

AGRICULTURAL.

WHEN SHALL WE GET BETTER MEAT?

A city friend asks us this question. We cannot answer it. If it will be any consolation to him we can tell him that he gets better meat in the city than we do in the country.

The country butcher buys his animals from the neighboring farmer, and pays them back in their own coin. They ought not to grumble at this, but the fact is that when he gets some "well-favored kine and fat-fleshed," he sends them to the city while we have to be content with the poor, and "lean-fleshed," such as Pharaoh saw in his dream. But it is no dream to us country dwellers. We are eating more beef, mutton, lamb and veal, and less pork, and we should eat more of our beef and mutton were as well fed as our pork. But this is far from being the case. Our pigs get corn and are fat, but there is not fat enough on much of our beef and mutton to taste it, and our steaks and chops are made eatable by the liberal use of butter. If we were obliged to answer our friend's question "When shall we get better meat?" we would say:

1st. When we have better-bred animals. Cattle and sheep not kept principally for milk and wool, but for beef and mutton.

2d. When we stop starving our calves and lambs, and feed liberally from the start to the end.

3d. When we feed better grass. Our pastures are often disgraceful. If land is too rough to plow and too poor to grow white beans or buckwheat, we keep it in pasture; or if it is naturally rich, alluvial land, we let the water drown out the valuable grasses, and weeds, rushes, and coarse grass take their place.

4th. When we make a regular business of fattening a few cattle and sheep every winter.

5th. When people are educated sufficiently to know good meat from bad—especially to know fat from tallow.

6th. We will not say that we shall have better meat when people are willing to pay for it. In all conscience, the butchers charge us enough now! People are willing to pay a good, even an extravagant price for good meat, if they are certain of getting it. But the truth is that we pay big prices for poor meat. We often see beef and mutton sold for fourteen cents per pound that, as compared with good, well-fatted beef, is not worth five cents a pound. From sixty to seventy per cent of it is water. After deducting the water, the bone, the tough skin, the hard sinews, gristle and tallow, how much tender juicy, nutritious flesh and fat are there left? A friend of ours, who is somewhat hasty in temper, was carrying such a piece of beef, when he suddenly jumped up, taking the beef with him on the carving fork, and rushing to the butcher-shop threw it at the head of the man who sold it to him. We could almost wish that every butcher who sells such stuff could be served in the same way—or, better still, we wish people knew what good meat is, and would stop buying poor lean meat at any price. Let the sausage-makers have it, or the manufacturers of fertilizers.

7th. We shall have better meat as soon as we learn that putting butter on a dinner table is neither "stylish" nor economical. This practice of having butter at dinner, joined with the inability to tell tallow from fat is one of the chief reasons why many people object to fat meat. They do not know that fat is fully as nutritious as butter, and far more palatable than poor butter.—[Joseph Harris in American "Agriculturist"]

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

Wood ashes should not be used for a dust bath. Road dirt, plaster or sifted coal ashes with a small quantity of air-slaked lime will be much better than wood ashes. It will be found a very valuable aid for the fowls to id themselves of lice.

The "American Agriculturist" says: "Pin up two facts to be considered when you are discouraged: There are fewer business failures among farmers than any other class; more men begin without capital and become owners of good business in farming than in any other vocation."

Each added year's experience convinces us further of the superiority of horizontal training for vines; and we are gradually substituting flat trellises for erect ones, and prefer them of good height, seven feet or over. The trip has become a pest here and as the flies shelter on the under side of the leaves we can readily drench them to death by using a syringe or force pump. Water alone is serviceable but the addition of some kerosene emulsion makes it very effective. The grapes hanging free under the screen of foliage attain full perfection, and are more rapidly bagged, if their best quality and preservation are especially desired, or if left unbagged they are less liable to injury by birds than on an erect trellis. The vines should be well separated and tied down close to the rods, which should be far enough apart to allow of head and shoulders rising through for convenience of pruning.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

On the Safe Side.

Sam Johnson—Huh! did you hear de parson say dat whoebber had stole his pumpkins would go ter de bad place?

Jim Webster—Heah! heah! ain't I glad I didn't steal nuffa butcabbages.

The alarming feature of the feud between the whites and blacks in the United States is that time does not ally it. As the negroes increase and multiply the white prejudice augments in even greater ratio, and all reasonable people regard the future with apprehension. In Milwaukee a shearer manager has refused to admit a negro to any part of the house except the gallery. The negroes are naturally indignant and talk of agitating for a law to prevent this discrimination against the colored race. A legal enactment will hardly meet the emergency, for the difficulty lies far deeper, and rests upon a racial prejudice which not all the legislative restrictions in the world can effect without the more potent moral influences behind them.

A man's faith in his fellows bears little or no relation to his own moral character, the best men being often the most distrustful. But the better a woman is, the more she believes all other women to be both good and kind, a phenomenon not hitherto explained, though frequently observed.—[Frank Marston Crawford.]

Has Stanley "Found Religion"?

Now that Henry M. Stanley, the world's most remarkable traveller, unless Marco Polo be excepted, has got safely out of the wilds of Africa into communicating touch with civilized nations, the most careless reader cannot fail to be struck with the manner in which he lets no occasion of a letter or a speech pass without emphatic allusion to the fact that, besides all the new mountains, forests and lakes he has discovered in the dark continent, he has also, as the Methodists say, "found religion there." Even on the convivial occasion on which he, Emin Pasha and Capt. Grant fell in at last with Maj. Wissmann and the German troops—and healths and loyal toasts were drunk in bumpers of champagne—he still devoutly testified, in a speech full of emotion, to the "divine influence that had guided him in his work." For a man of such indomitable will, determined to carry everything before him, it is certainly impressive to notice how, as Stanley looks back on the past marvelous year, he is profoundly impressed with the fact that his own plans have been constantly overruled, and something other than he had intended substituted in their place. Of course, in such utterly unexplored wildernesses, this is exactly what might have been expected; but still the great intervening power that thus "shaped his end," roughs him how he would, no longer takes form to his mind as but so many swamps, jungles, fevers and savages shooting poisoned arrows, but as the great wise and beneficent Ruler of the Universe, using these and him as instruments in his master schemes. In other words, he has got rid of that exaggerated sense of individualism, so natural to powerful and self-reliant characters, and found himself lifted into the realm of the world-embracing ordinances of the Most High. In this condition religious trust he seems to be very happy, and certainly it gives a new depth and dignity to the attitude in which he now stands before the world.

Curious and instructive is it to compare this recent tone of Stanley's letters and speeches with a very touching scene he narrates in the book he published several years ago on his exploration of the Congo river. At one point, the miseries of loneliness, hunger, exhaustion, fevers and fighting had so accumulated on the expedition, that one of his most efficient lieutenants, a young Englishman, finally gave way to despair. An unquenchable longing to die and get out of this miserable world overcame him. Toward sundown he wandered out of the camp and sat down on a stone. There Stanley found him. He was fervidly repeating hymns, like Cowper's "Oh, where shall rest be found?" or Bernard of Cluny's "Brief life is here our portion." Evidently the same yearning had mastered him that led the saints of the middle ages to abandon the world and seek peace and rest in God in any cave or wilderness that would shut out the sights and sounds that tortured them. Stanley abruptly stopped him. "This is unmanly you," he said, and "unfitting you for duty. We must first see these people through. Then it will be time to long for heaven. No hymns now that divert thought from where we are, and what we have to do!" Stanley was right on this occasion. Never the man or woman of any sensibility, who has not been through times in life, when he longed to lie down and die, and when religion has not taken in his mind the shape of an overpowering yearning to get out of present miseries and be at rest in God. Then religion weakens, does not brace. Had Stanley found his young lieutenant repeating Luther's hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God," then he might have talked very differently to him. The great African explorer seems now to have come himself under the power of that kind of religion which in all ages has proved the sustaining strength of indomitable men like Columbus or Livingstone, and which filled them not with yearning to get out of this miserable world, but, through toll and pain, to co-work with the awful, yet beneficent, power which is steadily unfolding the great drama of human history. Starting, perhaps, on his first African journey with the mere ambition of distinguishing himself as a newspaper correspondent, he has gradually felt closing around him the ordinances of a stupendous Providence, and has bowed his head in awe, while his heart beat high with thanksgiving for being chosen an instrument in their unfolding.

Another Polar Expedition.

There is talk of another polar expedition being projected. Oskar Dickson, the famous Gethenburgh merchant and patron of arctic exploration, offers to defray expenses of a new expedition to the North Pole if Dr. Nansen who commanded the recent Greenland expedition, will accept the leadership. Dr. Nansen, it is stated, is willing to command a polar expedition but as he is an officer of the Norwegian Government he desires that Norway shall defray the expense and of course gain the glory of any discovery that may be made. So it seems that it is mainly a question of who shall foot the bill. But what will be the practical benefit of their discovery even though they should succeed in reaching the much sought for object and dancing around it? In the expedition could bring the pole along with them and then sell it to some enterprising showman to be exhibited as the only specimen of its kind, and thus realize something towards the cost of securing it, some people could better understand the reason why all this expenditure of time, energy and money should be made to discover it; but, seeing it is not that kind of a pole, and that it must be left behind, never to be seen again except by those who endure the same trials, hardships and dangers, why any one should sacrifice so much to find it, is very puzzling indeed. It can only be explained on the principle that the desire of the human spirit to know is insatiable, that to add to its knowledge it braves all dangers, suffers all hardships and encounters all deaths. And all this without being influenced by the sordid, selfish consideration, what shall I gain thereby.

How He Beat the Government.

Post-office Clerk—"Say, mister, there's a cent due on that letter."  
"Molke—"Wan cins, is it? Who is it due to, sor?"  
"To the government; and it has to be paid before you take the letter away."  
"Pon me wurrd an' if the government is so mane as take van cent from a poor man wid a large family av children nearly all of the brest, it can kape the litter. Falth an' the batin av sitch a hard-hearted ovid millionare out av a cent will do me more good than a hundred listers. And, sor, ye can tell him to go to the devil besides."

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Pedlar's Startling Experience at a Backwoods Tavern in the Early Days of Ontario.

In all my travels, over thousands of miles of country, I was never really terrified but once; and then I confess I had a fright which I did not recover from for weeks, and which I still never recall without a secret shudder. My life might be said to have hung on a bare thread; and nothing but heaven's kind providence, interposed in a most miraculous manner, saved me from the awful doom.

In the regular pursuit of my vocation, I was travelling through Western Canada, when, towards evening of one hot, sultry, summer day, I found myself passing through a long stretch of swampy woodland, along what might more better have been denominated a horse-path than a road. I had taken a rather obscure by-way, in the hope, if I found few customers, to find those who would pay well; but I had made a serious mistake, in that I had discovered none at all. In a walk of eight tedious miles, I had seen only three dwellings, and these miserable shanties, one of which was unoccupied, and the other two with ragged families who had no money for trade. At the last house, I inquired the distance to the next, and I was informed that four miles further on I would come to a main road, where there was an inn for travellers; and towards this I was now making my way, with the intention of putting up there for the night.

I came in sight of the road and the inn just as the sun was setting behind a drift of clouds, that seemed to broken the gathering of a storm. Tired and hungry as I was, with night setting in upon me in such a lonely country, I was very glad to come in sight of a place of rest, and went forward in comparatively good spirits.

The inn was a brown stone building, two stories in height, and quite respectable looking for that region of country. As I came up to it, however, I fancied it had a certain air of gloom, which had a rather depressing effect upon my spirits; but then this, I thought, might be caused by the absence of sparkling lights and bustle, and seeing it at the hour of twilight. No one met me at the door; nor did I perceive a human being in or about it till I had entered the unlighted bar room, where a man, who was sitting in a corner, rose and came forward, with a slight nod of salutation.

"Are you the landlord?" I inquired.  
"I am," was the answer.

"I suppose I can put up with you for the night?" I said.  
"Certainly," he answered, glancing at my trunks. "Shall I take care of them for you?"

"I will merely set them behind your bar till I retire for the night, and then I will take them to my room. I suppose you can give me a single apartment to myself."

"Oh, yes, easy enough—my house is large, and will not be crowded to-night."

"Have you any other guests?" I inquired, feeling from some cause for which I could not account, strangely ill at ease.

"There is no one here yet," he replied; "and it is getting rather late for the drovers, who often stop with us."

It was a relief to think that drovers were in the habit of putting up at the house, for that implied a certain degree of honesty in the landlord; and a consequent security for lonely travellers; and I really needed this reflection to counterbalance a strange sense of something wrong, if not absolutely wicked and dangerous.

I informed the host that I was very tired and hungry, and wished a good supper and a good bed, and he assured me that I should be provided with the best he had. He went out of the room, as he said, to give the necessary directions and get a light. He was gone some ten minutes, and returned with a candle in his hand, which he placed on the bar. I had taken a seat during his absence, and, being a little back in the shade, I now had a chance to scrutinize his features closely without being perceived in the act.

I did not like the appearance of his countenance. His face was long and angular, with black eyes and bushy brows, and the whole expression was cold, forbidding, and sinister.

He remarked that the night was very warm and sultry, and that it was likely to be showery, and then inquired if I had come far that day, and which direction? I informed him of my tedious walk over the by-road, and unguardedly added that I did not think my day's experience would induce me to travel through that region again in a hurry. He asked me where I was from, if I had seen many persons that day, if I was an entire stranger in that part of the country, and so forth, and so on—to all of which I gave correct answers.

Thus we conversed till a little bell announced supper, when he ushered me into a good-sized dining room, and did the honours of the table, trying to make himself very agreeable. That there was somebody else in the house I had good reason to believe—for I heard steps and the rattling of dishes in an adjoining room—but the landlord himself was the only person I saw during the evening, if I except a glance at a disappearing female dress as he was in the act of lighting me to my room.

My bedroom was small, but looked clean and neat, and contained an inviting bed, curtains of chin z at the single window, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, a wash stand, a couple of chairs, and was really quite as well furnished as many an apartment in hotels of far greater pretension. With all this I was pleased, of course; and judging by the appearance that there was nothing wrong about an inn so properly conducted, I bolted my door, raised the window for a little fresh air, looked out and discovered the night was intensely dark, undressed, blew out my light, jumped into bed, and almost immediately fell asleep.

I was awakened by a crash of thunder, that was rolling over and shaking the house to its foundation at the moment my senses returned to me; and being rather timid about lightning, and remembering to have heard that the electric fluid would follow a current of air, and also recollecting that I had left my window open, I sprang up hastily to close it. As I did so, my head barely touched some soft substance, just above me; but the fact produced no impression upon my excited mind at the moment. I reached the window, and for an instant stood and looked out to get a view of the approaching storm; but, as before, I could not see anything at all—all was as black as the darkness of a pit—and,

as before, too, the air was perfectly still—so much so, that I fancied I felt a stifling sensation. I was the more surprised at this that I thought I heard the roar of the wind, and the falling of rain; and certainly there was another clap of thunder, whose preceding flash of lightning I had not perceived.

Awed by the mystery, I hastily let down the sash, and returned to the bed in a state of some trepidation; but, as I put out my hand to feel my way in, it came in contact with a mattress nearly as high as my neck from the floor. Now really terrified by a sense of some unknown danger, and half believing that the room was haunted, I clutched the mattress convulsively, and felt over and under it, and found it was separate from the bed on which I had been sleeping, and was slowly descending!

Gracious heaven! how shall I attempt to describe that moment of horror, when I first got a comprehension of the whole diabolical plot! A plot to murder me in my sleep! I was walled up in a room prepared with machinery for the express purpose of murdering the unsuspecting traveller, and had been saved from the awful fate by the report of heaven's thunder. The window of course was only a blind to deceive, placed inside of a blank wall, which accounted for my seeing nothing from it and getting no current of air when the sash was raised; and the mattress I had held of was arranged to be lowered by pulleys, and held down by weights upon the sleeping traveller till life should be smothered out of him. All this I comprehended in a sudden flash of thought, and as I stood trembling and almost paralyzed, there came a quick rattling as of cords and pulleys, and the upper bed dropped down with a force that denoted the heavy weights placed upon it.

But though left out from under it—alive, as it were, by a miracle—what was I now to do to preserve my life? As yet, all was dark, and no one appeared; but I now heard voices speaking in low, hushed tones, and knew that soon the truth would be discovered, and in all probability my life attempted in some other way. What was I to do? How defend myself from the midnight murderers? I had no weapon but an ordinary clasp-knife, and what would this avail against two or more? Still, I was determined not to yield my life tamely; and as in all probability every avenue of escape was barred against me, I resolved to crawl under the bed and take my chance there. Mechanically, while considering, I had felt for my clothes and drawn on my pantaloons; and now cautiously trying the door, and finding it, as I had expected, fastened on the outside, I stealthily glided under the bed, and placed myself far back, close against the wall. I had barely gained this position, when a light shone into the room from above; and looking up between the bed and the wall, I saw an opening in the ceiling, about five feet by eight, through which I suppose the upper mattress had descended; and, standing on the edge of this opening, looking down, was the landlord of the inn, and beside him a tall, thin, sinister virago, who looked wicked enough to be his wife, as undoubtedly she was.

"All right, Meg," he said, at length: "he is quiet enough now; and if not, I can soon flash him;"—and with this he took the candle from her hand, and leapt down upon the bed, and then sprang off upon the floor. "Now hold away," he continued, "and let us go through with this job as quick as possible."

Again I heard the noise of ropes and pulleys, and knew the upper bed was being raised; which in another moment would disclose to the human monster the fact that my dead body was not under it. What then? Merciful heaven! it must be a struggle of life and death between him and me!—and I was already nerving myself for the dreadful encounter, when I experienced a kind of transitory sensation of a crash and a shock.

The next thing I remember, was finding myself exposed to the fury of the tempest—the wind howling past me, the rain beating upon me, the lightning flashing, and the thunder roaring. I was still in my room, but it was all open on one side of me, and it took my bewildered sense some time to comprehend the awful fate of heaven's peculiar providence.

The lightning had struck the portion of building I was in, and had thus given me life and freedom!

As soon as I fairly comprehended this, I leapt to the ground outside, escaping injury, and ran for my life. I took the main road, and ran on through the storm, as if pursued by a thousand fiends, as I sometimes fancied I was. I ran thus till daylight, when I met a stage-coach full of passengers, hailed the driver, and told him my wonderful story. He thought me mad, but persuaded me to mount his box and go back with him. On arriving at the inn, he found a confirmation of my fearful tale.

The house had not only been struck, but, strange to relate, both the landlord and his wife had been killed by the bolt of heaven, and were found dead among the ruins!

I subsequently had to appear before a magistrate, acting as coroner, and depose to the facts, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance therewith.

I got away from that fearful region as soon as I could; but to this day I have never fully recovered from the effects of that night of horror at the inn!

How He Lost Them.

Lady of the House—How did you lose those two fingers from your left hand, my poor man?

Tramp—They were cut off, mum.

"I suppose that was when you were working, and that your loss disabled you from further manual labor. Tell me was it in a mill?"

"No, mum. It wuz in a hen coop. I had to cut 'em off or steal the trap."

The Kind-Hearted Cob.

Policeman—"Here, now, move on."

Stranger (who has lost his way trying to get back to his hotel)—"I am no tramp."

Policeman—"What are ye, then?"

Stranger—"I am a country editor—"

Policeman—"I see, I see. Poor fellow! Here's a dime."

A Musical Shoe.

Mrs. B Jones—Why, how your left shoe squeaks! What is the matter with it.

B Jones—I think it must be the music in its sole.

Pattin's patched dime in the collection box is like buyin' a soapbox ticket to heaven.

HEALTH

Bathing a Sick Person.

A sick person should be bathed every day, unless for some special reason the doctor forbids it. The skin cannot properly perform its function of carrying off the waste matter from the body unless its pores are kept open. In fever, sponging with cold water is one of the recognized means of lowering the temperature. It is therefore important to know how to give a bath to a person in bed as easily, speedily, and effectually as possible. Before beginning, everything that will be required should be collected at the side of the bed. Two blankets are needed, two towels, a basin of water (if the bath is to be a warm one, a pitcher of hot water to replenish the basin), and a sponge. If the bath is given every day, soap is unnecessary; when it is used, a cloth should be substituted for the sponge, as soap spoils the latter. If the night dress and sheet are to be changed, the fresh ones should be put to air, and warm at the fire. This precaution should never be neglected, as damp linen might give a fatal chill.

Double the blankets end to end, move the patient to one side of the bed, push the bed-clothes towards him, keeping him covered, and, on the cleared space, lay the folded blanket, draw the bed coverings over it, and under their shelter move the patient on it. Lay the second folded blanket over the spread, and draw all the bed-clothes from beneath it, leaving the patient covered with it alone. Remove the night-dress, squeeze the sponge so that it will not drip, and bathe the face, neck and ears, wiping them carefully afterwards. Pass the hand holding the sponge under the blanket, and wash the arms, drying each as soon as done; then bathe the body, and wipe it dry; turn the patient on the side, and bathe the back, then the legs to the knee; turn again on the back, and finish the legs and feet. The points to be remembered are not to expose the patient to cold by letting the blanket slip aside, not to wet too large a surface at once, and to wipe thoroughly dry. Replace the night dress and bed clothes, draw out the upper blanket, move the patient off the lower blanket, and pull it out. Hang both the blankets to dry. They will be damp, but not wet, if the bath has been properly given.

Why Run Up-Stairs.

We do not run in the street, nor in the park or garden; why then run up-stairs, and then complain that the stairs are so high? It is difficult to answer this question; nevertheless, Canadian people generally do run up-stairs, while foreigners are well satisfied with walking up. Servants frequently complain of the height of the stairs, and leave their places in consequence. Houses of six and eight storeys are now being built here, as they are in other countries. Now, there is really but little difficulty in ascending several flights of stairs more than there is in walking a straight line, provided we take sufficient time to do it; which should be about twice as long as should be in walking the same distance in the street. Walk up-stairs slowly; rest at each landing; again walk steadily; and you will reach the top flight without exhaustion or fatigue.

Disordered Perspiration.

Nature has expended much labor on the perspiratory system—has constructed for each of us many miles of tubing and millions of secreting glands, each furnished with its tiny blood-vessel regulated by its microscopic nerve.

Not only does this system perform an essential service in keeping the bodily temperature down to the normal point of safety, ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, by the evaporation of the perspired fluid but it is also an organ of elimination like the kidneys and the lungs.

An adult excretes a full pound of sweat daily and this may be increased to three or four pounds. From this fact may be understood both the danger of suddenly checking the outflow of the poisonous material, and the advantage, when one has taken cold, of the Russian bath. The quantity and character of the fluid render a frequent change of clothing a matter of no small importance.

Some diseases, as acute rheumatism, phthisis, general debility, are accompanied by excessive perspiration, which is also sometimes purposely induced by the use of certain drugs called diaphoretics. As we are all aware, the amount of perspiration is abnormal in hot weather. The heat of a muggy day is aggravated and made more oppressive by the slow evaporation from the surface of the body. The atmosphere is too fully charged with moisture to vaporize the sweat.

Excessive sweating is sometimes partial, being limited to the soles, palms, or to one-half of the face, head or body, and that, too, without any discoverable cause. The touching of one side of the tongue with salt will sometimes cause a profuse perspiration upon the corresponding side of the body.

Perspiration may also be deficient. This is generally the case in diseases of the kidneys, in the early stages of fever, and in certain skin diseases. When the sebaceous or oil secretion is deficient, there is apt to be a like deficiency in the perspiration, rendering the skin dry and rough.

Perspiration may have an offensive odor, especially that which is secreted by arm-pits, feet and toes. The sweat and the sebaceous secretion undergo a chemical change into the fatty acids, some of which are like those found in rancid butter. This condition is sometimes due to lowered vitality of the system. The affected parts should be repeatedly washed with tar soap, and the linen frequently changed. The soles of the stockings should be daily disinfected with a saturated solution of boracic acid. Cork soles should be worn in the shoes, and be similarly disinfected.

A museum attraction in Boston has permanently retired from business. His speciality was catching a bullet, fired from a rifle, in his teeth. This apparently wonderful feat is not so difficult when one knows how to do it. The main thing is to have an imitation bullet composed of pasteboard. It looks exactly like lead and easily "catches" the gaping jaws who see the trick. This time, however, the gun was accidentally loaded with a leaden bullet, which, instead of being stopped between the teeth of the showman, went on through his head.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of four hundred years. Moral—Young men, do not be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.

## RECKLESS LAKE SAILORS.

Five Hundred Lost Every Year, and Yet They Will Ship in Rotten Hulks.

"I would rather cross the Atlantic ocean twenty times in the Fall of the year than make one trip from the St. Lawrence River to Chicago," said an old Lake Erie skipper. "The annual loss of life and property, although much less than it was a few years ago, because there are fewer unseaworthy hulks afloat now, is proportionately greater than it is in the Atlantic Ocean. The reports that follow every storm on the lakes are burdened with disaster. No ocean sailor that ever lived would dare to take the risks that the average lake skipper will, and that without a word of protest. It looks sometimes as if lake sailors rather courted risk and danger. They will start from port with vessels that are hardly seaworthy, even in calm weather, in the face of the

MOST THREATENING WEATHER.

It is a fact that there are more of these craft braving the waters of the lakes during the most dangerous season of the year—October and November, and perhaps December—than at any other time. There is reason for this, though, for grain shipments are livelier as the season draws to a close, cargoes are consequently more plentiful and rates higher.

Every vessel that will float can command a cargo. I have seen schooners leave port in November loaded almost to the water's edge with grain that were scarcely fit to be towed on a canal, and yet the skipper would have to refuse many applications made by sailors for a chance to sail on the shaky hulk. There is not a more reckless class of men on the face of the earth than these fresh water sailors, although they have the terrible fact before them that between 400 and 500 are lost annually on the lakes, nine-tenths of them with the rotten hulks that they beg for the privilege of sailing on. The recklessness of these sailors is all the more inexplicable when it is known that as a rule they are the quietest and most modest of men, the most of them farm owners. The individual landholdings of these reckless sailors are considerable. They return to their farms the moment navigation closes, remain there until it opens in the spring, and then hasten

### TO TEMPT DEATH

on any old craft they can get the best showing on, leaving their wives and children to look after the farm.

The sailing season is comparatively short on the lakes, for it is usually late in the spring before the ice embargo is removed, and early in the winter when it is again placed upon navigation. The skipper's desire is to take advantage of every hour of his time, and he takes no precaution that will submit him to a moment's delay in port. Of course, all vessels that sail on the lakes are subject to the control of a Government Inspector, and none can sail without a proper rating from him. But the pay of these officials is small. They are human, and skippers willing. It may be that something of this kind might account for the presence of so many unseaworthy hulks now engaged on the lakes. I have never heard any open charge of bribery made, but some people have their suspicions. It is a subject that ought to be looked into.

"There is no denying the fact, however, that there are not nearly so many unseaworthy vessels on the lakes as there were before the Government appointed its inspectors, but even one in service is too many, for the dangers of lake navigation are so great that even the staunchest vessels are frequently unable to escape them. Storms sweep over the lakes without any warning. The November and December gales on Lake Erie are frightful, and the sailors depend to a great extent on landmarks as guides in navigation. The blinding sleet that nearly always accompanies these storms obliterated these marks sometimes for days, and, as the sea room is limited, vessels caught in these storms are in constant danger of going to pieces either on the rocky shore or on some of the islands that stud so thickly these inland seas. Lake Ontario's shores are especially menacing to lake craft during storms, but, fortunately, this lake is not so liable to be

### SWEEP BY STORMS

as some of the others of the great chain. If a vessel heaves to in a storm it is almost certain to be cast ashore; or if it runs down the lake towards the St. Lawrence River it is endangered by the many islands that abound there. Many skippers have wrecked their vessels in the risky effort to make Oswego harbor in a storm. The entrance to this harbor is very narrow, and the vessel that is steered for it and does not make it is almost certain to go to pieces on the rocks under Fort Ontario.

Reckless and fearless as lake sailors are, caring nothing for howling gale or rotten hulk, there is one thing about Lake Superior of which they stand in awe. That is the peculiar coldness of its water. No ice water is colder than the water of Lake Superior. A man lost overboard in that lake is never looked for. It is supposed that the great shock of the contact with the intensely cold water causes death almost instantly, at any rate, no sailor who falls into Lake Superior is ever seen again. He sinks like a stone, and never reappears, alive or dead."

The German postal list for 1899 will show that 9,759 newspapers are printed in Germany, 2,781 of which are printed in 30 other languages, and 6,978 in German.

New Zealand has had its season of depression, but seems now to be recovering from that unsatisfactory condition of affairs, and the progress made by the colony in the past thirty years is being brought into prominence. Certainly the figures for that length of time tell a flattering tale. The population grew from 32,500 to 607,300; the revenue from £146,000 to £3,850,000; the people's savings from £7,800 to £7,800,000; the exports from £450,000 to £7,869,000; the wool exports from £250,000 to £3,115,000; sheep from 1,520,000 to 16,500,000. The manufacturers are doing well also, making up a total value of £7,430,000 with 25,655 operatives employed.

Sir Roderick Cameron, formerly of Belleville, but now of New York, stated the other day that the statement that he would challenge for the America's cup is substantially true. He has written to designer William Fife, jr., he said, asking upon what terms he would undertake to design and build an 85-foot cutter at the Clyde shipyard. No reply has been received, but if the terms are favorable Sir Roderick, who is now a well-known New York yachtsman, will issue a challenge.

## FIRE DAMP IN HIS STOMACH.

Mr. Jackson Can Touch off His Breath and It Will Explode.

The strange case of William Jackson, whose breath was inflammable, excited a great deal of interest in medical and scientific circles two years ago. At that time Mr. Jackson was a photographer in Fayetteville, N. Y. More recently he has been engaged in the same business in Middlebury, Vt. One evening at 10 o'clock he lighted a lamp with a match. Then, with a breath of air brought to "blow out the match." Instantly his breath took fire with a slight explosion. Jackson gasped with fright, and the flame of the combustible air entered his mouth and blistered his tongue. His lips and face also suffered, and his mustache, eyebrows, and the hair above his eyebrows were singed to a marked degree. The man was at first badly frightened, and his wife, who was a witness of the occurrence, screamed with alarm.

After waiting an hour to see if there would be a repetition of the phenomenon, Jackson went to bed. The next morning he consulted his physician, Dr. T. E. Quincy, who recognized the case as

### A VERY SINGULAR ONE,

and engaged the writer of this article to report it for the medical journals. The truth of the reports was at first questioned on all sides, but after the matter was thoroughly investigated it was admitted that such a case might possibly occur. Then in 1874 it was learned that a European medical journal had published a report of a similar phenomenon, and many scientific tomes were searched, and one item discovered that substantiated the present. Then Jackson discovered that he could reproduce the phenomenon almost at will, but as the experiment sometimes resulted in unpleasant burns, he would exhibit his peculiarity only on special occasions.

At last medical men figured out a theory to explain the freak. They came to the conclusion that it was not the breath from Jackson's lungs, but air belched from his stomach, that would take fire. The patient had never been a drinking man, so the gas was not rendered inflammable by the presence of alcoholic vapor, but for years he had suffered from a peculiar kind of dyspepsia. Dr. William Manlius Smith, professor of chemistry in the Syracuse Medical College,

### AFTER CAREFUL STUDY,

concluded that food in Jackson's stomach underwent a butyric acid fermentation, one of the products of which was light carburetted hydrogen, sometimes called "marsh gas," the "fire damp" of mines. Jackson understood a little about chemistry, and one day he and the writer went to an old, stagnant pond and collected a bottleful of "marsh gas." When lighted it exploded and burned precisely as did Jackson's breath. The gas was collected by holding the bottle under the surface of the pond, stirring up the mud in the bottom of the pond, and catching in the bottle the bubbles of gas as they arose. Jackson is about 30 years old and a genuine Yankee. He is a bright humorist, and as genial a fellow as one ever has the pleasure of meeting. He has been a newspaper man, Indian fighter, photographer and half a dozen other things. He is also an artist of no mean ability. His wife was formerly his school teacher.

Jackson became afflicted with dyspepsia in a peculiar way. He didn't get it by living too much on the fat of the land and rare old whiskeys and wines, but he got it on the plains of the far West. He was out with a party of hunters. One day he became separated from his friends, and all efforts to find them were futile. At last he gave up the search, and started out for the nearest settlement. He had used all his ammunition before realizing that he was lost, and it was impossible for him to kill any wild game. He was about ten days reaching a settlement, during which time he subsisted upon a few berries, leaves, grasses, and roots. His health for a long time was very miserable as a result of the privations he suffered, but he at last recovered, with the exception of his stomach. That was completely ruined, and was bound never again to do good work.

### Against Their Own Color.

One would think that the natives of the West Indies are sufficiently dark-skinned to save them from any trouble on the color question, especially on the shady side. Such does not seem to be the case, however. It is understood matters are assuming a troublesome aspect in Hayti with regard to U. S. Minister Douglass. Until the Cleveland Administration the Haytiens had always had white diplomats sent to them by foreign nations. President Cleveland broke the record and sent a colored man from Brooklyn. At this the Haytiens felt much offended, but their anger was still further aroused when they learned that Douglass, another negro, was the choice of President Harrison. The probable issue of the trouble will be the resignation of Douglass, as in the present temper of the Haytiens, no neighboring countries are likely to be shown should he be retained. That they should make so much ado, because a negro has been sent to represent the U. S. Government, is capable of two very divergent interpretations—either it may be looked upon as a flattering compliment to the whites, or it may be regarded as an indication of little sense on the part of the Haytiens to make such a pother about the color of a man's complexion. For, here if anywhere it is true, that "a man's a man for a' that."

### Cruel Brevity.

"Will you think of me after I am gone?" she asked, "Will you love me as much then as you do now?"  
"Mcree," he said absent-mindedly.

### A Deep Impression.

"You ought to know papa, Harry, she said in her artless fashion. "I hope you will meet him before very long."  
"I think I have met him," said Harry.  
"Oh, I am so glad."  
"He—impressed me—very deeply," and the subject was dropped.

### No Wonder.

"What is the difference," said Fred Litcham to his sister, "between a green spot in a desert and this bill the tailor has just sent?"  
"I give it up."  
"Oae is oasis."  
"Yes."  
"And the other is a cwo, sis. Can you lend me ten dollars?"  
But she wouldn't.

## DUST TO DUST.

Rev. Mr. Clark's Argument for Incineration The Health of the Living a Consideration More Prominent Than the Condition of the Dead—Mawkish Sentimentalism Rebutted.

Sentimentality versus Practicality was the subject of the address delivered by the Rev. Theodore F. Clark last Sunday evening to his congregation at the People's M. E. Church, on the corner of Clinton and Pacific streets, Brooklyn, N. Y. The title of the discourse was "The Torch or the Spade." Mr. Clark is an enthusiastic believer in cremation as the best method of disposing of the dead, and his short sermon contained, beyond a statement of the advantages and disadvantages of the two methods under discussion, an eloquent appeal to his audience to consider of and think over the matter for themselves. In order, as he said, to be in keeping with the time and place, Mr. Clark chose a text from the Bible to preface his remarks. The text was from Genesis 22:19: "Dost thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," and the preacher said: "In a few years the arm of the living will encircle the dead. There will be a dense population residing at the walls of Greenwood and on the slopes of Cypress Hills. Take New York for an example. The city Hall gardens were once a graveyard, then, to be out of town, the paupers were buried where Chambers street now is and Potter's Field was relegated to what was then far out of the city but is now Washington square. Some day the city will extend beyond Woodlawn. If what scientists say be true, interment is neither wise nor Christianlike, as it brings harm to the living. In the township of Newton, L. I., there are fourteen graveyards on which are buried 3,500,000 bodies. The Board of Health of Newton, in their report of vital statistics, declare Newtown the most unhealthy township in the United States. You must not think the external appearance is a fair criterion of what is going on within. It may seem restful, but a great commotion is going on below. Let me show you what is going on at Calvary. In the public or poor quarter great trenches are dug and the coffins stowed on them tier upon tier. At Ward's Island, the bodies, 150 of them, are placed in each trench in rows, holding 25 bodies each. The torch does away with all danger. Nothing escapes from the crematory that can harm any thing else. You can stand at the little chimney connected with the retort, you will see no smoke. Everything is done quickly and decently. There is one advantage for the torch as against the spade. A second reason why we believe in the torch is that it is practicable. Come back to our grave yard surrounding our city. Two thousand acres of beautiful land devoted to the dead who know it not. I consider that the earth was made for the living, who can enjoy and utilize it. These lands should blossom with golden grain and help to furnish homes for the thousands who are this night without. Some of you may say that it is painful to think of foregoing the last evidence of affection and respect that can be paid. He beloved dead. Oh no! You had better break your boxes of ointment while they live. You had better love your living now than load with crosses the dead bodies that know it not. If you want to do anything for me do it now. When I'm dead I ask nothing, I need nothing. Dust I am and unto dust I must return. All of you here are in comfortable circumstances. I am sorry that I have not an audience of the poor to hear what I am going to say. You cannot conceive the hardships undergone in poor families, imposed by the fancied necessity of providing extravagant funerals for the dead. I have known a widow forced to part with her sewing machine to satisfy the claims of an undertaker. Let us use good judgment and common sense and lavish our goods on the poor who live. Cremation does away with this foolishness of useless and extravagant display. A decent funeral costs from \$250 to \$500, the commonest grave will cost \$25 more and then there are other expenses. For less than \$50 the crematory will turn the body to dust and the heaviest of nature is complied with. I advise cremation because it is practicable and cheap. It is wickedly extravagant to waste money on the dead, to whom it can do no service, when so many of the deserving living are in want and distress. I wish I had a coal yard, a bakery and an employment office to cater to the wants of the needy who call at the office of this church for help. They could be founded and supplied with a small portion of the money wasted in display. The third reason why I am in favor of cremation is that I think it more desirable, more beautiful, more humane and more in harmony with Christian sentiment. Keep in thought while you listen to the sentiment that we must get back to dust, and remember that while looking at the peaceful cemetery, the waving trees, the gleaming monument, and listening to the whistling of the birds there is always something revolting about the earth that is slowly transforming the loved one back to dust. You may on the other hand, picture to yourself the loved body as a heap of wood slowly burning with all sorts of revolting detail, but that is a holocaust, not cremation. I have seen the funeral pyre on the banks of the Ganges and in Japan with the feeling that rude as the rites were, they were better than interment, but when I saw the retorts that science has wrought I turned away satisfied.

Mr. Clark concluded his address by a vivid word picture of the ceremony of incineration performed at the crematory at Lancaster, Pa., and explained that the ashes of the dead may be left in the Columbarium, or mortuary chapel, placed in an urn and carried home or buried beneath a marble grave stone, as is done with the bodies interred in the cemeteries.

While we were at the hut a party went down to Chamounix which had tried to make the summit that morning; but the guides had told the lady and gentleman that it would be almost suicidal to reach the top. The wind had nearly blown them away, to say nothing of freezing them half to death. Their adventure was not of the sort to cheer us up very much, but we retired, hoping for better luck than theirs on the morrow.

It was great fun getting out of bed the next morning at 1 o'clock, after three hours' sleep, and starting out upon a tramp of seventeen hours. It was pitch dark, except for the lanterns the guides carried, and pretty cold.

When the path was along the side of a very steep slope, as was often the case, we were directed by the guides to thrust our alpenstocks in at right angles and get a good grip on the snow at our side with them. We soon saw the wisdom of this procedure, for once in a while when we did not set foot exactly in the prints of the man ahead the snow would give way and go rolling down 1,000 feet or more, leaving the person who had stepped on it dangling over and holding on for his life to the alpenstock.

At the end of five hours of this work, rendered all the more severe by quantities of frost-fallen snow, we sat down for a well-earned breakfast, having just reached the end of the "Grand Plateau," an expanse of snow and ice seven miles in length. The summit still lifted its splendid white dome far, far above us, apparently as distant as when we started. The guides say that he who looks up loses his breath, but I think they are rather more afraid of his losing courage than breath, because the distances are terrific and it is very disheartening to have things stay at their same positions, no matter how fast you seem to be approaching them.

Now began the real struggle. As we went climbing up the steep bank above the spot where we had breakfasted the wind blew in real earnest; the way was steep, but it was so cold as to prevent any but the very shortest halts. The rarity of the air, too, at a height already of 13,000 feet, was becoming more and more perceptible, and we were glad enough at the end of three-quarters of an hour to get to the "Roche des Bosses," the only break near the summit in this mighty world of snow. Behind this rock we sat down, sheltered from the wind, and gazed thoughtfully up at that summit far, far above us.

We now abandoned all our baggage that was not absolutely necessary, and girded ourselves for the last fight. The first half-mile was at an angle of nearly 45 degrees up an "arête," as they call it. An arête is a sharp ridge of snow on the mountain it consists of a ridge of ice covered with snow, and coming to an edge on top rarely as much as a foot in width. The path leads along this ridge-pole, ascending all the while at a sharp incline, and the sides of the arête sweep off and down to a frightful depth of hundreds or thousands of feet. There is a freshness and charm about the whole thing when emphasized by a blizzard of wind and snow whistling a mile a minute up one side and down the other, which is very engaging.

As soon as the promenade up the first arête was completed another appeared before us, and there was nothing to do but tackle it in the same way. We kept up this rather wearing amusement for an hour and a half, puffing like porcupines in thin air, and we stood at last at the foot of the final arête, which ended in the summit. The wind helped us up somewhat, but we had scarcely won our victory, and stood at last upon the loftiest point in Europe, 15,731 feet above the sea, and were enjoying the magnificent view to our heart's content, when a whirlwind of snow struck us with tremendous violence.

The guides know well enough that we couldn't stay alive long up there, and we started down on the dead run.

## ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Thrilling Experiences of a Party of Tourists Who Reached the Summit.

It is a fortunate thing for those persons who wish to ascend the highest mountain in Europe that the start can be made from a place 3,000 feet above the sea; otherwise there would be very little left of one who had reached the summit to tell the story of his adventure.

We made our start from Chamounix for the top of Mont Blanc at a very early hour the last day of July. We were accompanied by three guides, and two mules bore us up the wooded hillside to the Pierre Pointe, a little inn two hours distant from the valley. Here the real difficulty began, and our mules left us to see what we could do with the rest of the mountain.

At the end of an hour's steady tramping we reached the Glazier des Bosses, and just where the path begins to cross this field of ice is the most dangerous place in the whole trip up the mountain. Seizing us by the hands, the guides rushed us along so fast that all I remember is a flash of rocks and ice passing beneath us and great cracks seeming to gape and vanish under our feet, and then we were across. The cause of the danger is the overhanging of a huge strip of ice about 800 feet above the patch, and which has a pleasant little habit of dropping off big pieces of itself onto the heads of those passing below. As there are a great many huge rocks which also tumble off from time to time to keep the ice company, a person feels as if he would like to get out of the range of such a target practice as quickly as possible.

The guides now fastened us together by a strong rope sixty feet long, and we started over the glacier. In many places we were obliged to jump huge cracks or crevasses in the ice which were often 50 feet deep and from 4 to 7 wide. It is a great comfort to have the rope around your waist and to feel that even if one or two did tumble in there would be company down there. At other places the path was up ridges of ice with inviting little crevasses on either side, or straight-up sheets of ice, where the guides had to chop every place for the feet with their axes.

We were over the glacier at the end of two hours, and then began travelling up over the glaring snow, finding the dark eyeglasses that we had with us very useful. After a long walk we at length reached the cabin of the Grands Mulets. This little hut is in the shelter of one of the four huge rocks which are called the "big mules" because they look very much like a gigantic pack-trail on the way up the side of the mountain. Very shortly after our arrival here we retired to some so-called beds, as it was imperative that we should get as much sleep as possible before our early start the next morning.

While we were at the hut a party went down to Chamounix which had tried to make the summit that morning; but the guides had told the lady and gentleman that it would be almost suicidal to reach the top. The wind had nearly blown them away, to say nothing of freezing them half to death. Their adventure was not of the sort to cheer us up very much, but we retired, hoping for better luck than theirs on the morrow.

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My father's alpenstock got tangled in the rope as we turned, and as the rope tightened for the ascent the stick went shooting off miles into space; the guides said it could never have stopped in its wild slide till it reached the Glacier du Goant, thousands of feet below. The scarf that I had tied over my ears was whisked off, and before I had gone ten steps my right ear was pretty well frozen and my face perfectly numb. We were soon protected from the full force of the wind, and the few blasts that whistled around us on the way down seemed like the breath of spring after what we had come through.

The rest of the descent to the Grands Mulets was a long, hard pull, and the heat was now as intense as the cold had been, the inevitable result of walking on the glaring snow, but we had "made the top" and cared for nothing.

After an hour's rest at the cabin we walked all the way down to Chamounix, arriving there at 9 o'clock, having tramped over forty of the hardest miles in Europe in one day, and that, too, after a night of only three hours' sleep.

They fired six cannon shots as we entered the town, and we tramped in as happy as larks. Everybody was out, and we were the observed of all observers.

Our ascension was the 1,106th which had been made in 100 years, the seventh this year. We found that only one attempt in thirty-five to reach the summit succeeds; some fall on account of bad weather, others because members of the party become worn out or grow delirious from the rarity of the air. On the whole, we were very lucky in our success, and are happy enough over it. —[New York Times.

## The Behring Fisheries.

Some recent remarks made by Mr. Staveley Hill, Q. C., M. P., regarding the Behring sea fisheries, in which he warns the English government that Canada's loyalty was likely to be shaken if more attention was not paid to her interests, has raised quite a bubble of excitement. Another Imperial M. P., Mr. Hill, a late visitor to the Pacific coast, namely, Mr. George Baden-Powell, adds his quota to the controversy, and to our mind gives the most explicit statement of the situation that we have yet had. It is contained in a letter to the London "Times," the following being an extract:

"First then, as to the 'pretended spathy of Great Britain.' Certainly nothing has yet been done. But since I made my first enquiries on the Pacific coast in 1880, immediately after the troubles commenced, up to my visit to Vancouver Island in the spring of this year, I know that both the Imperial and the Canadian Governments have had the matter constantly in hand. The Behring sea dispute was one entrusted to Mr. Chamberlain's commission, although for specific reasons it was not proceeded with at Washington. In the House of Commons, where I have taken occasion to call attention to each Behring sea seizure as it has occurred, we have from time to time been told of negotiations in progress; and I doubt not but that when the next instalment of official correspondence is published we shall find much strong and probably 'vigorous' language in the diplomatic record.

"Secondly, Mr. Staveley Hill's graphic description of the fisheries on the Pribylon Islands would lead one to suppose that Canadian sealers captured the young males, 'dry cows' and others of the seal community who cannot find room on the rookeries. As a matter of fact, the Canadian sealers take very few, if any, seals close to these islands. Their main catch is made far out at sea and is almost entirely composed of females. Again, Mr. Staveley Hill advocates a close time excepting for the months of July, August and September. But the Canadian sealers commence sealing in December and seal continuously from then till August. Nor does a close time get over the difficulty of jurisdiction over the high seas, for the seals are chiefly captured 25 to 30 miles from land. But I will not now point out other numerous details which I gathered in my enquiries from the point of view of natural history. I have said enough to show how complex is the subject.

"The third point I would mention in supplement is that American as well as Canadian sealers engage in, as they term it, this 'marine fur industry,' and, as I know by personal enquiry among them, are just as indignant as the Canadians as the high handed proceedings of the Alaskan authorities."

## Influenza in Europe.

A peculiar species of influenza, resembling in some particulars the epidemic which a few years ago affected so generally the horses of this country, has recently appeared in St. Petersburg, Russia. It is stated that 28,000 persons are suffering from the malady in St. Petersburg alone, and that it is more or less prevalent in all the towns of the Empire. It has not proved itself to be a fatal malady, though during the time the disease is running its course, which generally lasts about a week, the distress is very great and the person afflicted with it is quite incapacitated for work. The physicians are non-plussed and have been powerless to check the disease. There is something as yet inexplicable about the sudden appearance of such maladies, especially seeing that they affect such large sections of the country simultaneously. Probably when our therapeutic knowledge becomes more perfect (for though great as present and rapidly extending, it has not yet reached completeness) it will be discovered that climatic conditions are largely responsible, the peculiar condition of the atmosphere favoring the rapid development and spread of such contagious diseases.

There is one survivor, and one only, of the battle of Trafalgar, where the British under Nelson triumphed over the combined fleets of France and Spain in 1805. The British chaplain at Hyeres, the well-known French winter resort, describes the survivor as an old man of 99, Emmanuel Cartigny, who may be seen on the boulevard at Hyeres taking his promenade with his loveliest, and still able to describe his recollections of the memorable battle. He was a cabin-boy on board the French ship Redoubtable during the action, and being captured spent seventeen years of his life in an English prison. Such a man links the past with the present in a wonderful way, and it seems strange that his recollections are not got into permanent form before he, too, joins the great majority.

# THE CRAZY KATE.

A NEW YEAR'S DITTY.

BY GEORGE E. SIMS, AUTHOR OF "OSTLER JOE."

Go for a sail this mornin' This way, yer honor, please,  
Weather about? Lor' bless you, only a pleasant breeze:  
My boat's out there in the harbor, and the man aboard's my mate;  
Jump in, and I'll row you out sir, that's her, the Crazy Kate.

Queer name for a boat, you fancy; well, so it is, maybe,  
But Crazy Kate and her story's the talk o' the place, you see;  
And me and my pardner knowed her—knowed her all her life—  
We was both on us asked to the weddin' when she was made a wife

Her as our boat's named arter was famous far and wide;  
For years in all winds and weathers she haunted the harbor side,  
With her great wild eyes a-starin' and a-strainin' across the waves,  
Waitin' for what can't happen till the dead come out o' their graves.

She was married to young Ned Garling, a big brown fisher lad;  
One week a bride, and the next one a sailor's widow—and mad.  
It was one Christmas morning he made the lass his wife,  
He'd a smile for all the lasses, but she loved him all her life.

A rollickin' gay young fellow, we thought her too good for him,  
He'd been a bit wild and careless—but married all taut and trim,  
We thought as he'd mend his manners when he won the village prize,  
And carried her off in triumph before many a rival's eyes.

But one week wed and they parted—he went with the fisher fleet—  
With the men who must brave the tempest that the women and bairns  
may eat.

It's a rough long life o' partin's is the life o' the fisher folk,  
And there's never a Winter passes but some good-wife's heart is broke.

We've a sayin' among us sea folk as few on us dies in bed—  
Walk through our little churchyards and read the tale of our dead—  
It's mostly the bairns and the women as is restin' under the turf,  
For half of the men sleep yonder under the rollin' surf.

The night Kate lost her husband was the night o' the fearful gale—  
She stood on the shore that mornin' and had watched the tiny sail  
As it faded away in the distance—bound for the coast o' France,  
And the fierce wind bore it swiftly away from her anxious glance.

The boats that had sailed that mornin' with the fleet were half a score,  
And never a soul among 'em came back to the English shore.  
That New Year's Night was a sad one—the eyes of the women red  
With weeping for brothers and husbands or fathers among the dead.

Kate heard it soon as any—the fate of her fisher-lad—  
But her eyes were wild and tearless; she went slowly and surely mad.  
"He isn't drowned," she would murmur; "he will come again some  
day"—

And her lips shaped the self-same story as the long years crept away.

Spring and Summer and Autumn—in the fiercest Winter gale,  
Would Crazy Kate stand watchin' for the glint of a far-off sail;  
Stand by the hour together and murmur her husband's name—  
For twenty years she watched there for the boat that never came.

She counted the years as nothin'—the shock that had sent her mad  
Had left her love forever a brave, young, handsome lad;  
She thought one day she should see him, just as he said good-bye,  
When he leapt in his boat and vanished where the waters touched the  
sky.

She was but a lass when it happened—the last time I saw her there  
The first faint streaks o' silver had come in her jet-black hair;  
And then a miracle happened—her mad, weird words came right,  
For the fisher lad came ashore, sir, one stormy New Year's Night.

We were all of us watchin', for at dusk we'd heard a cry,  
A far-off cry, round the headland, and strained was every eye—  
Strained through the deep'nin' darkness, and a boat was ready to man—  
When all of a sudden, a woman down to the surf-line ran.

'Twas Crazy Kate. In a moment, before what she meant was known,  
The boat was out in the tempest—and she was in it alone.  
She was out of sight in a second—but over the sea came a sound,  
The voice of a woman cryin' that her long-lost love was found.

A miracle, sir, for the woman came back through the ragin' storm,  
And there in the boat beside her was lyin' a lifeless form.  
She leapt to the beach and staggered, cryin', "Speak to me, husband,  
Ned!"

As the light of our lifted lanterns flashed on the face o' the dead.

It was him as had sailed away, sir—a miracle sure it seemed.  
We looked at the lad and knowed him, and fancied we must ha' dreamed—  
It was twenty years since we'd seen him—since Kate, poor soul, went  
mad,

But there in the boat that New Year's lay the same brown handsome lad

Gently we took her from him—for she moaned that he was dead—  
We carried him to a cottage and we laid him on a bed;  
But Kate came pushin' her way through and she clasped the lifeless clay,  
And we hadn't the heart to hurt her, so we couldn't tear her away.

The news of the miracle traveled, and folks came far and near.  
And the women talked of spectres—it had given 'em quite a skeer;  
And the parson he came with the doctor down to the cottage quick—  
They thought as us sea-folks' fancy had played our eyes a trick.

But the parson, who'd knowed Kate's husband, as had married 'em in a  
church,  
When he seed the dead lad's features he gave quite a sudden lurch,  
And his face was as white as linen—for a moment it struck him dumb—  
I half expected he'd tell us as the Judgment Day was come.

The Judgment Day, when the ocean, they say, 'ull give up its dead;  
What else meant those unchanged features, though twenty years had  
sped?

\* \* \* \* \*

That night, with her arms around him, the poor mad woman died,  
And here in our village churchyard we buried 'em side by side.

'Twas the shock, they said, as killed her—the shock o' seein' him dead.  
The story got in the papers, and far and near it spread;  
And some only half believed it—I know what you'd say, sir; wait—  
Wait till you hear the finish o' this story o' Crazy Kate.

It was all explained one mornin' as clear as the light o' day,  
And when we knowed we were happy to think as she'd passed away,  
As she died with her arms around him, her lips on the lips o' the dead—  
Believin' the face she looked on was the face o' the man she'd wed.

But the man she'd wed was a villain, and that she never knew—  
He hadn't been drowned in the tempest; he only of all the crew  
Was saved by a French ship cruising and carried ashore, and there  
Was nursed to life by a woman—a French girl, young and fair.

He fell in love with the woman—this dare-devil heartless Ned,  
And married her, thinkin' the other had given him up for dead,  
He was never the man—and we'd said so—for a lovin' lass like Kate;  
But he mightn't ha' done what he did, sir, if he'd knowed of her cruel fate.

'Twas his son by the foreign woman, his image in build and face,  
Whose lugger the storm had driven to his father's native place—  
'Twas his son who had come like a phantom out of the long ago.  
On the spot where Kate had suffered God's hand struck Ned the blow.

We learnt it all from the parson when Ned came over the waves  
In search o' the son he worshipped—and he found two fresh-made graves.  
"Dang!—what was that? Sit steady? Rowed right into you, mate!  
I forgot where I was for a moment—I was tellin' the gent about Kate.

## A London Festival.

This is emphatically the festive season of the year. Festivals for the sake of, and in honor of, and under the auspices of, abound on every hand. Just now this comes from London, England, the report of a most extraordinary entertainment given under the auspices of St. Giles Christian Mission. It was a banquet provided by the philanthropists of the west-end for the thieves of London. The qualification necessary to be come a guest was one or more convictions for felony. An ordinary offense, such as a man giving his wife a black eye or otherwise damaging her, is not considered a sufficiently important transgression to be called a felony and these men are not admitted to the dinner. But even with so strict a regulation fully 300 duly qualified guests were admitted and seated and otherwise treated, for one evening at the least, like gentlemen. It is an understood thing that the thieves shall be allowed to attend these dinners without the fear of being arrested for crimes yet unatoned for. No arrests are ever made, and no advantage is ever taken of the presence of the most hardened criminals. Many hundreds of hardened wretches, who did not come into the category of those for whose benefit the banquet was provided, filled the adjoining streets to see how the ex-prisoners were treated. Inside the mission building there were gay flags and mottoes teaching wise lessons to the thieves and visitors alike. "There were music and flaming motives," says the correspondent, "handsome women and men of high station in life, but nothing was so interesting as watching the ex-prisoners devour piles of rich oaks, big pies, and little tarts, good old-fashioned bread and butter chunks, slices and strips of cheese of every color, strength and flavor. Celery and cheese were peppered and eaten with mustard, while others put sugar on their beef and stowed it away as they shoveled in ovals under the boiler of a big Atlantic steamer." But the chief interest connected with this annual banquet is not found in the fact that it furnishes an evening's diversion for those whose days are spent amid other and more pleasant scenes, but chiefly in the fact that it has approved itself to be an effective agent of reform. The police are loud in their praise of the beneficial effects of these annual festivals. Its expediency has therefore passed beyond the region of mere experiment, and it is reckoned among the acknowledged agents for lifting the lapsed masses. But apart from this aspect of it, there is something grand and inspiring in seeing men and women of rank, culture and refinement laying aside their prejudices and their costly robes and condescending to serve those whose very contact the self-righteous consider a defilement. We have not reached the Millennium certainly, and that by a good deal, for there is still a great work to be done before the brotherly feeling will be the dominant sentiment among men, and yet if there is any logic in facts we have entered upon the path which leads to that grand consummation.

## Mrs. Mackay's Libel Suit.

A peculiar libel suit which has been before the English Courts for several months has just been settled. The case did not affect the moral character or conduct of the complainant, only her social status and history. These are the sayings that so greatly disturbed the worthy lady's feelings: "It is not generally known," says a Manchester "Examiner and Times," "that Mrs. Mackay, who entertained the Prince of Wales the other evening, and whose parties will be conspicuous this season, was once what the Americans call a washwoman, what we call a washerwoman. She was a poor woman with two children to support, and washed clothes for some of Mackay's miners out in Nevada. One of the men said to Mackay one day, knowing that he had a good heart: "Won't you go in and see poor—'s widow? She is in great trouble, and very poor." Mackay went to the cottage, saw the widow, fell in love with her, and married her. The change of fortune had not spoiled her good qualities, for everyone, from the ladies who sit at her table to her servants and tradespeople, admires and likes her." When the case came up for trial, Mrs. Mackay, who denies "in toto" the statements contained in above passage, intimated that she was content to stay proceedings upon the defendants apologizing fully, paying all costs as between solicitor and client, and paying also a handsome sum to a charity which she would name. Baron Huddleston before whom the case was tried, thought the defendants should think themselves exceedingly lucky in finding a lady like Mrs. Mackay who was willing to be so lenient. To Canadians both the ground of complaint and the remarks of the court are hard to appreciate. It is very difficult for us to enter into the outraged feelings of the lady whose alleged crime is that she once had to wash for a living, or to understand how any judge could seriously express himself in the way Baron Huddleston is reported to have done. Ours is virtually a democratic land, where, speaking generally, all men labor, and where the feeling widely prevails that all honest work is honorable. With Scotland's favorite poet we are wont to say that "A man's a man for a' that." In England, however, with its notions of aristocracy and its strong class feeling the case is vastly different. But even in England with its thousands of titled gentry, these distinctions are bound to give way and a truer conception to prevail. Not what a man has, not what his ancestors have done or have been, not whether he labors or lives a life of ease will be the future touchstones; but what he is, what he possesses of kindness of heart, honesty of purpose, integrity and upright-ness of life. To that day the signs are all pointing, and on its consummation the brotherhood of men will be complete.

A Western inventor is endeavoring to interest capital in his electrical magic lantern for casting or reflecting advertisements in the dark clouds that often hang low over a city. The inventor claims to have secured contracts from several well-known firms for displaying their cards in this manner.

## Aids and Accessories.

Besides the economy in saving all bits of desirable stale bread, it is really very useful in many ways besides those in which cracker crumbs are used, being quite as good and probably more wholesome if the bread is good, which, of course, it ought to be to produce satisfactory results. Prepare it by drying in a rather slow oven till crisp and brittle, roll or pound and sift. The fine crumbs may be used to roll oysters, croquettes, etc., in for frying or to dust over the top of scalloped dishes or baked meats, while the coarse crumbs are better for puddings, omelettes, griddle cakes and scalloped dishes. Croutons are a nice accompaniment to soups, and are made by cutting bread into small dice and browning slightly in the oven. These are much sweeter than crackers and some use them entirely in their place. This is the simplest way of preparing them, but they may be made richer by buttering and browning in the oven or by frying in hot lard. These, kept in jars, are ready to be served cold or after heating a few minutes in the oven. These, cut larger in fancy shapes, are nice served hot, with apple sauce, cheese and coffee for dessert. In using stale bread the croutons should be cut first and all of the odd bits dried and pounded.

Stale cake can be converted into numerous dainty and quickly made desserts, and should not be wasted.

There are various little cakes and cookies, sponge and fruit cakes that keep well for different lengths of time, while plum pudding keeps months and seems mellowed and improved by age.

Tart crusts put in tight receptacles keep fresh some time, and are often handy to convert into desserts on short notice.

Crackers kept in tight jars will retain their crispness. If they become tough they may be made crisp and fresh by heating in the oven. Mince meat is also an article which can be kept on hand.

A small quantity of flour should always be kept sifted. It is also well to have a little prepared flour ready to make hot bread, dumplings, etc., on short notice. It may be made at home by thoroughly sifting the usual proportion of baking powder and salt with it, and should then be put into tight paper bags or cans.

Browned flour is useful in soups and gravies. To prepare it put flour into a frying pan on the stove and stir constantly until a light brown.

Brown roux or browned butter and flour is used much the same as browned flour. Cook until a rich brown one cup of melted butter poured from the butter-milk which settles, and one cup and a half of flour. It ought not to scorch.

White roux is made as above except that it should be cooked five or ten minutes with out scorching. Remember to melt the butter, and do not use the sediment, as this will make the mixture scorch, and the gravy produced will not be smooth. Both the white and brown roux will keep a long time in a cool place. Of course the butter will become strong in time.

Dried beef, picked fine, and cooked two or three minutes in the browned butter and flour, then packed in any vessel, will keep many weeks, and by simply boiling with milk is ready at a moment's notice.

Cod fish may be picked fine, dried and put away until wanted.

Citric acid is a useful article not generally known, though if it once finds a place in the storeroom it will always retain it. It is a fruit product, and therefore entirely unobjectionable from a health standpoint. It can be obtained from any druggist and is much cheaper than lemon, in the place of which it is used. Sufficient water should be added to dissolve it, and by keeping it bottled in this form it is ready to use in pie, cake, sauces, salads, gravies, etc.

Caramel is another preparation which is not much used, but which adds greatly to the flavor as well as appearance of many dishes. To make it, boil any quantity of sugar with sufficient water to dissolve it until it becomes a dark brown and loses all trace of sweetness. At this point dissolve with water and put in bottles. It will keep indefinitely and is used mostly to give flavor and color to soups, gravies and sauces.

Most housekeepers will no doubt be able to add to the list of aids and accessories which have been enumerated and the time and trouble saved by having a well-stocked storeroom on which to draw will repay many times, in satisfaction alone, the little extra work of preparing the various articles, which can often be done at odd times.

The writer of the above is acquainted with at least one storeroom which is usually furnished with most of the articles mentioned herein, and which is a practical and constantly recurring convenience.—[Ladies Home Journal.]

They are experimenting with paper horse-shoes in Germany, or at least with shoes in the composition of which paper is a prime constituent. It is said to adhere better to the hoof than the metal shoe, to be unaffected by the action of water, and to be very durable—much more durable than the caoutchouc, which it was once supposed might replace iron in horse-shoeing. The paper shoe becomes rough by wear, and is therefore a security against slipping, which is the chief defect of the metal shoe.

The jolly tars of our Upper Lakes have had an unusually long and prosperous season to ply their avocation. Closing with Dec 2nd, when the last ship put into port, they have had over seven months of "a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep." The season too, has been exceptionally free from those terrible and destructive storms which are generally accompanied with great loss of property and of life. There has been comparatively little damage done to shipping, while the loss of life is very much less than that of many former seasons. The principal steamship companies have done a large carrying trade during the season, the C. P. R. steamship having made 32 round trips each, a record hitherto unattained. Many, no doubt, will share the joy of these our hardy sailors, whose life is so full of peril. They will rejoice with them that they have had so little danger to encounter, and that they have been able so long to continue their labors.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is it a tating  
Ducked with a scarf-pin, a chain and a  
ring—  
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style.  
Sporting an eye-glass, a lip and a smile;  
Talking of races, of concerts and balls,  
Evening assemblies, and afternoon calls,  
Sunning himself at "at homes" and bezars,  
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is he one  
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?  
One who unblushingly glories to speak  
Things which should call up a blush on his  
cheek?

One, who, while railing at actions unjust,  
Robs some young heart of its purity and  
trust—  
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,  
Thinks it no wrong to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is he not one  
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,  
Speaking no word that should injure or pain,  
Spreading no scandal, and deep-lying no  
stain?

One who knows how to put each at his ease,  
Striving, successfully, always to please—  
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek  
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is he not one  
Honestly eating the bread he has won,  
Walking in uprightness, fearing his God,  
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod;  
Caring not whether his coat may be old;  
Prizing sincerity far above gold;  
Rocking not whether his hand may be hard  
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth  
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth?  
Is there a family tree to be had  
Steady enough to conceal what is bad?  
Seek out the man who has God for his guide,  
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide.  
Be he a noble or be he in trade,  
He is the gentleman Nature has made  
—The Pilot.

A third of the deaths in the French army are due to typhoid fever.

The empire of Brazil composes one fifteenth of the land surface of the globe.

Whenever you step into a room  
And conversation ceases,  
You won't be wrong if you presume  
You have been poked to pieces.

Clara (to bride)—"How many times did  
Harry kiss you when you accepted him?"  
Bride—"Ask me something easy. Could  
Napoleon count all the bullets fired at  
Austerlitz?"

In a little town of Schleswig-Holstein  
there is a tax exemption for dogs "that  
sleep with their masters and mistresses, and  
so preserve them from gout, rheumatism and  
like pains."

A horse weighing 1,100 pounds, owned  
by a man in Dover, N.H., got hungry in the  
night, left his stall and climbed a long,  
steep, and narrow pair of stairs into the hay  
loft, where he was found the next morning.

None of the railroads in India run bag-  
gage cars, and no traveler is allowed to  
take a trunk. Whatever he carries must  
be bundled up, and no porter will move  
a bundle three feet without demanding ten  
cents.

"My boy," said a father to his little son,  
"treat everyone with politeness, even those  
who are rude to you. For remember that  
you show courtesy to others, not because  
they are gentlemen, but because you are  
one."

A hippopotamus eats 200 pounds of food  
per day, an elephant 150 pounds, lions and  
tigers 10 pounds of meat, and never growl  
about it being too rare. It costs specie to  
run a Zoo, unless the exhibits are permitted  
to eat each other.

A farmer at Sauc, Me., says he has found  
an occupation which combines amusement  
with toil. He is blowing stumps out of a  
field with dynamite, and the fun of seeing  
the old roots go flying forty feet into the air  
disguises all the work.

The Cronin suspects on trial ought to  
chalk their faces. According to reports  
their cheeks blize, their noses turn blue,  
their eyes ooze great drops of concentrated  
lye and they crack their finger joints like  
a country boy popping his first pop.

The terrible storm that overtook the  
Province of Cantabria, Sicily, early last  
month was marked by a curious phenom-  
enon. Near San Matteo a rent was formed  
in the earth from the north to south nearly a  
mile long, nine inches wide and from six to  
thirty feet deep.

Artificial coffee is manufactured on an ex-  
tensive scale in Germany. It is made from  
linseed meal roasted to a dark color and  
mixed with some gummy substance before  
being passed through machines, which turn  
out the compound in the shape of the real  
coffee bean.

They have an effective way of dealing  
with habitual drunkards in Norway and  
Sweden. They put them in jail and feed  
them entirely on bread and wine. The bread  
is steeped in wine for an hour before it is  
served. The first day a man will take it, but  
before many more he will hate the sight of it.  
After an incarceration of this sort many be-  
come total abstainers.

Mr. Gladstone thinks that Beethoven is  
the greatest composer; that the best women  
singers are those who are healthy, strong  
and inclined to obesity; that 20 per cent  
of the London opera-goers are only for the  
singers, and take little interest in the works  
which are represented; that the pure, fresh  
voice of a boy chorister is more pleasing and  
affecting than the voice of any female sop-  
rano.

"I think it absolutely cruel," says Mrs.  
Leland Stanford, of San Francisco, "to  
give a young man or woman who  
must depend upon their own exertions for  
a livelihood a classical education pure and  
simple. There is scarcely a week that Mr.  
Stanford is not asked to give employment to  
graduates of Yale and Harvard. He has  
six of them as car conductors on the Market  
street line now."

A Simple Remedy for Hiccough.—A physi-  
cian reports in the "Allgemeine Wiener  
Medizinische Zeitung," the case of a man,  
aged 54, who suffered for five days and nights  
from hiccoughs. After trying all the ordi-  
nary measures without avail, the writer fell  
back upon a household remedy as a last  
resource, and ordered a teaspoonful of pulver-  
ized sugar, wet with an equal volume of wine  
vinegar, to be taken as one dose. The hiccoughs  
stopped immediately, and did not  
return for six hours, and then ceased again  
upon a second dose of the remedy.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

The Quebec Government is suing the Pontiac and Pacific railway for \$4,720 commercial tax.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company contemplate purchasing large warehouses and elevators in Montreal.

The Winnipeg school census just completed shows that there are 4,518 children, of whom 3,858 attend school.

David Oppenheimer was last week elected mayor of Vancouver, B. C., and John C. Brown mayor of New Westminster.

A cavalry troop, 58 strong, was organized in Hamilton last week. The members will supply their own horses and uniforms.

An elopement of a sensational character is reported from the Capital, the lady implicated being the wife of a Militia Department official.

The Redemptorist Fathers have been holding a mission amongst the French-Canadians, and no less than 8,000 persons took the pledge on Thursday.

The Montreal civic deputation have returned from their North-Western trip, greatly impressed with the enterprise of the border towns they visited.

At a meeting of the Board of Associated Charities, Mr. J. E. Pell, of the St. George's Society, stated about one in 25 of the families of Toronto receive relief in one form or another.

A very strongly worded telegram has been received by Sir John Macdonald from New Westminster, B. C., protesting against the dangerous invasion of the worst form of debased Mongolian heathenism.

Sir John Lister Kaye expresses great confidence in the future of his North-West farmers, and is now about to leave for England to induce immigrants to settle in what he considers the finest agricultural country in the world.

In an endeavour to save his children from his burning house near Lansdowne, Ont., John Noddler on Wednesday night was burned to death. The children were saved by others while Noddler was fighting his way through the flames.

AMERICAN.

The schools of Marlboro, Mass., are closed owing to the prevalence of diphtheria.

Kansas farmers are said to have been swindled to a large extent by the Sorghum mill men.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford yesterday paid a fine of \$25 and costs for shooting a quail out of season on Long Island.

A despatch from Pittsburg, Pa., forecasts a prosperous year and advanced prices in the iron trade.

Rev. Sam Small has applied for ordination in the Protestant Episcopal church. His family belong to that church.

The total amount of insurance involved in the Thanksgiving fire at Boston, as officially reported to date, is \$2,304,900.

Senator Morgan proposes that the negroes of the United States emigrate to the Congo country and help to build it up.

The United States corvette Pensacola, with the solar eclipse expedition on board, has arrived at St. Paul de Landa.

The Portland Press claims to have information to the effect that the Canadian Pacific will make Portland its Atlantic port.

The Coroner's Jury at Minneapolis found the owners of the Tribune building morally responsible for the loss of life in the fire.

Police Justice Laidlaw, of Oakland, Cal., on opening his court on Thursday morning, fined himself \$50 for being drunk and disorderly the previous day.

Claus Spreckels' new sugar refinery at Philadelphia with a capacity of 2,000,000 pounds a day, and which cost \$3,000,000, began operations yesterday.

The Women's National Industrial League at Washington declared that the proper way of avoiding such escapades as Silcott's is to place women in charge of the public funds.

In a divorce case in the Dallas, Tex., court on Friday the defendant and his brother-in-law shot and mortally wounded one of the lawyers for the plaintiff and seriously wounded another.

The grand prize of \$500 offered by an agriculturist paper of New York for the best acre of potatoes has been awarded to C. R. Coy, of Aroostock county, Maine. His crop was 738 bushels.

Edward Silcott, cashier of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States House of Representatives, has fled with \$27,000 entrusted to his care. Canada is believed to be his destination.

The feeling of sorrow for the death of ex-President Davis is very profound in the South, and it is proposed to raise a subscription of \$100,000 to pay off his debts and provide for his family.

At a meeting of the Central Labour Union held in Buffalo last week, it was decided to take strong measures to prevent an influx of Canadian labour attracted by the work to be done on the graded crossings.

The visible supply of wheat increased nearly 1,750,000 bushels the past week. Stocks now amount to 33,340,664 bushels, as compared with 36,569,951 bushels at the corresponding date of last year.

There is a rumour that the fatal fire in the Minneapolis "Tribune" office was started by Charles S. Ostrom, the bookkeeper, who had embezzled \$2,000 and took this means to destroy his books and wipe out all traces of his crime.

The statement of the New York Associated Banks is available. The reserve fund decreased \$1,188,700 during the week, and the surplus is now only \$703,150, as against \$1,200,825 at the corresponding date of last year, and \$6,207,200 in 1887.

A resolution by United States Senator Sherman has been referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations which advocates the adoption of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes which diplomatic agencies are unable to adjust.

The annual report of Superintendent Shanshan of the New York public works department, on canal traffic for the past season, shows that 132,437 tons of freight came from New York state to Canada, while 199,022 tons went to Canada from that state.

According to The New York Times, "Eddie" Gould, Jay's second son, has got ahead of George, the eldest son, by "bear-

ing" Missouri Pacific stock while his brother was trying to "bull" it. It does not seem to be settled yet which of his sons the innocent Jay was assisting.

FOREIGN.

A German force has inflicted another defeat on Bushiris in East Africa.

Fifteen hundred dyers at Chemnitz, Saxony, have struck for an advance of wages.

There was a sharp shock of earthquake in Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina on Monday.

Many civilian officials have been replaced by army officers on strategic railways in Russia.

An Englishman has been arrested at Sebastopol while making sketches of the batteries and forts.

Late advices received at Zanzibar confirm the report of the massacre of Dr. Peters and his entire party.

Dr. Parke sends a bulletin from Bagamoyo reporting some improvement in the condition of Emin Pasha.

It is indignantly denied at Lisbon that Portugal proposes to sell her African possessions to Germany.

The influenza that has been general in St. Petersburg for some time has made its appearance in London.

A great many influenza cases have occurred in Paris, and that city is somewhat soared in consequence.

The influenza epidemic which has visited St. Petersburg and Vienna has now made its appearance in Paris.

The Earl of Zetland, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, will go to Ireland and enter upon his duties next Saturday.

Dom Pedro and his family landed at Lisbon on Saturday, and were received with honour by King Carlos of Portugal.

The Austrian government has resolved that agents who shall mislead emigrants shall be liable to five years' penal servitude.

Latest reports from Zanzibar say that Emin Pasha is still in a dangerous condition, but Dr. Park has hopes of his recovery.

Lord Torphichen, a baron in the Scotch peerage, has brought action for divorce against his wife on the ground of adultery.

Portugal is willing to agree to Lord Salisbury's proposition to submit her claims to the disputed African territory to arbitration.

The Brazilian Ministers to England and France have been dismissed from office because they displayed hostility towards the Republic.

It is feared that a German steamer with 400 passengers on board foundered in the recent typhoon, between Singapore and Hong Kong.

The Paris Temps has a despatch saying Capt. Ferrier, the African explorer, has arrived at Mozambique. He crossed the continent from Loango.

Portugal intends to maintain cordial relations with the Brazilian Republic and to recognize the rights of the people to choose their own Government.

Cotton grown in Egypt is regarded with great favor in Manchester, and it is said is likely to have a disastrous effect on the cotton trade of the United States.

The plans of the English Channel Bridge Company contemplate the construction of a small harbor between the two banks of the mid channel, over which the bridge is to pass.

It is stated that in a recent private conversation Emperor William said political parties are sheer frippery. He only knew two—the one that was for him and the one that was against him.

The Portuguese Government's reply to Lord Salisbury's protest reiterates the statement that Portugal is within her rights in her claim to the Zambesi country, but they are willing to submit the matter to arbitration.

The action brought by Mrs. J. W. Mackay against the Manchester "Examiner," for saying that she had been a washerwoman in Nevada, was settled by the journal apologizing, paying the costs of the suit, and donating a sum to a charitable institution to be named by Mrs. Mackay.

Too Much "Solomon."

Doctor Mulchmore, editor of the "Presbyterian," while making a tour around the world, was painfully impressed by the fact that a popular piece of music, in which there are "vain repetitions" may become irritating. He says:

On our tour, in nearly every church where we preached or worshipped which had a choir of some pretensions, we heard the piece, "Consider the Lilies," which in song, bold and flighty, told us five or six times that Solomon was "not arrayed."

For the first two or three times we did not consider the gravity of the matter, but finally became a little restive over Solomon's condition, when it was repeated and emphasized in moderate tones, in tenderness and in high-sounding tones, in trills, in shrieks, that "Solomon was not arrayed;" and what was more embarrassing, the singers sometimes looked and bowed to us, as if we were to blame for it.

When we reached San Francisco, we thought, "this will end this Solomon business." We supposed that it was a favorite in the East because he had his bringing up there; but, to our amazement, we heard it in three churches in the Occident as well as Orient, that "Solomon was not arrayed."

In the East there was appropriateness in it, where nobody is much arrayed. But when we heard again in Saratoga, on different occasions, that "Solomon was not arrayed," from four to six times right along, and in a manner that could leave no doubt, and when significant movements of the head were made at us, we felt that it was time that something should be done without fail. Let a collection be taken up for Solomon.

The great Auditorium building in Chicago which was formally dedicated yesterday evening cost its owners \$2,700,000. Under its roof are a vast theatre, capable of seating many thousands of people, a large hotel, a good-sized recital hall, a banqueting hall, and other rooms. There are no less than 10,000 electric lights in the building, served by 230 miles of electric wire and cables. There are twenty-five miles of gas and water pipe, twenty-one pumping engines, and thirteen elevators. The stage of the theatre, with its equipment, cost \$175,000, and is the finest in the world. Let Chicago have the World's Fair by all means.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SOME PHENOMENA CONNECTED WITH THE PHYSICAL PART OF TONE PERCEPTION.

The medial side of music has not yet been examined as closely as it should be, particularly in its connection with eye and ear, says the Boston Musical Herald. There are many phenomena regarding the physical part of tone perception that would repay investigation. Women as a rule can perceive tones higher than men. The right ear can perceive tones so high in pitch that they are inaudible to the left ear, showing plainly that the two sides of the brain are unequally developed. Most curious is the phenomenon, observable in certain cases, of the sudden obliteration of the sense of pitch; there are, for an example, persons in existence, and they can be found more frequently than is suspected, to whom the highest notes of the piano are inaudible. The transition from sound to silence is sometimes very abrupt, the subject hearing one note distinctly, and another, perhaps a semi-tone above it, not at all. One of the most palpable cases of decay in the aural organs occurred with a very famous composer, Robert Franz. His nerves were prostrated by the sudden pipal and locomotive deafness set in. One by one the upper tones of the tonal system vanished, until he has become almost totally insensible to high sounds. The liability of all musicians to aural troubles is but a natural result of an overuse of one set of nerves. Beethoven's deafness was unquestionably superinduced by an inherited disease, but it was in all probability aggravated by his profession. Schumann suffered in his later years with false hearing, a symptom of insanity. Blindness attacks musicians at times from the severe strain to which the eyes are subjected in many ways. Bach became blind possibly because of his arduous application to music copying and engraving. Handel was also blind in later years, probably from the cause that weakens the sight of so many musicians—score reading. There is no more abnormal use of the eye imaginable than the reading of a full orchestral score. The eye must not only read horizontally, as in piano music, but must be used vertically as well in a manner that tasks the nerves beyond any other reading that exists. Probably the near-sightedness and weakness of sight that is so characteristic of many musicians, especially in the foremost ranks, is more directly traceable to score-reading than to any other cause. There are other diseases which come from a too constant application to one instrument, and pianist cramp is the direct result of exercising one set of muscles only (digital and forearm) and allowing the others to fall into disuse.

A GREAT MINING FEAT.

A Detroit despatch says:—The remarkable achievement of sinking a deep shaft through treacherous ground by first freezing the earth has been accomplished at the Chapin iron mine in the Upper Peninsula by the "Poetsch process." The contract was to freeze, excavate, and kerb up a rectangular shaft 15 1/2 by 16 1/2 feet and about 100 feet deep. This was done by first putting down the freezing pipes 3 feet apart in a circle, 29 feet in diameter, to the depth proposed to be reached by the shaft. The pipes were connected at the top and filled with a solution of brine containing about 25 per cent. of calcium chloride. The brine was frozen to point below zero by means of an ice machine, and in forty days a frozen wall of ice, earth, and stone was formed 10 feet thick. The excavation in the meantime had been going on, and seventy days from the commencement it was completed to the ledge 100 feet down, in spite of some difficulty from the percolation of water near the bottom, which was stopped by freezing. Except for this ingenious method of the sinking of the shaft would, it seems, have been practically impossible on account of the flow of water. The Poetsch Process Company is now engaged in sinking a still more difficult shaft through quicksands and water in Wyoming, Pa. The shaft will be 130 feet deep, and would be almost impossible to make by any other process known to science.

American Boastfulness.

During the past summer I attended the Oriental Congress, which held its meetings in Stockholm, Sweden, and Christiania, Norway, and, although I spent but a few weeks in Europe altogether, I must have traveled some three thousand miles. When last in Europe it was for a far longer period, one of several years, and then I was a student. I determined this time to observe, as well as I could in so short a visit, those things which ought to interest a student of social and political science, and I have now decided to write down a few reflections for the benefit of readers.

It is my purpose to speak chiefly of those things in which Europeans excel us, for it is in contemplating the excellencies of others that we are most likely to gain profit. The most marked weakness, perhaps, of Americans is a boastfulness which is far enough removed from patriotism, and it is undoubtedly a characteristic of ours which does more than anything to retard our progress. The spirit of true patriotism is indicated by these words of Dr. Thomas Arnold: "My love for any person or institution is exactly the measure of my desire to reform them;" and, as he says, it ought not to be difficult for any one more than six years old to understand this. It must have often been observed that those who most loudly praise everything as it is in America are precisely those who grow fat on American abuses. I remember once a member of our worst class of riot men on landing in New York was loud in his praise of America, and pronounced to all the world his intention to live in America, and make all his investments in America. "No wonder," I thought, "you say there is no country like America. It is true. In any other civilized country you would have been safely lodged in the penitentiary long ago."

The reason why it is both a privilege and a delight to live in the United States is because, as has been well said, "America is only another name for opportunity." No country on the face of the earth has ever been granted such boundless opportunities, as the United States, and it is our mission to develop here a glorious civilization; but, on the other hand, it is absurd to claim that in those things which make up a high civilization, as science, art, literature, we are equal to Europe. We simply make ourselves laughable when we assert such a thing, and in many of the things which it was especially in my province to observe I think we are fifty years behind Europe. I think that in all that goes to make up what we call municipal government we are

full fifty years behind England and Germany. We are perhaps not so far behind in education, but in every branch of education, from common school to university, we are still far behind the best which Europe offers. Our universities are lessening the differences between themselves and European universities, but I think the distance between our common schools and European common schools is now continually increasing on account of the rapid progress which is being made on the other side of the Atlantic. Reflections like these are among the first which occurred to me, because I do not find this spirit of boastfulness so abnormally developed, nor so diseased a sensitiveness to criticism on the part of Europeans of the better class, nor even among the masses. A German, or more especially an Englishman, can indulge before audiences of his countrymen in criticism of their own institutions which would blast forever the fortunes of an American politician who should indulge in such criticism with us; and yet it is this which is keeping the grand old cities of Europe, like England and Germany, full of life and vigor and solid progress. We Americans are a gifted and ambitious people, and if we can be brought to recognize the superiority of other countries in many respects, it is quite certain that we will make a determined effort to correct our shortcomings. He is an enemy to his country who would keep his country in ignorance of the achievements of humanity in other lands.—[Prof. Richard T. Ely.]

The Perils of Buffalo Hunting.

On the occasion in question, my brother and cousin were on their way homeward. They were just mounting one of the long, low swells into which the prairie was broken when they heard a low, muttering, rumbling noise, like far off thunder. It grew steadily louder and, not knowing what it meant, they hurried forward to the top of the rise. As they reached it, they stopped short in terror and amazement, for before them the whole prairie was black with madly rushing buffaloes.

Afterward they learned that another couple of hunters, four or five miles off, had fired into and stamped a large herd. This herd in its rush, gathered others, all thundering along together in uncontrollable and increasing panic.

The surprised hunters were far away from any broken ground or other place of refuge: while the vast herd of huge, plunging, maddened beasts was charging straight down on them not a quarter of a mile distant. Down they came!—thousands upon thousands, their front extending a mile in breadth, while the earth shook beneath their thunderous gallop, and as they came closer, their shaggy frontlets loomed dimly through the columns of dust thrown up from the dry soil. The two hunters knew that their only hope for life was to split the herd, which though it had so broad front, was not very deep. If they failed they would inevitably be trampled to death.

Waiting until the beasts were in close range, they opened a rapid fire from their heavy breech-loading rifles, yelling at the top of their voices. For a moment the result seemed doubtful. The line thundered steadily down on them; then it swayed violently, as two or three of the brutes immediately in their front fell beneath the bullets, while the neighbors made violent efforts to press off sideways. Then a narrow wedge-shaped rift appeared in the line, and widened as it came up closer, and the buffaloes, shrinking from their foes in front, strove desperately to edge away from the dangerous neighborhood; the shouts and shots were redoubled; the hunters were almost choked by the cloud of dust through which they could see the stream of dark huge bodies passing within rifle-length on either side; and in a moment the peril was over, and the two men were left alone on the plain, unharmed, though with their nerves terribly shaken. The herd careered on toward the horizon, save five individuals who had been killed or disabled by the shots.—[From "Buffalo-Hunting," by Theodore Roosevelt, in "St. Nicholas" for December.]

Der Hash Was Goot.

A German was traveling in the far west, says "Texas Sittings," and stopping at a hotel in a small town called for dinner. He was late, and a big dish of hash was about all that the waiter set before him. Being very hungry he could not restrain the anger that boiled up in him as he looked at the bolted-down product of the hostelry. "See here, my friend, did I tell you to bring me zund dinner? A tog couldn't eat dot stuff! The waiter protested it was the best that could be done, and the guest broke out again impatiently: "Vet lan dot? Der best dot gan be done for a hongry draveler who goesh his breakfast mitout? Vere ish der landlord of dees meeserable hash house? Dell im to gook me somedings goot to eat at once fortrids!"

The waiter disappeared through a side door, and immediately afterward the startled guest heard a gruff and angry voice pronouncing these terrible sentences:

"The rasel refuses to eat the dinner furnished by my house! I'll see about it! Let me git at him!"

The guest began to shovel in the hash like unloading coal, and a fierce-whiskered, stalwart fellow, with two pistols and a dirk at his waist, came tramping toward the table. "Haf I der blesser out atressing der landlord?" bawled the German, rising nervously and bowing with extreme politeness. "Meester Landlord, vill you blesse pe so kind as to order der waiter to bring me a leetle more out dees hash?"

The application of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for running arrangements over the Intercolonial between St. John and Halifax was originally opposed by the St. John interest. But new light has recently been received on the question. It is pointed out now that with the rates from Ontario to Halifax and St. John the same, St. John will still have the advantage. For example, a car load of flour from Galt to Halifax costs in transportation \$62.50. This money is divided thus: To the Canadian Pacific \$40.99; to the New Brunswick railway \$5.12; to the Intercolonial \$13.39. The same charge for a car from Galt to St. John gives the C. P. R. \$55.50 and the New Brunswick road \$6.94. It is therefore to the interests of the Canadian Pacific to use St. John instead of Halifax as a port. Another reason why the arrangement is acceptable is the circumstance that it postpones the construction of the Harvey branch.

The Ocean Carrying Trade.

Prominent statements over the borders have repeatedly discussed of late the importance of their nation plays such an important part in carrying on the great ocean trade of the world. Though at one time her merchant marine was among the foremost she has gradually allowed the trade to slip out of her hands until now she is relatively a very insignificant factor. To a spirited and enterprising people this is an intolerable state of affairs. It is probable that an effort will soon be made to remedy their present condition. Senator Washburn, of Minn., speaking at Chicago the other day, stated that he was in favor of subsidizing steamship lines to carry their mails. He claimed that there is a strong growing sentiment in favor of taking this means to extend their trade. He argued that the foreign trade which other countries, England, France, Germany, etc., have secured had to be bought in this way, and that they could not expect to secure foreign trade without paying for it. More significant still, as showing the feeling in this matter, is the passage in the President's address to Congress, wherein the question of a merchant marine is referred to. In this address he recommends the reinstatement of their merchant marine by such appropriation for ocean mail service to central and South America, China, Japan and the important islands of both the great oceans as will encourage the establishment and in some fair degree qualify the chances of American steamship lines in the competition which they must meet. That the American states lying south of them will cordially cooperate in establishing and maintaining such lines of steamships to their principal ports, he has no doubt. He says:—

"I am an advocate of economy in our national expenditures, but it is a misuse of terms to make this word describe a policy that withholds an expenditure for the purpose of extending our foreign commerce. Everything is most propitious for the present inauguration of a liberal and progressive policy upon this subject, and we should enter upon it with promptness and decision. The legislation which I have suggested, it is sincerely believed, will promote the peace and honor of our country and the prosperity and security of our people."

With an overflowing treasury—containing a surplus so great, indeed, as to be really inconvenient and as presenting them with one of their most difficult fiscal problems, and with a growing feeling in favor of making a more respectable appearance among the nations in this regard, it is to be expected that a merchant marine commensurate with the national standing of the United States will at no distant day become an accomplished fact.

Lincoln and Davis.

The tranquil end of the Confederate Chief, Jefferson Davis, at the good old age of 81, carries on thoughts to the violent death of Abraham Lincoln and the turbulent times in which he departed from Earth. Davis sinks gradually into disclusion, in the possession of consciousness, at a ripe age: Lincoln is stricken by an assassin's bullet, is insensible while life's sands ebb swiftly out, and passes away when but little past his prime. Lincoln was a victor, yet the victor's wreath scarcely encircled his head when it was reddened with his blood. Davis was a defeated man, and wore the badge of denationalization, yet he was allowed to glory in his stigma and to close his days in peace. There is something which is called the irony of events; but there seems to be a deeper meaning in the fates of these two men. The martyrdom of the Emancipator and representative of nationality impeded the final sacredness to the ideas for which he had battled. Though survival of the arch champion of slavery and disunion stripped from his errors all delusion and meek dignity. Somehow the offering of the North to the cause of human rights was incomplete until the noblest, sweetest life within the great domain of the Union was offered up. When Freedom had yielded her greatest son, and laid upon the high-piled altar her choicest gift, there was no more that she could do. Abraham Lincoln's was a nature so large and liberal, so full of wisdom, courage and gentleness, that his taking off seemed almost required in order that the North may say: "I have kept nothing back!" In that awful four years' struggle many good men died, some with their hands raised against their country. Their lives, too, were a part of the sacrifice poured out to cleanse a nation from a stupendous wrong. The sacrifice did not require the life of Jefferson Davis. When Lincoln had died, it did not matter that Davis lived.

Affairs in Brazil.

Dom Pedro, ex Emperor of Brazil, has arrived in Portugal. Up to the day he reached Lisbon every despatch or telegram bearing on the revolution in Brazil bore traces of having been strictly supervised and toned down or touched up. It was, therefore, to be expected that the exile's story would differ somewhat from that of the revolutionists. It appears that Gen. de Fonseca's provisional government was hardly so considerate as first reports made it appear. Dom Pedro was at his summer seat, Petropolis, and was coming from church when he was handed a telegram from his prime minister stating that his presence was desirable at the capital, Rio Janeiro. He lost no time in repairing thither and found the military in possession. At 2 o'clock in the morning, as they laid in their beds, the imperial family were made prisoners. The following day they were ungenerously hustled off to an island seventy miles away and for thirty hours suffered for want of food. Then, without loss of time, in rough weather and without proper clothing, were made to embark on board the Alagoas, under convoy of a man-of-war bound for Lisbon. There does not appear much consideration in all this, especially when the age of the Emperor and Empress (Dom Pedro had reigned for 49 years) and the fact that their grandson was in a high state of fever, are taken into account. At Lisbon, King Carlos met the family and the people of the city gave them a royal welcome. Dom Pedro says that he will winter in Cannes, that he will refuse the subsidy offered him by the provisional government of Brazil, and that he will make no effort at restoration. If the people call him back he will go, but otherwise his ungrateful country must be content with his prayers and good wishes.

Sir Henry Parkes seems to be making headway with his Australian federation scheme.