and sent to jail in default of bail. A futile effort to rescue them from the officers was made.

CHILDREN DROWNED.

WINDOM, Minn., Nov. 16.—Two children of Rev. Gleason, Methodist minister, aged eleven and fourteen years, were drowned in the Des Moines river yesterday. The boy breaking through ice while skating, and the girl evidently thinking she could save him ran to the house near by and gave an alarm, then back to the river, and ran in after her brother.

TERRIBLY FATAL COLLISION.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—A disaster, by which seven persons lost their lives, occurred at 6 o'clock this evening, on East river, opposite South Fifth street, Williamsburg. The barge Signal, loaded with barrels of sugar, had been taken in tow and was proceeding on the way toward the bay, when she was run into by the steamer City of Worcester. The barge head was stove in. The steamer received slight injuries and proceeded on her way, while the barge was taken in the direction of Brooklyn navy yard, the nearest point. There were on board at the time Capt. Wm. Taylor, his mother, wife and three children. Also two deck hands. The barge filled rapidly and sank before the shore was reached. Those in charge of the tug observed the barge going down, and quickly turned the vessel about and steamed in the direction of the sinking craft. Owing to the darkness it was found difficult to distinguish objects in the water. Hearing cries for help they were followed up, and Capt. Taylor was rescued. His mother, wife, three children and the deck hands were nowhere to be seen, they evidently having been carried down to the bottom of the river by the sinking barge. The cause of the accident could not be learned this evening, but it is supposed that the force of the tide was miscalculated.

SUICIDE.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Nov. 16.—J. B. Tensley, of Knoxville, Tenn., a stock trader, presented a forged note to the Cleveland bank to-day, and when discovered shot himself through the head, dying instantly.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 16.—Martha Robinson, colored, was arrested to-night for a a horrible crime. She heated a stove red hot, stripped the clothing from her child, aged two and a half years, and laid it on its back on top of the stove. After a time she took the child off the stove, carried it to a factory near by, laid it in the hallway and left it. The cries of the child were heard by officers who arrested the woman. When asked why she committed the crime she said because she wanted to get rid of the child. It will die.

SEEKERS AFTER HEALTH.

Unfortunates who are seeking to renew their health, are many. So often have they been deceived by the advertisements of worthless compounds, that many are discouraged, and refuse to believe anything they read in the papers. Therefore, the best advertisement of a really good medicine is the reputation it has gained in the places where it is being sold. No other remedy ever discovered has grown so rapidly in public favor as that true medicinal tonic called Brown's Iron Bitters. In localities where its extraordinary merits have become fully known and realized by those who have been in ill-health, the sale is unprecedented. One druggist in one city reports the sale of 238 bottles in one week. It is, indeed, a wonderful, health-giving, life-saving preparation. It is soothing and refreshing in its effect, and strengthens every part of the body, and creates a healthy appetite and a healthy digestion, even when the system is almost destroyed by the many hurtful cathartics, now so commonly used. Reader, beware! duty demands that you try Brown's Iron Bitters, if your health is poor from any cause whatever.—*Enquirer.*

Canada and the Queen.

I remember a curious incident that happened in Canada in connection with the British national anthem. In one of my lectures I describe the pathetic abandonment of state ceremony at Sandringham, while the Prince of Wales lay sick there of what threatened so formidably to be a fatal illness. The audience listened spell-bound. I uttered the sentence: "The Queen strolled up and down in front of the house, unattended, in the brief interval she allowed herself from the sick-room." Suddenly came an interruption. A tall, gaunt figure in the crowd uprose, and, pointing at me a long finger on the end of a long arm, uttered the word "stop!" Then, facing the audience, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, this loyal audience will now sing 'God save the Queen!'" The audience promptly stood up and obeyed with genuine fervor, I meanwhile patiently waiting the finale of the interlude. When it had finished, I proceeded with my narrative, and, as a contrast to the sorrow of Sandringham, depicted the happy pageant in St. Paul's Cathedral on the thanksgiving day for the Prince's recovery. It is the custom in Canada to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the chairman rose and uttered the usual formula. Again the tall, gaunt figure was on its legs. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose an amendment to the motion. I move that the lecturer be requested to repeat that portion of the lecture referring to our gracious sovereign." And repeat it I did.—*Archibald Forbes.*

How Weapons First Came to Be Employed.

The idea of employing weapons for assault or defense was a logical result of the first contest that took place between man and man. In these contests the strongest man, with his native weapons—his fists—was unconsciously the father of all arms and all armed strength, for his weaker antagonist would early seek to restore the balance of power between them by the use of some sort of weapon. The shorter-armed man lengthened his striking power by the use of a stick, and found, after a time, the help its leverage and weight afforded him. The first case in which the chance-selected heavy-ended staff or club showed that weight or hardness had its value, was a first step toward furnishing it with a strong head. Hence, the blow of the fist was the forerunner of the crushing weapon In the same way the pointed stick became the lance or dagger; and the thrown shaft, helped, as knowledge increased, by the bow or "throwing stick," was the precursor of the dart and arrow. The character of the first weapons was largely determined by the nature of the material from which they were derived, and their shape partly from this and partly by copying the forms of the weapons possessed by the animals the primeval men slew. Hence arises the general similarity in character and shape of the earliest tools from all parts of the world.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The princess of Wales, now in her 38th year, is described as looking scarcely a day older than when, on March 10, nineteen years ago, she stood at the altar by the side of her young husband.

Man's Relation to the Lower Animals.

Since many writers opposed to the practice of experiments on animals have based their objections entirely on moral grounds, and thus made the question of vivisection an ethical one, I have been anxious to know what laws they have discovered for our guidance on this vexed subject. They discourse on cruelty, on immorality and on rights of animals; but these expressions are so vague that they fail to afford any basis for legal or public action, or, if there be any attempt at definition, it is with the object of making these terms conform to a foregone conclusion on the very point under discussion. Thus it is constantly asserted that physiologists feel at liberty to torture animals at their pleasure, without regard to the "higher dictates of humanity" or to the "laws of morality." It is thus implied that there exists among the public some principle of conduct toward the lower animals which has no place among experimenters. They speak as if, standing on a higher platform, and beholding all creatures from a superior position, they could frame a code of laws which should have due regard to the rights of animals, and govern our own conduct in all our relations to them. This position is altogether fallacious; man cannot disconnect himself from the animal world, and cannot define its rights. It must, therefore, be abandoned as altogether untenable, and the subject discussed from a totally different standpoint. Our relation to the animal world can only in a very qualified sense be regarded from an ethical point of view; much in the same way as eating and drinking may be spoken of as questions of morality when moral considerations exert their influence over the amount and kind of food which we consume; this, however, cannot hide from us the fact that the subject of digestion is fundamentally a physiological one.

The duty of man toward animals, as an abstract question, is from its very nature insoluble; it can only be partially answered on the grounds of expediency, and these will vary according to age and nation. We should, rather, ask what is our relation to the lower animal world, and in what place in that relationship can moral considerations come into force? In endeavoring to form a judgment of this relationship, we must take facts as we find them, for the attempt at an explanation is trying to solve the riddle of our existence, and leaves us still with "the burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world."—*Dr. Samuel Wilks, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Drillers of Oil Wells.

The men who drill oil wells become wonderfully expert at their work; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only those who are very expert can get work. A correspondent who has watched the process thus describes a driller's skill: "He has spent years learning his trade, and learns something new with each well he drills. He knows the stratification of the earth more minutely than any geological books teach, and he can tell how near the bit is to the oil-bearing sand by the little particles that cling to it when he takes it out, or by the few grains of gravel washed out of the bailings. With his hand upon the cable he marks its quivering as delicately as a physician with his finger on a patient's pulse, and by the faint variation of the tremor understands what the bit is doing, sometimes almost half a mile down the narrow hole. The style of different drillers varies as does the handwriting of different men, or as the touch of players upon the piano. They know each other's peculiarities, and an experienced driller can frequently tell who is in a derrick without seeing him if he is allowed to watch the work awhile, or, what is more important in these days of mysteries, if he knows the driller he can guess the depth of the well within 100 feet if he gets his eyes on the outside machinery for a short time."

Johnny's Voice.

How pleasant it is to gaze on the innocent amusement of happy childhood! There is little Johnny playing beside the newly-painted fence. He draws his dainty finger over the moist surface, making beautiful arabesques and undecipherable hieroglyphics that would set an antiquary into hysterics of joy. Johnny's new suit is made picturesque by its borrowings from the fence, and his face and hands are effectually disguised in the pigment. Happy, careless, innocent childhood! And here comes Johnny's mother. How eagerly she seizes her darling! How closely she hugs him in her fond embrace! Now she has disappeared with her darling within doors. What are those sounds that issue thence? It is Johnny's voice. Is he laughing merrily over the remembrance of his recent sport? Possibly; but it does not sound like laughter. Again we say, happy, happy childhood!—*Boston Transcript.*

European Hotels---The Outstretched Palm.

One would think, from the exact way the dinners are gotten up and served on the continent of Europe, that this meal had been prescribed by a congress of nations and could not be violated in the least particular. During my time on the continent my dinners were all exactly alike, to the minutest particular. I did not see during all this time any bread but sea biscuit; not a baked or boiled potato; not a cake or fruit pie of any description; not any cooked fruit; not any baked meat, except veal; not a cooked egg, except boiled; not any puddings, butter, pickles, cheese, tea or coffee. You will ask, what did I have? Dinner was always as follows: First, sea biscuit; second, soup; third, fish; fourth, baked veal cut in slices; fifth, peas or string beans; sixth, boiled chicken sliced up cold; seventh, lettuce, eighth, strawberries. No two of the above dishes were on the table at the same time. You are required to be just so long and no longer in eating each dish. At the ringing of a little bell the table is cleared and the next plate is served, and so on till the end is reached. If one does not take the dish as passed he has to wait until the next comes along.

The hotel charges are make up as follows: So much for the use of the room, so much for chamber attendance, so much for soap, so much for candles (no gas is burned in the sleeping rooms), so much for towels, etc., etc., each being a separate charge. The meals are upon the European plan. Most always my bill was "stuffed."

I speak truthfully, I think, in saying that every waiter, clerk and officer has his hand stretched out for a gratuity from every one he comes in contact with. When I left America I resolved I would not submit to the demoralizing practice, but, when I found I was neglected on every hand on account of not conforming to this custom, and I found the small amount it required, I tumbled from my lofty position, and became an expert, so the travelers say, in this disgraceful business. It has become such a custom that no traveler will receive any favors if he does not drop pennies into these outstretched hands. It is a contemptible practice but "they all do it."—*Judge Chatterton, in the Lansing Republican.*

Wonders of a Drop of Water.

Says Prof. Rymer Jones: "Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from the rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under the microscope. You will find therein countless living beings moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up. Increase the power of your glasses and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the others were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious, and equally ted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eyes to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale." Says another authority: "If a drop of water in which animal or vegetable matter is decaying be placed upon the object-holder of a microscope of adequate magnifying power, say 200 diameters, it will be found to swarm with living beings in active and incessant motion. They vary in size from 1-100 of an inch, when they are just within the limit of unassisted vision, to a minuteness which it tasks the power of the glass to detect. These are infusoria; they abound in every ditch, pond, lake or river, are equally numerous in salt as in fresh water, have been found in thermal springs of high temperature, and in the melted snows of the Alps and the Andes; in short, wherever water and decaying vegetable or animal matter exist, these infusorial animals will be found in vast numbers. There is no doubt that they are often drawn up into the atmosphere in watery vapor and borne to and fro by the winds. Many forms are not deprived of life by complete desiccation, and may therefore be mingled with the dust, and in this condition carried about by the winds to resume their active vitality so soon as they chance to fall into water. The suddenness with which they appear in water, even distilled water, when exposed to the air, furnished the advocates of spontaneous generation with one of their strongest arguments."

The Wool Market.

Eastern advices represent the wool market steady, with a fair demand from manufacturers. In fine washed fleeces the feeling seems to be somewhat stronger than it was in the early part of the month, from the fact that wet and chilly weather has delayed shearing in Ohio, Michigen, etc. The probability is that all the fine fleece now in the markets will be wanted before the new clip is available. We do not, however, notice any appreciation in quotations. Walter Brown & Co., Boston, say in their latest circular that the demand there is confined to fine and the better medium grades of wool, low medium and coarse being in light request for the present wants of manufacturers. It is now clearly indicated that this season the mills will run on goods requiring finer grades of wool, and these will doubtless meet with quick sales at fair prices. The market is closely sold up on unwashed wools of the grades now in general use among manufacturers, and new clips, as they arrive, are quickly taken for consumption at full quotations. The reports from Kansas and other Western points mention the lighter condition of the wool this year, and their averaging some pounds less to the fleece than they did last season. This falling off in the weight, in a great measure, is probably due to the high price of grain during the past winter, causing the growers to feed less corn to their sheep than usual. Corn feeding in winter makes wool, but at the same time it makes yolk as well, and adds to the shrinkage of the wool when cleansed for working at the mill. Manufacturers buy all wools on an estimate of the cost clean, and in this respect are ready to give due credit to lots of superior character, and will pay the value in the grease, which the merits of an improved condition will warrant.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Nickel Coins.

The small coins of the German empire are the finest in the world. Everything from a 5-pfennige piece—which is the equivalent of an American cent or an English ha'-penny—to a half mark, which is 50 pfenniges, is of nickel, pure and bright almost as silver, far purer than the American coinage. A project is under consideration at the French Ministry of Finances for abolishing altogether the bronze coins now in use. The substitute will be nickel, which is already in use in Germany and in Belgium for coins of small denomination. The peculiarity of the French coins, however, will be that they will be of octagonal shape, in order that they may not be confounded with the silver pieces now current. Models of 5, 10 and 20 centime pieces in the new style have already been struck.

Father of Chaldean History.

Berosus was a Chaldean priest who lived in the time of Alexander the Great and his immediate successors. He translated the history of his native country, Chaldea or Babylonia, into the Greek language, and dedicated the work to Antiochus, one of the Greek Kings of Syria. He professed to have derived the materials for his history from the archives of the temple. We know of his work principally through the fragments of Polyhistor and Apollodorus, two writers of the first century before the Christian era, who are quoted by Eusebius and Lyncellus. The history embraced the myths and traditions of the early ages, a description of Babylonia, and a chronological list of its Kings down to Cyrus. His earliest historical date is placed by Rawlinson about 2458 B. C., and he speaks of 132 Kings who reigned between that time and 538 B. C. The historical chronology of Berosus is to a degree confirmed by the inscriptions which have been discovered in Babylonia and Assyria, and, as far as they touch upon each other, by the Hebrew records. It is generally accepted as tolerably authentic by scholars.

Taken at His Word.

A Maine grocer who had just "experienced religion" acknowledged in the meeting that he had been a hard sinner, cheating customers by adulterating his goods, etc., but, being converted, would repay any one he had wronged. Late that night he was awakened by a ring at his door-bell. Looking out he saw a man. "Who are you and what do you want?" he asked. "I'm Bill Jones. You said to-night you would repay those you had cheated. Give me that $100 you've owed me so long." "Can't you wait till morning?" "No; I ain't going to wait till then and stand in line all day." He was paid.—*Boston Post.*

THE KING OF BEASTS.

A Lion Hunt in South Africa—A Perilous and Exciting Sport.

[From Good Words.]

During the night lions have been prowling about and keeping up a hideous roaring, so I hurry away in front, with the prospect of meeting one strolling home in the gray light of the early hours. The air is raw and cold, so I march at the double-quick and recklessly thrust my hands to the bottom of my pockets in the happy consciousness of not being in Regent street. My two usual attendants in my hunting excursions have considerably shriveled up and developed an ashy complexion unpleasant to behold, as they slink along shivering with cold, and doubtless envy me my pockets. We soon got a considerable distance ahead of the caravan, and began to keep a sharp lookout for game. Several herds are descried at a distance; but, not caring to go far out of the way, we leave these unmolested. Matters, however, do not become more promising, and we begin to conclude there is to be no sport this morning. Just as that thought shapes itself, down sinks the guide in a crouching position, while he excitedly whispers, "A lion! a lion!" Instinctively we follow his example. After a hurried glance at my rifle I cautiously raise my head. Looking in the direction indicated by my guide, I am mortified at seeing, already fifty yards off, a fine lion leisurely bounding away through the long grass. Rising erect, I fire precipitately. The lion, unharmed, simply pauses for a momentary stare, and then continues its course. Grinding out an expression of intense vexation, and yielding to the impulse of the moment, I rush after the animal in hot haste. My servants, less eager and more wise than I, remain where they were. It never occurs to me that I have only the remaining cartridge of my double-barreled rifle for a possible encounter with the enemy.

The movement of the lion can only be traced by the shaking of the grass, and with eye intently fixed on that I dash on, pell-mell, tripping, stumbling, and gasping for breath, while my heart palpitates with the excitement of the chase. We thus keep up the race for about 300 yards, when all at once the shaking of the grass ceases, reminding me that I must proceed with much more caution, lest I rush abruptly into the fervent embraces of his leonine highness—a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated, seeing I have no ambition for the world's reprobation and a warning epitaph. Moving on very stealthily for some time, I suddenly emerge into an open space and as suddenly halt transfixed; for there stands the lion at a distance of a little more than fifteen yards, with its side toward me, and evidently awaiting my approach.

The momentary shock gives place instantly to a strange feeling of exultation. With such a splendid opportunity for a shot I am sure of my game! Mentally, as by a flash, I picture myself exhibiting the trophies of the encounter to an admiring troop of friends. I level my gun and bang! it goes. To my infinite surprise, mortification, and, as I think, against all the laws of reason, there is neither the grand death spring nor the last tragic roar. Unwounded and undaunted there stands my dangerous antagonist, "staring upon the hunter!" It takes one or two seconds to let the grim realities of the situation dawn upon my imagination.

Only too evidently the tables are turned upon me. I have no ammunition, and I dare not flee. To "fix" him with my eye unfortunately does not occur to me as practicable. On the contrary, I have a very distinct consciousness that he has "fixed" me, and that I should not be ungrateful for some convenient tree from which I might try the fascination of the human gaze. Thus for a little space, which to me seemed hours, we stand face to face. The lion seems uncertain what to do, but finally resolves to treat me with contempt. Turning with dignity, he gives one or two powerful bounds and disappears in the jungle, while I, limp and bedraggled, return to my men.

THE statistics of the colony of Victoria, in Australia, prepared by Mr. Hayter, the Government statiscian, show how completely the business of gold-digging has subsided into a regular pursuit, offering what in the colonies must be considered very humble remuneration. The value of the gold obtained in 1880 per miner was a trifle under $410, representing only about twenty ounces. The number of men who are content to follow this branch of industry amounts to 33,568, which, though much less than the 63,787 who were at work in 1869, is still a large number in a population of only about 800,000.

WE all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—*Epictetus.*

A REMNANT of the once powerful Pequot race still maintains a tribal organization in Connecticut. Schaghticoke, the ancient seat of this people, is situated in the town of Kent, under the Schaghticoke mountain, in the middle of the valley of Housatonic. Schaghticoke now consists of six little, brown, clapboarded, one-story houses, tenanted by some seventeen persons, and the whole tribe numbers about fifty. The reservation of 300 acres comprises Schaghticoke mountain, valuable only for timber. Vinnie, the aged Queen of the tribe, is nearly white, earns her living by basket-making, and is a member of the nearest Congregational church.

Soon after Sir Henry Rivers took orders he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a bishop. "Indeed!" said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the seas."

Lightning struck a Nevada man the other day, while he was swearing. It would, however, take a mighty smart stroke of lightning to hit a Nevada man when he is not swearidg.

A minister reproved some boys for swimming on Sunday, and was told by one of the urchins that he had always been taught that Sunday was the Sabbath day.

The London Truth says that in some of the smaller western cities of America there are more telephones than there are at present in England. Now we know why the call it merry England.

A Cambridge, Mass., man arrived in a frontier villiage lately, just as a gang of cowboys had "taken the town." His first exclamation was "Have you folks a college here already?"

A WITHERED ROSE.

I gave you all your gifts again—
The books, the pictures and the ring—
You only had this withered rose;
You said it was "a worthless thing.

"As worthless as a woman's heart,"
And, sneering, flung it at my feet;
I, laughing, stooped and picked it up;
"Poor rose," I cried, "you once were sweet.

"I mind the time I wore you, too,
Among the laces on my breast,
Until, when whispering good-night,
pinned you on my true love's breast.

"My true love," I could say no more;
My traitrous eyes would overflow.
I turned aside; you caught me close,
And then, ah, well! you did not go.

And so, I think you understand,
Nowhere in all this world can be
A flower so dear as this dead rose,
Because it gave you back to me.

And always now about its leaves
A subtle perfume seems to cling,
Sweeter than any rose exhales
That even June herself can bring.
—*Mrs. E. V. Wilson, in Inter Ocean.*

The Summer Fallow.

The summer, or bare fallow, was formerly considered the best method of preparing land for the wheat crop. The exposure of the soil to atmospheric and other influences for a whole season has an excellent effect, but it is not necessary. A crop may be grown, and, if rightly attended to, the succeeding grain crop may be as good as when preceded by a season of fallow. The good results of a season of fallow are the most excellent upon clay land. The mechanical texture of the soil is improved by the frequent plowing and stirring, thus opening the soil for the free entrance of the air, and the better circulation of the soil-water. These mechanical improvements facilitate the decomposition of some of the constituents of the soil, liberating potash and other essential elements of plant-food from the locked-up and insoluble chemical compounds of the soil. The ammonia of the atmosphere, which enters the soil with the rain, is more readily absorbed, and, last but not least, the vegetable matter in the soil is more quickly and thoroughly decomposed, and thereby made available for sustaining the growing plants. All these points are gained by a summer fallow upon a heavy clay soil, but with a light soil there is no such demand for mechanical improvement, and no corresponding advantage gained in a chemical point of view. Nearly all that can be gained by a year of clean culture is obtained by a hoed or root crop. With it the weeds can be killed as effectually as in the fallow; the soil will receive enough culture to make it sufficiently open for the circulation of air. There will be a large gain in the amount of nitrates and other valuable nitrogen compounds. In the fallow these are formed during the hot months of the year, and, being very soluble, are washed out of the soil by heavy rains, while, if there is a crop, the nitrates, etc., are taken up as food, and stored away, to be used for some succeeding crop. Beside, the root crop will furnish a large amount of excellent food for the farm stock, and finally yield a quantity of valuable manure, to be returned to the soil. With a root crop introduced into the rotation, there is seldom a demand for a summer fallow.—*American Agriculturist.*

Gossip About Salt.

Nothing that we eat is more valuable than salt, nor could anything except bread be more missed. Animals, in fact, will travel distances and brave great dangers to obtain it. On the coast of Sierra Leone brothers will sell their sisters, husbands their wives, and parents their children for salt. In the distance of Acra, or the gold coast of Africa, a handful of salt is the most valuable thing on earth, after gold, and will purchase a slave or two. Salt with the Bambers is such a luxury that to say of a man, "He flavors his food with salt," is to imply that he is rich. No stronger mark of affection can be shown in Muscovy than the sending of salt from the tables of the rich to their poor friends. Spilling salt was held to be an unlucky omen by the Romans, and the superstition has descended to ourselves. Leonardo de Vinci availed himself of this tradition in his famous picture of the "Lord's Supper," to indicate Judas Iscariot by the salt-cellar knocked over accidentally by his arm. When we say of a lazy fellow that "he does not earn his salt," we unconsciously allude to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a "salary" who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt wherewith to save the food by which he lived. This salary comes from salt—and in this view of the word how many there are who do not "earn their salt."

Webster's Brother.

The widow of Ezekiel Webster, brother of the "God-like Daniel," is still living at Concord, N. H., at an advanced age. Ezekiel was almost an exact counterpart of his illustrious brother, and was regarded as the abler young man of the two. He fell dead while arguing a case before a jury in court at Concord in 1828.

A Messianic expectation has much to do with stirring up the late Egyptian war. The more superstituous Mahommedans expect El Mehdi, their Messiah to come to earth Nov. 12, and re-establish the Saracenic empire, only on a broader scale than ever before. But that consideration had less weight with the simple peasantry of the delta and the wild rovers of the desert than Arabi anticipated. It is too late in the history of mankind to stir up a holy war. The crusades and the thirty-year war are not likely to be duplicated, in any way or to any extent, at least not in the evening of the nineteenth century.

That is a queer old chap, the Bishop of Melbourne, Australia. He has taken a taste of things practical, we should imagine, and likes them. A committee from the church waited on him, asking that he publicly denounce the use of tobacco and liquor. To which he answered bluntly: "I walk my twenty miles a day for the good of others, and when I am tired I take my glass of wine and smoke my pipe of peace." And wonderful to relate, he actually refused to denounce the theater or pray for rain. What's to be done with such an unreasoning "critter."

The destructive waste of petroleum in the region where it is produced has long attracted public attention. It is not within reasonable belief that the reservoirs of petroleum are inhaustible, and yet owners of wells and refineries act as if they were, and by their wastefulness and selfishness seem to care tittle for the generation to follow them upon the earth. The destruction of forests and probable exhaustion of petroleum beds would seem to demand some kind of legislation, if the earth is to be kept as a living place for our children's children.

Straight tickets—No rebate, $3 to Chicago by the popular Albert Lea route.

CLOTHIERS.

Money Saved is Money Made.

THOSE DESIRING TO BUY

Good and Substantial Goods

For the Least Money,

Should by all means call at the

NEW YORK ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE

CORNER OF THIRD AND MINNESOTA STS.,

Where you will find the largest stock of Winter Clothing for Men, Boys and Children in the city. Don't forget the place, as it is money in your pocket.

Standing Treat.

No American custom causes more general surprise and amusement among traveling foreigners than that which is known in our saloons as "treating"—consisting in the entertainment of two or more with refreshment, for which one volunteers to pay. It is pure Americanism; all over the republic it is as common as in Europe it is unknown. There is probably no minute of a day in the year when two or three hundred citizens of any large city are not guzzling something stronger than water at somebody else's expense.

The casual meeting of two men who have never exchanged a word together is a signal for both to instantly exclaim: "Come, let's have something!" and for both to dive down into the nearest subterranean cavity below the sidewalk. The one who spoke first always insists upon "paying the shot"—the word "shot" being a metaphorical reference to the deadly character of the contents usually taken into the stomach. If two friends meet, the regular thing to say first is, "Let's drink to old times," and the resident must invariably "treat" the stranger.

If there is anything more absurd than the habit, we are unable to put our finger upon it. Men do not always "treat" each other to car tickets because they happen to meet on the same seat. We never saw a man take out his pocket book on encountering a new acquaintance and say: "Ah, George, delighted to see you! Do take a few stamps! It's my treat!" Do men have a mania for paying each other's bills? And is drinking together more "social" than eating together or sleeping together?

A traveler may go all over the continent of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, without seeing any man except a Yankee offer to "treat," and the Frenchmen are quite social enough, but when they turn into a cafe to sip their wine or brandied coffee together, each man pays for his own. When two Germans long separated meet, they will be very likely to embrace and then turn into an adjacent beer cellar, sit down and drink and eat pretzels and chat, but when they part again each man settles his score independently. So in Italy. The Italians are probably merry and generous, but each man pays for his own wine, macaroni and cigars. They would as soon think of transferring each other their washerwoman's bills.

The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for the terrible drunkenness in America. There would be little need of temperance societies and little work for Good Templars if this pernicious and insidious habit was abolished. It is, taken all in all, the most ridiculous, the most unreasonable and the most pestilent custom that ever laid its tyrannical hand on civilization.—*Exchange.*

Strange but Common Facts.

That an occasional meal away from one's own house, and at another's table, relishes better than any at home.

That people should ask to be delivered from "sudden death," and never pray to be spared a lingering die-by-inches exit.

That when men cease to believe in the Divine, or think they do, they begin to bow down before something human—or inhuman.

That a man will travel for miles, agonizing at every step from a bit of gravel or a sharp and obtrusive peg in his shoe, before he will stop and take it out.

That a man never knows what a weak, fickle and uncertain master he has in himself until he is at perfect liberty to govern his own life and do just as he pleases.

That when a poet or a philosopher dies a dozen men and women try to kitetail themselves to his name and write themselves into fame by telling all they know about him.

That so many people forget the weather experienced last year, and declare they "never saw such a summer as this before." No, never. What, never? No, never.

That histories written fifty years ago assert how the people of that time were living "at the apex of knowledge and enlightenment," which remark is sometimes repeated to-day.

That, when a philosopher or scientist puts forth some new idea, all the wool gathering, the guesses, and his maunderings, afterward written by him about, around and concerning that idea or truth, or semi-truth, as the case may be, are often, by his admirers, regarded as most important and sacred words.

MRS. ANNA KINGSFORD, M. D., appeared at the vegetarian conference at Birmingham, England, in clothing no article of which involved the death of an animal. A Regent street cobbler succeeded in making for her a pair of shoes—looking like those worn by other people—wholly of vegetable materials.

WANT of good sense is the worst of poverty.

At their beautiful home in Fremont, Ohio, ex-President Hays spends most of his time reading and writing in his library, and Mrs. Hayes delights in looking after her poultry-yard and the elegant flower garden that adorns the lawn. They usually have some friends or relatives living with them, and transient visitors and sight-seers are always cordially welcomed.

The once famous, fashionable, and popular preacher, W. H. H. Murray, familiarly known as Adirondack Murray, is now in Texas running an unprofitable saw-mill and roughing it generally. The good people of San Antonio do not withold his name from association with scandal, and altogether he finds his career of apostacy miserably unromantic.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

ST. PAUL BOOK & STATIONERY CO. 127 EAST THIRD

CHOICE BOOKS!

IN SETS OR SINGLE VOLUMES.

AND

Holiday and Juvenile Books

AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Our Annual Bargain List will be ready in a few days. Send for one.

PLUMBERS.

GAS FIXTURES

Kenney & Hudner

Nos. 105 West Third Street.

Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Common Council of the City of St. Paul on the 5th day of December, 1882, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. for permission to erect a wooden building 38 feet wide and 90 feet long, on south ½ of lot 2, block 26, Rice and Irvine's addition to St. Paul.

Nov. 9, 1882.

CORLIES, CHAPMAN & DEAKE.

THE WORLD'S ATLAS.

Rand, McNally AND CO.'S Indexed Atlas of the World.

Historical, Statistical, Descriptive and Illustrated by 251 Colored Diagrams.

To be had only by Subscription in Advance of Publication through the Authorized and Recognized Agents of the Publishers.

RAND, McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Extracts of a few of the testimonials from Gov. Rusk, Wis: It should be found in every house, school and library in the land.

Ex-Gov. L. Fairchild, Madison: It is most admirably arranged and as complete as possible.

President Bascom, University of Wisconsin: It holds in a convenient and full form the geographical and statistical knowledge of our time.

President Chapin, Beloit (Wis.) College: I am impressed with the fullness and accuracy of the information embodied in the work superior to anything of the kind heretofore published.

Prof. Beach, Beloit, Wis.: The vast amount of information, evidently collected with the greatest care and conveniently arranged makes it very valuable as a work of reference.

Hon. Robert Graham, State Supt. Public Instruction, Wisconsin: In the interest of education I have placed this work in the list for school libraries. I have not seen and do not know of the existence of a superior as a work of reference for teachers and students of the higher grade.

Hon. D. L. Kiehle, Supt. Public Instruction, Minnesota: I concur in the estimate placed upon this work by State Supt. Graham and recommend it with confidence to teachers and school boards of Minnesota.

Hon. W. H. Chandler, Secretary "Board of Regents of Normal Schools, Wisconsin:" It is quite a complete historical, geographical and statistical library of itself, for a book of reference for the private library, for the student or business man it is without a rival and for all public schools it is indispensable.

Dr. Lyman C. Draper, L. L. D., Secretary of Wisconsin Historical Society: I heartily concur with Mr. Chandler in his commendation of Rand, McNally & Co.'s Atlas.

Rev. Dr. M. G. Hodge, D. D., Janesville, Wis.: I have not before met anything which I regard as having nearly equal merit as an encyclopedia of geographical knowledge, the admirable arrangement for the speedy finding of any desired item and extent of its statistical information are worthy of all praise.

The Rev. Dr. Geo. Bushnell, D. D. Beloit, Wis.: I know of nothing to be compared with it as a book of reference for business men, students or families.

Rev. J. McLean, Beloit, Wis.: It places before the eye as in a beautiful painting the most interesting features of our own country and all other countries.

Rev. C. H. Richards, Madison, Wis.: I regard it as the most complete and satisfactory work of the kind that I have seen.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Agent for St. Paul and Minneapolis,

C. SIDGREAVES,

No. 167 East Third Street, St. Paul.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—District Court, Second District.

Nekoline Tamargo vs. Sandaleo Tamargo.

SUMMONS.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer to the complaint in this action, a copy of which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court, in the city of St. Paul, Ramsey county, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office in the city of St. Paul, Ramsey county, Minnesota, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her said complaint.

Dated St. Paul, Oct. 24th, 1882.

S. L. PIERCE,

Plaintiff's Attorney, St. Paul, Minn.

Oct 25-Wed-6w.