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Communications must reach this office by or before Thursday morning. If they appear in the first issue after they are received, and advertisements must be handed in before Friday noon.

Table of Advertising Rates

Recommended by the Louisiana Press Association for adoption by the publishers of country newspapers in this State, in accordance with advertisements from advertising agents.

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Professional Cards.

STEPHEN FAULK, Attorney-at-Law, RAYVILLE, LA.  
H. F. WELLS, T. N. RHYMES, Rayville, DELHI.  
WELLS & RHYMES, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Rayville, Richland Parish, Louisiana.  
Dr. J. S. BEAZLEY offers his professional services to the citizens of Rayville. Can be found during the day at Drug store, at night at his residence.

J. E. PETERS, Grand Street, Monroe, La. DEALER IN FURNITURE, SASH and DOORS, Window Shades, Children's Carriages, Wagons and Velocipedes. EMBALMER, AND DEALER IN Coffins, Coffin Trimmings, Metallic Burial Cases.

THE AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES. THOROUGH BUSINESS EDUCATION. The Louisville BUSINESS COLLEGE, Corner, No. 406 Third Street. BRYANT and STRATTON. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Short-hand, Telegraphy. For Catalogue, address College as above. DR. J. S. BEAZLEY, In charge of Drug Store, Bennedette St., Rayville, La. DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Pens, Inks Paper, Envelopes, Fine Cigars and Tobacco.

Dr. J. S. Beazley's Sarsaparilla. Health and Strength. "I have taken out quite a bottle of Dr. J. S. Beazley's Sarsaparilla, and I feel better than I have for some time. It has given me a good appetite, and I feel that I am getting on my feet. I have taken it for some time, and I feel that it has done me a great deal of good. I have taken it for some time, and I feel that it has done me a great deal of good. I have taken it for some time, and I feel that it has done me a great deal of good." - Mrs. N. A. STANLEY, Conway, Mo.

The Richland Beacon

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM. VOL. XX. RAYVILLE, RICHLAND PARISH, LA., NOV. 10, 1888. NUMBER 42.

PATENTS!

Obtained and all other business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to for moderate fees. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office and we can obtain patent in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model or drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and we make no charge unless we obtain patent. Refer here to Postmaster, the Superintendent of Money Order Division and to officials of U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own state or county, write to:

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite PATENT OFFICE Washington, D. C.

ROBT. WHETSTONE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, POSTOFFICE - OAK RIDGE, LA.

Will practice in Richland and West Carroll Parishes. Collections a specialty.

DAVID TODD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 179 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.

Will attend every term of the Richland court. All letters about business property answered.

DR. L. LIDDELL, tenders his professional services to the people of Rayville and surrounding neighborhood. His office will be found at his office, formerly occupied by E. C. Montgomery, on the northeast corner of the court house square, or at his residence in Rayville, on the corner of the court house square, on same street, 300 yard south, unless profession lay engaged.

BURNING A WITCH.

A Young Mojave squaw sacrificed to the superstition of her people. The story comes on good authority at Los Angeles of the burning of a young squaw by Mojave Indians because she was accused of practicing witchcraft. The scene of the torture was near the Colorado river in the eastern end of San Bernardino county. For the last two months a strange disease has attacked members of the tribe. Its spread at last became so alarming that the Indians became panic-stricken and slaughtered their dogs and huzzos as a sacrifice to appease the anger of the Great Father. This proving of no avail a council was held.

Every buck in the tribe was present. The medicine men sat around a huge pot, which was filled with herbs, while the backs were squatted in a semi-circle, some distance away. The medicine men watched the steaming of the herbs until the mess had been boiled down to a tea-cup full of liquid. Then a male physician, who was taken from a basket and held in the medicine man while the liquid from the herbs were poured down their throats. The male bird, when refused, flew away. The female bird uttered a few yards and fell helpless and dying on the ground. The medicine men now seemed crazed with excitement. They leaped to their feet and danced, while the bucks sat in sullen silence.

While the medicine men were in the midst of their incantations they declared that there was a witch in the tribe. The female bird had died while the male bird had flown away into the night. This test determined the sex of the evil doer. When the bucks heard the words of the medicine men they became wild with rage. Each brave respected the other of harbor of the witch in his tent or cabin. But a final test was to be made. With yells and imprecations the frenzied Indians drove their women to the place where the white pigeon still lay among the herbs and grasses. The squaws were driven in single file, with the medicine men watching with nervous excitement the face of each as she passed the bird. Finally, a young squaw, the daughter of Creso, a sub-chief, stepped out the ranks and was about to pick up the bird, when the medicine men, with loud yells, seized the girl and pinioned her arms. The unfortunate squaw pleaded piteously for her life, which she seemed to foresee was in peril, but her cries were of no avail, her own relatives assisting in dragging her to the council place. The death of the female pigeon was conclusive evidence that a squaw was the witch. The first squaw to touch the bird was to be guilty one.

The poor girl, who was but eighteen years old, was stripped of her clothes, tied to a stake and a slow fire built under her. For two hours she lingered in awful agony, and while her death screams filled the air the braves danced about the fire and the medicine men muttered incantations. When morning came nothing but the whitened bones of the girl and the black embers of the fire remained about the stake.

The disease from which so many of the Mojave braves died is believed to be malignant typhoid fever. The details of this strange story were brought to Los Angeles by ranchmen who had been attracted to the camp of the Indians by the noises which attended the terrible death of the girl.

A Royal Mountain Climber.

The Queen of Italy spent the last fortnight of August at Courmayeur, which is a favorite resort of her majesty. During her stay she distinguished herself as an Alpine tourist, making five considerable ascents within ten days. Accompanied by two of her ladies and a chamberlain, with servants and guides, Queen Margherita ascended Mount Crémont, which is over 8,000 feet high, and next day went up the Combal as far as the lake, which is at a height of nearly 5,750 feet. Two days later she made the ascent of Mount Saxe, a fatiguing climb of eight hours; and next day ascended Mount Chetif, 9,500 feet high. The most serious expedition was the ascent of Mount Géant, which rises to over 11,000 feet. The first 7,000 feet were accomplished in magnificent weather; then a storm arose, which speedily passed into a hurricane of snow. The visitors at Courmayeur watched with painful anxiety the movements of the little caravan, all tied with ropes, as they became hidden from view by the whirlwind of snow. It was a great relief when two mortar shells announced their safe arrival at the Pavilion Crates. Here the queen passed the night in a miserable little room; she determined next morning to proceed in spite of the weather, and reached the summit. She arrived back at Courmayeur by 6 in the evening, amid the jubilation of the little community.

How a Song Was Written.

Miss Effie L. Canning, a Maine girl, wrote the popular song, "Rock-a-By-Baby." She was at Ocean Spray, a summer resort, and was swinging a child in a hammock on the piazza, when she began singing to it, improvising as she sang. The strain finally resolved itself into the nucleus of "Rock-a-By" chorus. Afterwards, while traveling, Miss Canning thought out in a rough way the words which are associated with the tune. Subsequently she tried to play the tune on the banjo. Her teacher recognized the merit of the composition and advised her to have it published, which she did. The song at once became popular. Since then Miss Canning has composed several songs, and is now at work on an opera, which she hopes to make the success of her life.

Horrible Superstition in Russia.

In Scheberachie, an out-of-the-way town in Russia, a leading Jewish inhabitant died and was buried. A short time afterward his grave was found open, and a little distance off lay his skeleton, from which every scrap of flesh had been removed. The deed was traced to two men of evil repute, who finally confessed that with the flesh cut from the corpse they had hoped to make an ointment which, rubbed upon their bodies, would make them invisible and enable them to commit crimes with impunity.

An Unnecessary Ceremony.

Mrs. Goldcutt—Will you kindly excuse my daughter's delay. Herr Wachtanrain? She is dressing for a German. Herr Wachtanrain (making an evening call)—Oh, matam, it was a pity she should change her dress on my account.—America.

One Way to Keep Cool.

People suffering from contagious diseases should be kept cool by [exclusion].—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

The Lady's Mistake.

A worthy old lady from the west, whose life-long habit it had been to shoulder all the world's burdens, and who never considered herself in any manner, came on a visit to town lately. She enjoyed shopping in the large stores, and liked to go alone, so that she could surprise some of her numerous young relatives with an appropriate gift on her return. But one day the good soul returned empty-handed and heavy-hearted. Her friends had never seen her look so uncomfortable. All gathered about her to find out what was the matter, when she began an explanation of her troubles with—"I wish I could mind my own business. Oh, if I had not meddled! Oh dear! How shall I ever be able to hold my head up again? But, then, this is a big city, and everybody didn't see it?"

"See it? Why, what have you done?" "Well, I suppose I may as well tell you. Perhaps it will make me feel better. I had been looking at some cloaks at White's, and had about decided to buy one for Annie—oh, it was a beauty—when I thought how, as it was an easy matter to straighten it up, I just took it up by the waist and lifted it into position again, when, oh dear! I can't tell the rest—it's too dreadful!"

"Oh, go on! What happened? Did you tear some of its expensive finery?" "No, nothing of the kind, but—it was a live woman, and the look she gave me I shall never forget if I live to see as Methusalem!"

After the burst of uncontrollable laughter that followed this confession was over, one of the nieces said: "Tell us the rest. What did you do next?" "I felt faint and stammered, 'Oh, excuse me!' but I couldn't tell her I had mistaken her for a dummy, and I walked away without buying anything or caring for anything but to get out of sight."—Boston Transcript.

The Cashier Was Sorry.

Once upon a time a man became very much discouraged because his salary was not so big as a tobacco factory, so he borrowed \$300,000 of a bank and forgot all about paying it back. He had neglected to mention to the bank people anything about the matter at the time he had negotiated with himself for the making of the loan.

There came a day when it was necessary, in the regular transaction of its business, for the bank to make use of its alleged funds, and it was then discovered that the money had disappeared. Of course, the bank folks were more or less perplexed over this state of affairs, and the cashier, who, by the way, had taken the missing wealth, was questioned concerning its whereabouts.

He frankly acknowledged that he erred in making the appropriation, and was perfectly willing to pay it back; so he examined his pockets, but he could only turn up \$13.

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MISS KATE'S NEW BEAU.

The Town Turns Out to Help a Stranger Win His Bride.

A stranger needs no guide-book who goes courting in a quiet Kentucky village. If he can make any sort of favorable impression upon the villagers they will speedily get up a pool to help him win the object of his affections. They may not help him any, but there will be apparent enough good intentions to pave the bottom of the other places, and to reconstruct all the sidewalks on Broadway. Sometimes a girl will live in a riverside hamlet, a mile from the nearest railroad station.

One day a wagon will take up a young man passing through the state, who remembers that somewhere near is a bright-eyed, mischievous girl whom he flirted with once in the moonlight while she was away at a boarding-school. She was charming then, she must be more so now, and he has heard casually of late that she is still unmarried. The young man travels with an accident insurance policy, and he will dare even to stop here and see the minister's daughter. There is to be moonlight this evening, too.

"Pomp, run out with this note and bring me an answer," and the grinning darkey at the gate knows in advance of the directions to whom it is addressed. Before many minutes he is at the traveler's room door.

"It's all right, boss." "What's all right, you impudent log?" "Oh, I axes 'er pashon, but I see it in her eyes. Yes, sah, Miss Kate's in her eyes"—all this before he can deliver the written message from the parsonage.

The grinning African is soon forgotten under the influence of moonbeams, hammocks and table locks. But Pomp's memory has served him better. The stranger who arrived in the afternoon is soon a stranger no longer. "Miss Kate new beau?" is a subject of wide speculation before the hamlet is asleep. More than one villager makes overtures toward acquaintances. And the overture always leads up to—

"I believe I saw you walking out with Miss Kate this morning?"

"Yes, sir. The walk up to your cemetery is delightful. Really, I had no idea of the fine view to be had from the river."

"Yes it's pretty fine, but Miss Kate—there ain't no my girls like her now." And one is told of her good qualities as if he had never yet beheld her.

In the afternoon is tablecloth, of course, hammocks and table locks. The proprietor's wife and all the ladies lie beneath the roof or ranged in a line opposite the man who came a wooing. Pomp has done such good service that formal introductions are unnecessary. Doesn't everybody know the stranger's mission now? And doesn't the register tell his name?

"It's fine weather, Mr. Dash," the laudatory observes. "Very fine, madam." "And good weather to be out with—fine a girl as Miss Kate. I declare it ain't every town where there's such a fine girl lives. Why, she?"

"There's her good looks for soup, her amiability with the caters, her wit for the roast, and her popularity for dessert, and when the ladies leave the table they 're going to see her again this afternoon."

"How long will you be out?" asks the lively man. "Oh, an hour or so." "Goin' to just drive about town, I reckon?"

"Well, not very far out." "Just goin' to take Miss Kate out for a drive, I reckon?" This honest man's business, in the democratic community that this is, seems a substantial citizen and pillar in society, and one cannot be rude to him.

"I am anticipating that pleasure, sir." "Ah, I thought so. And I may say that you'll find a mighty fine young lady when you get her. I've known her folks."

"It was that the stranger never returned, that the parsonage one day and carried off its especial prize to a great city, is of course, plain enough to the villagers, but the information never came from either 'Miss Katie' or from the 'beau' whom Pomp drove into town. The explanation was made in part by the innkeeper's boy himself and in part by the village postmistress.

"I could have told you so all the time," said that worthy functionary, as the village watched young Dash drive out the golden-haired maiden. "I know something was up when I see a letter or two coming to Miss Kate in a strange handwriting. There wasn't nothing to say who they might be from, but one day I see a letter in Miss Kate's handwriting go through my office directed to this same gentleman—and then he sent her newspapers and things"—and the oracle magnified into a tender correspondence the exchange of two or three formal letters which had passed between the ex-school girl and her friend, chiefly about some new music or novels, he had some time promised to find for her.

The village editor had a whole week in which to construct a fitting paragraph, and here is what the next Olive Branch had to say: "The amiable and accomplished Col. G. Archibald, from the city, paid a hasty visit to one of our belles last week. He appears to be about the most intelligent young man we have ever had the pleasure to meet. It is rumored that there is to be a wedding before the snows again cover Cemetery Hill. Come again, Col. Archie."—New York World.

Even All Around.

Bill Collector—I've got tired of calling to be told that Mr. Jones ain't at home. Servant—Well, my master's got tired of having you call, so it's even all around.—21st St.

COMPLETELY OSSIFIED.

The Condition of a Man Who Has Been Bedridden for Thirty Years.

On a bed in the second story of a museum on the Bowery, says the New York Mail and Express, lies a creature truly wonderful to look upon. It is a man—yet a man bereft of all power of motion. Every joint in his body, without a single exception, has become hardened, and presenting to the beholder a form completely ossified. The man is Jonathan R. Bass. He has laid on his back on the same bed for the past thirty years. He is one hundred years old from head to foot. He was not, however, born thus, but he is the victim of a disease which has not only proved uncurable in its kind, but has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians who have either treated him during the incipency of the disease or who have seen him since he has been in the state in which he is now.

The disease, which in reality has no name, came on when he was a boy of seven years. He was living in Lockport, N. Y., where he was born in 1828. It commenced in a peculiar sensation experienced in the ball of the right foot. Shortly thereafter the left foot became affected in a like manner. Up to this time Bass had been an unusually strong lad, and his feats of lifting great weights were a marvel to the community. The doctors who were consulted gave it as their opinion that the disease was inflammatory rheumatism aggravated by the boy's feats of strength. But the disease crept up both legs, gradually claiming the entire body for its victim. It was nine years before the body was entirely ossified as at present, and during this time Bass attended school, completing a term both at the high school of his native town and a commercial college. He is intelligent and his mind is apparently well cultivated. As he lies now upon his bed he presents the appearance of an ordinary man of usual height. He might be called good looking were it not for the deep set eyes caused by his being bedridden so long. The bones of his left hand are entirely absorbed as far as the wrist, and also the bones of the fingers of the right hand. The nails on both hands have grown to the abnormal length of from five to ten inches. The natural colors of the body are all perfect. His food has to be prepared for him, as he is unable to move his jaws. His lips, though, are still controlled by the muscles and he converses fluently.

About Deodorizing.

Attention is being called by Dr. Roose, of London, an eminent authority on the subject, to some mistakes concerning deodorizers and disinfectants. It is simply useless, he says, to place saucers containing chloride of lime, carbolic acid, etc., in a contaminated atmosphere, with the expectation that the germs floating about will be caught and killed—the chlorine doubtless will remove some offensive odors and rapidly diffuse itself through the room, but to act as a true disinfectant it must be so much concentrated that the air in the space containing it would be quite irrespirable by human beings, though it is, when used sensibly, the best of all disinfectants for purifying the wall of an empty room. For deodorizing in sick rooms and passages Dr. Roose thinks eucharoline gas very efficient—produced when a few crystals of chlorite of potassium are dropped into a little hydrochloric acid; bromine is even more powerful as a disinfectant than chlorine, and both are far superior to sulphurous acid, as to carbolic acid, it is stated that the spores of the micro-organisms discovered in case of splenic fever have been found to be absolutely unaffected after lying for upward of three months in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid in oil.

The License System in England.

The regulations under which the retail liquor traffic is carried on in this country are very stringent. First, all persons engaged in this traffic must have a license. The victualer's license allows a person holding it to sell all kinds of drinks, but there are licenses granted for the sale of beer and cider; others for the sale of wine and perry; and still others for beer only and for wine only. The total number of licensed houses of all descriptions in the United Kingdom is 227,196, a diminution since 1883 of 2,804. A beer license costs \$18.50 a year. The cost of a victualer's license varies according to the annual value to be taken at either the amount at which the place is rated, or at the rent it brings, or at an independent valuation as the authorities may determine. If the value were under \$100 the license would be \$10 a year, and so on, in fair graduation, up to a \$3,500 house, in which case the license would cost an annual sum of \$350.—Hartford Times.

An Evidence of Insanity.

"Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the inquiry, as it is a matter of lifelong consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family?" "You say Irene has accepted you, Mr. Hankusio?" "I am happy to say she has." "Then, sir," said the old man, shaking his head dejectedly, "it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that I think Irene is showing decided indications of insanity."

Not a Hard Task.

Edwin—Have you any faith in palmistry? Angelina—Not a particle. Why do you believe you can tell a person's future by her hand? Edwin—I don't know; but if you would give me your hand I could tell my future.—America.

HERE AND THERE.

A decided shortage in live hogs for packing is reported from Chicago. Mr. Andrew Carnegie says all trusts have in themselves the seeds of early dissolution, and are most to be feared by their own members.

A ten per cent. increase in the number of cattle to be fattened, and a reduction of extra good beef at reasonably low prices for the coming year. Captain K. H. Pratt, chairman of the Sioux Indian Commission, says there is no longer any doubt of the Indians and the government coming to terms.

Notice is given by the treasury department that the limit of deposits for the reduction of national bank circulation has been reached for the month and no more deposits will be received during the month.

The French loan of 100,000,000 francs has passed its resolution, and the mechanism is set to work to raise a discharge to any man named out whose stock is not insured to the amount of at least 60 per cent.

The annual report of the commissioner of the general land office shows that during the year 8,665,104 acres of land have been conveyed from the government, either by patent or by certification under specific grants.

Francis W. Williams, senior partner of the firm of Williams, Black & Co., an old and extensive commission house in New York, has recently succeeded in convincing the world of the value of his Chicago wheat business.

The window glass factories of the country, which closed June 15, for the annual shut-down, started up again a week ago. About 10,000 men are employed in this industry, and the output for the coming year is expected to be unusually large.

The collector at Port Townsend, Ore., reports that Chinese laborers are arriving from British Columbia with proper certificates, and asks if they should be allowed to land. Assistant Secretary Raymond answers by sending him the Chinese exclusion bill, and saying that it went into effect Oct. 1.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press publishes a statement giving the actual result of this year's threshing in eighty-three counties of Minnesota and Dakota. It shows a net decrease, as compared with last year's wheat crop of forty per cent., which would make the present wheat crop of Minnesota and Dakota 55,000,000 bushels.

Four New York Chinamen returning in bond through Canada from points in the western states, where they had been visiting, were refused admission into the states at the port of the Suspension Bridge in New York. The refusal was based on the recent law excluding Chinese from the states. They will now have to pay a tax of \$500 or leave Canada, too.

The Farmers' Review of Chicago, in a careful estimate of the corn, puts the total yield for 1888 at 2,110,000 bushels. The average yield of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska show an estimated yield of 1,250,000 bushels as compared with 780,425,000 bushels reported by the department of agriculture for 1887, or a gain of 664,575,000 bushels.

Sir John A. Macdonald, premier of the Dominion of Canada, in an interview expressed the opinion that the Liberal party is irrevocably committed to some sort of political and commercial surrender to Canada in the United States, call it what you will—strict reciprocity, commercial union or annexation. The next federal election, he says, will be fought out on these lines.

An amusing case of absence of mind was the recent one of a lady who called at a house where she is a frequent visitor and where she employed as servants two sisters. One being away, the other answered the bell. The lady taking her to be the absent one greeted her amiably with a "Good morning, Jennie." Then, vaguely impressed with the thought that she had blundered, she followed up with, "Oh! Molly, ain't you your sister?"

New Brunswick farmers have been heavy sufferers by the floods in that province. Hay and buckwheat crops were in some instances destroyed, barns were swept away and a number of cattle are said to have been drowned. At St. John's, N. B., the mill of C. F. Finch & Sons was carried away. The loss will be about \$7,000, a heavy loss to the firm. Extensive damage has been done to other mills and bridges in the St. John river region.

Judge O'Brien, in the New York supreme court, granted permission to Attorney General Labor to bring an action for amendment of the charter of the Haversey & Elder Street Building company, on the ground that in becoming a party to a sugar trust, which, it is alleged, is a conspiracy under the state laws against the welfare of the people, the company has forfeited its corporate rights, and is exercising privileges not conferred upon it by law.

In Paris and in Rome no young lady is allowed to walk without her maid, governess, mother or protector. Even at thirty-five an Italian single woman would consider herself compromised should she walk half a block alone. No young girl in Europe is allowed to go to table d'hôte, in her own city, even to dine with friends; the dinner must be given in a private room. This is done to protect young girls from the adventures who frequent table d'hôte, and who might call or leave a card.

There are two dogs, one on the Canadian and another on the American side of the Niagara river, just below the railway suspension bridge, owned by the same man. The one on the American side is a small black and tan, which was thrown into the river some four months ago, and manages to live where he landed. The other is a large Newfoundland dog, which was thrown from the bank. He landed some one hundred feet from the top of the rocky precipice, and still lives roasting about and wagging his tail at his smaller companion across the river.

The Philadelphia Times says there exists a popular delusion that the Quakers, at least the old-time broad-brimmed sugar-coat Quakers are dying out. It is not so in Philadelphia. Ten or twenty years ago people said the same thing, but the high-backed benches in the meeting-houses are as full now as then. The truth is that, after coming with "worldly" ways and fashions for a season, the young generation of friends underwent a reaction and gradually fell into the same ways and the same austere life, even to the plain garb of their grandfathers and grandmothers.

The making of big guns is a long and elaborate process. Colonel Whittemore, the commandant of the Watervliet Arsenal at West Troy, N. Y., estimates that the country will be ready to work on the heavy cannon called for by the fortifications last year from next summer. It is believed that will be employed in making twenty-seven, seven 10-inch and five 12-inch guns. At present twenty-eight men are employed in the foundry, and in a year make two heavy, sea-coast guns and twenty-five field pieces. Before the foundry can make the new guns in sufficient number, buildings must be raised and a new plant must be put up.

W. D. Newman had an unique experience at Etos, Ala., the other day. While passing through the woods on a hunting excursion, an animal dropped on his neck, which would have killed him had not two companions come to the rescue. Mr. Newman's assistant, which was killed, is thus described: It proved to be a kind of ferocious animal never seen before in this latitude, on the only of a cat's count, but had a web from front to hind quarter like a flying squirrel. It had a long, almost flat, little concave ear both the inner and outer. It had very long protruding eyes, short, stiff hair, a web foot, like a duck, but long, sharp claws and very short legs. It weighed thirty pounds after being killed.