

**The First Psalm in Scotch.**  
Blest is the man that tak's his stock  
In what the godless say.  
Wha wadna trock wi' sinfu' folk,  
Nor walk within their way?  
Wha sits nae in the big, bow chair  
The scornfu' like to fill?  
But man's his case a mair and mair,  
To work the Master's will.  
Wha never since it frae his sight  
At home or far awa,  
But in daylight an' in midnight  
Keeps thinkin' on God's law.

That man shall flourish like the tree  
That grows beside a burn,  
Whaur fruit we see aye hangin' frae  
As summer days return.  
Whase snaw'es leaf shall ne'er be lost,  
An' whaur the sun an' frost  
A glossy robe o' green.  
That man may gang to sell or buy,  
And still guid luck command;  
Yea, may reay whate'er he try,  
Shall prosper in his han'.

But nae the men that hellward lean—  
Wha's rules conform;  
The'll stouter roun' till they gang down,  
Like stocks afore the storm;  
Nor will sae staidly stand  
In Paradise to dwell;  
For God hath vow'd a bane but the good  
Shall sit beside Himself.

JAMES D. LAW.

**The Song of the Can't-Get-There.**  
For the few-and-far-between,  
For the very seldom-seen,  
For the uncatch-nold-uponable sight,  
The unobtainable I'd catch,  
The unobtainable I'd catch.  
For the ungrabbable and ungrabbable I die!  
Oh, I burn and stab and clasp,  
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,  
For the un-obtainable I yearn;  
An' the vulgar here-and-now  
I ignore and disavow,  
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I mean and cry and screech  
For the just-beyond-the-reach,  
The too-far-away-to-grab I would enslave;  
The unobtainable I'd gain,  
The unobtainable I'd gain,  
And chase the un-catch-on-to his lair!  
—S. W. Foss in *Yankee Blade*.

**DID SHE, SUICIDE?**  
The Strange Letter Left in a Toronto Restaurant.  
George W. Leach, who keeps a restaurant at the corner of Front and York streets, Toronto, reported an occurrence last night that looks like a tragedy. About a quarter to 7 o'clock a young woman, about 21 years of age, five feet four in height, wearing a light grey dress, wine-colored dress, drab straw hat with black velvet trimmings, entered the restaurant and ordered supper. She then paid for it, as well as bed and breakfast. Shortly after she went out and a few minutes afterward in the room she had occupied was found the following note, written in a somewhat cramped hand, on a piece of ordinary writing paper:

Dear Sir,  
May God bless you for your kindness to me, my trouble is greater than I can bear, so good-bye to all I have for me my sister may God forgive me for what I am doing so do I take my life for you I will be no more trouble. God bless you all my body may be found in the bay weep not for me dear mother and sister and brothers I will be no more trouble to any one.

The police believe the girl to be one who was arrested some time ago, while with Mrs. Timberlake, of 55 Cumberland street, of the theft of some jewelry.

**Give Him Time.**  
Overheard on a Wagner car. Fussy old gentleman to a chance travelling lady companion:  
"Have you any children, madame?"  
"Yes, sir, a son."  
"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"  
"No, sir; he has never as much as touched a cigarette."  
"So much the better, madame, the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent the clubs?"  
"He has never put his foot in one."  
"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he come home late?"  
"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."  
"A model young man, madame—a model young man. How old is he?"  
"Two months."

**The Worm Turned.**  
Mr. Bully Rag—Now sir, you have stated, under oath, that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks in your estimation?  
Down-trodden witness—Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—er—  
Mr. Bully Rag I don't want any of your ers, sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see anybody in this court-room who looks like a gentleman?  
Witness (with sudden asperity)—I can if you'll stand out of the way. You're not transparent.

**Herculean Labor.**  
Miss Overly—No, Tom isn't here; he has no time for frivolities; he is editor of a paper now, and has just all he can do. It does require so much correspondence and so much thought in the arrangement of details in preparing the matter for publication. Really, I think it will undermine his health if he continues to apply himself so closely.  
Miss Asker—Is it a daily paper?  
Miss Overly—No; it's the Chatty Chat-augan—comes out every other month.

**Deserved the Job.**  
Stranger—I'm an experienced barber, and I'd like to get a job in your shop.  
Proprietor—You! You would never do at all with that bald head. A customer would laugh if you should ask him to buy a bottle of our celebrated magic hair restorer.  
"That head's all right. I'd be the man that used the hair restorer that Jones sells in the shop around the corner."  
"I never thought of that. I guess you can go to work."

**Snooper—Dejones is a man of ability, is he not? McCorkle—He's a man of irritability, if that's what you mean.**  
Parliament Field, a portion of Liverpool, England, is said to contain 168 streets, 10,300 houses, 50,000 population, and not a grog shop. Pauperism is almost unknown, the police are nearly idle and the people save \$100,000 a year in poor rates, besides avoiding the maintenance of hundreds of dramshops. The death rate in this sober district is only 10 to 14 as against 25 in the 1,000 in the drinking parish adjoining.  
Citizen Train's daughter, Carrissima Sue, is having a delightful visit to Italy and Paris with the Warrens of Chicago. She will return home next month.

**GOLD AND FURS.**  
What the Women Will Wear This Winter.  
The New York Herald has the following: This is to be a furry winter. Lovely woman will be buried to the tip of her nose in warm, glossy furs, and every precaution will be taken to prevent the wind running in little icy currents up her sleeves. It is going to be cold, colder—the coldest winter in forty years! Nature's prospectus is never found amiss, and when the skins of fur-bearing animals come into the market with the hairs an inch longer than during many previous years we know what to expect. All women love rare, beautiful furs, as they do old lace or a thoroughbred horse, so here is a bit of information concerning them: The most expensive fur in the market is Russian sable. How insignificant the best seal skin looks beside it. One day last week I plunged my fingers among the long, glossy, slippery hairs of a hundred little skins, softer than corn silk and beautifully striped in the mahogany brown which is almost black. It is the fur which wraps royalty round, which tickles the dainty chin of a duchess, or for that matter of the daughter of a merchant prince, if papa is willing to hand over the necessary incense—for it costs! Just listen. A shoulder cape of the finest quality brings \$800 to \$1,000; a whole set, consisting of cloak, cap, tips and muff like those owned by the Czarina and the Duchess of Leinster, in the neighborhood of \$7,000. Capes of royal ermine will be worn at the opera. White astrakhan and lamb's wool, which owe much of their beauty to gaslight, will also be conspicuous as evening wraps. At one of the leading shops I saw a beautiful paleot of cream white plush, the back lined with ivory silk, the sides with ermine, the neck and sleeves trimmed with pure white Arctic fox. A silvery blonde in that cloak would look a veritable snow maiden.

**Another Edinburgh Exhibition.**  
Perhaps "Auld Reekie" may find it possible to have too much even of a good thing; that most successful as were both of the recent Exhibitions in the Modern Athens and in Glasgow, another so soon thereafter—next year—may not take quite so well with the public. But certainly we wish it every possible success, and we must confess that the indications are very promising. According to the prospectus issued the undertaking has been launched under the most attractive auspices, and the International Exhibition to be opened there in May next will prove one of the most interesting yet held in Scotland. It is to be under the patronage of the Queen. There are branch offices as well as local committees in both Glasgow and London. Applications for space will only be received until the 1st of next month—a large number having already been received. Among the most interesting exhibits, evidently, will be many which were at the Paris Exhibition. Everything possible is to be done to render the Exhibition highly popular, including outdoor and indoor amusements, and the best music available in Europe. The site chosen, too, is within easy distance of the centre of the city, and will have connection with two railways. The Exhibition itself will be in two divisions comprising twenty-two sections, six being devoted to Electrical Engineering and Inventions, fourteen to General Inventions and Industries, and one each to Women's and Artisans' Industries.

**Composed by "Bug Three."**  
When I think of the towel, the old-fashioned towel, that used to hang up by the printing house door, I think that nobody in these days of shoddy can hammer out iron to wear as it wore. The tramp who abused it, the devil who used it, the comp. who got at it when these two were gone; the make-up and foreman, the editor, poor man, each rubbed some grime under, twice blacker than thunder, twice harder than poverty, rougher than sin; from the roller suspended, it never was bended, and it flapped on the wall like a banner of tin. It grew thicker and rougher, and harder and tougher, and daily put on a more inkier hue; until one windy morning, without any warning, it fell on the floor and was broken in two.—Burdette.

**Why He Couldn't Accept.**  
Farmer's son—Did you hire the man, father?  
Farmer—I wanted to, but he wouldn't accept the place.  
"What did you offer him?"  
"I offered him \$60 a month and to find himself."  
"And he thought \$60 too little?"  
"No, he was satisfied with the wages, but he said he couldn't find himself."  
"Why not?"  
"Because he is an ex-detective from Chicago. He said he never could find anything."

**Plaster of Paris Flooring.**  
Plaster of Paris can now be rendered hard enough to be used for flooring purposes by means of a process recently communicated by the French Academy of Science. The plaster is mixed with one-sixth of its weight of freshly slacked lime of good quality, and this mixture worked and applied with as little water as possible. After it has thoroughly dried it is treated with a strong solution of iron sulphate which, gradually oxidizing, leaves the floor impregnated with a yellow colored substance, which develops a fine imitation of mahogany under an application of linseed oil.

**Patriotism and Piety.**  
A Presbyterian church in Melbourne has introduced some innovations into its services which, although happily blending patriotism and piety, would startle the sober-minded Scotchman at home. The choir, composed of gentlemen wearing the Highland kilt and girls attired in the costume of the "Lady of the Lake," sing their hymns of praise to the music of the bagpipes. The ingenious person who contrived these effects has his reward in greatly enlarged congregations.

Miss Mary Randolph Harrison of Chicago, a niece of the President, is to be married in the spring to a Minneapolis real estate dealer who saved her from drowning in Lake Minnetonka, last summer.

**THE BERLIN.**  
A Dance Which Bids Fair to be Very Popular This Season.  
Among the new dances none has struck the popular fancy as the "berlin," says the *Nebraska State Journal*. It is bright and vivacious, easy in tempo and movement, and simple in execution. It is unique in character, having more varied forms or changes in its promenade, reverse and waltz than any of its rivals for public favor. It was approved last winter by the older, and is now the special favorite of the younger, dancers in the ballroom, while during the summer season just closed it was the pride of the lawn party. The "berlin" is, strictly speaking, a polka step, displaying an easy toe movement. The dancers start side by side, the gentlemen holding the lady's left hand in his right, polka forward, and then reversing positions, polka back and turn. Then, while in a waltz position, the couple execute two glides, polka and repeat. It is a very graceful dance among society people, but when copied by many young persons who are prone to founder through everything in the dance order, it becomes a sort of impromptu ballet for the onlooker. At most of the summer resorts the berlin was the choice of dances during the past season, while at Long Branch, Saratoga, Lake Malheur and other resorting places for the rich in the East it became as much of a craze as the society waltz did a few years ago. At all the garden parties at the Great Union Hotel at Saratoga the berlin took the place of the german. But this was because the berlin is more adapted to the lawn than its formidable rival for public favor. The german will continue the coming winter, as it has been for several seasons past, the leading dance, because the American society professors of dancing claim it is more adapted to society.

**ON A LITTLE CHILD.**  
To What Heights of Delight the First One Drives its Parents.  
Every husband and wife to whom heaven has sent a little child should have full hearts; for their hands and hearts should go together and they will have their hands full from the very first. The emotions of two new parents will be greatly varied at first, but they will grow less so as the little child develops. I have known the father of a sleepy pink nonentity to sit for a whole evening with the mother of the same and together they would discuss the babe's whole future career. I have seen that same father and mother only ninety days later stop the clock one minute before 8 to keep it from striking. I have seen them sneak about their own house like thieves. I have seen them sit and gaze at each other for an hour uttering but half of one word in all that time—*ah!* I have seen their mute despair at the sound of a slight movement over in the corner; and I have heard them discuss, not the little child's whole future career, but how to keep him quiet at the present moment. I am speaking of a personal matter. I am the man. We are they. The child is ours. Our range of vision is narrowed. The horizon is closer than it was three moons ago. Thoughts of the dim future have given way to thoughts of the mighty present. Our pink nonentity has become a tremendous reality. And the only way to keep him quiet is to feed him; in the accomplishment of which, one of us is a greater success than I am. When our son has taken his will lie back on his mother's arm, smile at the chandelier, gaze at the mirror, the bric-a-brac, oil paintings, me and the other valuable ornaments in the room; and then his eyes will rove about in search of a wafer. He wants to order another church fair milk stew.—Time.

**Show This to the Engineer.**  
A curious illustration of the necessity of eternal vigilance in the boiler room came to the notice of *The Locomotive* a few days ago. A certain engineer in the habit of shutting off the water column when leaving his boiler for the night. One morning he opened the cocks as usual, as he supposed, and proceeded to get up steam. After a time, it occurred to him to consult his gauge glass, when he noticed that it was either full or empty—he couldn't tell positively which, but from the appearance of it he judged it to be full, and the subsequent events proved his judgment to be correct. Proceeding, therefore, to his blow-off valve he opened it and allowed a considerable amount of water to escape. About this time it struck him that it would not be a bad idea to examine his try-cocks. Finding nothing but steam he became greatly alarmed and hauled out his fire with great expedition, and sent for one of our inspectors, to whom he explained that he could not make steam. The inspector, viewing the fire on the floor, said he did wonder much at that, and immediately suspecting the cause of the trouble he stepped up to the water column and examined the cocks. The lower one was broken, so that the wheel turned freely on the stem, while the valve remained pressed against its seat. Upon opening the broken valve the water in the glass immediately ran out, and the trouble was at an end. Water was then pumped in, the fire was re-started, and all went on as usual.

"Mum's Extra Dry," remarked a small boy whose mother was thirsty.  
"Did not the sight of the boundless blue sea, bearing on its bosom white winged fleets of commerce, fill you with emotion?" "Yes," replied the traveller, "at first it did, but after a while it didn't fill me with anything. It sorter emptied me."

Viscount Palmerston is dead. He was born in 1819.  
Chicago has named a street after John Cramer, who left \$1,000,000 to Chicago charities.  
Don Pizarro, it is now said, was the principal conspirator against himself. He wished to see a Republic quietly set up in his own day, and generation, rather than have a bloody revolution when his daughter was on the throne and a fool son-in-law bossing the rancho. Don, on leaving, was presented with \$2,500,000, and will receive \$400,000 annually during the pleasure of the new Government.  
"Oh," moaned the bottle as it rolled over in the gutter, "I was full last night, but I'm broke now."

**THE EARL OF MOUNTCASHEL.**  
Once a Well-known Character of London Vicinity.  
The London *Free Press* says: The recent death of the Hon. G. Moore-Smyth, Earl of Mountcashel, will bring to mind to the many readers of this journal a well-known character once living in London and vicinity. The Hon. George Moore-Smyth was the eldest son of the Hon. Geo. Moore, the second earl of this name, and brother to the Hon. Stephen Moore, who succeeded to the title in 1825. The second Earl of Mountcashel, through the operations of the Encumbered Estates Act, lost nearly all the property, and about 1850 came to this country and bought 300 or 400 acres of land at Komoka, and with his son, the Hon. George Moore-Smyth, commenced farming operations, with not very profitable results. The house in which the late Earl lived at Komoka was in the centre of a piece of woods, and had a weird, lonely and isolated appearance. In examining the house the doors and windows had something like the appearance of a robber's hold. Every door and window was peppered with bullets as the result of pistol practice. The eccentric ways of the Hon. George in shooting and always carrying two or three pistols in his pockets got him the soubriquet of the "Wild Irishman." After spending ten years of what might be called a harmless idyllic life in Canada, in 1865 he left for Ireland, and in 1883 succeeded to the present earldom. He was born in 1826, and is consequently 63 years of age.

The Earl was a crack shot, and had the pistols with hair triggers and flint locks that "Fighting Fitzgerald" used in a duel mentioned in Lover's "Charley O'Malley." These pistols belonged to the first Earl of Mountcashel, or the grandfather of the late Earl. He used to say "it was a great pity that duelling was ever abolished in Ireland, for any blackguard would bait you with a blackhorn stick that would be afraid to meet you on the green with pistols." But the Hon. George often made erratic shots. Being informed that a certain crack shot in the 63rd Regiment, then camping at Komoka, could stand straight up and hit a five-cent piece at the point of his toe without touching his foot. "Phew," said the Earl, "that's nothing; look at me," and he shot his big toe off, and was lame ever afterward. He generally dressed in the most modest and meagre attire, and it is related that when he arrived in Dublin, after leaving this country, he met his father on the street, wearing only a red shirt, pants and a pair of cow-hide boots. The first Earl of Mountcashel at one time owned, by a grant from the Crown, the township of Moore, and this municipality was called after the family name of this Earldom—Moore.

**Causes of Leprosy.**  
Now that leprosy is being so much discussed in various parts of the world it may not be uninteresting to cite a few of the chief causes set down in the old Hindoo medical works as inducing leprosy: 1. Sleeping in the daytime; 2. eating when the appetite is not keen; 3. gluttony; 4. eating too much of new rice, curd, fish, salt, acids, treacle and oakes; 5. drinking cold water when fatigued or suffering from fear; 6. excessive physical exertion after meals; 7. exposing one's self for any long time to the sun after breakfast or noon meal; 8. drinking liquors; 9. insulting a Brahmin. It would be interesting to find out in how many cases leprosy had its origin in the insults offered to a Brahmin.—*Colonies and India*.

**Falling from a Height.**  
In reference to an annotation in the *Lancet* upon this subject, a medical man, formerly a sailor, states that in youth he fell from the topgallant yard of a vessel, a distance of at least 120 feet. Sensation was entirely lost during his transit through the air. He returned slightly on striking the water. He sufficiently enabled the lad to strike out (being a good swimmer) and seize a life buoy. The writer thinks death would have been painless had he fallen on some hard substance, but the assertion that persons die in the act of falling is, he thinks, evidently wrong.—*Medical Record*.

**Accomplished Servant.**  
"What do you wish?" asked the servant who answered the ring at the door.  
"Baron de Veau-minet."  
"What do you wish to see him for?"  
"It is in relation to a promissory note."  
"The Baron went out of town yesterday."  
"Now, that is too bad; I wanted to pay him the amount I owe him."  
"But," added the servant, "he returned this morning."—*French Joke*.

**Well Governed.**  
The Chinese have a political saying which is worth the reading even of American statesmen. It is as follows: "When is the empire well governed and affairs go as they should go? When swords are rusty and spears are bright; when prisons are empty and grain bins filled; when the law courts are lonely, and overgrown with grass; when doctors walk and bakers ride. It is then things go as they ought and the state is well ruled."—*Youth's Companion*.

**Odd.**  
She—Dearest, do you believe there is luck in odd numbers?  
He—I'm sure I don't know. Why, dear?  
She—Well, this is the third time we have been engaged to each other, you know and I thought possibly we might marry this time.

**He Would Profit by Experience.**  
Lady—My poor man, if you had in your possession again all the money you have spent for bad whiskey, I have no doubts you would spend it differently.  
Tramp—Oh, yes, mum; I'd buy good whiskey with it.—*New York Sun*.

**There Are Plenty Lost.**  
"I saw a sign this morning, 'Umbrellas Recovered,'" remarked the horse editor.  
"Well, if the man can really do it," replied the snake editor, "he's on the road to fortune."

The working girls of Ottawa are showing their appreciation of the "Rescue Home" work for their straying sisters by denying themselves the simplest luxuries in order to contribute to its financial support.

**AFRICAN LEPROSY.**  
The European colonists of South Africa have an evil to contend with which will require vigorous legislation to get rid of or even to mitigate. Leprosy has long had a foothold in certain portions of Cape Colony and Natal, and the neglect to provide proper legislation for those afflicted with the dread disease is already bearing fruit of a disastrous kind. Public attention was recently drawn to the matter by articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Blackwood*, and the colonial press has awakened to the fact that something must be done to regulate or stamp out the disease. The authorities are condemned for their slowness in passing legislation in the interests of those afflicted with the disease and in taking precautions for the public safety. The *Natal Mercury* of October 9th, in referring to the question, says: "We have indeed as a people, failed as yet to understand how terrible and how infectious this poison-plague is, and to recognize the portentous fact that it is already in our midst. On that point the enquiries of the commission left no room for doubt. It would indeed be strange were a disease so subtly communicative to be as rare as it is in the Cape Colony, and yet to be absent from Natal; for not only are the seeds of the disease indigenous to South Africa, but the Asiatics we have brought to our shores have also brought with them their own form of leprosy. We are much mistaken if at this moment at least two lepers, bearing on their persons all the features of the malady, are not daily parading our roads and streets. It is nobody's business or duty at present to take note of such cases and to secure their isolation and treatment, and until that duty is imposed by law upon responsible persons we shall, as a community, be liable to these painful exhibitions and perilous possibilities of contamination." The horrible tale which the Cape Times tells of the condition of those sadly afflicted people on Robben Island in that colony leads the *Mercury* to demand that the Natal authorities should see to it that the lepers of Natal are promptly and properly isolated and their comforts looked after as well. We quote from the *Times*: "The tale told is too sad to repeat here. It seems to show, however, that to the horrors of a loathsome, and the despair of an incurable, disease, are added all the sufferings entailed by domestic wretchedness and personal destitution. Miserable wooden tenements, falling into decay, and giving access to the fierce blasts that rage round the Cape of Storms; dirt accumulating so fast that it can never be scraped away; filthy bedding; rage everywhere; no escape from the heat of summer falling on that treeless and shelterless island; men passing, naked, with blistered skins, too sensitive to touch, yet tormented by hosts of flies, in an atmosphere often ranging over 90 and even 100 degrees; sanitary arrangements carried out by the lunatic inmates of the island, under indescribably disgusting conditions; food inferior in quality and limited in quantity, badly cooked and served—such are the experiences of leper patients at Robben Island. No one who has passed that desolate patch of dry land, raised a few feet above the sea level, needs to be told of the cheerlessness of the spot chosen by the Cape Government for the accommodation, side by side, of its lepers and its lunatics—helpless victims of the two direst calamities that can befall mankind. Moloch, where Father Damien found his martyrdom, is a Paradise in contrast for these mountains and running streams and leafy glades please the eye, shelter the body and soothe the mind."

**Give the Baby a Chance.**  
Do not try to make the baby "notice." Do not try to make him "forward," says the *Herald of Health*. "Blessed is the mother," said a lady thoroughly experienced in domestic affairs, "blessed is the mother whose baby is a 'lunkhead.' Stupid babies make wise men and women. A baby is little more than a plant. Let him vegetate in his infancy, and be content to wait for his intellect's development until a later date. Give the babies a chance to rest while they are babies. They will probably never get it afterward."

**A Stagnant Man.**  
Sympathizing Friend—Your rich old uncle, they tell me, did not leave you a cent. I thought he once entertained the idea of making you his heir.  
Poor relation (bitterly)—Entertained the idea? He never had hospitality enough to entertain anything.

**Depth of Love.**  
"I see," said Algernon, "that 500 persons died from eating ice cream last year."  
"So I read," replied Maud. "But I'd willingly face death at your side, Algy."

TEMPERANCE people ought to know that smuggling whiskey is reported to be quite a lucrative business in the Lower St. Lawrence. Fifty thousand gallons of the stuff have recently been confiscated. Schooners are constantly plying to and from Miquelon and the New England ports, laden with goods of all kinds, especially tobacco and spirits. The centre of distribution is the western extremity of the Isle of Orleans. The profits of this contraband trade will be understood when it is known that the duty on 50,000 gallons of whiskey represents about \$90,000, whilst the net cost of the whiskey does not exceed 30 cents a gallon.  
Mrs. W. H. Smith, nee Eva Ingersoll, receives some Bible, prayer-book or catechism in every mail from some of the anonymous religionists throughout the country who have always been solicitous about the welfare of her father and family. These wedding gifts are given to the butler, who sells them to second hand book dealers.

**KENTUCKY FOLK.**  
Three generations back, or more, two grandpas had a fray.  
Their grandsons still are in it just as actively today.  
First one on this side bites the dust and then one falls on this.  
And year by year they cultivate the game of "tit for tat."  
And while there's one remains on either side the fight's renewed—  
Naught but extermination ends an old Kentucky feud.  
Many carpets are like autumn leaves, they turn in the fall.  
Lightning strikes without the assistance of a walking delegate.  
A woman may think a man is a genius before marriage, but she calls it by some other name afterward.