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MR. P. S. HAMILTON having terminated his connection with this paper, is no longer authorized to collect accounts or transact any business pertaining to the PORT MOODY GAZETTE.
Port Moody, March 15th, 1884.

Port Moody Gazette.

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A LADY'S RIDE ACROSS SPANISH HONDURAS.

(*From Blackwood.*)

CHAPTER III.

"ESTOY SOLTERO; VOY CON DIOS" (I am alone; I go with God.)—*Spanish Axiom*

(Continued.)

Mr. Z. replied, "You are a sensible woman, and I am very much obliged to you for your company. Wish I was going with you; but can't—can't see my way." So saying he plunged into his cabin, and I was left in the warlike attitude of holding a revolver.

CHAPTER IV.

I wonder that Master C., who had bundled himself towards the end of the deck whereon I was standing, looking, I have no doubt, ruefully upon this acquisition, should exclaim ashe saw me—"You have got a revolver there, stranger and you are in a jolly fix, ain't you now, how to fire it off?"

That was just my difficulty, so I replied meekly, "Can you tell me if it is loaded?"

"Why, don't you know?" replied the youth, with great contempt.

"Mr. Z. has just given it to me, and I forgot to ask him if it was loaded or not. Do you know anything about revolvers?"

"Should rather think I did," was the response. "Let us have a try." As he spoke he took the weapon out of my hand, and soon solved the doubt, as he discharged a ringing shot over the ship's side.

The report brought two or three of the stewards to where we stood, wanting to know what the noise was about.

"Did ye think I had killed yer grandmother?" answered the youth very rudely. Then as he saw the purser coming along, he changed his tone, and commenced to explain the situation, asservating very strongly that the revolver would be in far better hands if the lady would give it to him.

As no one made any reply to this, Master C. addressed himself directly to me. "It is a jolly good revolver," he said, "and no use to a woman. Come now, I'll give you five dollars for it, that's a fair deal!"

"I have told you that Mr. Z. has made me a present of this revolver,—pray restore it."

[illegible] the young gentleman [illegible] more than unwilling to part with this, his neighdour's property, the purser intervened, and speedily simplified the proceedings.

He rapped the boy's head, hurled him aside, and held the revolver in his own hands, within a minute of time; and them a calm, deliberate manner he showed me how to manage this murderous little instrument.

"You had better let your *mozo* carry this for you," said this good-natured gentleman. "I think I have a little case somewhere which this will fit into. I will look at once, as early to-morrow we reach La Libertad, and I shall be busy." So saying, he withdrew.

The day and the night passed, and the early morning found me fast asleep when the port of La Libertad was reached and left. As soon as I made my appearance on deck, one of the stewards accosted me, as he pointed to the canvas bag which had come on board with Mr. Z.

"The gentleman left his compliments for you, madam," he said; "and I was to give you these cocoa-nuts. Mr. Z. thought you might like them. Mr. Z. would like to have shaken hands with you, but he would not have you called. He told me to say that he hoped you would have a good journey, and to be sure and get provisions wherever you can."

This was the first and last I have seen of Mr. Z., but I shall always have a kindly remembrance of this sympathising eccentric fellow-traveller.

La Union was to be our next port, and in consequence the whole of the C. family were in a state of high excitement, as this was their point of debarkation. Great was the scrubbing and dressing; and as some of their old clothes were cast into the sea, I rescinded the wish of my heart,—viz., that the accordion would be assigned to the deep in their company. Much as we all had suffered from that instrument, and often as we had vowed vengeance against it, I don't think any one even shivered as the eldest C. girl performed "Home sweet home" for the last time. It was an "adieu" to us in a manner, and they were going home to "father." The children looked softened, too, as they were put into fresh raiment; and Master C. was so civil to me that I made over the bag of cocoa nuts to him and his on the spot.

Amapala was the next port, so I made my arrangements, and we were all in marching order when, some hours later, we stood opposite La Union.

Like most places on this coast, La Union appeared to be an assemblage of red-tiled roofs, built in groups, the gaps being filled up by dwarf, green shrubs, and here and there by a tall palm-tree: the shore low and sandy, and looking as if quite ready to slip into the sea on the smallest provocation. This is a place of some magnitude, however, and is more regularly built farther in the interior. A good deal of trade is done here, and La Union holds the reputation of being an improving and progressive town.

The boats going to and fro from the port to a ship is, I think, always an object of interest to the seafarers, even if there is nothing concerned but a passing interest in the scene. On this occasion I looked across the water with more than ordinary curiosity, as the anxiety displayed by the C. family to greet the husband and father had quite enlisted my sympathies. Several boats had come to the ship's side, conveying merchandise and visitors, but no Mr. C. put in an appearance.

The patience of the younger girl was becoming exhausted, and she had just fetched her breath for a scream, when a sailor came on the poop, and presented a letter to Mrs. C., the mother. This was to tell her that Mr. C. was far away up the country, but that he had deputed the vice-consul to meet her and her children, and that apartments would be ready for her in La Union.

The poor woman was at once disappointed and relieved. Very soon a large boat was waiting at the ship's side. A nice pleasant-looking man stepped on board, and it was announced that he had come, as requested, to fetch away Mrs. C.

Whilst the luggage was being put in the boat, the consul held a little chat with me, and offered to take me over with them to see La Union, and partake of the hospitality of his house. There would be a difficulty about my return, and the time was very short, so I was obliged to decline the favour. All over the world the American men are particularly kind to lone females, and I scored this gentleman as one example more on my list.

After a short conference with the captain, the consul and his charges took their departure. Mrs. C's blue feather and the redoubtable accordion perched on a mountain of baggage was the last we saw of this family. Now for Amapala.

"I shall order a particularly good dinner on your account, as you will dine before you leave us," said Captain C., laughing. "What do you like best? You know it will be long before you get a decent meal again."

This hard fact had by this time been pretty well impressed upon me; but I am not one to "suck sorrow through the long tube," and so I replied, "Do not discourage a long female, if you please; other people have passed through rough travelling, and why should not I?"

The captain was too kind hearted to [illegible] commenced the only working part of the Honduras railway—that which runs from San Pedro Sula to Puerto Cortez—as the most direct route to get *out* of the country.

We were seated at the promised good dinner when the port of Amapala was reached. "Mr. Bahl, the consul, will come or board," somebody said. "Don't hurry; he will take his time, and so will we."

Apparently the consul did take his time, for we waited long before the custom-house boat put off from the shore. As it came nearer, we saw that two persons occupied it—a little white man, and a very large black man.

"The consul is not coming this time," said an officer; "here's his clerk and the captain."

"Captain who?" I could not help repeating.

"Oh," laughed the purser, "that black fellow is called 'captain' on account of his warlike performances. He has fought, he says, in three of the revolutions in which this country delighted to revel some years ago; and, according to his own account, he was the means of routing the enemy on more than one occasion.

"Do you believe this?"

"Not a word. The captain in an awful fellow to brag, but he can work and does work; I will say that for him."

"What brings him here?" I ask.

"He is the consul's servant, and I daresay has been sent to fetch or carry something for the custom-house. I hope to goodness he has brought some fresh fish," continued the purser. "Have you your letter of introduction to Mr. Bahl? As he is not here, you had better send it to the clerk. That gentleman is transacting some business with Captain C. just now, but I will see about it."

Presently up came the clerk. He was a dapper little man with a large white face, which did not impress me very favourably as to the salubrity of Amapala. I found, however, on conversing further, that he was ready to vouch that Amapala was a perfect sanitarium. "Fever! yah—no!" exclaimed he in drawled out English. "People die! yes, some time all must; but fever here—ah, no, no!"

"Nor snakes neither," interposed the chief engineer, with a wink at his neighbour.

"Nor yet snakes—no, no; mountain leopards, one or two—never seen—all nonsense."

"But these mountain-leopards *used* to be called tigers," persisted the engineer. "Why, that mountain over there is still called the Mountain of Tigers—*La Montana de los Tigres*. You have it in both languages."

The little clerk would not admit the tigers, and knew nothing about the reason why the mountain indicated should bear such an ominous name. I was now told that my departure would be a matter of five minutes only; and I employed these in bidding farewell to the captain and officers of the good steamer Clyde. God bless them all, wherever they may be now. They were very, very kind to "Solters."

When I was seated in the boat, the little clerk told me that I would have to spend a night or perhaps two nights, in Amapala. The consul is a bachelor, and his sister-in-law is unfortunately away on a visit. "I will give the note when we land; I don't think the office will be closed," said he.

When we did land, it was quite dark. The black man took the luggage out of the boat, wading with it to the shore, for the boat could not come quite up to the landing-place. This done, he seized me as if I had been a cat, without word or sign, and from his strong arms I was deposited on the strand of Amapala.

"Wait, wait a bit, ya-ar," said this huge porter, as I jerk him gone, into office to talk to consul, let him read letter,—you brought letter introduction, eh?"

"Yes. I hope I shall not have to wait long."

"No; consul read letter, and send him ar-ders."

I suppose the consul did read the letter, for the clerk came out, and, poking in the dark to find me, said—

"The consul will write or send to you early in the morning. the only decent *posada* in Amapala is close here. You had better leave your heavy luggage in the office; I will take care of it. Now, captain, take the lady's portmanteau."

My black friend shouldered the portmanteau, and with—"You follow me close; I all right—you trust me; I as good as English,"—I threaded my way through what in courtesy must be called the streets of Amapala. The *posada* was not quite so near as I had thought; and as soon as we had quite quitted the shore the black man said, "You wa-ant to go into the country, over the mountains?"

"Yes. I wish to get off as quickly as possible."

"Have you got a serva-ant? I know good serva-ant, speak English wa-al; he knows all over the country—is strong good cook. But it will cost you money, eh."

"Will it?" I replied quickly, for I saw at once what he was driving at; "I do not intend going beyond a certain sum, and——"

"What will you call that sum in dollars?"

"Never you mind, you are the consul's cook, and this is of no import to [illegible]

"Ah, ya as, ya-as; but if you make it worth while to tasake me long, you find it wi l be good. I know country—I respettable servant."

We had arrived at the *posada* by this time. Only one door was open, and within could be seen, by the light of a solitary candle, a long brown table on which some glasses stood.

A figure came forth from behind this barrier. He was a nice-looking lad, and was, moreover, that *rara avis*, a very clean-looking lad.

"Oh, it's you," he said to the black.

"Ya-as. I bring this lady here. Consul sent me with her, 'cause I speak English so well. Great comfa-art, have man about you that knows well how to speak English!" continued this conceited fellow, turning to me.

"Will you arrange for me to have a decent room and some refreshment presently?" said I. "Where is the woman of the house? I wish to speak to her."

"Oh no, I arrange," continued the black man. "You see, I speak English."

"But I suppose the hostess speaks Spanish," I replied, cutting him short; and in that language I asked the lad to go and find her.

He did so and a tall pleasant looking woman returned with him. She said she could supply me with what I required, and then the question of charges came under discussion.

The "captain" here intervened and meddled to such an extent, that the lad, evidently annoyed at his bad manners, said, "Hold thy tongue; the Senora understood pretty well the language; she knows what is right to pay."

I really did not know, but I felt grateful to the youth for endeavouring to quench this nuisance, and so answered that the consul knew that I would pay what was just. Then I gave this very disagreeable porter a peseta (English, tenpence) for carrying the portmanteau, and very heartily gave him good-night.

Two men came in as the "captain" went out, and we were much amused to hear him informing them of the charge he was taking of the English lady—"Grand thing to speak English," I heard him say in that language, as he finally took himself off.

The men naturally scanned me after this remark, but respectfully and without showing any curiosity. They ordered "vino blanco," and set themselves down to smoke.

"Pray excuse our taking you through the wine shop," said the landlady, "but we have mislaid the key of the other door. It will be found to-morrow. See, Eduardo, take that box into the room for the lady."

A lantern was brought, and we passed through the back of the bar, and came out upon a wide verandah, which was bordered by a narrow strip of garden bounded by a high wall.

We entered the guest-chamber. Had I been qualifying for prison life, here was an opportunity for commencing an apprenticeship. The room was large, the aperture for the window closed by a heavy shutter with a bar across it; red tiles, discoloured by dirt and grease, composed the floor, and the dust lay in little heaps in some of the ridges of the most uneven ones. A bed covered by a bull's hide in place of a mattress, and a leathern pillow, were the correct thing here to serve as a place of "rest." A wooden table was placed against the wall, and a rocking-chair in fair condition, completed the furniture. Not a vestige of toilet-ware of any sort, not a drop of water, nor any towel.

The lad deposited the portmanteau on the floor, and as this cheerful apartment was pervaded by a frowsy smell, I asked him to open the shutter. He hesitated, and looked inquiringly at the landlady. Not understanding the reason of this I said—

"There are iron bars, or a lattice, behind the shutter—nobody can get in; I want air."

"No, no," answered the landlady; "but at night, it was possible—very rare—once in a lifetime—a *serpiente* (snake) might crawl through."

"Keep the shutter close then," I replied with energy. "I did not think snakes came so near the houses. How dreadful!"

The boy explained that about a fortnight before a small *serpiente* had crawled one hot night through the lattice-bars, and descended into this chamber. "There was a large growth of thick damp herbage under the wall on that side," he said. "and it might be that a snake's hole was there."

"But why on earth is it not cleared or burnt out?" said I; "it is very dangerous for every one to let the herbage remain there."

"Quien Sabe?" he replied; and then the opposite door was pointed out to me as being the one through which I could enter from the street. This was a very strong door, but it was unlocked, the key being missing, as I was told on my arrival. There was a latch, by which the occupant could open it when the impediment enforced by the lock should be removed.

The landlady proposed to fetch a sheet and a pillow-slip, and then she added with an air of triumph, "I shall bring you some tea—only think—tea. I knew the English like that. What I have is very good—a present from an Englishman: he was hard to wait on, and he abused everything, but he had a good heart, Senora, and he gave me two pounds of beautiful tea."

"That was for your own drinking?"

"No, I don't like it much. The Englishman said,—he was a coarse man Senor—he would leave it for me to give to any poor devil of his country who might come to stay here."

She laughed as if it was the finest joke, and never seemed to perceive the sarcasm which might be veiled in the guise of this speech and present: I was very glad to represent the "poor devil." She went out laughing heartily, and the boy and I and the lantern were left alone.

"Can you get me a little water?" I asked him, and a—here I could not summon the Spanish for basin, so I had recourse to signs.

"Oh yes, I know—wash face; leave it to me, I will bring what you want. I waited on an American lady once in travelling, and she liked much water," and as he spoke he darted off with the lantern. I sat down on the bed, hoping that the tea would be brought quickly, and wondering what the beverage would be like.

The landlady returned with a candlestick in one hand in which was set up a large wax candle; under her arm was bundled the promised bed-linen, which rather to my surprise, was clean and fine, the upper hem of the sheet being bordered with wide lace. The pillow-slip was trimmed in like manner; and when the bed was made up and a scarlet coverlet thrown over all, the bed-place really looked like a bright spot in this desert, and I began to expect other improvements.

Time brought the tea, and very good it proved. The English gentleman had evidently taught the hostess how to make use of his gift. The boy, too, brought toilet-ware piece by piece in spasms, and lastly a large earthen jar full of water. He had fetched it from a well close at hand, and it was delightfully pure and fresh.

The lad withdrew, and then returning to the door summoned the landlady. A great whispering went on for some minutes: at length my hostess returned, and said in rather in a mysterious manner, "You are going to Comayagua, are you not?"

"I shall pass through that town," I answered; but why do you ask?"

"Oh, the boy comes from that part, and he does not want to remain in Amapala. Why not take him as your *mozo*! He is a good lad, and I would like to get him a place."

"He is in your employ, is he not?" I asked.

"What you may call employ, yes; but there is nothing to do for a lad like him. He sells wine for me, true; but I cannot pay him—trade very dull, and very few come to stay at this *posada*. The lad only lives by doing a little tailoring here and there."

(To be continued.)

Fathers will bless the eminent Dr. Parvin, who says that a baby should not be allowed to sleep with its mother.

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The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

The Dominion railway lands on the mainland of British Columbia will be surveyed at once and conveyed to the persons who have settled upon them." That is the order issued at Ottawa to the Hon. Joseph Trutch. Fortunately he is not a "local minister," and therefore it is quite certain he will proceed at once to do his duty.

A leading article in Tuesday's "Colonist" is intended as an essay on the art of cookery. The writer may have studied the arts practised in a kitchen, but it is certain he never practised the art of expressing ideas. Listen to this quotation from the "editorial:"—"Take a sheet of foolscap paper, spread out to full size on a smooth surface; with sweet butter give the paper a thin coat all over the exposed side of the paper; salt and pepper the same to taste; not too much." A cook would say, "salt and pepper the steak," but the editor says, "salt and pepper the paper." (The editorial essay on cookery is only a spoonful of the hash that is served daily to the uneducated citizens of Victoria.

In a leading article published on Sunday last, the "Colonist" says, "Mr. Robson, the Provincial Secretary, has as good a right to acquire land as any other citizen." We say, "Yes, if the land is not a part of the public domain; but the Minister who becomes the owner of an acre of the public lands while he is in office, is guilty of a crime, and ought to be in the chain gang.

The walls of the Roman Catholic Bazaar at Victoria, were decorated on Monday last by sailors from the war ships at Esquimalt. A score of the flags that have braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze decorate the hall, and look like the trophies of three centuries.

Tom Trapp, in a letter to the "Colonist" says the Provincial Secretary is an innocent man. But Tom does not know what he says. "Not guilty" would be good enough, but—innocent! Oh! Tom, you must study syntax.

Huang Sie Chen, a long-tailed gentleman who represents that son of the moon commonly called the Emperor of China, is now in Victoria. He will assist the Secretary of State, who is coming in a palace car, to finish the game of fooling the people. If Huang Sie Chen has a well filled purse, he will secure anything he wants to get for his long-tailed friends. In this Province the almighty dollar is—the king. And the people? Oh! they are tame and willing to be kicked by a responsible Government.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The representatives of the great powers are, in consultation, and the chances are ten to one that the result of their deliberations will be—an African Belgium. All the Conservative home journals say "Gladstone has been outwitted by the Frenchman." And all the ministerial papers say, "the arrangement made with France is evidence of prudence, wisdom, and judgment." All the French journals say, "It is not an engagement which M. Jules Ferry has concluded with Mr. Gladstone, but—a capitulation." The German newspapers say, "it is a delusion to suppose that Germany will consent to the arrangements made by England and France."

It is not easy to see through the mists that envelope the Egyptian question. We are in possession. To put us out by force would be a very serious affair. If England and France are satisfied the other great powers without fleets may protest but will not act.

The "Times" in a leader says of the House of Lords: "Its existence may be imperilled by a blind adherence to the hereditary principle, or by an uncompromising resistance to all suggestions of reform."

The "Standard" says: "The Lords must come to reason; the House of Commons has the power of the purse, and men conscious of possessing that power will not tolerate a superior authority."

The Captain of the steamer Wieland, which arrived at Plymouth on Sunday from New York, reports that on the 28th of June, in latitude 43° 20' North, longitude 47° 55' West, he sailed by an iceberg 150 feet high.

The people of the United Kingdom have been astonished by the ingenuity of forgers who have passed counterfeit Bank of England notes in Montreal and Chicago. The imitation notes are described by bankers as matchless copies.

It is amusing to read what English Statesmen say of Holland. In London, where the system of European map making is considered with careful attention, the death of the Prince of Orange is regarded as a sad event for the Dutch In whispers the map-makers say, "Bismarck will find an heir for the monarchy. If he could by force or fraud take possession of Holland, her vast colonial possessions and her fleets, Germany would, in a day, become the most formidable power in the world." And they say in lower tones, "England and France would resist this annexation scheme with all their available force." It is wise to speak in whispers of opposing the iron Chancellor, who represents in Europe as much power as the first Napoleon possesssed the day after the battle of Austerlitz.

In the Commons last week, Lord Randolph Churchill made a very foolish speech. The Conservative leaders, if they have any claim to the character of Statesmen, are bound to separate themselves from his strategical methods. He went out of his way to attack the French Government and France, in a manner not consistent with any hope on his part of taking on him in the near future the responsibilities of office. The President of the French Republic was cordial in his tone towards England, and therefore the speech of the modern Hotspur was—a mistake. Lord Randolph is half Irish and entirely too hot.

The "Times" in a leading article says: "While we are peopling the world with agriculturalists we are exhausting the home supply; and it is quite possible that England may be overrun by peaceful invaders from continental nations The agricultural districts are threatened with desertion by the native population."

The latest despatches say "General Gordon is safe. In a hand to hand fight with the rebels he defeated them and their leader was killed.

An immense multitude paraded the streets of London on last Tuesday. It was preceded by a tombstone bearing this inscription:

"To the memory of the House of Lords." The bands played the Dead March in Saul, but the meeting was dissolved by the rain, which fell in torrents.

"If it is possible to keep it out it shall not come into the United Kingdom." These are the words used by the Prime Minister in reference to the cholera, which is now threatening Europe, and has established itself in several cities of France. Vigilant deputies are employed to watch at Toulon, Marseilles, and other places, and their duty is to warn the authorities of any apparent danger that may be on board the ships leaving for ports in the United Kingdom. The guards on the coasts are doubled and the people may be saved from the terrible plague by the vigilance of their rulers.

Professor Thorold Rogers, M. P., at Tamworth last week, supporting a vote of confidence in the Government, said, "The Lords accused of murder have a right to to be tried by themselves; they had had that right for two hundred years and only one of them has been hanged. If I were to tell you how many of them deserved to be hanged I should keep you listening for a day. Look at the records of the divorce Court and you will find that half of them have been absorbed in profligacy. Some philosophers say that men are descended from apes, but when I look at the Lords I begin to think that men may go back to apes." He was loudly applauded.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Catholic hop, or "dancing for the love of God," is practised in many places on this continent where good natured people are engaged in raising funds to pay for places of worship. The New York Freeman's Journal, which is the best Catholic newspaper published on this continent says:—"It is bad enough to see the children of Irish parents descending the stairs of the elevated railroads after dark, having spent the day under the guardianship of the "Happy Ten," the "Woodbine Social," or the "Muldoon Coterie;" but, when scenes of this kind occur in the name of God, His Mother, and the Saints, the scenes are blasphemous. A mother who can say her night prayers with an easy conscience, knowing that her daughter is at a "night picnic" is worse than a hypocrite; and the father who can calmly sleep knowing that his child, for whose salvation he is responsible is languishing in the arms of a libertine, is unworthy of even the contempt of honest men. Such fathers and mothers will awaken before the winter is over to find their daughters ruined and disgraced.' That hint may be useful to the whole Christian population who begin to look more and more like cattle.

On Tuesday last an aged man appeared in the dock of the Tombs Prison in New York. "You have indeed fallen low," said the magistrate. "For give me," said the man; "liquor has been my curse. From this day forward not one drop of the accursed poison shall pass my lips." "You cannot stop," said the Judge; "you have no home, your friends pass by with horror. I shall send you to the lunatic asylum. Officer, remove him." "I cannot do it, Judge," said constable Flynn, whose eyes were filled with tears. He was my General in the war, your Honor; he treated the men as if we were his brothers." But—the boys will take care of him in the asylum. Brigadier-General Thomas Eagan, who fought like a hero at Gettysburg was the prisoner, and he was sent by whiskey to the asylum.

At Dodge City, Kansas, the cowboys have introduced the Spanish bull fight. The amphitheatre is as large as the one at Seville, and on Thursday last twelve furious bulls of the Texas breed were butchered by six matadores brought from Mexico The crowd assembled to see the sport were the roughest samples of humanity that could be found anywhere out of New York; they yelled and howled while the matadores were engaged in the work of slaughter; but when the wildest of the bulls got one of his tormentors where he ought to be—impaled on a horn—the multitude screamed with delight and shouted—"Bravo!" Bull fights, big corporations, universal plunder, and then? The gladiators, a standing army, and—Cæsar. Hurrah! my lads, hurrah! John Morrisey may be—the American Cæsar.

Fifty-seven persons were wounded in New York on the 4th by the foolish people who believe that noise is necessary for a celebration.

General Butler is more feared by Republicans and Democrats than any other man in the United States. By appearing in the lists as an Independent candidate he can split the Democratic party and elect Blaine. Between Blaine and Butler Cleveland would be only a mouse between millstones. If Butler stands by the Democrats he will be their chosen chief in 1888. To-day he is the great unknown quantity in the American political arena.

At Desmoines, Iowa, the liquor law is carried out in the most stringent manner. On the 16th inst., every saloon in the city was closed. In all parts of the state the people have declared they are willing to obey the law, and the saloon keepers have cleared out, bag and baggage. Some of them are employed chopping wood, and two are selling peanuts.

The farmers in the State of Jersey are ruined. In the middle of June they had winter for a week, and the fruit was all destroyed by frost. On the 15th of July rain fell in torrents, and continued to come down for three days. Then they had snow three inches deep. The whole crop of potatoes, wheat, barley, and peas, is in the mud. The farmers are rich, and will be able to purchase the surplus produce of a neighboring state.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

[From the Mainland Guardian.]

The strange episode of the sale of the reserves By-Law, must impress everyone with, either, the gross incapability of the Council to manage our affairs, or what is much more likely, the presence of traitors in the Council who are playing honest John's game. The By-law was drawn up by the city lawyers in a manner to lead one to believe that they were incompetent for the work or designedly made the By-law unworkable. The absence of any clause defining the manner in which the funds were to be used is such an extraordinary omission, that we are at a loss as to what conclusion to arrive at. We are prepared to believe that the majority of the City Councillors accepted the By-law as perfect, being the production of professional men who are paid handsomely by the Council for the small amount of work they do. Councillors are not supposed to be lawyers, and they are necessarily compelled to be guided by their paid legal advisers. But it is strange that the omission in the By-law was only detected by outsiders who could not be so well-instructed as themselves in relation to the object of the By-law. Let us look at this object as it is publicly understood: it is the construction of a branch railway from the Canadian Pacific at the Coquitlam, to this city. This is a most commendable object, and one that the citizens generally must regard with favor, although we have always insisted that a tramway with the requisite cars would answer all the purpose; not on the roads already constructed, but by a route well known, which would avoid the abrupt declivities existing on our present highways. We are still but a small community and there is nothing to justify the construction of a railway, which must involve a large expenditure for permanent way and rolling stock, to say nothing of maintenance. The argument of persons interested in land at Granville, to the effect that we shall be behind in the race for supremacy, and that other communities with railway connection must of necessity take away all our trade, is mere bosh. We have persistently ignored Port Moody, until the people of that rising city, despairing of any connection with us, have given the best part of their trade to Victoria, and there it will now remain if we had fifty railways. What have we then to pay a railroad? A little passenger traffic and some small trade that might employ one or two cars per day for the conveyance. It will be seen, therefore, that if everything was favorable for the construction of a railway, we should be paying too dear for our whistle to give away ninety thousand dollars as our proportion—supposing that would be accepted—and tying a mill-stone round our necks in the shape of running expenses, which would ultimately render the city bankrupt and property worthless. On the other hand, a tramway would answer every present purpose; it could be worked by private enterprise or be provided at the public expense and leased to a company. There would be no great outlay, and the existing traffic would cover all expenses. It would also effect another and very important purpose, it would make the property on the entire length of road between its two terminal points very valuable, because it would deposit passengers and their parcels at the doors of their residences, an accommodation which could not, by any possibility, be afforded by a railway. But we doubt very much the legality of any By-law for the disposal of the city squares. As we have shown by a previous issue, if the reserves are not required by the citizens, they belong to the Dominion Government, and we have not yet obtained permission from the Federal authorities to dispose of them. Our impression is, that property holders on the streets and squares affected or likely to be affected, by the sale, was permission granted, are not yet satisfied that the sale would be to their advantage and we question very much whether they ever will be, so that the sale, under any circumstances, can never be carried out. There is, however, another and much more objectionable feature to the construction of a branch railway, at present, at the expense of the city. From what we can learn, the speculators at Granville calculate upon our making part of the permanent way for a line to Granville, in order that they may sell their lands at a high price, for there is no other possible object. Granville or English Bay will never be more than roadsteads where vessels may lie in fine weather, nature being directly opposed to either place being used for any other purpose. The scheme was a very nice one, the promotors being quite aware that a railway by any other means was out of the question. It would be a very pretty little game for these unprincipled speculators to induce us to destroy our beautiful city to enable them to sell their lands at a high price! But worse than all, if they accomplished this cunning trick, they would really take away all the little trade and traffic that remains to us, and make the Royal City a mere passing station for goods and passengers to English Bay. Verily, we have a superb Council that would give away the city's birthright and bind the city to pay for the conveyance, with all they possess. We do not, however, believe that the whole of the Councillors were parties to this atrocious fraud. There is perhaps one or may be two in the Council that might give countenance to such a fishy transaction, and if the errors in the recently published By-law had not been discovered, would have lent their influence to the sale of our squares and the appropriation of the proceeds, to the complete destruction of the city and the ruin of property holders.

HONEST JOHN AT MAPLE RIDGE.

[From the Mainland Guardian.

It is rather an unpleasant admission to be compelled to make, but our rulers are unequal to any rôle above that of a strolling player; at least, we arrive at the above conclusion after duly considering the tactics of honest John. He has a regular system which he follows on every occasion and at every place where he goes to "orate." The agents are appointed to "bill" the place, to work up an excitement, and to manufacture an address; and, when everything is ready, the "honest" makes his appearance It is quite immaterial whether the majority of the inhabitants are against him or not; in fact, he is perfectly careless as to what they think about him. It is sufficient that his agents are there to receive him, that they have managed to get up some sort of an address; that they cheer him when he "orates" and that the rest of the inhabitants don't absolutely kick him out. He carefully prepares his speech for the next issue of his own papers that appear after the meeting or the "picnic" or the gathering which he honors with his presence. The address is printed in full and the entire description, according to his paper, is carefully copied into the "Colonist" at Victoria. In any other part of the world such a course of proceeding would be deemed discreditable and disgraceful; but our people in this Province are easily pleased; anything in the shape of a man that can "spout" is looked upon as a *rara avis*. But "the best laid schemes of men and mice are gang aft agley," and honest John is only mortal and must take his chance with the rest. Sometimes everything goes off without any serious mishap, and people are so used to his peculiar system, that they do not think it worth their while to give the matter a second thought. They forget that they become a party to honest John's deception through his paper; that he does not care two straws for their opinions, good or bad, if they will only allow his own account of his proceedings to pass unchallenged. Sometimes, however, the coaxing, cajolery, or threats of his agents are unavailing to produce more than a perfunctory address, usually extracted by lavish promises of Government grants for roads, school houses, &c., or the hint of a place or a contract. Some such affair occurred at Maple Ridge; the Reeve and councillors of that Municipality having strong impressions about honest John, and it was quite evident that the address was obtained under very hard pressure and probably with the fear of being deprived of any aid to make their roads, strongly in their minds. This must have been patent to honest John, who in the speech published in his own paper is made to say some very disagreeable things to his audience, which he certainly would not have said did he know that nine-tenths of those present absolutely disliked him, He must have given his speech very nearly "verbatim" to the printers, because it is so like him. There is all the snarling and coarse sarcasm that he would address to men whom he knew despised him. The address of the Municipal Council of Maple Ridge and honest John's reply are unique and deserve to be recorded, as they will be, in his own paper. What he and his colleagues think of the people of this Province is very clearly defined by this penny show business of honest John; they look upon the people they rule as a parcel of senseless idiots who cannot see through such a very small business. Whether his colleagues are cognizant of his *modus operandi* and conceive it to be clever, which would imply a similarity of intellect and intelligence amongst the quartette, or whether they are perfectly indifferent and are satisfied with his accounts of the play, is difficult to decide; at any rate, the whole of the ministry will be duly credited with a share of the odium. But we should counsel these gentlemen—we mean Messrs. Smithe, Davie, and Drake, to have a little consideration for themselves. We are perfectly aware of the feeling which is absolutely necessary amongst the members of a ministry, if it was only for the government of Trial Island. The vulgar adage of "honor among thieves" has some such application. Of course the Government at James Bay may be *parfaitement d'accord*; they may understand one another better than we outsiders are inclined to think. For instance, that glaring piece of jobbery in the reservation of the land at the North Arm, must have been agreed upon in Executive Council and looks as if their agreement was solid. The construction of a branch of the C. P. R. to Granville may have charms for them of which we know nothing. But if we are allowing appearances to deceive us; if honest John is simply taking their consent to his action as a matter of course, it might be well for his colleagues to look more closely at his political style and see if it could not be improved. However appearances may indicate the course of affairs amongst our model ministers, we are disinclined to think that they are pulling in the same boat with a steady and uniform stroke. If disgust on the part of some of them at one or two of the others, produces in session, feeble and ill digested measures, and between the sessions every appearance of childishness, negligence or imbecility, we cannot be surprised. The recalcitrants should bear in mind that nothing less than a public declaration will prevent the public believing that they are "all of a piece" and that no after assertion will have any influence upon the stains acquired during the connection.

ZED S. HALL,

Of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and late of Kansas City, U. S.,

BEGS TO ACQUAINT THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF New Westminster and vicinity that he has opened a First-Class

Book, Stationery

AND

PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT

ON COLUMBIA STREET

And hopes by strict attention to business and courtesy, to merit a share of the public patronage.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, MUSIC, &c., &c., Imported to Order.

WANTED

A TEACHER FOR THE PORT MOODY Public School. Must hold a second-class Certificate. Applications should be addressed to

CAPT. J. A. CLARKE,
Sec. Board Trustees,
July 23, 1884. 2w Port Moody.

DR. H. E. LANGIS,

Graduate of Victoria Medical College, of Montreal,

REGISTERED PRACTITIONER FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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SAW MILL

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

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RUSTIC, FLOORING,

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ALWAYS ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF

SASH, DOORS

BLINDS & MOULDINGS.

QUALITY GUARANTEED FIRST-CLASS, AND PRICES MODERATE.

A TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED

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FRESH BREAD, PIES, CAKES, & PASTRY ALWAYS ON HAND.

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We have the finest assortment of

TWEEDS

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SUITS MADE TO ORDE
From $20.00, at Short Notice.
Good Fit Guaranteed.

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AT FACTORY PRICES

WE ARE PREPARED TO CONTRAC with parties building, to supp them with all material in the above-nam line, at BOTTOM PRICES.

Orders by Telephone or Stage attended with promptness.

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Just Received!

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully forms the citizens of Port Moody vicinity thas he has just received a la and varied assortment of seasonable

DRY GOODS

GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoe

HARDWARE,

ETC., ETC.,

Which can be bought at Reasona Prices.

Vegetables and Frui

IN SEASON.

A CALL RESPECTFULLY SOLICI

The Port Moody Gazette.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table.

PORT MOODY.

Mixed train arrives Mondays & Wednesdays, 6:35 p.m
" " leaves Tuesdays & Thursdays, 5:00 a.m
Freight train arrives every Friday..... 6:35 p.m
" " leaves every Saturday..... 5.00 a.m

Passengers entering trains without tickets, at stations where tickets are sold, will be subject to an additional charge of 75 cents.

The above time table to take effect on Saturday, June 25th, 1884.

M. J. HANEY, Gen.'l Supt.
A. ONDERDONK, Gen'l Manager. je14

THE contract for the erection of Mr. Geo. Thompson's new residence on Ottawa street, has been let to Messrs. Murchie and Williams.

MR. J. MURRAY, snr., is making many improvements in the grounds surrounding Rocky Point, and we expect to see that charming spot soon begin to bud and blossom like the rose.

FROM VICTORIA.—The steamer "Robert Dunsmuir" arrived with a small cargo of general freight from Victoria on Tuesday evening. She left the same night with a scow in tow loaded with 75,000 shingles from Tiffin's mill.

THE furniture and fixtures of the Port Moody hotel were sold under distraint for rent, by public auction, on Thursday at ten o'clock There was only a small attendance of buyers, and the bulk of the articles were bought in for the principal creditor.

MESSRS. MINNIE AND MOORE are making good progress on the new road between Weeks and Foster's new wharf and the railway wharf. If the weather continues fine the work should be completed in about three weeks.

THE Fraser brothers are at present engaged in clearing off block No. 7, Murray estate, lying along Murray street between Moody and Hugh streets, and backed by the railway. The land will be put up in condition for building upon.

NEW STORE.—Mr. D. Murchie has opened up a choice and well-assorted stock of general groceries in his new store on Clarke street, and we hope our citizens will give him a share of their patronage. "Live and let live" should be the Port Moody motto.

GOING HOME.—Mesdames Howison and Laidlaw, Misses Monahan and Kennedy, who have been camping out for the past ten days at Rocky Point, left for their homes in New Westminster to-day. They are all charmed with Port Moody as a summer resort.

ENGINEER A. J. HILL has staked out a large gravel pit at the summit of Lot 238, and it is expected that the steam shovel will be at work there early in August. There are large deposits of gravel in that vicinity, and construction trains will be able to run down grade both to Pitt River and Port Moody.

THE CIRCUS.—Port Moody patronized the circus freely, and came home disgusted. It was the poorest we have ever seen, and Cole has ruined his reputation on the Mainland. The Victoria papers were all bought up, or else all the show was not brought to Westminster. A show that spells tiger with an "a" instead of an "e," should not be allowed to impose on intelligent folks.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Chas. Foster, of Weeks & Foster, returned from Portland on Wednesday.....Mr. John A. Moore, who has been a guest at the bungalow for the past two months, has returned to his home in St. Louis.....Capt. Clarke is in Victoria ... From a private and perfectly reliable source we learn that Mr. Van Horne, General Manager of the C. P. R., left Montreal on Thursday evening last, *en route* for British Columbia direct.

NEW GOODS.—There has been received at the Colonial Drug Store this week, a large and well selected assortment of new goods, consisting of perfumes, fancy soaps, tooth, nail and hair brushes, pocket combs, all the standard toilet preparations, patent medicines, drugs, in fact everything usually found in a first-class drug store. The people of Port Moody are requested to call and inspect. CHAS. E. COON.

MISS A. DALLAS, who has had charge of the Port Moody school since its establishment, failed to secure the necessary certificate at the recent examination of teachers, and another teacher will have to be secured. Miss Maggie Murchie, daughter of D. Murchie, Esq., passed the examination successfully, and obtained a certificate of standing equivalent to third-class A. An advertisement calling for the services of a teacher, appears in another column.

A telegraphic dispatch says that the C. P. R. has arranged for connection with the Michigan Central at St. Thomas Ont., by which a new through route is obtained by the former from Montreal to Detroit, Windsor and Chicago. The route is longer than the Grand Trunk but trains will be run at a higher rate of speed to off-set this. There is a deep opening in the Ontario track running through a swamp which apparently has no bottom as caves occur as rapidly as it is filled up.

ALONG the Clarke road we notice numbers of bowlders of various sizes, which have been thrown aside as useless during the construction of the road. Now that the Government have placed a man at work to keep the road in repair, it might be well to provide him with a stone hammer and have these bowlders broken up and placed in softs spots on the road bed. They are better than gravel for the purpose, and would cost nothing but the labor of breaking them, and thus a good winter road can be secured at a small cost.

NEW STATIONERY STORE.—As will be seen elsewhere in our columns, Mr. Zed S. Hall, formerly of Port Moody, has opened a book and stationery store on Columbia street, New Westminster. We congratulate both Mr. Hall and the people of this district on the event. The high reputation of the former has preceded him to this coast; and we learn from those who have had best opportunities of knowing him, both in the Eastern Provinces and the Western States, that he is not only a thorough master of his business in all its details, but has always been noted for his strict business habits and unswerving integrity. We anticipate that Mr. Hall will achieve a signal success in this his new venture.

A NEW DOCTOR.—Dr. H. E. Langis, a graduate of Victoria College, Montreal, and recently in practice at Port Arthur Ont., has taken up his abode in Port Moody, and has opened an office in C. E. Coon's drug store, adjoining the Elgin House. Speaking of his removal from Port Arthur, the "Daily Sentinel" of July 3rd, says:—"Dr. H. E. Langis leaves Port Arthur to-morrow for Victoria, B. C., where he will take up his permanent residence. Since his arrival here more than a year ago, he has been a very successful practitioner, and has made many friends. He interested himself in a prominent way with the establishment of the hospital here, and was the first attending physician in that institution. We wish the worthy doctor success in his new field of labor.

THE DANCE AT THE ELGIN.—What was undoubtedly the most successful dancing party ever held in Port Moody, came off at the Elgin House on Monday evening. It was gotten up by New Westminster parties, and a general invitation given to Port Moodians was almost unanimously accepted. Five stages and a number of private conveyances brought the visitors, and the trouble lasted from 10 p. m., till daylight on Tuesday. The best dance music every heard in Port Moody was furnished by "Doc" Hoffman, Johnny Walsh, Charley Simpson, and Jimmy Cock, while Edward Minke managed the floor in the graceful manner so peculiarly his own. An elegant lunch was served about one o'clock, and the slightest wishes of the ladies were attended to with much gallantry. We hope our friends in Westminster will come again, and we can offer them on behalf of our citizens a right hearty welcome.

RAILWAY NOTES.—At Yankee Flat, 25 miles above Yale, ground is being prepared for the machine shops, which will shortly be removed from Yale to that point....Ned Austin has returned from a holiday jaunt to Puget Sound....Billy Mugridge has left the C. P. R. and is now on his way to Mexico.... Paymaster Ward and Chief Time-keeper Campbell were in Port Moody this week, and the pocket-books of the railway men waxed fat in consequence.....The three China gangs at work on the carriage road from the wharf, aggregate about 125 men, and good progress is being made on the work.....Wednesday's train made up an hour and a half between Harrison River and Port Moody.... A gang of carpenters are at work on the Pitt river bridge.....Matt. Kennedy, a former Port Moodian, is firing on the locomotive "Kamloops," *vice* Alex. Black, sent to the front....Work at the end of the track is being pushed forward rapidly, and trains now run some miles beyond Sawmill Flat.

CHURCH NOTES.—The Episcopal service was well attended on Sunday last, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed to a number of communicants by Rev. Mr. Blanchard. A choir has been organized and practise is held in the school room every Saturday evening, at eight o'clock. All singers are invited to attend ....Rev. Mr. Robson conducted the Methodist service, and at its close presented a financial statement of the affairs of the society for the past year. Amount collected $102; expended, $99; balance on hand $3; which was applied to purchasing books for the Port Moody free library. Mr. Robson received nothing for his services as pastor, except traveling expenses, and he leaves the church to his successor free from debt and in good condition spiritually. Hereafter the Sunday School will meet at ten a. m., instead of at eleven.

A HEAVY INVEST.—An Eastern capitalist, whose name we are not at liberty to divulge, but who is closely connected with and in the confidence of the C.P.R. Syndicate has invested upwards of $15,000 in Port Moody real estate during the past week. This fact is to us proof positive that the alleged Coal Harbor "boom" is entirely void of foundation and that it is the last expiring effort of those who have been deluded into buying there, to get well rid of their "bargain." The principal promoter of the Coal Harbor excitement is heavily interested in Port Moody, and is not at all anxious to sell at any price; in fact his idea is to force a decline in the price of real estate here, and then buy largely. But this little dodge won't work; simply because Port Moodians have the assurance from the present and the former Governments of Canada, backed by the fiat of Nature herself, that this is and will be the Pacific Coast terminus of the C. P. R., and consequently they have full confidence in the future of this embryo city.

LOCAL BREVITIES.—Mr. T. J. Pogue caught a coon on his ranch the other day, and the animal now adorns a chain in front of the Colonial Drug Store.....The Bungalow boys have built a commodious kitchen in the rear of Mr. Gilbert's building.....Work on Mr. Lemont's new building is progressing.....The Port Moody young ladies are becoming experts in the art of managing a row-boat..... Miss M. Smith, of Victoria, is visiting with Miss Louise Odin.....A small floating wharf is being built at the end of the North road.....The bridges on First street, which were damaged by forest fires some time ago, have not been repaired, and are very insecure.....Wanted—A Boom! To supply the place of one which recently died. Must be warranted healthy and in good condition. Apply to G A.S. Breeze & Co., Coal Harbor. "Billy" Geo. Odin's tame bear, got himself loose on the other day, and scattered large chunks of consternation among our Chinese residents, before being captured.

SOLD OUT.—Mr. T. S. McGillivray has disposed of all his landed interests in Port Moody. The house and lot on Clarke street were purchased for $1,250 by Mr. Edmund Pogue, and his interest in the McLennan ranch, near the Coquitlam, to Mr. Arthur Hill, C. E., and we understand the price paid was $75 per acre. We do not know what Mr. McGillivray's future intentions are but as this is election year in the States, we would recommend the gentleman to return whence he came and run for some office suited to his capacity—pound keeper or goose inspector, for instance. By his departure from Port Moody, the *Columbian* will lose an "esteemed friend," the game cock will mourn in solitude, and the very large brood of very small hens will miss a kind and sympathising protector. No more will the sounds of his beautiful mezzo-soprano voice awake with its eloquence the echoes of the temperance hall; no more will his graceful but attenuated form be seen gliding about our streets, in the dim and shadowy hours of twilight. Alas! in this transitory sphere we meet but to part, and though it carves our large-sized six-bit heart in twain, we submit to the inevitable, and our "last, fond lingering" farewell floats out upon the morning breeze. Ta ta, ta ta!

THE GRAVING DOCK AT PORT MOODY.

We are much gratified in being able to inform our readers that Port Moody, or rather the North Arm, has been definitely fixed upon by the Imperial Government as the site for the new Graving Dock, and that operations for its construction will soon commence. We have this information from a gentleman in an official position, who has received a letter to that effect. This will at once cast to the winds all the nonsense industriously got up by land jobbers respecting some mythical branch of the C. P. R., which is supposed as likely to be constructed to English Bay. It is very likely that a knowledge of this fact has impelled the holders of land at the last-named place to make a supreme effort to get rid of their property. They are perfectly aware that after works of importance are commenced at Port Moody, all hopes of selling at anything like a high price will have vanished forever, and all hope of purchasing lots at Port Moody, at prices they esteem their proper value, will have disappeared. The establishment of the naval depot at Port Moody has been kept carefully out of sight by these English Bay land-holders, and the fact we are now stating will be a sad blow to them, but, of course, we can't help that. We note that the "Colonist" tries to deceive the public with the absurdity that Mr. Chapleau is coming to this Province in relation to the Chinese question. Surely, no one could be imposed upon by such ridiculous nonsense, Mr. Chapleau comes, very probably, to endeavor to make some compromise about the Esquimalt dock, and he may achieve this by throwing open the lands in the railway belt on the mainland, or by giving the present local government a little more money to enable them to buy votes for the coming election. Whatever Mr. Chapleau's mission may be, it certainly has no reference to the Chinese question.

THE FRANCHISE BILL REJECTED BY THE LORDS.

By the adoption of Lord Cairn's amendment postponing the extension of the franchise until a redistribution scheme shall be arranged, the Peers have rendered it impracticable for the Gladstone Cabinet to carry out any project of electoral reform before they have obtained a clear and peremptory mandate from the same constituencies that returned the present House of Commons. The secret of the rage evinced by the Liberal leaders at the astute action of the upper House lies in the miscarriage of their plan to defer the next general election until, through the voters unfranchised by the new law, they could reckon on such gains in the English counties as would enable them to secure more seats than the Conservatives and Home Rulers combined.

The shrewdness of the policy advocated by Lord Salisbury and embodied in the Cairns amendment is undeniable. It would have been suicidal for the Conservatives, who in recent elections have relied mainly on the counties, to assent to an equalization of the county with the borough suffrage without at the same time demanding a readjustment of the whole electoral system. It is no less evident that the House of Lords would have jeoparded its own existence by setting its face squarely against any further extension of the franchise. As it is, the Peers have shrunk from doing anything of the kind. They say to the Liberals, We do not attack the principle of your measure, we will even join the House of Commons in making it a law, but we insist that this law shall not become operative until some of the present grotesque and grievous anomalies in representation have been extinguished by a redistribution of seats.

Strong reasons can be given for imposing this condition, and they will seem the more plausible because a considerable fraction of the Liberal party took precisely the same ground during the preliminary discussion of the present reform bill. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, could only avert a schism in the Ministerial ranks by pledging himself to supplement at the earliest possible moment the proposed extension of the franchise by a complete reconstruction of the intricate and inequitable scheme of Parliamentary representation. Nor would the House of Commons have allowed itself to be cajoled with a vague promise of that kind had the Conservatives in that Chamber been wisely guided. Such a leader as Mr. Disraeli would have had little trouble in convincing not only his own partisans,, but a good many Liberals, that a redistribution is even more urgently called for than an expansion of the suffrage, and that a Ministry sincerely desirous of effecting sound improvements would not take up the problem of reform by the wrong end. Nor would he have scrupled probably, to describe the postponement of the far more important question of readjustment as an electioneering trick devised for the purpose of assisting the Ministers to evade a popular condemnation which they had reason to apprehend.

That which Sir Stafford Northcote failed to do in the lower Chamber, Earl Cairns has done in the House of Lords by challenging Mr. Gladstone to prove the honesty of his professions by immediately adding to his franchise bill provisions for a reapportionment of seats. It is no answer to such a challenge to rave wildly about the effeteness of the House of Lords, and the necessity of weeding out such an antiquated and mischievous institution. Neither will any one mistake the vociferous proceedings of packed meetings for the deliberate utterance of the public will. If the Cabinet really believes that in contending that redistribution should be inseparable from extension of the franchise the Conservatives have mistaken the feeling of the country, it will, of course, resort to the simple and constitutional method of eliciting the wishes of the people. It will at once dissolve Parliament and appeal to the constituencies on the issue whether England will accept Mr. Gladstone's tender of one bird in the hand or Lord Cairns' offer of two birds in the bush. Or rather, this is what the Cabinet would do but for the misgiving that the voters would be influenced by history rather than by proverbs, remembering that in 1868 Mr. Disraeli actually gave them a more liberal reform bill than was proposed by his Whig predecessor.

When the House of Lords commits an act of insolence and folly, it will, no doubt, be easily suppressed. But its hour has not yet come, when the sole offence imputed to it is the firm assertion that two good things are better than one, and the implied suggestion that the people of Great Britain be invited to say whether they do not agree with it. If, at a new general election turning on the question whether redistribution should accompany extension of the franchise, Mr. Gladstone should obtain a majority of the House of Commons, the Peers would undoubtedly recede from the ground they have just taken. But they are not likely to be shaken by anything less decisive than national a verdict on the point they have raised.—*New York Sun.*

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

The crops throughout Prussia are unusually good.

A fire on the quays at Smyrna, Turkey, caused damage to the extent of £40,000.

The Julfa and Megri district, in Persia, has been devastated by floods and the cotton crops destroyed.

A party of tourists were recently overwhelmed by an avalanche on Mount Blanc and one of them was killed.

Mr. Taft, who was recently transferred from the American Mission in Vienna to St. Petersburg, has started for his new station.

Robert Henry Lyttleton, son of the late Lord Lyttleton, was married recently to Miss Edith Santley, daughter of Charles Santley, the celebrated baritone singer.

A cockfight took place on a steamer in Dublin Bay to escape interruption by the police.

The Empress of China has sanctioned a railway from Tientsin to Peking. The materials have been constructed in Germany and shipped.

Elaborate preparations are being made in London for the production of Reyer's opera *Sigura*. The scenery is novel, one of the features being a curtain worked by steam on a new principle.

A man was tried in Dublin for polygamy. He was the possessor of five wives. The verdict returned was "insane with regard to his matrimonial engagements," and he was consigned to an asylum.

The locust in several districts of south Russia are committing frightful ravages. In Elizavetgrad the peasants have just received a reward from the Imperial Agricultural Society for the destruction of 1,700,000 of these insects.

An improvement which will alter the appearance of the inner town is in contemplation in Berlin. The Unter den Linden is to be prolonged eastward by a new street passing between the Castle and the Cathedral, and ending in Alexander square. It is to be called Kaiser-Wilhelm strasse.

A case of Ghazeeism is reported from Thal, in India,. A man ran amuck in a small village occupied by railway workmen. He was caught, sent to Thal, and confined in a guard room. Breaking away, he snatched a sentry's bayonet and stabbed him severely, but before he could attack any other persons he was shot and his body burned.

A French officer has invented a device to save life from fire. It can readily be attached to every kind of belt used in gymnastic exercises, and furnished further with a cord, the person thus equipped can lower himself with any speed desired.

The Prince of Wale's health is not good. He has taken a place near Dorking, in which he hopes to lead a quiet life for some time.

Lord R. Churchill twice dined and once supped with the Prince of Wales when they met in Paris. Their quarrel is over. Since his return Wales has been in constant communication with Lord Randolph, with whom his relations are now of a more friendly nature than ever.

In Whitechapel Church, London, recently, an infant was actually christened Osman Digma Smith. If that child does not grow up a rebellious youngster, it will not be the fault of its godparents.

A peculiar safety lamp has lately been furnished to each station of the Paris fire brigade, with the view of preventing danger from explosion when the men have to break in to the houses.

A violent conjugal dispute in Paris terminated in the husband ejecting the wife from the window; but the crowd, who had overheard the row, received her on their hands, and she was not hurt.

Geraniums and calceolarias, used in "window gardening," are said to exert a powerful influence in keeping a room free of flies.

Some months ago a champagne house at Epernay offered prizes for the five best poems on champagne. No fewer than 1,100 poems were sent in.

For seventy-four years the present organist of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, England, has held that position—longer, perhaps, than any person has ever held a similar position before.

Some important railways are about to be laid in the Phillippine Islands. Tenders will be received in Madrid up to Oct. 1 next for the construction of a line from Manilla to Lingayen, on the northwest coast of the Island of Luzon.

The new government in Belgium distinctly repudiates the assumption prevalent that it has a clerical character. The acknowledged "organ" of Mr. Malou, the Premier, says: "We are of the constitutional, the national party, not of the confessional."

Herr Meding, once agent and confidant of the late King of Hanover, writes that the Hanoverian Legion was, with the King's consent, to assist France against Prussia, and further, that the King consented, on being rewarded by the annexation of Hesse Cassel and other territories to Hanover.

Malou, the new Belgian Premier, is 74. He is President of the Council, and Minister of Finance as well. He is a Ypresman by birth, and his brother was Bishop of Bruges. He has been Governor of Antwerp and was Finance Minister 1845—47. He is an able debater.

It has recently been proposed to prevent petroleum fires by placing a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil; on ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapours would be to extinguish the fires.

A corps of submarine miners is in the course of formation at the school of Engineering, Chatham, England. The special duty of this new body of men will be the laying of mines under water for purposes of coast defence. Recruits for this new branch of the service are drawn mainly from the fishing districts. Not less than three vessels are undergoing alterations to fit them for the work.

The city of Brussels proposes to try the experiment of using electricity to drive its street cars. One line—that of the Rue de la Loi—is to be equipped with motors, and separate accounts are to be kept, in order to ascertain definitely the cost of the running, as compared with the use of horses. The test is to last for one year, and then, should the result warrant it, electricity will be employed exclusively on the street railways of Brussels.

When shooting at a cat do not hit your wife. At Droylsden, in England, Mrs. Egerton kept tame linnets in her bath room, and, observing a cat on the window sill of the room, called her husband's attention to it. He took out his gun into the garden. Just as his wife moved to the window he pulled the trigger and she fell dead.

A London scientific paper is not sanguine as to the success of a new Russian scheme for reaching the North Pole by means of sledges, starting from the Siberian islands and having depots at intervals, inasmuch as the most northern part of the island is 900 nautical miles from the Pole: and, judging by the appearance in other parts, it would be no easy matter to haul sledges over the hummocky ice.

An amusing incident occurred in one of the law courts in London the other day. Mr. Justice Lopez entered the court occupied by Justices Field and Manisty and stated that he had been put down by the Associate to sit there, but found that he was not wanted, as the learned Judges mentioned were engaged in hearing a new trial. Mr. Justice Lopez then asked if there was a possibility of getting a jury for him, and went out in search of a court and cases to try.

The Spiritualists have discovered how it is that, when rude investigators grab and hold a materialized spirit, the captured form often proves to be that of the medium. In these cases the "Banner of Light" explains, "What was intended to be a materialization at the outset only reaches a transfiguration of the medium's body." Thus a corporeal form is made to take on the semblance of a departed person and the editor thinks it very unjust to accuse mediums of fraud in the matter.

The situation of the Portugese in Guinea is very critical. The revolution of the blacks, which had attained considerable importance some months back, has not been put down. On the contrary, letters from the province of Biasso state that the only gunboat on that station- the Barreto, has been captured by the insurgents, the crew escaping in the boats. The moral effect of the abandonment of this vessel and the delay in putting down this rising are likely to prove disastrous for Portugal. The entire Portugese press admits this, and urges the Government to adopt energetic measures without further delay.

Sir Spencer Wells has written to a medical journal concerning the important matter of operating upon, or removing, diseased lungs or portions of them. He believes that surgeons should prepare to meet these operations by practice upon the cadaver, and, if need be, upon living animals. In speaking of the remarkable experiments in lung extirpation by Dr. Biondi of Naples, Sir Spencer says: "Of 76 operations on 63 animals, 36 were followed by recovery; of 57, where one entire lung was removed, 30 recovered; and in the six cases where the apices, or only one lobe were removed, all recovered."

A curious accident happened in the royal enclosure on the Ascot Cup day. A lady's dress was discovered to be on fire, and if it had not been for the presence of Lord Hardwicke and some other bystanders, who promptly extinguished the blaze with their overcoats, the consequence might have been exceedingly serious. The cause of the fire was a lighted match carelessly thrown down by some one after lighting his cigar. Oddly enough, the accident was repeated on the following day in a precisely similar fashion, only that on the second occasion the fire was detected and extinguished somewhat more quickly.

Attention is given to the singular theory in London that "mind reading," as of late exhibited, is based on the muscular action of the hand. At a recent sitting of savants and amateurs an expert demonstrated, in a manner wholly satisfactory to the spectators his interesting proficiency in muscle reading. Though he admitted that he could not succeed against determined opinion, and declared it impossible to read abstract thoughts, the success attending his direct efforts was surprising. He says that the delicate muscles of the hand respond to the processes of thought, that mental action has its correspondence in muscular movement, and that where the mind is directed to the contemplation of a particular object or material fact, there is produced a disturbance of minute muscular forces which an adept can detect, and from which he may receive a guiding impulse in his own mind, though its influence is unconscious.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

CLEVELAND NOMINATED.—HIS CHANCES.—THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM. — GENERAL BUTLER.—VICTORIOUS CANADA.—A PUGILISTIC FIZZLE.—MISCELLANEOUS.

(From our own correspondent.)

NEW YORK, July 11th, 1884.

Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York State, was nominated for the Presidency today by the democratic convention at Chicago, and the second of the great agonies is therefore over. The third is to be experienced next November and the greatest. Nominating Grover Cleveland and electing him President are altogether different things, as he will find when the proper time comes. He is 47 years of age and weighs 250 pounds, so that if not mentally he is physically very heavy. He has really no public career worth speking of. He was Mayor of Buffalo ten years ago, and a sporadic democratic tide swept him into the gubernatoral chair of New York in 1882. If he has any policy of his own, it is concealed in the innermost recesses of his —safe. Some of his competitors are men of great national reputation. There is Bayard, for instance, of Delaware, and Thurman, of Ohio, and Carlisle, speaker of the House of Representatives, all able men, and yet Cleveland was nominated over their heads. The cause is not far to seek. Cleveland is Governor of New York and is supposed to be able to carry that state. New York has 35 votes in the Electoral College, and these are what the Convention hoped for when they selected its Governor. There are two good reasons advanced why he will not be able to carry New York. The Irish vote—heretofore almost solidly democratic—will be cast dead against him. At the last election for State officials, he scratched the name of Purcell, editor of the Rochester "Union" from the ticket for Secretary of State, because, it is alleged, of his nationality, and placed Maynard in his stead. Maynard was defeated, while all the other democrats were elected. This looked ominous. Then he offended the workingmen of New York by vetoing what is known as the elevated railroad reduction. You must understand that in order to give the workingmen of the metropolis a chance to obtain a decent and cheap habitation, the city is being covered with a network of elevated railroads. You can't walk a block but you hear and see a railroad thundering along over your head. These railroads are supported by large iron pillars, and are perfectly solid and safe. The fare is, however, too high—ten cents—so that a working man, in order to take advantage of the cheap rents in the suburbs, would have to pay twenty cents a day, which would make them dear enough. The State Legislature passed an act reducing the fare to five cents, but this was vetoed by the Governor as being unconstitutional. Perhaps it was, but he will have to suffer for his veto all the same. Then again Genl. Butler must be considered. Butler received the nomination of the Greenback and labor party, but he wished to receive the democratic nomination also, when he hoped the combination would enable him to ride straight into the White House. He has not secured it, but will stand, and undoubtedly poll a large vote, larger than any independent candidate has ever obtained before. The question is, which party will he draw most from? and the answer is the democrats, as he is popular with the Irish and will receive that vote, part of which would bolt from Cleveland in any case. As regards the democratic platform, no man can understand it. It is full of negatives, and what the party will not do is clearer than what it will do if it gets the chance.

Outside of politics there is not much stirring in New York. There is no dramatic season. Walleck's has been open the past week, but not for the legitimate drama. A young Georgia girl named Lulu Hurst has taken it for an indefinite period and is fairly astonishing the public. She is possessed of immense and mysterious powers which she cannot account for herself, in the way of electricity or magnetism or something occult in that direction. She holds a billiard cue in her hand, and while she is smiling and not at all exerting herself two of the strongest athletes in New York and Brooklyn cannot take it from her. Nay, more, she makes them dance round till they are exhausted and heartily ashamed of themselves. She lifts a two hundred pound man to the ceiling or as high as her reach will carry him, with her little finger, and could do it with a straw if it were strong enough. The scientists are puzzled.

I am happy to inform you that prize fighting has received a set-back here last week. John L. Sullivan, the Boston slugger, with about thirty or fifty hard-looking cases, arrived from the "Hub," and soon after the Englishman Mitchell, with his hard-looking friends, put in an appearance. Before night five thousand dangerous characters swaggered through the streets and ten thousand dollars worth of tickets were sold. The tight was with gloves, according to law, and it is well known gloves are really more dangerous than naked fists. A blow from the fist is local, one from the gloves is felt all over the body, and in fact a fight with gloves is more brutal than with fists. Rumors flew round in the morning that Sullivan was drinking, and the newspaper reporters interviewed all about him as if the fact was of national importance. "Oh, no," said his friend indifferently; "John L. never drinks when he has work to do; he will be on hand all right and knock Mitchell into a cocked hat in two rounds." He was on hand, sure enough, but the burly ruffian was drunk. He had the impudence to make a hiccupping speech, too, "John L. Sullivan never disappointed any one before," he said, "but"—and then withdrew with scowl. The audience, however, did not get their $10,000 back, and so much the better. Mitchell, too, whined that he was bad with malaria, but promised they would soon see sport.

The Toronto Lacrosse Club after beating the renowned Shamrock of Montreal, for the third time, accepted a challenge from the American Lacrosse Club, and vanquished them yesterday in the Queen city with the greatest of ease. It will be a long time before Americans can hope to face Canadians at lacrosse or at rowing.

It is said if Blaine be elected he will pursue a vigorous foreign policy and make Canada its object in the first instance.

The Sanitary authorities in the Atlantic cities are taking vigorous precautions against the introduction of cholera from France. Cholera in that country is spreading, and, it is feared, will travel all over Europe ere its fury has been spent.

Mr. Gladstone will prorogue Parliament till the 20th Oct., by which time he thinks the Lords will have repented of their action and pass the Franchise Bill. Otherwise, then a dissolution and a radical crusade against the Peers.

Mr. O'Brien, M.P., for Mallow, Ireland, has emerged victorious from his conflict with the Dublin Castle officials, whom he accused of unnatural crimes. Two of them, Cornwall and French, have fled, and the Government intends prosecuting the others. O'Brien is becoming more popular then Parnell.

The heat here is not so intense as it has been, but it is great, nevertheless.

A woman has just set all Germany by the ears. She came to Elberfeld, a few miles from Wiesbaden. She had in her possession four boxes. Now, this number is not extraordinary. Most ladies require as many to carry their wardrobe. But the police at Elberfeld looked on the lady's property with a suspicious eye and than arrested her They found that her boxes were filled with explosives, and they believed her intention was to cause an explosion at Wiesbaden, to which place the Emperor of Germany was about to pay a visit. The dread of Nihilists entertained at the German court may be inferred when the *Tageblatt* says that the visit of the Emperor to Wiesbaden was abandoned on account of this discovery.

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The Afghans are a dirty race. In this they present a contrast to the Hindoos, who are, perhaps, the cleanest people in the world. The climate of Afghanistan is cold in the winter, and perhaps their wild life may have something to do with it. They have such an abhorrence of water that they never bring it in contact with their bodies. Being Mohammedans they are bound to do certain ablutions by their faith, but they find substitutes, which are allowed instead of water. There is one tribe which gets only three new garments in a life-time, the garment being in each case a blanket. The first is given at birth, the second at marriage, the third before they die. Each blanket is understood to have been ceaselessly worn till events entitle the wearer to a new one. Clean clothes and the washing of them are not entirely unknown in Afghanistan, for they have a term which implies a gentleman; and it is characteristic. They call him a Suffaid Posh, which means white or clean dress.

It is asserted on eminent engineering authority that the best wood yet discovered for railway sleepers is zapote, used for this purpose in Mexico. It is essentially a tropical timber, and is exceedingly durable for outdoor or indoor work, above or below ground. Samples of this wood taken out of buildings said to have been erected more than two centuries ago did not show the slightest indication of decay, the wood being as sound as on the day it was put into the building. In color this wood is nearly as dark as logwood, is very heavy, and sinks in water, and so hard that the boring of the holes for the spikes and forming the groves for the rails is very laborious work. It appears to be almost impervious to decay, but has a tendency to split if exposed to the heat of a tropical sun for a few months; for which reason the zapote sleepers have to be kept equally covered with ballast.

It would appear that in Russia, as well as in many other countries, a lock of hair is considered a signal pledge of the tender passion. Mlle. Alice, the favorite Parisian actress, glories in the possession of auburn ringlets, and would not part with one of them for less than a duchy. Two Russian noblemen, the Count de L. and Baron M., were both suitors for the lady's smiles, and both happened to have hair of the same golden hue, as that of that of their mutual dulcinea. Each begged a lock of her hair in exchange for a lock of his own, to which the charming creature readily assented; and, without touching a single tuft of her head, managed to effect an exchange of parcels, by which each gentleman received a curl of his rival's capilaries. The Count now wears the Baron's hair next his heart, and the Baron sleeps with the Count's scalp lock under his pillow.

The Emperor of Annam has a large piece of water in his palace, in which he keeps his reserve treasure, to be touched only in case of absolute necessity. The money not intended for use is placed in the hollowed-out trunks of trees, which are thrown into the water. To keep away thieves and prevent the King himself from being tempted to draw upon this reserve fund without sufficient cause, a number of crocodiles are kept in the water, their presence and the certainty of being eaten alive acting as a wholesome restrainer and insuring the security of the royal treasure in a most effectual manner. When it becomes indispensable to draw upon this novel style of bank the crocodiles have to be killed; but this can be done only with the Emperor's permission and after the matter has been duly approved by the Minister of Finance.

According to a recently devised method for making gossamer waterproof fabrics, so as more effectually to realize the quality of impermeability, the material is immersed, while hot, in a compound of boiled linseed oil, lampblack, litharge, and a suitable drier, all mixed together in due proportions; and, a thorough drying being effected, the article is placed on a mould, and a coating of the mixture applied with a brush or sponge, and rubbed quite smooth by the hand. After drying, the fabric is again placed on the mould and rubbed down with pumice stone. In the same manner a third coating of the mixture is applied.

At Mr. Stuart Cumberland's exhibition of thought reading in one of the rooms of the House of Commons on the evening of June 20. Mr. Waddy announced that the Prime Minister would think of a number which Mr. Cumberland, was to read off figure by figure. Mr. Cumberland, having blindfolded himself, took the Prime Minister's hand and read off successively, without hesitation and in a clear voice, the figures 366, which Mr. Gladstone declared to be correct. The feat caused much amusement, and Mr. Cumberland, who seemed considerably exhausted by the experiments, was loudly cheered.

The Government of India have received the reports of the preliminary examination of the oil-bearing strata which exist in the neighborhood of Sibi. The professional reports are so encouraging that the Government have determined to procure from England the necessary machinery for boring operations These will begin next winter, and will be conducted on an extensive scale. If the result justify the sanguine hopes entertained, the discovery will be one of importance in relation to Indian industrial development and the solution of the Central Asian question.

A young Berlin student the other day paraded about one of the most frequented streets of Berlin in a lady's white petticoat and a red-feather hat, with a sunshade held gracefully aloft. The young man had made a wager to walk from his residence to a favorite students' haunt in the centre of the town adorned with the above mentioned costume. His courage did not meet with due reward, for long before his goal was reached he had to seek refuge from the crowd in the nearest house, whence, without the unwonted gard, he emerged after the crowd had been dispersed by the police.

What is claimed to be a valuable rust protector is among the recent German inventions. It consists of ordinary oil paint mixed with ten per cent. of burned magnesia, baryta, or strontia, as well as mineral oil. This neutralizes the free acid of the paint, and the alkaline reaction protects the iron from rust.

Mark Pattison, the well-known rector of Lincoln College, at the University at Oxford, has deposited in the Bodleian Library a box containing the greater part of his papers, with the condition that it shall not be opened before the year 1910.

Queen Victoria on June 20 entered upon the 48th year of her reign, a period which has been exceeded by three English sovereigns only, viz, Henry III., Edward III., and George III., who reigned 56, 50, and 60 years respectively.

Experiments made by M. Muntz with various kinds of water—spring, river sea, and rain water, also snow—prove that alcohol may be found in all, except in pure spring water.

An action has been brought by M. Alex. Dumas *fils* against the painter Jacquet, whom he accuses of reproducing his features in the water-color drawing. "The Jew Merchant of Bagdad." The counsel for the plaintiff asked the Court to restrain M. Jacquet from exhibiting in public or selling his picture, which was a libel on M. Dumas *fils*. It was also sought to make M. Jacquet pay the costs of action with heavy damages. M. Jacquet's counsel contended that his client had a perfect right to do as he did, and as had been done by other painters before him. Horace Vernet had painted under the guise of a Jew in his picture, "La Prise de la Smala," a well-known banker with whom he had a quarrel. There was no libel ever thought of then. Moreover, the feature of M. Dumas *fils* were, so to speak a kind of public property. According to an opinion expressed by the presiding Judge, there was no libel involved in the proceeding of M. Jacquet. It was simply a mischievous joke

La Lanterne has a remarkable story about the "Sunsbeam" diamond, suggested by the exhibition of precious stones at Paris. In 1866 a diamond valued at over $600,000 was found in a Chilian mine near caracotes. Its owner, Mr. Joam Pareso, hawked it about Europe, and at length found a purchaser in Queen Victoria. It was put into the hands of a Bond street, London, jeweller to be set, and for eight days was exhibited in his window. One fine morning the jeweller found the case in which it was specially set apart broken and the jewel gone no trace of the thief could be found, and the jeweller partially indemnified the Queen for her loss.

On the 7th of May there died in a miserable lodging in Strasburg a man of 70 named Julian Partridge. His landlord was amazed to find in Partridge's pocket a huge diamond, wrapped in a letter, telling that he, finding himself dying, wished to explain that the diamond in his pocket was the "Sunsbeam," which he had stolen, but, knowing that Mr. Pareso had shown it all over Europe, he had not, after all, dared to attempt to sell it. The diamond was returned to the Queen, who, of course, repaid the jeweller.

An old custom called the Hunting of the Wren is still observed in the Isle of Man. A fairy who exerted a baleful influence over the island was pursued by a knight, and only escaped in the moment of extreme hazard by assuming the form of a wren. In consequence of this, on the specific anniversary the islanders devoted their energies to the extirpation of the fairy, and wrens were pursued, pelted, and fired at without mercy. The feathers were preserved with religious care, the belief being that they had a peculiar charm in preserving their possessors from shipwreck. Any fisherman who proceeded to sea without such a safeguard was considered exceedingly foolhardy. At the present time, on the morrow of Christmas Day, groups of boys proceed from door to door carrying a wren suspended in the centre of two hoops, which are decorated with evergreens and ribbons. The boys pluck the feathers from the unfortunate bird and give one to each liberally disposed householder, singing meanwhile a rhyme, of which the burden is:

We hunted the "wran" for Robbin the Bobbin.
We hunted the wran for Jack of the Can.
We hunted the wran for Robbin the Bobbin.
We hunted the wran for every one.

The Glasgow correspondent of the London *Warehousemen's Journal* writes: All classes are beginning to feel the depression which exists in shipping and shipbuilding. Govan and Partick, two great suburbs of Glasgow, on the Clyde, have some 7,000 workmen idle, and the most of those who are employed are working short time; at Greenock about 4,000 are out of employment. These 11,000 are married men who are unable to or unwilling to leave the districts referred to. A month or so ago there was nearly double that number in a similar predicament, but the younger and unmarried have gone south and elsewhere in search of employment.

Mr. Albert Sharpe writes to the London *Daily News* that, as one who suffered many years severely with summer catarrh and hay asthma, he determined to try the experiment of taking a pinch of strong Scotch snuff whenever the sneezing was violent; this seemed to have the effect of relieving the paroxysms, and he felt convinced that by taking snuff before the attack made its appearance in the spring it would help to stay its severity. He passed through the first season with scarcely any symptoms of sneezing and without a sign of asthma, and by persevering with snuff taking again as the next season came round it had a similar effect. Now, for more than six years he has not had an attack of either sneezing or hay asthma.

Of the four principal leaders of the Anarchist party in France, three are at present in prison—Prince Krapotkin and "companions," Gautier and Crie, the sole champion of unlimited freedom at liberty being M. Elisee Roclus, the eminent geographer. The designation citizen, it may be observed, implying as it does a settled social organization, with its accompanying checks and restraints, has long since being discarded by the modern revolutionaries. The Prince and M. Gautier will shortly be restored to society, M. Grevy having announced his intention of granting them their liberty on the occasion of the next recurrence of the National Fete, six weeks hence. "Companion" Crie, who is described as a singularly mild mannered, amiable man, was sentenced only a month ago to a year's imprisonment for the systematic advocacy of murder and arson as a mode of bringing the *bourgeois* to their senses. "Citizen" Morphy—he is only a Socialist—may possibly profit by the President's clemency on the same occasion. As his name implies, he is of Irish descent—perhaps, indeed, of Irish birth. According to the *Matin*, he only renounced his nationality quite recently. "I did it," he is reported to have said, "to escape hanging. They still keep up the practice in England."

The northern coast of Nicaragua is the site of the Mosquito Kingdom. Although an integral portion of the republic of Nicaragua, the Government exercises but a nominal control over it. By treaty with the British Cabinet, Nicaragua acknowledged the Mosquito King as sovereign of this strip of land, and agreed to pay him a subsidy of $7,000 per annum. When that particular king killed himself through rum drinking, the English missionaries elected an illegitimate son of the royal family to succeed him. Since that epoch the Nicaraguan Government has ceased to pay the stipulated subsidy, although it figures in each appropriation.

Such of the Egyptian peasants as have received some little culture know that the waters of the Nile come from the "land of the dark men"—from the mountains of Abyssinia. In the year 1874, at the time of the war with Abyssinia, it happened that the Nile was slow to rise, and the opinion was expressed that the King of Dabeseh was fulfilling an ancient threat of Ethiopian kings to lead off the Nile before its entrance into Egypt, through a canal into the Red Sea. But the inhabitant of the more isolated inland villages has not even such lights as these. Should you ask him as to the Nile and its origin he would, with a grateful glance toward heaven, answer, simply, "Min Allah!" that is, from God, or from heaven.

The map publishers have all they can do to keep up with the times. The progress of exploration the changes in frontiers, and the building of new cities and towns make an old atlas as inadequate for to-day's use as a last year's newspaper. The map of Africa is changing more rapidly than that of any other part of the world. Many explorers and pioneers there, supported by Governments, geographical societies, or missionary agencies, are all the while adding new facts to geographical knowledge.

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