had a peculiar buzzing sound which was anything but conducive to devotion. You know they say they have the bones of the three wise men from the East preserved in in the Cologne cathedral. I had quite a desire to see them but Mr. L. said he would not encourage such idolatry. However, we did see bones by the cart load in St. Ursula church. Tradition says that in the 4th century St. Ursula with eleven thousand maidens went on a pilgrimage to Rome. When they were returning they were cruelly attacked at Cologne by the Huns and were all ruthlessly murdered. The Church of St. Ursula is built on the spot where the murder was perpetrated, and the bones of St. Ursula and all her attendants are still shown to confirm the story. We went in to see the skulls and bones which are contained in glass cases all about the church. On one side a series of paintings portrays the whole scene, and the sexton points out the various cases.

SOME OF THE SKULLS ARE ADORNED

with different styles of head-dresses, and some are even decked with crowns. All through the Wordsworth country, and wherever we had been, Mr. L. has complained of Mrs. L. and me chasing after dead men's bones. He takes no interest in it whatever and is dreadfully bored when we go to see graves or monuments. Now, he says, he hopes we have had a grand finale to our chase and will be satisfied after having seen the skulls and bones of 11,000 all at once. We could not repress a smile as the sexton assured us that he had one of the water-pots used at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and asked if we wished to see it for another extra mark apiece. We declined. Cologne has very beautiful stores and magnificent residences and fine streets. We rode on a circular route all about the city. It was very warm while we were there, but delightfully cool in the churches. The next day we came on to Bonn, which contains

THE LARGEST UNIVERSITY IN GERMANY.

It has a fine old Cathedral, too, which is now being restored, and the city is renowned for being the birthplace of Beethoven. We took our usual street car drives and passed through most pleasant parks and broad, open streets, with very handsome residences. Then we had a sail to Koenigswinter, past several old castles, till we reached the Siebengebirge or Seven Mountains. We ascended by rail two peaks, Drachenfels and Petersberg, and then walked down them. Drachenfels means dragon's rock, and the story goes that a horrible dragon used to haunt this cliff till finally it was destroyed by a very bold and brave knight, Siegfried. The cavern where it lodged is still seen, and who is to dispute the story? On the summit of the peak is an old ruined castle, from which we had the most glorious views I have ever seen. Half way down the hill is a more modern castle, Drachenburg, and the lower parts of the mountain are

OVERGROWN WITH VINEYARDS,

from which wine is made, called Drachenblut or Dragon's blood. Our hotel at Bonn was beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, and we breakfasted on the veranda overlooking the river. While eating we saw a great many soldiers float down the river on a pontoon of thirty-two boats. The military band was playing gaily and crowds were on the shore to wave adieus to the soldiers. On Drachenfels and again on Petersberg we met those same soldiers and saw them drill and then march off down the mountains. They were a very fine-looking lot of strong, stalwart men. Yesterday we had a day of rare enjoyment. The sail to Coblentz was exceedingly picturesque, the views constantly changing owing to the many windings of the river. Every old castle has its own story of love or war, and it was very interesting recounting these or reading them for the first time. For instance, at Rolandseck only a crumbling arch remains of the castle built by the Knight Roland who repulsed to vex by Charlemagne and was obliged to leave his sweetheart Hildegunda. Years passed and she

HEARD NO NEWS OF HER LOVER

so that she joined the nunnery of Nonnenwerth and then Roland returned to claim his bride and found her lost forever. He built this old castle that he might see her passing to and from her devotions. Sometime he saw the monks bear a coffin to the chapel and then he never saw Hildegunda again so that he knew she was dead. He never spoke again, but was soon found lying cold in death. Near Remagen we saw a very old Gothic church on a hill. While the bones of St. Apollinaris were being taken to the Cologne Cathedral, the ship stopped just opposite this hill and could not be urged forward until the bones of the holy man were removed and carried to this hill. Hence this church was built and bears the saint's name—Apollinaris Kirche, and many pilgrimages come thither and miracles in great number are performed. The hills along the Rhine are just covered with vineyards in places and grapes are very cheap and very good. We saw very many quarries of basalt, pumice stone and many other varieties of rocks. Our steamer stopped at Andernach with very ancient walls, gates and bastions and its bronze cross to perform works of mercy throughout the town. Then we passed Neuwied, where many Moravians live, and were soon at Coblentz, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, a very strongly fortified city with old walls and strong gates and very many soldiers. Just opposite lies Ehrenbreitstein,

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE RHINE,

looking like Quebec, although to my eyes not quite so inspiring. It has a garrison of five thousand soldiers, and they say six millions have been spent upon it during this present century. We took our usual method of seeing the cities, and inquired of of a conductor on a train which was the pleasantest drive. He suggested Sulzeyefels, so we changed trains and soon found ourselves at the base of a high hill, surmounted by a castle belonging to the Emperor of Germany. We climbed this hill and joined a party who were waiting for admission to the castle. It was beautifully furnished and we had very picturesque views from the towers, but the whole thing was very funny, for we had to put great felt slippers on over our boots, and then sail around on the floors so as not to scratch them, for they were beautifully inlaid with various kinds of polished wood. This morning we attended the Church of St. Castor, which dates back to A. D. 836. This is the church in which Charlemagne divided his empire among his sons in 843, A. D. We wanted to go to a Protestant Church, but there was but one in the city, and the hotel announcement was marked with a great cross, and really one could not tell from the record of services whether it referred to a Protestant or Catholic place of worship. The rest of the day we have rested, and I have thought I would spend my time writing.

ELLA GARDINER.

The Boy.

The spectacle of a small boy whom one meets sometimes in the horse-cars, under the wing of his predestinate idiot of a mother, wrings one's very soul. Silk hat, ruffled shirt, silver buckled shoes, kid gloves, cane, velvet suit with one two-inch pocket which is an insult to his sex, how one pities the pathetic little caricature! Not a spot has he for a top, or a marble, or a nail, or a string, or a knife, or a cake, or a nut; but as a bloodless substitute for these necessities of existence, he has a toy watch (that will not go) and an embroidered handkerchief with cologne on it.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I don't suppose anything is more disastrous. The Divine right to be gloriously dirty a portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful, friendly contact with all sorts of interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied. The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge or weeding a garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life. And oh! unhappy fate, do not many of us have to bring up children without a vestige of a dog, or a sand heap, or a stable, or a shed, or a brook, or a garden! Contrive, if you can, a more difficult problem than giving a child his rights in a city flat. You may say that neither do we get ours; but ban as we are we are always good enough to wish for our children the joys we miss ourselves. Thrice happy is the country child, or the one who can spend a part of his young life among living things, near to Nature's heart. How blessed is the little toddling thing, who can lie flat in sunshine and drink in the beauty of the "green things growing"; who can live among the other little animals, his brothers and sisters in feathers and fur.

She Cared Him Early.

"When I was 20," remarked an old fellow of 70 to a lot of youngsters, who were narrating their domestic experiences, "I married a belle of the county, and she was a lively one, I tell you. She was about 25 and had a convincing way with her that was a caution. I had been one of the boys and she knew it, but that didn't hold her back a bit. We were in love with each other, and she was willing to run all the risks. For the first three months I did very well, and then I began to stay out just a little later than before, and still a little later, but Hattie never said a word. One night I got in about 3 o'clock and, as usual, she was asleep, and I crept in without disturbing her, though I was three hours later than any time I had got in since I was married. The next morning Hattie was as bright as a dollar."

"What time did you get in last night, Tom?" she asked at breakfast.

"Oh, along about midnight," I replied, evasively.

"Worse than that," she laughed.

"Maybe it was a little later," I confessed.

"It was about 3, wasn't it?" she asked, with the air of a person who knew what she was talking about.

"Oh, no, not quite so bad as that," I hastily protested.

"It must have been, Tom," she insisted, "for it was half past 2 before I got in, and I was dead asleep when you came.

"It was my time to make a few remarks then, but I didn't make them. I confessed to 3 o'clock, and from that day to this I've been in by 9 o'clock, and I don't know yet whether she was fooling me or not. Good night. It's a quarter to 9," and the old man walked out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Duchess of Marlborough's Dress.

The Duchess of Marlborough is rivalling her husband's ancestress, the famous "Sarah," in her taste for magnificence of costume. Her latest acquisition in the way of dress, says the *Queen*, has been built by Worth, and is of dark steel-grey peau de soie, trimmed with old-silver passementerie cords in festoons, with pendent balls. The waistcoat, and slashings in the sleeves and skirt are on pale yellow satin, making the combination of grey and yellow now so fashionable. A deep fall of cream lace and a moire ribbon trim the front of the bodice. The back of this gown is continuous in princesse breadths, while the corsage is a coat with Directoire revers opening on a vest of yellow satin. Squares on the sides elongate the coat, and suggest pocket flaps.

The skirt front is relieved from the prevailing plainness by being slashed down the middle to disclose what appears to be an inner skirt of satin. This plan gives ample width below the hips, yet retains the popular straight lines, and is preferred to drapery by large women who cannot wear very close clinging skirts. Black Bengaline and black grenadine dresses, and others of colored crepons, will be made by this model, with slashings of white moire, or of pale gray, green, or turquoise satin. The slashed sleeves are in adjustable keeping with the skirt. The three-cornered hat is of black straw, trimmed with black feathers and an old paste buckle.

The Babies of One Year.

It is estimated that about 40,000,000 births take place in the world every year. Supposing that these children could all be carried past a given point at the rate of twelve a minute, day and night without ceasing, the one whose turn came last would be more than 6 years of age before hapessed the person keeping count.

At Narragansett Pier.

Maud—How delightful the world would be if there were no men in it!

Margy—Yes; it would be just like one great long visit to the seashore.

Accounted For.

A citizen of Cork, being asked one morning how "he came by that black eye," answered that he slept on his fist.

She—Are you sure you didn't lose that letter I gave you to mail last week? He—Yes. I knew you'd think so, and I've kept it in my pocket to protect myself.

A Bowne de Bout—I saw a remarkable sign in a window when I was in France. Sleepy Holmes—What was it? Bowne de Bout—"American French spoken here."

ABOUT BUYING BEEF.

A Subject of Which Women Know Little and Should Know Much.

Women know less about meat than about

The butcher's counter is the shrine at which they sacrifice their dollars to meet the necessities of living, and a knowledge of this necessity should be of paramount importance in the estimation of the household buyer. She should know meats the same as she knows fruits and vegetables, and not be entirely dependent on prices and the veracity of the butcher. From the appearance of meat may be judged its tenderness and its wholesomeness. This knowledge comes by experience, and is far easier of acquisition than knowledge of the cuts of meats. But the latter may be learned by study and a practical application thereof on every visit to the market.

Good, wholesome meat should be neither of a pale, rosy or pink color, nor of a deep purple. The first denotes the diseased condition; the last proves the animal has died a natural death. Good meat has more of a marble look, in consequence of the branching of the veins which surround the adipose cells. The fat, especially of the inner organs, is always firm and waxy and never moist, while in general the fat from diseased cattle is flabby and watery and more often resembles jelly or boiled parchment. Wholesome meat will always show itself firm and elastic to the touch and exhibit no dampness, while diseased meat will appear soft and moist; in fact, often more wet, so that the liquid substances run out of the blood when pressed hard. Good meat has very little smell, while unsound meat has a disagreeable, cadaverous smell and diffuses a certain medicinal odor. This can be distinctly proved by cutting the meat through with a knife and smelling the blade or pouring warm water over it. Bad meat shrinks considerably in the boiling; wholesome meat rather swells and does not lose an ounce in weight.

For soup, the brisket or plate piece is the best cut. This can be used most advantageously for cold cuts. A shin of beef is more economical buying and better for a large portion of soup. The finest of roast beef is the porterhouse cut and prime ribs. Beef that has been killed for over a fortnight makes the best eating.

For pot roast, cross ribs and lower sirloin cuts are desirable. Chuck cuts, above all, are to be avoided. The choicest beefsteak is the hip-bone steak, but this is not a economical cut. A porterhouse steak has more meat and less bone than the hip-bone steak, and is particularly desirable for small families. The sirloin or flat-bone steak comes in much larger cuts. No steak should be bought less than two inches thick. In selecting a roast of veal, "Nisrenbroden," as the Germans call it, or a loin of veal with the kidney is most desirable, as it is a juicy, tender meat. The best veal cutlets are those of the rib, dressed in French style.

A hind quarter of lamb is a choice cut, but more substance is derived from the fore quarter.

Mutton chops should be two inches thick and cut from the loin and ribs. For boiling a leg of mutton, it should be tied in a linen rag that has been sprinkled with a little flour.

Pork, more than any other meat, requires to be chosen with the utmost care. It is best in cold weather, and should be avoided during the summer months; it is seasonable from November to March. If it is ill fed or diseased, no meat is more injurious to health. The fat should be white and firm, the lean white and finely grained and the skin thin and cool. If the fat is full of small kernels it is diseased; therefore avoid it, or the consequences will be dear.

In choosing poultry of any kind the chief object is to ascertain the age of the fowl. Common fowls ought to be plump and broad on the breast and fat on the back. The skin of fowls and turkeys ought to be white and of fine grain. The legs ought to be smooth, toes supple and easily broken when bent back. If these signs are not found be assured that the poultry is old and stale. When the feet are red and hard, the skin coarse and full of hairs, the poultry may be considered too old for the best use. The same rule applies equally to geese and ducks.

Next to pork, no article requires so much care and judgment in the selection as fish. When perfectly fresh they will be rigid and their eyes will be bright; the gills will be of a clear red, not dark, color. The fish which inhabit the surface of the water, such as mackerel and herring, cannot be too fresh. Those fish which live in deep water not only live longer after leaving the water, but their flesh keeps longer in good condition. Crabs and lobsters should be heavy and solid when good, and oysters should have the shells firmly closed.

One of the most essential features in marketing is to select only those articles which are in season, if one would wish to have them good, pure and well flavored.

The Market for Jokes.

Public Opinion, which has been investigating the joke business, says that a good original joke which is easily illustrated brings as high as $5. The magazines and papers which pay for their jokes have regular prizes. Professional jokers send a supply of from 10 to 50 jokes to the papers paying best and the editor in charge of that department chooses those which suit him and sends back the rest. These are then sent to the next best-paying publication, and so on until they reach the papers which pay but 50 cents. Such as are then returned the joker considers useless. A professional joker can make about 100 jokes a week, and, as joke-making must soon become a habit, perhaps the brain is not too greatly tasked in their manufacture.

Tecumseh's Tomahawk.

A tomahawk, said to have belonged to the famous Indian chief Tecumseh, is now in possession of Mrs. Lizzie Skinner, of West Point, Ky. At the battle of the Thames, north of Lake Erie, in Ontario, in which the warrior was slain, a New York soldier, named John Hanes, despoiled the fallen redskin, and subsequently gave the weapon to John R. Bramblue, who died last December. It then passed into the hands of Mrs. Skinner in compliance with the wish of its last owner. The hatchet is said to be half English, half Indian in its shape. Doubts are evidently entertained as to its genuineness by some of the Western editors who tell the story.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Short Lecture on Mastication.

Dr. Lauder Brunton, in the course of a recent letter on "Mastication," at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, made use of the following remarks: "I think it was a magnificent stroke of genius on the part of the President of the Royal College of Physicians, Sir Andrew Clark, when he informed Mr. Gladstone that he had one mouth and 32 teeth, and that for every mouthful of food he took every tooth should have a chance, so that he should take 32 bites to every mouthful. "And," continued Dr. Brunton, "if the patient has lost some of his teeth he should allow two bites for every missing tooth and even that will not always do if many teeth have gone."

EMPEROR WILLIAM breathes more freely and his wife is happy. The birth of a princess to the House of Hohenzollern has relieved them of an anxiety caused by an alleged prophecy that the empire would go down under a monarch who would have been born in succession. They had already six sons. The Emperor was born Jan. 27th, 1859; the Empress, Oct. 22nd, 1858. They were married in Berlin Feb. 27th, 1881. The children of the Imperial pair are:

Prince William, born at Potsdam, May 6th, 1882.

Prince Eitel Frederick, born at Potsdam, July 7th, 1883.

Prince Adalbert, born at Potsdam, July 14th, 1884.

Prince August William, born at Potsdam, Jan. 26th, 1887.

Prince Oscar, born at Potsdam, July 27th, 1888.

Prince Joachim, born at Berlin, Dec. 17th, 1890.

Princess ——, born at Potsdam, Sept. 13th, 1892.

"Oh, that star is Mars!" cried the girl, pointing upward. "All right," replied the youth; "she can have it. Give me the earth."

Chappie (faintly)—Doctah, my head feels awful. Does grip evah go to the brain? Doctor—Sometimes. Chappie—I have pains reachin' around all ovah, in me arms, and heads, and feet and everywhere. Doctor—That's grip. Chappie—What's it trying to do, doctah? Doctor—Trying to find your brain, I guess.

Seven miles is the greatest height ever reached in a balloon.

Dissipation is catching. When the cashier becomes dissipated the cash is disappeared.

MY LADY'S TOILET.

The Secret of her Success in Always Looking Attractive.

My lady is poor and works for a living—

She is awfully plain. But when you look upon her you think how full of meaning must have been the old phrase, "Perfect lady," before it got worn out.

And wherein lies the secret?

In my lady's toilet, to a great extent. Every day's dust brought home from downtown must part company with her gown, her bonnet, her shoes before the next day's dust has its chance. Each day's smudges and stains must come off the hardworking little fingers. The cinders are brushed or shaken out of her hair, which no doubt has its weekly bath as regularly as my lady has her daily dip and her wholesome rubbing down. These are necessities, and she does them in the ways she has found to suit her best.

The paraphernalia for it all she keeps up and in good order, even before she buys gloves, when there is a question between the two; and as for going downtown without using them thoroughly she would as likely go without her breakfast.

Oh, yes! and when my lady has once made her toilet she does not think of it again, much less return to it—even so far as to examine a finger nail in the presence of others.

ITALY'S ROBBER SCOURGE.

The People Alarmed Over the Increasing Boldness of Brigands.

A Rome cable says: It is an undeniable fact that brigandage is on the increase, not only in Sicily, but upon the mainland. It is well known that brigands live at Viterbese, and that for the past twenty years they have been existing on the proceeds of their crimes. No effort is made to suppress them. Some of the brigands pose as social reformers. One of these thieves has written a letter from Caltanisita, a city of Sicily, to a paper published in Rome, enclosing 5l. which he requests the paper to give to some worthy charity. In writing of his occupation, the brigand says he never robs the poor, only the rich. With much unction he states that he has just assisted in shooting and roasting Signor Bilotti.

The *Fanfulla* says the impunity of the recent crimes of the brigands, and the enormous booty they have secured without incurring any penalty whatever, has stimulated the passion for brigandage throughout Italy.

The Evils of Military Service.

(Oudis, in the Fortnightly Review.

There can be nothing worse for the young man than the barrack life; at times very harsh and onerous and cruel, but with long, lazy pauses in it of absolute idleness, when the idle lying in the sun and on the stone benches, dozes and boozes his hours away, and the vicious rogue can poison at will the ear of the simple fool. Lord Wolseley considers it an admirable machinery for creating citizens; it is not so, because the individual it creates is a mere machine, with no will of his own, with all virility and spirit beaten and cursed out of him, with no ideal set before him but to wait on the will of his corporal or captain. A soldier is at no time a good "all round" man; the military temper and standard are, and must be, always narrow. In its most odious and offensive forms, as in Germany, it amounts to a brutal and most dangerous tyranny, overbearing in its intolerable vanity, and holding civilian life of no more account than dust.

Lord Wolseley seems to imagine that where conscription exists every man serves. In no country does every man serve. Even in Germany a very large proportion escape through physique or through circumstances, through voluntary mutilation or emigration. It is fortunate that it is so, for I can conceive nothing so appalling to the world as would be the forcing of the military temper down the throats of its entire multitudes. Militarism is the negation of individuality, of originality, and of true liberty. Its sombre shadow is spread over Europe; its garotting collar of steel is on the throat of the people. Forty-eight has produced nothing better than the universal rule of the tax-gatherer and the gendarme. The French republic has the same corruption, the same tyrannies, and the same coercion by bayonets for which the two empires were reviled. Germany is a hell of despotism, prosecution and espionage. Italy has recovered political freedom only to fall prostrate at the feet of her old foe, who had "the double beak to more devour." This is all that militarism and its offspring, conscription, has done for the three nations who most loudly protested their free principles. In the latter, at least, the whole people, sweat, groan, perish under the burdens laid upon them for the maintenance of the vast battalions of young men imprisoned in barrack-yards in enforced idleness and semi starvation, whilst the fruitful lands of the Venetio, of Apulia, of the Emilia, of Sardinia, and of Calabria lie untilled under the blue skies, the soil crying for its sons, the spade and the scythe rusting whilst the accused sabre and musket shine.

When the gain of what is termed a whole nation under arms is estimated, the exaggeration of the pompous phrase hides the nakedness of the fact that large numbers of young men are lost to their country by the means to which they resort to escape military service. In Italy and Germany these may be counted by legions; in France men are less numerous, because in France men are more wedded to the native soil, and take to service more gaily and more naturally, but in Italy and Germany thousands flock to emigrant ships, thus choosing life-long self-expatriation; and every year, as the military and fiscal burdens grow heavier, will lads go away by preference to lands where, however hard be the work, the dreaded voice of the drill-sergeant cannot reach them, and they can "call their soul their own." Patriotism is a fine quality, no doubt, but it does not accord with the chill and supercilious apathy which characterizes the general teaching and temper of this age, and a young man may be pardoned if he deem that his country is less a mother worthy of love than a cruel and unworthy stepmother, when she demands three of the fairest years of his life to be spent in a barrack-yard, and wrings his ears till the blood drops from them, or beats him about the head with the butt of a musket, because he does not hold his chin high enough, or shift his feet quickly enough.

For a hundred years humanity in this generation has been shouting, screaming, fighting, weeping, chaunting, bleeding in search and struggle for various forms of what has been called liberty. The only result hitherto delivered from this is the present fact that the nations of Europe are all watching each other like a number of sullen and suspicious dogs. We are told that this is peace. It is such excellent and perfect peace that it is merely their mutual uncertainty of each other's strength which keeps them from flying at each other's throats. It is not peace which Europe enjoys; it is an armed truce, with all the exhausting strain on the body politic and on the exchequer which must accompany such a state of things. Conscription enables this state of tension to exist, and the impatience which conscription excites in the people renders them perpetually thirsty and feverish of war. They fancy that war would end it; would give them something good in return for all their sufferings. "We cannot go on like this," is the universal feeling on the continent; it is the feeling created by conscription. Conscription is the poleaxe with which the patient laborer or citizen is brained, and it is cut from the wood of his own rooftree. It is possible, probable that conscription will be enforced in England also, with the many other forms of servitude which democracy assures us is liberty; but it is certain that when it is so the country will be no longer the England which we have known in history.

The greatest distance covered by a steam vessel in one hour's run is fixed at twenty six miles.

America is becoming quite exclusive. Both the Chinese and the cholera are now interdicted.

The human skin is exactly like that of a fish, as it is covered with minute scales overlapping each other.

Won't some one please invent a bicycle which will allow the rider to hold his head high enough to see where he is going?

Tramp—I'm looking for a job. Foreman—We're just killing time these days. Tramp—Well, I'm a first-class hand at that.

According to a calculation published in a London paper, the entire population of the world could stand on a field ten miles square.

Estelle—He doesn't look old enough to marry. Maizie—But he is worth a million in his own right. Estelle—Then he is old enough.

The men most frequently heard from these days are the ones who have been through the cholera years ago.

SHE WAS TRUE, AFTER ALL.

I.

I first met her? Oh, yes; it was under the ancient arches of the old bridge, boating by moonlight, the sound of a flute played softly afar off, and all of a sudden the keel of my boat coming sharply in contact with somebody else's oars.

"Hallo, you!" cried out a clear, incisive young voice. "Where are you going to? Why don't you look which way you are steering?"

"Charley Dresden!" cried out I, little heeding the torrents of obloquy he was beginning to heap upon me.

"Old Mortimore!" he responded, joyously. "Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you dreaming on the Thames? Here! Come into my boat. Hitch on your old craft behind! And let me introduce you to Miss Sophy Adrience."

I looked as sharply at Miss Sophy as the moonlight and my own modesty would let me, for I knew that she was the especial admiration of my friend Charley Dresden. I had heard her blue eyes and peach-blossom cheeks raved abount until even my much-enduring patience had failed.

She was pretty, slight, round and rosy, with china-blue eyes, a dimple in either cheek, and golden-brown hair worn in long loose curls, with none of the fashionable abominations of crimps, frizzes and artificial braids about her.

Hardened old bachelor though I was, I felt as if I could have fallen in love with her on the spot, if I hadn't known so well that Charley had the first inning.

We rowed home together, or, at least, as far on our way home as the Thames would take us. Sophy sang little boat ballads. Charley roared out tenor barcarolles. I even essayed a German student song which I had learned at Heidelberg, nobody knows how long ago, and we parted the best of friends.

II.

A week afterwards Dresden and I met ace to face in St. James' street.

"Hallo, Mortimore!" said Charley, his honest visage lighting up. "What do you think of her?"

"I think she is a pearl—a jewel—a princess among women!" I answered, with perfect sincerity.

"Congratulate me, then!" cried Charley, beaming all over, "for I am engaged to her. Only last night! Look here!" opening a mysterious silver case which he took from his inner vest pocket. "What do you think of that for an engagement ring?"

"A fine diamond," said I, putting my head critically to one side, "and fancifully set."

"We're to be married in October," said Charley, lowering his voice to the most confidential tones. "It might have been sooner if I hadn't undertaken that business in France for our firm. But I shall be sure to be back by October."

So we parted with a reciprocating squeeze of the hand, and Charley's bright face haunted me all day with a sort of reminiscence of what might have happened also to me if I hadn't been five-and-forty, with a bald spot on the back of my head.

I spent an evening with her afterwards at the West End house, where she and her mother—a nice, bright-eyed, little woman, the full blown rose to correspond with Sophy's budding loveliness—dwelt in the coziest of apartments, furnished in dark blue reps, and with canaries and geraniums in the windows.

"It's so kind of you to come," said Sophy, with a gentle pressure of the hand, when I went away. "I am so glad to welcome Charley's friends."

And I felt that I could cheerfully sit through another evening of commonplace chit-chat and photograph albums for such a reward as that.

III.

Well, Charley Dresden went away, and as he didn't particularly leave Sophy Adrience in my charge, I didn't feel called upon to present myself at the lodging-house where the blue reps figured and the canaries sang in the south windows.

I supposed, naturally enough, that all was going right, until one day I received a note from my old friend Bullion, the banker, a man of 60, who wears a wig and spectacles, and counts his income u on the double figures.

Bullion wrote from Brighton, where he had gone because he didn't know what else to do with himself in the dull season. He asked me to be his best man. Bullion was going to be married!

"Of course you'll think it a foolish thing for me to do," wrote Bullion; "but even at 60 a man has not entirely outlived the age of sentiment; and when you once you see Sophy Adrience you will forgive any seeming inconsistency on my part."

"Sophy Adrience!" Was this the way poor Charley's blue-eyed fiance was serving him while he was across the Channel, trying to earn a little money for her sake? My heart rebelled against the fickleness of woman.

I went straight to the pretty West End house. It was possible that I might be misled by a similarity of name, although even that was unlikely.

"Is Miss Adriance at home?" I asked of the servant who answered the bell.

"No, sir. Miss Adriance is spending a few weeks with a friend at Brighton," she answered promptly.

That was enough. I went home and enclosed Bullion's letter in another envelope, directing it to poor Charley Dresden's address, Poste Restante, Paris, adding a few lines of my own, wherein I endeavored to mingle consolation and philosophy as aptly as possible.

"It's an ungracious thing for me to do, sending this letter," wrote I, "but I believe it to be the part of a true friend to undeceive you as promptly as possibly. Bullion is a millionaire. Sophy is possible but a fallible mortal after all. Be a man, Dresden, and remember that she is not the only woman in the world who would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."