ROWING ROGUERY.

THE HANLAN-COURTNEY SCULLING MATCH.

Beautiful to Look Upon, But a First-Class Swindle---Telegrams of Sporting Men Showing that Courtney Sold the Match--Comments of the "Spirit of the Times" With Evidence of the Fraud--Miscellaneous Sporting Events.

The Water.

HANLAN-COURTNEY MATCH.

MONTREAL, Que., Oct. 3.—Fully 10,000 people witnessed the Hanlan-Courtney race to-day. Hanlan won the choice of position and took the outside, thereby getting the lee of Isle of Dorval. Sheriff Harding formally announced the judges appointed by the contestants, that he should call out the men by four whistles from the steamer. This occurred about 4:15 P. M., and after waiting some little time, during which Hanlan and Courtney were notified, the steamer proceeded from the dock to a point near the contestants' quarters where the signals to come out were given. They were obeyed with alacrity, the Canadian champion being first to make his appearance. He was followed without delay by his antagonist.

Both men as they passed towards the starting point were heartily cheered, and as they approached the press steamer they were closely scrutinized. There was a striking contrast between the two men. Hanlan was fair, with a clear, bright skin, while Courtney was dark and tawny as an aborigine. They were both in splendid condition. With considerable dexterity they wheeled their boats into line, the latter being immediately taken hold of and held by the parties stationed at the starting buoys. A few moments' delay occurred while the judges' barge was being placed in position, after which the referee asked "if they were ready." "Aye, aye," having been answered the signal was given at 4:56. The men dipped their sculls together and sent their frail shells forward with terrific force, Hanlan making thirty-one to Courtney's thirty-three strokes to the minute. They appeared to be taking it easily for the first half mile, a waiting race seemingly being determined upon.

Up to the first half mile buoy no perceptible difference could be discerned. The men were pulling a slow and steady stroke, Courtney, especially so. Their style of rowing was somewhat similar, the American being a little jerky as compared with his rival's full, easy and graceful sways. Before reaching the half mile signal boat Hanlan drove the nose of his craft in advance of Courtney s shell. He maintained this position until he passed that point, when the red flag went up indicating Hanlan's supremacy so far. Cheers from the Canadians on the press steamer greeted the appearance of their favorite colors.

The next half-mile was a repetition of the first, Hanlan, making some beautiful and effective sweeps, still maintained the lead. The mile was done in seven minutes. Passing into the second mile the surface of the water was rather more ruffled, in consequence of which both men steered for the lee isle course.

When close to land and in calm water Courtney made a determined effort to overhaul his opponent and succeeding, drew in advance, placing at least a boat's length of daylight between them. Hanlan had eased off to about twenty-five strokes while Courtney made thirty-one in long slow strokes. They competed for some distance, Courtney slightly increasing his advantage.

Rain now began to fall briskly, but did not last more than a few minutes. As the contestants passed the small speck of land called Dixie's island, they were again neck and neck in the race, but on approaching the two mile signal boat Hanlan drew to the front and passed about a length and a half ahead. Time of second mile, 9 minutes.

At Isle Dorval Courtney rowed a temendous stroke, steering straight for his turn buoy, but having diverged very much by getting under the lee of the island, Hanlan obtained a slight advantage and drew almost imperceptibly ahead, turning his rounding buoy in 21 minutes 25 seconds from the start, Courtney only about five seconds behind. Both men lay to their oars, and with any amount of vim strove to obtain an advantage, but unsuccessful.

At this time only about the length of a boat and a half separated them, their boats being nearly abreast the press boat, which had laid to whilst they passed the buoys. On their return they swept past in magnificent style, each one bending to his work with a will, and nerved by the cheers of spectators the third mile was completed in 9 minutes. Very little change took place in the fourth mile, which was done in 6 minutes, the men pulling with all their might.

At the commencement of the fifth and last mile Hanlan took the lead, pulling thirty-three and Courtney thirty-six to the minute. Coming down the home stretch some fine skill was displayed, but both men created considerable consternation among their backers by veering too much to the south and rendering it necessary for both to recover ground. Hanlan eventually came in winner in 36:22.

Before reaching the goal Courtney stopped rowing to avoid a foul, having got into Hanlan's water. The latter's time from turning the buoy, two and a half miles coming down the stream, was 14 min. 50 sec. The race was adjudged to Hanlan by a length and a quarter. The winner rowed alongside Courtney and shook the gallant American by the hand very warmly, amid loud cheers from thousands of spectators. The veteran referee declared that it was the most magnificent race he had ever seen.

THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES'" VIEW.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The *Spirit of the Times* in an editorial on the Courtney-Hanlan race, written before the result was announced, says: "Writing Thursday noon, with the possibility that the race will have been rowed before this reaches our readers, we can only comment on the facts now before us, and we regret being compelled to say this, that which should have been the greatest sculling match of the century, and an epoch in aquatic history, bids fair to result disgracefully. In Montreal, and in New York city, and even at Auburn, the odds are $100 to $30 on the Canadian, and thousands of dollars of Hanlan money go begging for want of takers, few being willing to back Courtney even at these ridiculous figures. The performance of the men need no recital here. Hanlan is confessedly the best man ever known in Canada, and Courtney is easily the fastest sculler that the United States has produced. There is little chance between their records, and no man who has carefully and intelligently studied their history would offer $100 to $90 on either. If ever two men made a match where betting should have been even, this was such a race. Until Monday night both parties demanded odds, and this fact was so well known that the Canadian newspapers appealed to the patriotism of their readers and urged them not to belittle the reputation of their champion by asking odds, but to come forward like true Canadians and bet dollar for dollar on our Ned. Both men are in good health, are perfectly suited with boats and sculls, and ready and able to row as fast as they ever did in their lives.

A friend of Courtney, who had been backing him heavily here, became alarmed Wednesday, and telegraphed him asking if anything was wrong. The answer sent Wednesday evening, after the race had been postponed for that day, was: "Shall win if I can, and am confident I can. Charles E. Courtney."

In the face of these facts the odds on Hanlan had since Tuesday morning increased not steadily but suddenly, and probably until now $100 to $25 finds no response. Of a party of gentlemen, who had been backing Courtney in this city, two went to Montreal Tuesday night and next morning telegraphed his friends to hedge out immediately and go the other way; we are all wrong.

We saw a Wednesday night telegram from a New York sporting men now in Montreal to their partners here, which read as follows: "Bet all you have and can borrow on Hanlan. Go broke on the little fellow. The other is settled. Back Hanlan to any amount at any odds on joint account bank of Canada. The New Yorker is squared. Everything on Hanlan. Any odds. The race is a stiff."

All this can have but one meaning: The men who send these dispatches and bet their money have, or think they have, a sure thing. Courtney could get into his boat with his overcoat and beat Plaisted, yet on May 15th, when Hanlan and Plaisted rowed, his own neighbors refused to bet more than three to one. Morris would stand no chance with Courtney, yet when he and Hanlan rowed June 20th the odds were only $100 to $70. Yet now, when Hanlan meets the king of scullers the odds are $4 to $1 and no takers. No possible improvement of the one man and falling off of the other could have made such a change. No good rowing shown by Hanlan and poor rowing by Courtney at Lachine could make such betting. Some persons have hired Courtney to this race or else a job has been arranged with or without the connivance of Courtney, by which his boat, or outriggers, or rowlocks, or sculls will be doctored, so as to break down at the critical moment.

The class of men who were, Wednesday evening, pushing into the New York pool rooms, pointing $100 to $35 on "the little fellow," do not bet their money on a fair hazard, and certainly think they have a sure thing. We firmly believe Courtney to be honest and true, and if there is any rascality in this race it has been arranged without his knowledge or participation. He is now paying the penalty of a great reputation, and in a position compared to which the tortures of the inquisition would be child's play. He is matched against a man who is undoubtedly a wonderful sculler, a man who is thought by many good judges to be the best in the world and who has beaten with ease every man he ever rowed against; yet if these rumors are all false, if the race is rowed fairly and honestly and Hanlan should win it on its merits, Courtney could not, should he live a thousand years persuade one-tenth of the American people that he did not deliberately sell himself and friends to a gang of thieves for the good name of the American people.

For the best interests of rowing everywhere and for the reputation of a man we cannot think other than honest, we sincerely hope the race may be finished without accident or foul and that Courtney may prove winner. This result and this only can, under present circumstances, clear up this affair and confound the robbers.

COURTNEY'S SELL OUT.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—A special to the *Herald* says: Auburn, the home of Courtney, is in a ferment of excitement over seemingly well-founded stories that the Courtney-Hanlan race has been surely sold to the Canadians. Suspicions were first aroused by receipt in Auburn of two contradictory dispatches. One of Courtney's main supporters at Lachine, telegraphed several Auburn gentlemen that Charley was certain to win, while a brother of the same backer received a dispatch to bet on Hanlan sure. This leaks out and sets the betters to thinking. The brother before mentioned immediately began offering heavy bets on Hanlan, which tended to strengthen suspicions that all was not fair. One person who professes to know all about the alleged bargain, says of the put-up job: "The Hanlan party admitted that their man stood no show with Courtney, and the only way possible to get a match on was to sell the race. Courtney didn't dare to do this at home, and the race was therefore fixed for Montreal. Courtney was to have $4,000 of the purse offered by the citizens for losing the race, and in order to prevent him giving gamblers the double cross he was required to place this entire sum on Hanlan. With other bets he could make on the sure thing, he would be in a fair way of making a fortune. A letter from Courtney to his brother is also mentioned in which he states he could beat Hanlan with ease but advises him to place his money on Hanlan. There are other circumstances which are said to corroborate this story. The excitement is at fever heat and everybody is willing to bet on Hanlan and nobody on Courtney. It is impossible to hedge and the duped sporting men are going to the stakeholders and protest against giving up the money every minute. The condemnation of Courtney, even among those who have stood by him in all his previous trials, is open and bitter.

LONG SCHOONER VOYAGE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The schooner yacht Okoresta of Cleveland, Capt. F. W. Edmunds, arrived in the Hudson river yesterday afternoon, after a voyage of nearly twelve months. The Okoresta is thirty-five feet long and nine feet beam, carrying a gaff topsail. It is the intention of Capt. Edmunds to stop in Hoboken for a few days at least, after which he will sail to Troy and from there to Buffalo via the Erie canal. From Buffalo the course will be continued down Lake Erie to Cleveland, Capt. Edmunds' home. He expects to arrive there about the 20th inst. The Okoresta started from Cleveland, O., Oct. 15, 1877, down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, through the Gulf of Mexico, Mobile Bay, and the Gulf of Pensacola to Florida; thence to Philadelphia and New York. The voyage is the longest ever made by any yacht of her dimensions.

Didn't Buy the Mule.

Found on Ninth Street, in front of the Bazaar, he was showing the man the bay mule that he was working in a team with the old gray.

"You warrant him sound, and perfectly kind and gentle?" the man said.

"Precisely," said the farmer John. "My wife and children drive him, and he is a perfect pet. Comes into the house like a dog."

"Easy to shoe?" asked the man.

"Well I guess so. Fact is, I never had him shod. I don't believe in it; he works better without it," said farmer John.

"How does he act when you put the crupper on?" asked the man.

Farmer John hesitated. "Well, pretty good, I guess," he said; "fact is I never put it on."

"How does it get on?" asked the man; "who does put it on?"

"Well, I kind of don't know," said farmer John; "fact is, he had the harness on when I got him, an' it fit him so well, an' he seemed to be so kind o' contented in it, like, that I sort of never took it off'n him."

"And how long have you had him?" asked the man.

Farmer John chewed a straw very meditatively.

"Well," he said, "not to exceed more'n two years, mebbe."

And the man backed a little further away, and said he would "sort of look round a little further before he bought, like." And farmer John never saw him again, not even unto this day.

ADELPHI E[illegible]ON

Further Particulars of the Steamboat Disaster---The Death-Roll Increased to Twelve.

SOUTH NORWALK, Sept. 28.—The following is from the South Norwalk *Sentinel*, extra: The boiler of the steamer Adelphi, just as she was towed down to approach the dock at Gregory Point this morning, exploded with terrific force, tearing away the main deck, the boiler hatch and a portion of the saloon on the port side, instantly killing several and precipitating others into the water. The bodies have not been found. The boat left her dock at this city about the usual time, and had probably 200 passengers on board.

Capt. Holton was in the office at the time of the explosion.

The body of Mr. Hoyt was picked up 150 feet from where the calamity occurred. Some of the most heartrending scenes took place. One passenger recognized his mangled wife from whose mouth the blood spurted. The burned suffered terribly and their groans are harrowing. Physicians were prompt in attendance.

THE ADELHHI

is an old steamboat which formerly belonged to the North River Stemboat company, but for the past two years has been plying between this city and Norwalk. R. Cornell, while president of the New York and Norwalk Steamboat company, which owns the Adelphi, says he has been in the steamboat business more than thirty years, and that this is the first accident that ever occurred to one of his vessels. He said he bought the Adelphi last May from the receiver of the Hudson Steamboat company, of New York. It was a very good boat was built in 1856, at Albany, and had a new boiler built in 1865. The Adelphi was inspected the 25th of June and pronounced safe in every particular. She was 624 tons burden, her length 200 feet, her breadth 22 feet, and she was 8½ feet deep. Her longitudinal seams were double-rivited instead of single. Her Captain is Geo. Holton, and she had for engineer J. A. Howland, both said to be very trustworthy men in their respective positions. Mr. White has gone to Norwalk to see that every care is given to the wounded, and to arrange for a proper disposition of the dead.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

The Adelphi had on board about two hundred passengers at the time of the disaster. The engineer says he had a pressure of thirty-eight pounds, and when he closed the engine he gave orders to the fireman to open the furnace door, and he was about to do so when the explosion occurred. The general expression of those who have examined the fractures is that hanging would be too easy a death for the inspector who declared the boiler capable of safely standing a pressure of forty pounds to the sqnare inch. The break was inside the sheet over the fire box, parting where the sections are bolted, making hinges of the other point.

THE INJURED.

Mrs. Lord was badly scalded, and now lies in a critical condition at the City hotel. She and her husband were returning to New York after a visit to her sister, and Mrs. Boole was accompanying them. Mrs. Boole had on at the time a valuable gold watch, the gift of her husband. This has not been found, and it is reported it was taken from her by a woman who assisted in bringing the body to the Dorton house. She said that she saw the men who was helping her take the watch.

Theo. Raymond, of New Canon, is worse than first reported. His leg was broken and his ankle dislocated. He is at the Dorton house. The proprietor closed the bar-room as soon as the crowd assembled.

THE BOILER.

Shortly after the accident the Adelphi was towed to the dock at Dorton's Point where her shattered hull was viewed by thousands. All through the season there have been doubts as to the safety of the boiler. Some time ago Capt. Holton's attention was called to this fact by the public, who had the certificate of the boiler inspector and inspector of the hull published, both of which declared her in good condition and perfectly safe. The following is the latest list of names of

RAILWAY CROSSING FATALITY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—A sad and fatal accident occurred shortly after half-past 11 this morning at the Long Island railroad crossing at Atlantic and Brooklyn avenues, Brooklyn. It appears that as the funeral of Patrick Duffy was crossing the railroad track a coach in the procession driven by Patrick McNamee was struck by a locomotive. The carriage was crushed with tremendous force against the platform and railing of the station. Miss Mary Redwood, age 16, of 249 Van Buren street, and Mrs. Stephen Callahan, of 66 Montague street, who were in the carriage, and the driver, who resides at 138 Pearl street, were instantly killed. The children of Mrs. Callahan, Teresa, aged 13 years, Cecelia, aged 11, and Thomas, aged 8, were seriously injured. The carriage was completely demolished and one of the horses killed. The following arrests have been made: John M. Gaffney, engineer, W. H. H. Deffenbauch, conductor, and Michael Dunn, flagman.

A German oculist rented a cottage at Cape May, and soon found that he was paying an exorbitant price for it. His landlord was also his milkman. One morning when the milkman came along the oculist looked him in the face and asked: "Vat is the matter with your right eye, my frent?" The milkman said he did not know that anything was the matter with it; but he was frightened. Next morning he asked the oculist to examine the eye. The latter pronounced it very bad, and said that in less than six months that eye would be blind. The oculist treated him, and easily cured him, for there was nothing the matter with him. Then it was a race between the rent and the oculist's bill; but the oculist won.

French Toast.—For a family of five, take five slices of bread—the longer the bread has been baked the better—and have ready a bowl of water into which a pinch of salt has been dropped. Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and thoroughly greese the bottom of a frying-pan, then beat five eggs to a froth; dip each slice of bread into the water then into the egg, and place it flat on the bottom of the frying-pan; pour over the remaining egg which was left in the bowl; set the frying-pan over the fire carefully turning the bread over when it becomes a light brown. Pepper and salt to taste.

A coroner in Arkansas, after empanelling his jury, said, "Now, gentlemen you are to determine whether the deceased came to his death by accidence, by incidence, or incendiary." The verdict was that "The deceased came to his death by accidence in the shape of a bowie-knife."

On a Sheet of Blank Paper.

O virgin page, untouched, unstained,
Without a line, without a blot,
Thou cream-laid blank-faced mystery
Of untold thoughts, of unsung songs;
Who can foresee thy end, thy lot,
Who tell thy future history?

Perchance thou art reserved to bear
The record of a lofty mind,
Whose echo shall defy Time's wave;
Or in the rubbish basket near
Some cruel hand may bid thee find
Oblivion, and a wicker grave.

Or shall, upon thy vacant face,
Some poet write a stirring ode,
Some wonderous lay, some graceful sonnet?
Or shall Miss Jones' fingers trace
Some lines to Madame a la Mode
About the color of her bonnet?

Thou mayst some doctor's mandate bear
For horrid drugs or an emetic;
Or serve to write an I O U;
Some love-sick swain to Dulcinea,
In halting doggerel most pathetic,
May send thee as a *billet-douz.*

Or on thee, haply, shall be wrought
Some picture, to for aye remain,
A masterpiece of tint and line?
Or shall the baser pen and thought
Of Thomas, or of Sarah Jane,
Degrade the to a valentine?

O empty blank! that only craves
A touch, a word, in paint or rhyme;
Thou silent monument of shame
On cowards, idlers, fashion's slaves,
On brains that have no thoughts sublime,
On hands that cannnot give the fame.

What ill destroyed, what good abused!
So ready thou to cheer or pain,
So prompt for blessing or for curse—
And here, half-conscious, as I mused,
I took the paper up again,
And scribbled off this idle verse!

—*Chamber's Journal.*

A Distinguished Visitor.

Peck's Sun.

The *Sun* office is in receipt of many calls, but no more distinguished looking man has been in than the one who came in on Monday. It is a settled habit with us to treat every person cordially, and not to be outdone in anything socially. If a man were to come in with a grievance or a club, and desired, above all things, to erect a head upon the editor, we should receive him with cordiality, give him a check for his club for the time being, set out a bottle of wine, and gradually draw him out on the subject of finance and other great questions, previous to throwing him down stairs. Politeness is never thrown away, and there is no person so humble but that he appreciates a pleasant word, or a cordial shake of the hand. And in these days you can't tell by a man's appearance, what is in him. A tramp may be clothed in purple ink on a fine linen ulster, or the millionaire may be dressed as a tramp. So it is safest to receive warmly, any person who calls. On Monday the door opened and a smiling face peered in. "Is George in?" asked the visitor, and his whole countenance from his chin to his hair, was one good natured laugh of welcome.

As the good natured sexton of the office directed the visitor to our room, we instinctively dropped our writing, stopping in the midst of an editorial, and bottled up ideas that were floating from the spigot at a great rate. The man walked in and sat his box down on our mahogony desk, the brass nails grating the varnish off, and the visitor took our hand in both of his, gazed into our soft brindle eye with a look of mingled love, admiration and devotion. He was a thickset, dark-complected man, attired in a linen duster, which covers a multitude of sins at times. We could not place him, exactly, though he seemed to know us like a book. Squeezing our hand like a woman he said he had long looked forward to this day. He said he expected to see a large fat man, and we must excuse him for being surprised at finding a thin, emaciated, homely man in the editorial chair. He seemed familiar with us, but we couldn't tell where we had met him before. In some respects he resembled a member of the legislature, and then he had the air of a circus agent. He might be a railroad superintendent, or a high officer of the government. Any way, he was a distinguished guest and we bade him be seated. He said he was in a hurry, and he began to open his box, saying that he was introducing an article.

As he fumbled at the lock of the case we wondered what was in it. It might be a case of dueling pistols, it might be a lot of government bonds, or he might be the agent of some millionaire that had died, and left us much money, and it was with anxiety that we awaited the opening of the box.

Finally the top of the burial case became loosened, and the lid flew up, and he said there was a few hundred corns and bunions that he had removed from people's feet, and he wanted to know if we had any to remove. Heavens, what a fall was there, me countrymen! Of all the disgusting sights in the world, a collection of corns and bunions is the worst, and as we reached around for a lemon to ward off sea-sickness, he began to tell about them. He picked up a bunion about the size of a peach basket, and said he removed that from the foot of a young lady living on Van Buren street. If there is one thing we won't stand, it is to hear a man slander a girl, and knowing that the girl mentioned wore a number one shoe, and that she couldn't have raised that bunion unless she raised it in a hot house, we decided to kill him at once, so we touched a wire connected with a can of nitro-glycerine under the chair in which the bunion man was seated, and there was an explosion. Pieces of linen duster were found up by the water-works, and parties who came across the lake on the Amazon said they noticed peculiar looking scales raining down, about half way across the lake, though there was not a cloud to be seen. It was corns and bunions. No one regrets more than we do the necessity of resorting to harsh measures to break up this habit of speaking ill of respectable girls, and when we think how pleasantly he spoke to us, and how glad he was, it causes a momentary sadness, but some one must do these disagreeable things. Peace to his fragments. If the coroner holds an inquest on every bunion and corn that is found, that will be the best paying office in the city.

The Three Coffins.

Three coffins await their final repose
In the ancient cloisters' keeping,
And a brief hour hence the lids will close
On the forms beneath them sleeping.

The first is a King who hath ruled the land,
As his fathers did before him.
A jeweled scepter is placed in his hand
To show how well he bore him.

The next is a chief from the battle-field,
Wounded, and bronzed, and hoary;
By his side are resting his sword and shield,
The emblems of martial glory.

The third is a lowly Son of Song,
With no state pomp attended;
he lay of his lyre hath sounded long
Through the isles—but now is ended.

Hark! what is that at the postern gate,
Like the roar of distant water?
'Tis the foe with bounding hopes elate
Returned to the work of slaughter!

"Ho, King, awake! re-ascend thy throne,
And round thee summon thy sages!"
From the pale mute lips there is answer none,
While the sterm without still rages.

'Ho, Chief, awake! to the tents repair—
In the van lead on thy legions!"
They listen, but all is silent there—
Still and hushed as the polar regions.

From the Poet's coffin a sigh is heard,
And the lyre at his bare feet laying
Starts into life, like the trill of a bird
Whose melody knows no staying.

Tis an old, old theme, but it fires the blood
Of the troops, with none to lead 'em
And they fight as the valiant always should
For the love of their faith and freedom!

When the sun goes down in a radiant glow,
With molten clouds attendant,
The three nailed coffins are now laid low—
The Cross is in the ascendant!

Louis Napoleon.

Louis Napoleon was an attractive child He was mild and intelligent but more like a girl than a boy. He is a year older than I am; when we quarreled he used to bite, not strike. He used to say to me: "*Je ne t' ai jamais battue.*" "*Non,*" I answered, "*mais tu m'as mordue.*" He was shy, and has continued to be so. He hates new faces: in old times he could not bear to part with a servant, and I know he has kept Ministers whom he disliked and disapproved only because he did not like the *embarras* of sending them away. His great pleasures are riding, walking, and, above all, fine scenery. I remember walking with him and Prince Napoleon one fine evening on Lansdowne Hill, near Bath. The view was enchanting; he sat down to admire. "Look," he said, "at Napoleon; he does not care a farthing for all this. I could sit here for hours." He employed me some days ago to make enquiries for him in Germany in connection with his book. Mocquard wrote me a letter of thanks. Louis Napoleon added to it, in his own hand, these words: "*Ceci me rapelle les bontes qu'avait Madame Cornu pour le prisonnier de Ham. Les extremes se touchent, car les Tuileries c'est encore une prison.*" When the Duke of Reichstadt and his own brother lived, he used to rejoice that there were two lives between him and power. What he would have liked better than empire would have been to be a rich country gentleman in a fine country with nothing to do but enjoy himself.—*Mme Cornu Senior's Conversations.*

What the Hired Man Sang.

Gentry was wont to employ a singular method of slackening or quickening the pace of a walking companion to suit his own inclination. "To say," he would argue, "you walk too fast or too slow is unpolite; but to sing softly an air to the time of the walk of your companion, and the by degrees either to quicken the time or make it slower, is as innocent as it is convenient." The principle of Gretry's ruse was well exemplified in the case of the stingy farmer who gave his hired haymaker buttermilk and whey for breakfast, and going to the field heard the man singing in a drawling way,

B-u-t-t-e-r-m-i-l-k and whey,
Faint all day, faint all day;

his scythe keeping time to the tune. The next morning the farmer set a good meal of bacon and eggs before the man, and when he went to see how he was getting on with his work, found his arms going swiftly to "Bacon and eggs, take care of your legs!"—*Chamber's Journal.*

Soap.

Dissolve three pounds sal-soda in two gallons of warm water; slack in a firkin three pounds of good quick lime; add to it the soda solution; stir the whole thoroughly with a stick, and add two gallons of boiling water; stir again and let it settle; pour off the clean liquor in a clean iron boiler placed on the fire, and stir into it six pounds of clarified grease and one pound of powdered borax; let it boil slowly until it gets ropy, about ten minutes' boiling, and pour it into a tub or tight box; this makes a good hard soap for family use; after drying a month or so in a dry room, and cut into bars, it is fit for use.

Work Baskets.—Take wrapping twine or carpet warp, and commence at the centre of the bottom and crotchet round and round, thick and close, in a short, double crotchet stitch, keeping it widened so it is flat, and when you get it as large as you want it, make the sides in shell work. Starch it very stiff, and dry it in the oven, with the door open. Dry it over a flower-pot, vegetable dish, or anything you like. They are very convenient to set on a sewing machine and hold a thimble and thread. If wanted very elaborate, varnish with black varnish and trim with scarlet worsted or ribbon Anyone familiar with a crotchet-needle can readily make one from the above description.

IMPERFECT PAGE