

A Fantasy.
What is a girl's life, pray?
A little garden space
Within whose every spring
She sees her beautiful face;
Where she is sole possessor
Of all she hears and sees,
From the chirping of birds in summer
To the honey of the bees;
How wreaths and strings of pearl
All belong to the happy girl.
And what is a boy's life, pray?
A quiet, shady nook,
Where he has nothing to do but play,
Nor ever read a book;
A kingdom of contentment,
Which every hour discloses
Some new delight of sense and sight,
A rich inheritance of joy
That crowns with light the happy boy.
We might be more than happy
And lead such perfect lives
If all of us were children, wives;
But boys grow and girls grow,
Together or apart,
Till some day each discovers
The other has a heart.
This halves their joys and doubles their cares
And ends in wrinkles and gray hairs;
In the hands that toil for bread,
The trouble above the dead.
What can we do, then? Nothing more
Than those who begot and bore us;
They make our lives before us
As theirs were made before.
Madness flying and madness pursuing;
Then hey! for billing and cooing;
And ho! for wooing and winning.
The world will never mend,
Love was before the beginning,
And will be after the end.
—Richard Henry Stoddard.

Past Her Usefulness.
By ANN D. WALKER.
Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
Dear grandma, with her locks of snow,
Her pious face, her loving tone,
How sorrowful, how lost and lone,
We'd be without thy presence dear,
Who tries to comfort and to cheer
In every dark and gloomy hour,
Her loving heart it gives the power.
Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
Each kindly smile she doth bestow,
Like sunshine on a darksome day,
That time we note that furrowed brow,
That frame which age has bent to bow,
Her head so white with winter's snow,
We feel new love within us glow.
Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
We would not dare to say 'twas so,
Our hearts might grow all hard and sore
Were it quite empty, grandma's chair.
We think upon her feet all worn,
With journey full of sleep and thorn,
We view her pale and wrinkled hand,
And touched to tenderness we stand.
Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
She rocks the cradle and to fro,
Dear grandma faithful watches keeps
While baby on the pillow sleeps.
Winter and spring, we softly say,
Evening and dawn of day,
Baby a bud of promise sweet,
Grandma the head of ripen'd wheat.
Past her usefulness, no, ah, no,
We're sure it never can be so,
We sleep her in a warm embrace,
We print a kiss upon her face,
We think on all that she has done,
We view the victory nearly won,
And softly cry, we cannot bear
To have it empty, grandma's chair!

A Shattered Illusion.
I know not if 'twere chance or fate
That brought the maid and me together;
At table d'hôte one night at eight
Our talk began about the weather.
We had no introduction—no—
But this display of lack of breeding
Our seats were next each other, too,
It was a natural proceeding.
She dressed in stunning English style;
Her hair was neatly coiled and braided,
"All dressed up," I thought, "in Britain's isle
If home for eyes so softly shaded!"
Our rambling chat that waxed space
Was interspersed with frequent "fancies."
I'll deny the "fancies" grace
Of "reality" slipped betwixt her glances.
Still something nameless made me doubt
Her being truly, truly British,
Yet when one little phrase slipped out,
With horror was my bosom smitten,
"I guess—she could not call it back."
And laughed to hide her sweet confusion.
Oh, lovely Agamemnon!
To shatter thus my fond illusion!

Ye Cannibals and Ye Missionaries.
A cannibal lived on a cannibal isle,
And was thinner than this could be;
His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat,
His head rattled round in his number-five hat,
And he left no mark on the sand where he sat,
Oh, a woful sight was he!
A dismal sight was he!

Now, there came to this island from over the main
A landable missioner and forty-three pound,
His paunch and his jaws and his tonsure were round,
And he left a mark when he sat on the ground
Just two-and-a-half feet by three.

But the moral I'm trying to teach in my song,
You soon will be able to see,
For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite—
He learnt from the heathen the thing that was right,
And one Sunday morning, as soon as 'twas light
He ate up the cannibals! Yes, he did—
He ate up the cannibals!

Oh, the Wretch.
"My darling, you do not bestow upon me
So much affection as you did before we were
married," remarked a puting bride of four
years to her husband. "Don't I?" he
replied. "No, Charles, you do not; you
pay very little attention to me." "Well,
my dear," observed the wicked husband,
"did you ever see a man run after a street
car after he had caught it?"

Suited to the Occasion.
At the barracks.
"How goes it, sergeant?"
"Pretty well, Major, only I'm hungry
as a horse."
"Orderly, have a bale of hay sent around
Sergt. Brown's quarters."

Nautical.
"The manner in which the English are
buying up our breweries is getting to be a
serious matter."
"That's so. With the lager beer schooner
departing the last vestige of our American
shipping."—Boston Transcript.

A fox at Horbling, in Lancashire, Eng-
land, was compelled to retreat from her
earth, owing to its flooding by heavy
thunder-rain. She proceeded to bring her
cubs out one by one into a field, where she
was observed by two men. Then finding
that escape with the four was impossible,
she deliberately attacked her own cubs and
killed them one after the other, after which
she hastily scampered to a neighboring
covert.

DUE TO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

An English Physician Reports a Death
From this Cause.

A phenomenal occurrence, nothing less
than the spontaneous combustion of the
human body, is claimed to have taken place
recently. Dr. Booth reports the case as
follows in the *British Medical Journal*:
On the morning of Sunday, February
19th, I was sent for to examine the remains
of a man, age 65, a pensioner of notoriously
intemperate habits. I found the charred
remains of the man reclining against the
stone wall of the hay loft. The main
effects of combustion were limited to the
corps, and only a small piece of the adja-
cent flooring and the woodwork immediately
above the man's head had suffered. The
body was almost a cinder, yet retained the
form of the face and figure so well that
those who had known him in life could
readily recognize him. Both hands and
the right foot had been burnt off, and had
fallen through the beam into the stable
below among the ashes, and the charred
and calcined ends of the right radius and
ulna, the left humerus and the right tibia
and fibula were exposed to view. The hair
and scalp were burnt off the forehead, ex-
posing the bare and calcined skull. The
tissues of the face were represented by a
greasy under, retaining the cast of the
features, and the incinerated mustache still
gave the wonted military expression to the
old soldier. The soft tissues were almost
entirely consumed. On my return from the
work, later on, I found that the bearers
told me that the whole body had collapsed
when they had tried to move it on a mass.
From the comfortable recumbent attitude
of the body, it was evident that there had
been no death struggle, and that, stupefied
with all the whisky within and smoke with-
out, the man had expired without suffering,
the body burning away quietly all the time.

Children's Luncheons on Excursion.

I offer the experience of one family hop-
ing it may be of use. Our children had not
lived many years before we were convinced
that grown people cannot judge of the ap-
petite of the young, so we resolved that
they should never be denied food when
they asked for it, and concluded that good
brown bread was least likely to hurt them.
I do not think we should have allowed a
child to eat all the time, but we were never
troubled in this way. When the children
were young we had a large three-seated
"carry-all," into which we used to pack
and drive to woods or streams within ten
miles, and spend as many hours as they
were interested and happy. A can of milk,
dry bread and fruit was the only lunch
they ever had or wanted. Visitors who
sometimes went with us used to think
it rather unkind treatment, till they
saw with what hearty appetites the
bread was eaten and realized how
harmless bread crumbs are. One afternoon
their father took two of them, about 6 and
8 years of age, to another part of the
country, and, returning, had to wait a few
minutes at the Broad street station. The
children complained of hunger and were
taken into a restaurant, where the waiter
vied with their father in offering tempting
cakes. In vain, nothing suited; till, some-
what out of patience, their father asked,
"Well, what do you want?" "A piece of
bread," was the meek reply, and the waiter
had a very disgusted expression as each
child turned away with a half loaf of bread
and a contented face. Even small children
can be taught that eating in public is
scarcely permissible, but plain bread, prop-
erly eaten, annoys others as little as any-
thing can. Would it not be a good idea for
grown people, too, to look upon their
picnics and days of "outing" as oppor-
tunities to enjoy the country, to get exer-
cise and fresh air and to be satisfied with
bread?—*Illustration in Philadelphia Ledger.*

Drawing the Credit Line.
Merchant Tailor.—I am sorry to say it,
Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your
wedding-suit, I must demand cash on deliv-
ery.
Mr. Goodheart.—Eh? Why, I've had
had an account with you for years, and I've
always paid promptly to the hour, the very
hour, sir.
"Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a
bachelor and had the handling of your own
money."

A Poser.
The modern child is an analyst. The
small kid was playing with the scissors and
his kindly old grandmother chided him.
"You mustn't play with the scissors,"
said dear old lady, "for you just like you
who was playing with a pair of scissors
just like that pair and he put them in his
eye, and he put his eye out, and he never
could see anything ever after."
The child listened patiently and said
when she got through:
"What was the matter with his other
eye?"

An Unpromising Match.
Mrs. Henpeck.—My dear, you will make
a sad mistake if you marry Mr. Meak.
He has no beard, and he wears a wig.
Daughter.—What difference does that
make?
"Huh! You try managing a husband
with no hair of his own, and you'll find
out."

A Pardonable Sin.
Editor's Wife.—I wonder what can be the
matter with Mrs. Smith; she hasn't re-
turned my visit yet.
Editor (absent-mindedly).—Perhaps you
neglected to enclose a stamp.

Long-Distance Vision.
He—May I see you home?
She—Is your eyesight good?
An Unexpected Development.
Sick-doctor.—Oh, doctor, what ails me?
Doctor.—I am surprised to find that you
have brain fever.

Mathematics has its oddities.
The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives
44,444,444,445. Reversing the order and
multiplying 123,456,789 by 45 a result
equally odd is obtained—5,555,555,505. Is
that curious or isn't it? And there is
plenty more where that came from.

About a year ago the Dakota farmers
began to import cats to destroy the mice in
the wheat fields. Now they have got all
the cats they want, and are howling for
bootjacks.

HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.

A Novel Courtship Ends in a Happy
Marriage.

It is not often in this generation of self-
reliant and independent young men, that
the son will allow the father either to
choose or pay much attention to his own
choice of a young lady for matrimonial
purposes. But Mr. Edy S. Haviland, of
Boston, Ont., had faith in his father's
excellent judgment, and will now
pin that faith tighter than ever
upon this paper, for he has re-
cently married the girl of his father's
choice and thinks he could not have done
half so well for himself. It appears that
some time since, Willis Haviland (the
father), who is a member of the religious
sect called Plymouth Brethren, was
on Manitoulin Island preaching, and
while at Manitoulin met a Miss
Maggie Elliott, young, amiable and good
looking. He fancied her for a daughter,
his son in correspondence with her.
Acquaintance ripened into some sort of a
tender affection, and an engagement and
wedding followed. The young man, who
is but 22 years of age, had never seen his
betrothed, but he went for her about the
first of this month, married her and
brought her to his home in Boston about a
week ago.

The reception was pleasant to all con-
cerned and the newly married couple had
several incidents of their trip to relate
that were amusing. The difficulty in pro-
curing a marriage certificate was their
trouble, but that was overshadowed by
the exchange of Mrs. Haviland's trunk,
containing besides clothing, the certificate
duly signed, sealed and delivered. She
has a trunk full of gentleman's apparel
that she would like to exchange for her
own. The young people received a large
number of lovely presents, and the bride
has already found that there are warm
hearts in Boston open to her. May their
lives be long, happy and prosperous!—
Brantford Expositor.

CLEANING CLOTHES.

How to Restore the Freshness of Worn
Clothing and Make it Like New.

It is a mystery to many people how the
scourers of old clothes can make them
almost as good as new. Take, for instance,
a shiny old coat, vest or pair of pants of
broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The
scourer makes a strong, warm soap-suds,
and plunges the garment into it, souces it
up and down, rubs the dirty places, if
necessary puts it through a second suds,
then rinses through several waters,
and hangs it to dry on the line. When
nearly dry, he takes it in, rolls it up for an
hour or two, and then presses it. An old
cotton cloth is laid on the
outside of the coat, and the iron passed
over that until the wrinkles are out; but
the iron is removed before the steam comes
to rise from the goods, else they would be
shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are
removed by laying a wet cloth over them,
and passing the iron over that. If any
shiny places are seen, they are treated as
the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while
the full cloud of steam arises, and brings the
nap up with it. Cloth should always have
been used specially for it, as if that which
has been used for white cotton or woollen
clothes, lint will be left in the water, and
cling to the cloth. In this manner we have
known the same coat and pantaloons to be
renewed time and again, and have all the
look and feel of new garments. Good
broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear
many washings, and look better every time
because of them.—*American Analyst.*

The Idol of the Town.

The most popular song in England just
now is monopolized by the London idol,
Miss Vesta Tilley, and is entitled
"Bachelors." Miss Tilley is a drawing
favorite both for herself and her manager.
For him she draws all the dances of
the metropolis to spend their money
in the music hall, and for herself she draws
£200 to £250 per week. The song runs as
follows:

I want a girl of flesh, not stone,
(Chorus—So do I!)
Whose heart will beat for me alone;
(Chorus—Oh, what joy!)
A tender, pure, impulsive maid;
(Chorus—Hard to find!)
A comforter when sorrow comes;
(Chorus—Brave and kind!)
A John Bull's daughter like her dad;
(Chorus—Good and true!)
Until I find one I shall search England through,
Chorus—And I'll not go away to Yankeland
To seek out there a lady's heart and
hand!
An English girl, if win her love you
can,
Is good enough for any Englishman.
Another chorus to this song touches
rather heavily upon the matrimonial com-
bination of Prince Henry of Battenberg
and Princess Beatrice:

Had I been born a handsome German Prince,
I might have been a sea-law long since;
The royal maid of thirty-six I'd splice,
By doing it for half Prince Henry's price.

Bobby's Disappointment.
Bobby had been playing on the porch
while his mother was calling within. She
suddenly appeared at door with hostess
ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts
into tears and cries:
"Mamma, ain't you going to stay to
lunch?"
"No, dear."
"Boo-hoo-hoo—well, you said you
would—boo-hoo-hoo."
(Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-
taking.)

Devy.
Mrs. De Style.—Were you at church last
Sunday? I didn't see you.
Mrs. De Fashion.—I see you.
"Did you? How did you like my new
bonnet?"
"Oh, it was perfectly lovely! It came
from Paris, I'm sure."
"Yes, my dear friend, Mrs. Devout
smuggled it in for me."—*New York Weekly.*

A Brilliant Idea.
Hardware Dealer.—Now, Mr. Rusticus,
there's a quick one I call a bargain. That stove
has a quick oven, and the draught is so
arranged that it will save one-half your
fuel.
Mrs. R. (who is a student of economics)
—La sakes, pa! why not get two and save
all the fuel?

The Cincinnati street railroad company
is putting in an electric motor plant. The
tugging horse on the street car must go.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

News from Rome states that the Duchesse
of Acosta has given birth to a son.

Owing to the dry weather in Manitoba
there promises to be great scarcity of hay
this year.
Sir John Macdonald will start on July
3rd on his usual summer trip to Dal-
housie, N.B.

The Austrian budget for next year in-
cludes an estimate for the formation of 14
heavy batteries.
Advices from Pangani are that the
Arabs have rejected Capt. Wisemann's
terms, and that an attack is imminent.

The weather in Paris is very fine, and
Canadian and American visitors to the ex-
hibition are flocking there in great numbers.
A later despatch from Newcastle, N.S.W.,
says all the miners in the pit except two
were rescued. The two bodies were re-
covered.

The members of the American Society
of Civil Engineers in Paris visited the
Eiffel tower and were entertained by M.
Eiffel the other day.

The members of the Right in the French
Chamber of Deputies have issued a mani-
festo protesting against the actions of the
Republican majority.

The Customs Department has seized
\$9,000 worth of goods at Montreal belong-
ing to the Vacuum Oil Co., of New York,
on the alleged ground of undervaluation.

The Prince of Wales has sent to the Lord
Mayor of London £100 towards a fund to
be used for the expenses of English
patients who are treated by M. Pasteur at
Paris.

Frank Woodruff has commenced a suit
for \$19,500 damages for libel against the
proprietor of a Chicago dime museum who
has on exhibition a wax "figger" of the
horse thief as one of the accomplices in the
Cronin murder.

The Toronto police made a vigorous
attempt yesterday to capture the burglars,
or some of them, who have been infesting
the city lately. The streets were specially
patrolled and two crooks caught after a
smart chase, during which several shots
were fired.

The evictions on the Ponsby estate
were continued on Saturday. The evicting
party encountered strenuous opposition,
and a number of arrests were made. A
mob which tried to rescue the prisoners
was dispersed by the police with their
batons. Several persons were injured.

A despatch from Shanghai says that
Russia has occupied Deer Island, in Corea,
as a coaling and naval depot. There is a
man-of-war or war there, and nobody is
allowed to land or leave without a permit
from the admiral. The possession of the
island gives Russia great advantage over
England.

A Rome despatch to the Standard says
Archbishop Fechan, of Chicago, having
made a long report to the Vatican through
Cardinal Simoni on the criminal acts of
the Clan-na-Gael, the Pope has given
instructions that power be granted
the archbishop to take whatever measures
he may deem opportune to declare the
Clan-na-Gael in opposition to the Church.

It was recently discovered that a plot
was being concocted among the convicts in
Kingston Penitentiary to revolt and gain
their liberty, and on Saturday by the
advice of Sir John Thompson a number of
soldiers were placed in hiding with a view
to contingencies. The fact that the plot
was known, however, in some way got to
the ears of the malcontents, and the
expected denouement did not take place.

Two girls, aged 17 and 19 respectively,
arrived at Buffalo on Saturday from
Johnstown, where they had been deprived
of friends and food by the terrible flood.
They were penniless and destitute of pro-
ceeding to Almonte, Ont., where they had
friends who would care for them. The
flood sufferers' fund at Buffalo not being
available for that purpose, State Officer
Winpeare sent them on at the expense of
the State.

At an Imperial Federation League meet-
ing in London on Saturday night, Sir
Charles Tupper, after admitting that the
federation idea was now received in
Canada with as much enthusiasm as in
some other colonies, suggested the holding
of a convention, representing all parts of
the Empire, to consider the question of
federation in all its bearings. He urged
that one result might possibly be the
adoption of an Imperial fiscal policy benefi-
cial to the Empire as a whole. Lord Herschell,
the Chairman, in the course of his speech,
remarked that, if such a convention be
held, it must be at the desire of the colonies.
Mr. Rankin, member of Parliament
for Leominster, afterwards urged Canada
to take the lead in pressing for a conven-
tion such as suggested by Sir Charles
Tupper.

Ten thousand quinine pills form one of
the New York contributions for the Johns-
town sufferers.
Nothing great was ever achieved without
enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

A laborer named Thomas Murphy was
killed at Quebec yesterday afternoon when
working on shipboard, by being struck on
the head by a piece of timber.

William Lyman was brutally assaulted
at Windsor by a colored man named Henry
Williams on Monday afternoon, and died
Tuesday at Harper Hospital, Detroit.

The West Peterboro County Orange
Lodge has passed resolutions condemning
the action of the Grand Lodge at Goderich
in reference to the Jesuits' Estates Act.
Two miners of Dortmund, in Westphalia,
Germany, have just been sentenced to
seven years' penal servitude each for using
revolvers on the occasion of the disturb-
ances growing out of the recent strikes.

Nine families were evicted at Youghal,
Ireland, yesterday. Among those dispos-
sessed was an aged woman named Sweeney,
to whom the last sacrament was being
administered when the evictors arrived.
Mrs. Sweeney was subsequently re-in-
stated.

Torrential rains, accompanied by thunder,
have swept over Heese, South Westphalia,
Nassau and Thuringia, Germany. The
storm extended east to Saxony and south
to Bavaria. Serious damage was done to
corn, hay and fruit crops. Several persons
and a large number of cattle perished.
At the inquest at Armagh into the cause

of the railroad accident near there last
week, representatives of the Irish Northern
Railway Company, on whose road the
disaster occurred, announced that the com-
pany would accept all liability for the acci-
dent and was prepared to consider all
claims for damages on account of loss of
life and injuries that might be presented.

Some time on Tuesday night Mrs. Boyd
and Miss Thompson, accompanied by A.
Symonds and John Gillespie, left Blyth for
parts unknown. Mrs. Boyd leaves a husband
and six small children behind her. She
took advantage of her husband's absence at
work in the country, leaving her six small
children all alone to do for themselves as
best they could. The youngest is not two
years old.

Word has reached Montreal of a terrible
drowning accident that took place some
days ago on the River Rouge, at the joint
log drive of the Ottawa Lumber Company
and Hon. J. K. Ward. In order to save
portaging, a foreman named Emery Cote
and two young men—one a French-Cana-
dian named Monte Bello, and the other an Indian
named Barnaby Shawen, tried to descend
the mountain rapids in their canoe. The
craft, which was rather heavily laden with
utensils, provisions, etc., ran on a rock and
was smashed to pieces. Cote got ashore,
but the other two were drowned. The
Indian Barnaby, though only about 24, was
one of the best canoeists on the river. He
is described as an exceedingly fine fellow,
and was the only support of his widowed
mother and her family, who live in Ar-
rindel township.

The impression prevails in Ottawa official
circles that the Jesuit Incorporation Act
will not be referred to the Supreme Court.
The Dominion Government has been
notified of the discovery of an anthracite
coal mine at Canmore, N.W.T.

Mr. Robert Flynn, of Arden, late Warden
of Frontenac County, was thrown from his
buggy and picked up unconscious. Death
is feared.

In the Montreal Episcopal Synod recent-
ly the motion condemning the recent
Jesuit legislation was carried, without de-
bate, by a vote of 70 to 29.

A youth named Dore got entangled in the
machinery in the Mountain Grove saw mill,
near Brockville, and had his legs so crushed
that both had to be amputated.

O'Donovan Rossa and Wilber Hendrick-
son, of the *United Irishman*, were arrested
at New York yesterday on a charge of libel
preferred by Patrick Garfield Cassidy.

An unknown man, aged about 20 years,
was found drowned in the river at
Leclercville, county of Lotbiniere, Que., on
Monday, by the crew of the tug Boston.

Mr. Winstanley, a Protestant Home
Ruler, has been privately selected for
nomination as the next Lord Mayor of
Dublin. The nomination is equivalent to
election.

It is reported that Mr. A. P. Ross, ex-
M. P. for Cornwall, has been appointed
superintendent of the Cornwall Canal, in
place of Mr. Macdonald, who will be super-
annuated.

The crop outlook in the vicinity of
Ottawa, where there are low lying lands, is
not bright. Potatoes have suffered the
most, and in some districts will be a
total loss.

The Orangemen of Medicine Hat,
N.W.T., are appealing to their brethren
throughout the country for ten-cent sub-
scriptions to furnish and provide nurses for
the Medicine Hat General Hospital.

The Dominion Line steamship Montreal,
which arrived in Quebec on Wednesday,
was the first vessel to come through Belle
Isle Straits this season. She came through
on Sunday, 18th inst. The straits are clear
of ice, but there are numerous icebergs
scattered about.

A young man named John Archambault
was drowned in the Ottawa River, near
Aylmer, Que., yesterday morning at
Breckenridge. It seems he started out intend-
ing to shove along the float wood he col-
lected, and it is supposed took a fit and
fell in. He was 23 years old and leaves a
wife and one child.

At Chambly Canton, Que., yesterday
morning three men and a boy started fishing
from a boat. A heavy gale came upon them
and the boat filled with water and went
down. Alex. Rivers, his son and Louis
Savard were drowned. The other man
managed to keep afloat for ten minutes
when assistance arrived and he was
rescued.

Alfred Cousin, switchman, M.C.R. yards,
St. Thomas, met with an accident on Wed-
nesday evening of a serious and painful
character. While coupling two cars his
left hand was carried into an Amos coupler
and ground to a shapeless mass. He was
carried to the Railroad Hospital and the
hand amputated above the wrist. His
relatives reside in Cayuga.

Arthur Rushton, the 11-year-old son of
Mr. Robt. Rushton, boilermaker, Hinks
street, St. Thomas, while watching the
Salvation Army parade on Wednesday
evening, was run over by a rig, both wheels
of which passed over his head and neck.
He was picked up for dead and hurried into
Duncombe's drug store, but was restored to
consciousness after some time. He has
sustained severe scalp wounds and other
injuries.

A Sure Cure for Consumption.
One of the "sure cures of consumption"
sold in Philadelphia was analyzed and
found to consist of rum, molasses and ex-
tract of dandelion.—*Rochester Democrat.*
Well, what of it? If that won't cure con-
sumption, what will?—*Buffalo Courier.*

What Might Have Been Expected.
"And how did Blifkins become insane?"
"By absurdity. He slept for three
months beneath a crazy quilt."

Andrew McFarlane, landlord of the
Crawford Hotel, Windsor, died of heart-
disease at 8 o'clock Friday morning,
leaving a widow but no children.

An American, now in Liberia, writes
that he saw on a single Sunday one mis-
sionary and 50,000 cases of gin linden-
ary?

Hans Christian Andersen, according to
Mr. Gosse, was a peculiar and decidedly
unpleasant child. The genius of the youth-
ful Andersen was stimulated by weeding in
the garden of a lunatic asylum and by
venting little tales for the benefit of the
old ladies in the neighboring poorhouse.