Taking the Children Home.

At the Union depot yesterday foremon was an old, gray-headed man in charge of three children—two boys and a girl. The oldest was about ten and the little girl about five. The whole a girl. The oldest was about ten and the little girl about five. The whole party were dressed very plainly, and as to who they were the old man exp. ained to the people around him:

"Waal, you see, I live down nigh Norwalk, in Ohio. About a dozen years are not destreas a poor, worth-

Norwalk, in Ohio. About a dozen years ago my darter married a poor, worth-less coot of a feller up here and they never got along worth shucks. A few days ago he threw her down stairs and pounded her black and blue, and she come down thar to me for a refuge. These are the young 'uns. She left'em behind when she flew, and I come on after 'em. Purty likely set o' children, win't they?"

Yes, real smart lot. Have any

after 'em. Purty likely set o' children, win't they?"

"Yes, real smart lot. Have any trouble getting them?"

"Waal, not much. When I got into the kouse and told John what I'd come for he kinder balked a little, but I took him right by the windpipe and told him what was what. Tell you, I don't allow any of the boys to climb me, if I be upward of sixty. I'm going to take 'em down home and bring 'em up, and if their father ever comes within a mile of us I'm going to pick him right up and break his back across a stone wall!"

About ten minutes before the train left the old man called the eldest boy to his knee and said:

"Now, young man, see here! I'm your grandfather and I'm taking you young 'uns home to Norwalk. We'll get there with about seven cents to

your grandfather and I'm taking you young 'uns home to Norwalk. We'll get there with about seven cents to spare, if no accident happens. Now, then, when the boy on the train comes around with chestnuts or apples or candy, I want you to look straight out of the window!"

"Why can's you have some for me?"

of the window!"
"Why can't you buy some for me?"
asked the boy.
"Come over my knee!" exclaimed
the grandfather, as he hauled the boy
nearer. "Now, sir, do you want chest-

"I-I-I want some, but I'll wait till next year!" gasped the boy, as he felt the spanking-machine making ready for

Very well. You look straight out of the window at corn and pumpkins very time you hear the train-boy yell chestnuts. Here, Alonzo—you come

'chestnuts' Here, Alonzo—you come up here."
Alonzo was the second boy. When he was within reaching distance the grandfather grabbed him and said:
"When the train-boy comes along with apples and candy and hickory-nut meats, what are you going to do?"
"I'm going to ask you to buy me a whole lot!"

whole lot!"
"You are, eh? Come over my knee,

sir!" 'Oh! no I won't—I won't—I won't!'. shouted the boy as he danced up and down and hung back.

"Very well—you see that you don't! Now, my little girl, I want to say—"
"Oh! grandpa, you needn't say a single word to me!" she interrupted.
"I just hate the sight of chestnuts and candy, and just as soon as we get on the cars I'm going right to sleep, and never wake up once!" up once

If the train-boy tackled that family he didn't make a cent.—Detroit Free Press.

What Boys Do in Japan.

We have just had a foreign guest of We have just had a foreign guest of our house in whom we were all much interested—a young Japanese, the son of a gentleman in northern Japan. He has been in California more than a year, and came East with the embassy, passing some days with them at Salt Lake City, of which place and its people he says many very funny things. But what we are going to tell you now is how the boys sometimes amuse themselves in Japan. He says that on his father's place—which is on a large plateau surrounded which is on a large plateau surrounded by high hills—is an artificial fish pond. In it are a great many fish of species he has not seen here, that are about a foot long, and very becutiful in color and form. They are as playful and as tame as the kittens on our hearths. One of his favorite amusements was going to as the kittens on our hearths. One of his favorite amusements was going to this pond and knocking on the edge of the tank with some hard substance to make a noise, when every head would be turned in the direction of the sound, and every fin employed in making for him, the fish expecting some treat from his hand. If, to tease them, he threw nothing in at first, but put his empty hand into the water with his fingers all spread out, they would all gather round it and seize his thumb and fingers in their mouths, till he had as many fish as he had thumbs and fingers, playfully snapping and biting at them, as we have all seen puppies do.

But this paradise of the Japanese boy was often rudely broken in upon, for it

was often rudely broken in upon, for it was not kept expressly as a plaything for boys, but was the source which supplied the fish for the table. Whenever fish is wanted for the dinner, the cook goes to the tank and knocks, and when the poor unsuspecting things swim up to the rest extens such of them as please. the poor unsuspecting things swim up to her, she catches such of them as please her, and before they know where they are going, she has them in the pot or pan on the fire.

This young Japanese expressed much

surprise at seeing cranberries eaten at table, and said that in the mountains of Japan they grow very large and beautiful, but are never cooked. Some old man occasionly goes up to the mountain and picks a large basket of them, which he brings on his shoulders down to the town. Here the boys gather about him, and for a small coin purchase the right to crowd their pockets with them. And what use do you think they make of this otherwise useless fruit? The boys blow the glowing berries through rattan tubes, as our boys blow while bears our boys blow which bears a corresponding them. tubes, as our boys blow white beans through tin ones. That's what cranber-ries are used for in Japan, where they grow in great perfection.

Alaska's Big River.

Alaska explorers report one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yukon, as navigable for steamers, and at 500 miles from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin as navigable for steamers, and at 500 miles from its mouth it receives a very large navigable tributary. The basin formed by the confluence is twenty-four miles wide. The Yukon is nearly as large as our Mississippi. Indians are everywhere, and war between the tribes is a fixed institution. There is snow for six months, and without roads dog sleiges find good traveling. Game abounds, and Indians have an easy life. From seven to nine dogs make a team, the odd one being the leader. The driver has to watch this dog. If it gets on the scent of game it is off, and the whole team is demoralized. Off they scamper through woods and thickets, upsetting the load, smashing the sled, tearing the harness, and giving the boss days or hunting to restore the statu quo. So vast a country traversed by navigable waters will soon tempt restless and speculative adventurers to explore it. adventurers to explore it.

Looking for a Job.

Brother Poggles is a philantropist, but is also a practical man. He is always ready to assist the deserving, but detests tramps. Consequently he was not favorably impressed by the appearance of a seedy-looking man who called upon him the other day, whose hands had evidently not been soiled by labor, but who earnestly protested that he wanted to find work by which he might support himself and his interesting family of two wives and several children.

himself and his interesting family of two wives and several children.

"Are you sure," asked Brother Poggles, as he looked suspiciously at the applicant, "that if you should find the work you are looking for, you would neither run away from it nor go to sleep by the side of it?"

"Italian is that you are worker."

by the side of it?"
"I tell you, sir, that am a worker; and I never neglect my business when I can find anything to do. The last job I had I worked a so hard, sir, that I was actually taken down. actually taken down, r, and had to be confined, sis. -"

"To your bed—hey? Poor fellow!"
ejaculated Poggles.
"Contined, sir, as I said, for a long time; and it is only two weeks since I getout. During that time I have constantly sought employment; but every avenue seems to be closed against me. I have tramped the streets of this city day and night looking a ob, but have found nothing that I could turn my hand to, while my wives and children are hungry for sealskin sacques and velocipedes; but I can do do nothing for them, because I have not even enough to them, because I have not even enough to drink!"

them, because I have not even enough to drink."

The poor fellow bowed his intellectual head upon his delicate hands and sobbed.

"This is a sad case," mused Brother Poggles." "They tell me that prosperity has returned; but this don't look like it. Here is a highly-eresting individual, doubtless capable of contributing largely, by his industry and skill, to the world's wealth, but who has not even a two-spot dealt to him in the great game of human progress. In all this large city he can find no employment suited to his capacity. Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps I can recommend you to somebody, my good man, who will give you employment." ommend you to somebody, my good in, who will give you employment."
'I am aftaid you can't," replied the plicant. "People don't seem to want have anything to do with a man in the plicant.

line of business."
What is your line—profession or

"Partly a profession and partly a trade. I am a burglar, sir; and if you can put me in the way of a good crib to

How the Captain's Patent Worked.

Having piped all hands to splice the main-brace, the cap'n had the first mate of the farm tow out the horse and wagon, and, ascending the quarterdeck of the craft, he took possession of the iller-ropes (as he styled the reins), and aid:

said:
 "Now, boys, my invention is very simple—I might make a million dollars out of it mebbe, but I ain't going to patent it; you can all use it if you want to. I've simply fastened a twenty-fathom line onto the mizzen axle of the craft, and put on a stout grannel.

to. I've simply fastened a twenty-fathom line onto the mizzen axle of the craft, and put on a stout grapnel. I shall bring this here hose along the road under double-reefed topsails, and then one of you cusses scare him—open an umbrelia at him, or something; then, when he goes tearing along about twenty-five knots an hour and won't answer to his helm, I'll just drop the anchor and ride on the gale. Git up!"

The horse came jogging gently down the road, when, according to the programme, the first mate pushed out and hit him a belt over the nose with a blanket. The terrified animal stood on his hind legs for a moment and then struck a course northwest by north with great celerity. The interested spectators beheld the fearless cap'n sitting unmoved, though the buggy bent and careened before the breeze; then, with a triumphant smile, they saw him heave out the anchor with a merry "Yo, heave, ho!" The grapnel dragged for a few moments in the treacherous sands of the road, then caught in a rock. Cap'n Cornwell rose into the air like a bird on the wing and sailed majestically forward, alighting on his ear; the korse stood on his head for a second, and then resumed his onward course at the rate of at least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tearof at least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tear-ing and smashing, all the wagon van-ished into thin air except a piece of the mizzen axle, to which the anchor had been fastened.

periment as soon as he has had a new buggy built upon lines of his own de-signing. Life insurance canvassers are buggy but the insurance canvassers are signing. Life insurance canvassers are bearing down upon him from all quarters, and the liveliest interest is manifested in the neighborhood. We wish fested in the neighborhood. We wish

Stop Scowling.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resem-ble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west,

unawares. We frown when the light is too 'strong, and when it is too weak, We tie our eyebrows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns' when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who has sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the old folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it.

"worried to death" about the old folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflext influence makes others unhappy; for face haswereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances.

If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of thme and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. For pity's sake, let us take a said iron, or glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indeibly engraven upon our visage,

A Mad Wolf's Ravages.

A Mad Wolf's Ravages.

About 7 a. M., the peasants from the adjoining villages had collected at a fair which was held at the settlement of Barvenkoff, district of Izume, and the male portion of the assembly had dispersed to the drinking shops to make bargains and drink each other's healths, leaving the women and children in charge of the carts. Suddenly there resounded through the square a heartrending shriek for assistance, and then all was quiet. The pensants rushed out of the drinking booths into the street, and before they had time to collect their thoughts there appeared from behind a building situated on the edge of the square an enormous wolf. Everybody rushed in building situated on the eage of the square an enormous wolf. Everybody rushed in great confusion to their carts, shouting, "Mad wolf!" Meantime the gigantic wolf frothing at the mouth and with his tongue hanging out, made for the carts. A dreadful tumult occurred. The horses and oxen dashed in all directions, but the majority getting entangled fell and oxen dashed in all directions, but the majority, getting entangled, fell, overturning the carts, while the noise made by the pigs, sheep, geese, fowls, etc., added to the uproar and confusion. The wolf when within a short distance of the first group of carts turned round, of the first group of carts turned round, sprang on to a woman who was running past, and in a moment she was prostrate on the ground, having lost her nose, scalp and lower part of her face. The wolf than ran further and attacked a small lad of about seven years of age, but just at that time a pig rushed at the wolf and bit its tail. The wolf turned on his assailant but not before it had woil and bit its tail. The wolf turned on his assailant, but not before it had bitten the boy's face and hand. Leaving the pig, the wolf ran down the main street, and attacked awoman with a baby, then two boys about four years of age, and having bitten their heads through to and having bitten their heads through to the brain, rushed up the street, and atter biting several other persons, turned off on to the railroad. By this time a large crowd, headed by the village elder, and armed with whips, scythes, etc., gave chase to the terrible animal. They came up with the wolf about one mile from the village, and a peasant, allowing it to approach him within about fifteen paces, shot the animal straight in its open maw. Nothwithstanding the wound he had received, the wolf sprang up and attacked the peasant. The latter did not lose his presence of mind, and struck the animal with the butt end of his gun, which shattered at the blow, and the wolf seized the peasant by the side, but owing to the man wearing three coats

wolf seized the peasant by the side, but owing to the man wearing three coats his skin was only scratched. The courageous man then firmly gripped the animal with both hands. During this struggle between a man and a mad wolf the crowd which had come up hesitated through fear to attempt the rescue of their comrade. Fortunately a local policeman galloped up at this juncture, and drawing his revolver shot the wolf through the head. The wolf had bitten no less than twenty-two persons, ten of whom are in a dangerous state. The sufferers were isolated from the rest of the inhabitants and medical aid was at crack I will be everlastingly grateful, and you shall have a share of the swag.'

sufferers were isolated from the rest of the inhabitants and medical aid was at once administered to them. It is reported, that the wolf came from the settlement of Dovgenikoff (situate about eighteen miles from Barvenkoff), where a mad ox had died and had been buried, but so carelessly that on the following morning his body was found scattered about.—St. Petersburg Golos.

A Sad Mistake.

The Rev. George Trask, of Massachusetts, was noted throughout the State as an able and eloquent lecturer against tobacco and all intoxicating drinks. At one time he had addressed a large and attentive audience, and, among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whisky could expect to live more than five or six years after beginning to use them. And so carnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive his audience, that at its close he confidently challenged any reply, and invited any questions on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said: "I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask one question: One of my neighbors is an old man, some seventy-five years old, and he has used tobacco and whiskey—all he could get—ever since he was thirty-five years. How do you reconcile that with what you said, that a man using both tobacco and whiskey couldn't live more than five or six years?"

Mr. Trask was somewhat startled, and to sain time for collecting his thoughts.

been fastened.

Cap'n Cornwell can't precisely understand why, when the tackle held, he wasn't able to ride out the gale, but is not discouraged, and will repeat the experiment assessment he heads to be a second to b

with curves arching your eyebrows, and oh, how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is

Alaska Ice Beauties.

A writer in the San Francisco Bulietio A writer in the San Francisco Bulietin is enthusiastic over the great glaciers near Fort Wrangel, Alaska. Standing at the mouth of the fiord, he says, the water foreground is of a pale, milkyblue color, from the suspended rock-mud issuing from beneath the grinding glacier—one smooth sheet sweeping back cier—one smooth sheet sweeping five or six miles, like one of the five or six miles, like one of the lower reaches of a great river. At the head the water is bounded by a barrier wall of bluish-white ice, from five to six hundred feet high, a few mountain tops crowned with snow appearing beyond it. On either hand stretched a series of majestic granite rocks from three to four thousand feet high, in some places bare, in others forested, and all well patched with yellow-green chaparrel and flowery gardens, especially about half way up from top to bottom, and the whole built together; in a general, varied way into from top to bottom, and the whole built together, in a general, varied way into walls, like those of Yosemite valley, extending beyond the other, while their bases are buried in the glacier. This is in fact a Yosemite valley in process of formation, the modelling and sculpture of the walls nearly completed and well planted, but no groves as yet, or gardens, or meadows on the raw and unfinished bottom. The whole front and brow of this majestic glacier are gashed and sculptured into a maze of yawning chasms and crevasses, and a bewildering variety of strange architectural forms. variety of strange architectural forms appalling to the strongest nerves, by novel and beautiful beyond measurevariety of strange architectural forms, appalling to the strongest nerves, but novel and beautiful beyond measure—clusters of gittering lance-tipped spires, gables and obelisks, bold outstanding bastions and plain mural cliffs, adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlements, while every gorge and crevasse, chasm and hollow was filled with light. Along the sides we could see the vasse, chasm and hollow was filled with light. Along the sides we could see the mighty flood grinding against the granite with tremendous pressure, rounding the outswelling bosses, deepening and smoothing the retreating hollows, and shaping every portion of the mountain walls into the forms they were meant to have, when in the fullness of appointed time the ice-tool should be lifted and set aside by the sun. Back two or three miles from the front the current is now probably about 1,200 feet deep; but when we examine the walls, the grooved and rounded features, so surely glacial, show that in the earlier days of the ice age they were all overswept, this glacier they were all overswept, this glacier baving flowed at a height of from three to four thousand feet above its present

John Smybert.

The first painter in America of and decided ability whose name has come down to us was John Watson, who executed portraits in Philadelphia in 1715. He was a Scotchman. It is to another Scotchman, who married and identified himself with the rising fortunes of the colonies, that we are, perhaps, able to assign the first distinct and decided art impulse in the United States. We owe to Bishop Berkeley the most notable impulse which the dawning arts received in this country, when he induced John Smybert to leave London, in 1725, and settle in Boston, where he had the good fortune to marry a rich widow, and lived prosperous and contented until his death in 1751. Smybert was not a great painter. If he had remained in Eufortune to marry a rich widow, and lived prosperous and contented until his death in 1751. Smybert was rot a great painter. If he had remained in Europe, his position never would have been more than respectable, even at an age when the arts were at low ebb. But he is entitled to our gratitude for perpetuating for us the lineaments of many worthies of the period, and for the undoubted impetus his example gave to the artists who were about to come on the scene, and assert the right of the new world to exercise its energies in the encouragement of the fine arts. It is by a comparatively unimportant incident that the influence of Smybert on our early art is most vividly illustrated. He brought with him to America an excellent copy of a Vandyck executed by himself, and several of our artists, included Allston, acknowledged that a sight of this copy affected them like an inspiration. The most important work of Symbert in this country is a group representing the family of Bishop Berkeley, now in the Art Gallery at New Haven.—Harper's Magazine.

Old-Fashioned Garments.

ing of them is correct.—Recollections of Rev. Dr. Jeter.

Paper Barrels.

It is claimed that the new paper flour barrels are not only cheaper but more tight and durable, as well as lighter, than those of ordinary construction, By an improved method of manufacture, than those of ordinary construction, By an improved method of manufacture, these parrels are composed of straw, paper pulp, which is run into a mold made into the shape of one-half of a barrel cut vertically. The pulp is subjected to a powerful hydraulic pressure, and, when reduced to the required thickness, the ends of the halves are cut off; the pieces are then placed in a steam drier, the sides are trimmed evenly and the substance thoroughly dried. It comes from the drier ready for making up into barrels. There are three heavy wooden hoops and two hoops fastened together, and, into grooves cut in the staves, the paper halves, which have an average thickness of three-sixteenths of an inoh, are slid. The ends of the barrel are made of paper of a similar thickness, constructed on the same principle as the sides. The barrels are manufactured entirely by machinery, and the halves are cut to true that two pieces of the entirely by machinery, and the haives are cut so true that two pieces of the same size will readily fit together.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Montenegro is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until ately the mails were not sent to any of he cities or villages, but every citizen ad to go for his letters to the capitol, Cettinje. There has now been estab-lished a postal department, and the mail The mail carriers travel to these four cities on foot three times weekly.

Piece by piece have the relic-hunters carried away the marble slab that once was placed over the tomb of Gen. Dan Morgan in Mt. Hebron Cemetery, in Winchester, Va., until now nothing remains to mark the place of burial. But the hero of the Revolutionary battle of the Cowpens is not forgotten. It is proposed to erect a monument that shall posed to erect a monument that shall be a fitting memorial of the worthy old

Ostrich farming seems likely to be introduced in San Joaquin Valley, Cal. Dwight Whiting, of Boston, spent six months on an ostrich farm in South Africa. He is convinced that the birds can be raised in California, and will be very profitable. At the price of ostrich feathers no stock will pay such interest. He proposes to return to Africa and to take to California one hundred ostriches to stock the farm.

The creditors of the Glasgow Bank The creditors of the Glasgow Bank have received their third dividend, making 13s. 4d. on the pound out of the total. That total is in round numbers £11,000,000 (about \$53,000,000), of which £7,400,000 is paid and £3,600,000 will be liquidated to the £11,000,000 will be liquidated to the farthing, but the interest is doubtful. Two of the directors have emigrated to Australia; another is living with his family in a handsome villa near the Italian lakes.

The Earl of Aberdeen is about to build, at a cost of \$275,000, a line of railroad, ten miles in length, through his Scotch estates. This young nobleman is grandson of the prime minister of his time, and brother of the late earl, who preferred life before the mast to that of a belted earl, and was lost at sea on an American vessel. The present peer, too, is somewhat queer, but was judiciously provided at the outset of his career with a very notable wife. There are some half dozen noblemen and gentlemen in the United Kingdom who own short lines of railroad.

short lines of railroad.

Of the European nations Germany stands first as to fighting trim. She can put in the field at twenty-four hours' notice 1,200,000 men of the line, the reserve and the Landwehr. The grand total of the German army is 2,200,000 men, exclusive of 200,000 not reckoned on the field strength, but deducted as garrisons. The strength of the second Landwehr and Landsturm is generally exaggerated; but they are thoroughly efficient soldiers, the best in the army. France has a nominal strength of 3,500,000 men, but practically it must be reduced to 2,000,000, and even of this total a very large propertion is still in progress of organization. It is not believed that France could place in the first line more than 800,000 men.

Italian newspapers contain reports fo audacious outrages by bandits on the highways and railroads of that picturesque country. In one case a dozen tellows brought a train to a stop by hoisting a danger signal. They intended to rob the passengers, but a large force of soldiers happened to be on the train, and when the bandits saw them they started for cover. The military sent a started for cover. started for cover. The military sent a volley after them, and some started in pursuit, but it was already growing dark, and no captures were effected. On the road from Senafro to Isernia twenty-seven unarmed travelers were robbed by thirteen brigands, and a lawyer who proved troublesome was badly wounded. Attempts were made to throw trains off the track, successful robberies are frequent, and the police are utterly inefficient and untrust-

The wholesale and wanton destruction of walrus by the whaling-ship crews in the Arctic ocean, which has been going on for some time and is increasing every year, is likely to result in their practical extermination, unless it is speedily checked. The captain of a New Bedford whaler estimates that have been belief this season, only about a third of which were secured. One of the results of this needless and useless slaughter is the death through starvation of many of the natives of the Arctic regions, who depend upon the walrus for food. In one village of 200 people all but one man died last winter, and in other villages from a third to a half of the population perished. Some of the whaling-vessel captains have been humane enough this year to refrain from killing any walrus. any walrus.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Active spondent of the san Francisco Post, writing of the varied climate and temperatures of California, says that in the interior valleys he has found the the interior valleys he has found the thermometer as high as 114 degrees in the shade, and at least 125 degrees in the sun, yet the air was so pure and dry that he did not find it enervating nor even very inconvenient, as a lower temperature east of the Rocky mountains certainly would have been. He rode twenty-five miles on horseback in that sun of 125 degrees, observing, questioning, and making notes for his newspaper, and felt perfectly well through it all. A constant gentle breeze that is never wanting in summer kept him comparatively comfortable. The nights were cool and pleasant, as they always comparatively confortable. The nights were cool and pleasant, as they always are in the hot interior valleys of California heat is illustrated by the fact that, however high the thermometer rises, supertokes are unharrows. sunstrokes are unknown.

President Potter, of Union College, at the recent Episcopai Church Congress, made an indignant protest against the expenditure of so much money in funeral pomps, and in equally costly and pompous monuments. He said he grieved "to be confronted by the sugges-tion that in the State of New York alone a bundred millions of dollars have in recent years been squandered upon cemetery monuments—a glaring crime against true memorial art, and against the spirit of Christianity. To what purpose is this waste? To no purpose; to none of comparative worth and endurance. This cemeterial disease is taking such hold of the popular heart, ministering so much to mere emulation or vanity, and vielding against the contraction of the heart, ministering so much to mere enulation or vanity, and yielding com-paratively so little return in consolation or help to art, or in succor to humanity,

that it should be denounced, not simply in the name of memorial art, but in the name of Christ. We need not merely Papal bulls for the benefit of the poor fulminated against the multitude of carriages at funerals, but Catholic and Protestant denunciation of the mortuary maduass, which, taking possession of maduass, which, taking possession of the the lifest the state of the contraction of the mortuary maduass. madnass, which, taking possession of the American masses, sucks the life-blood from the heart of Christian char-ity and art."

ity and art."

The Countess of Dudley, who is said to have recovered her long-lost diamonds, stolen at the Great Western station from her maid, some years since, is one of the lovely daughters of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe. Her husband owned Her Majesty's theater, and was Mr. Mapleson's first patron. Though a good shot and horseman, and taker of a first-class degree in classics at Oxford, he was the victim of an extraordinary delusion, tancying himself at times in a certain interesting condition, and then silencing the street in front of his house, and making all the usual preparations. This drove his first wife, the beautiful Miss De Burgh, away from him. and she died within the first year of their marriage, at Nice, of grief. Since his marriage with Miss Moncrieffe he has been perfectly free from any eccentricity until within the last year, when he was attacked with paralysis. He is now in Paris, and, in order to avoid the inconvenience of visits, he changes his quarters from one hotel to another every day, to confound his friends. He only opens his letters once a fortnight, an indulgence for which he had to pay dearly the other day. He bought a fine service of old Dresden for a fabulous sum, Fifteen days later he opened a letter in which the identical service was offered him for less than quarter the amount. He is sixty-two, and has ten children by his second wife.

Local Advertising.

The virtue of advertising is of more onsequence, in a general way, than it is often credited with. A too contracted view is so frequently thrown around its salutary influences that those who read a business card seen to think that its import is of but little consequence to any one besides the advertiser. This, however is a great mixture for this, to any one besides the advertiser. Inis, however, is a great mistake, for the community at large is benefitted, according to our way of thinking, by every business card of a town store appearing in the local papers. It needs no very skillful reasoning to elucidate the proposition, for their can be no better method adopted to improve a village, town-or city, than that which keeps the bulk of trade at home. By so doing the results of industry are widely diffused in the expenditures made, society becomes co-operative to a considerable extent, material improvements are encouraged. the expenditures made, society becomes co-operative to a considerable extent, material improvements are encouraged, and pride of place is fostered. Our live store-keepers are beginning to understand the value of advertising, and our residents fail not to reward them for their enterprise. A cotemporary puts the matter in this wise: "When the business men of a town fail to advertise extensively they diminish the importance and trade of the place, and permit more enterprising localities to take the latter from them." Although done for their individual interest, advertisers should be looked on by citizens of the town where they reside, as in some semse public benefactors, and they should be encouraged accordingly. One merchant who advertises extensively is worth to his own town and its people more than forty who never show themselves in print, and should be for this reason alone preferred, assuming that he is, of course, a fair business man.—

Prattsburg (N. Y.) News.

Cremation.

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The idea of cremation seems to be making reasonable advance both in this country and in Europe. Our conservative neighbor, the Tribune, speaks a true word in its favor, in regard especially to such places as New Orleans and Memphis. The Municipal Council of Berlin has recommended the universal adoption of the practice of cremation, going back to the custom which, according to Tacitus, was in use among the Germans a thousand years ago. There are indications that the English may also return, in no very distant the Germans a thousand years ago. There are indications that the English may also return, in no very distant future, to the ancient usages of their Saxon forefathers in this respect. At a meeting of the National Social Science society, held recently in Manchester, the bishop of that dioceae delivered an address upon the subject of eduaction and sanitary science, in which, while considering the latter topic, he stated that "the disposar of the dead was a problem which must shortly be faced more practically and seriously than heretofore. Cemeteries were becoming not only a difficulty but a danger in English cities. The earth, "he added, significantly, "was made for the living, not for the dead." Dr. Frazer (the bishop) is a man of exceptional force o intellect and strong practical sense. He ointellect and strong practical sense. He confessed frankly that cremation was repugnant to his feelings, as it is to those of most people, but alleged that it was no longer a matter to be settled by senno longer a matter to be settled by sen-timental dislike, since it concerned the health and life of the next generation. The English papers, in commenting upon the address, are disposed to coincide with the bishop's views on this point, and regard the matter impartially, as one of sanita impertance.— New York Home.

A Countess' Strange Suicide.

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Moscow society is considerably exercised by the suicide of one of its brightest ornaments, the young and lovely Countess Vera Koscheleff, who a short time ago suddenly disappeared from her palace in the old Russian capital, only two days after her solemn betrothal to Count Heimann, which had been celebrated with festive rejoicings on an unusually magnificent scale. No one could imagine whither she had gone until her steward received a letter from her, written at her chateau in the Crimea, wherein she informed him that "she was going to bathe in the river running through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near which her through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near which her body would be found in the water. Search was of course made with all possible promptitude, and it resulted in the discovery of the beautiful young countess' corpse sewn up in a large straw sack and sunk in the river. The seams were found to be in the interior of the sack, proving that Vera Koscheleff had deliberately sewn herself up in the sack on the river bank and then cast herself into the stream. In another letter, addressed to one of her uncles, and received by him some time after her death, she gave as her reason for enclosing herself, her extreme fear of crawfish and water beetles.