THE DETROIT SOLOMON.

"BAY." "Say," he began, as he posed in front

of the desk. "Well, I say that you are charged with drunkenness," replied his Honor. "Say, I'd like to know what has been

going on here? I'll be swan to goshen if I can understand what it all means." of will try and give you a little infor-

mation You came to the city yesterday with a load of produce."

"Yes, I know that." You sold it out on Woodward avegue, left your team tied to a post, and went to a salcon near the market with some friend to try some book beer."

"Yes, that's the way it was." "I don't know how much beer you drank, but you were asleep in the alley back of the saloon at ten o'clock that

evening. "Is that possible?" "And your pockets were empty." "Great Scots! Then I have been robbed of \$26.85!"

"Shouldn't wonder. When brought in here you were so drunk that your legs could have been tied in a hard knot. don't think Bavarian beer agrees with

"Well, I declare! A man of my age to get drunk and let himself be robbed? The boys and the old woman won't believe it. Where's my team?'

Taken to a hotel barn." "Well, well. Here I am. Highway commissioner, school trustee, township librarian and leader of the singing, and I got drunk! And I was robbed! And I went to sleep in a mudhole!"

"All of which is gospel truth," said the court. "Yours is a serious case. "Say, squar,' lemme sit down. I'm as weak in the knees as a baby! What are

going to do with me?" "Hem-um-yum. What do you think

about it?" "I-I-don't leave it to me, squar', I feel so small and mean and ashamed that I'd willingly trade places with a mule." His Honor read the prisoner a lecture on temperance lasting three minutes, devoted two additional minutes to father-

ly advice, and then told him to go. As the prisoner was leaving the court room some of the boys offered to scrape the mud off his back for the small sum of \$15, but his anxiety to get home prevented him from closing a bargain. THE STRUGGLE FOR RICHES.

Yesterday forenoon John Davis, a rag buyer, was going up Antoine street, and Carl Miller, a knife-grinder, was coming down. They were only twenty feet apart when they simultaneously discovered a pocket-book on the walk between them. Both uttered a yell and made a rush at the same instant, and as they came together they clinched and rolled into the gutter and fought like cats. They were going it strong when an officer come along and took both under his shelter, and afterward proved to them that the pocket-book was not only empty, but that it was nailed down to the walk. "John Davis, what have you to say

about this?" asked the court.
"I was only fooling, sir. I knew the wallet was nailed down, but I wanted to have a little fun with the knife-

Miller?"
"Vhell, I like to haf a leedle fun, have been frozen as stiff as a poker by

"Don't blame you a bit. I like to see everybody funny. It must have been an awfully funny time when you were rolling around in the mud and blacking each other's eyes. John Davis !"
"Yes, sir."

"You are fined five dollars." "For what ?"

"For feeling funny. Carl Miller !"

"Dot's me. "You are fined five dollars, also." "Ish dot pecause I felt funny, too?"

"Exactly Both paid their fines, and as they were ready to go, His Honor said:

'If there is any more trouble between you, the fines will be doubled. Next time you feel funny you'd better wait and see whether it is nailed down or SHORT AND SWEET.

"Henry Tillman, the police have been

watching you for a month." "Yes, sir. "And they have finally run you in as

a vagrant. "Yes, sir."

"Have you any defense?" "No, sir."

"Then you will be retired from the care and duties of public life for the space of ninety days.' "Just so."

"And you have exactly fourteen minutes by the clock to scrub your face, comb your hair and prepare to make a good impression on the officials at the Work House. Fall back."

HE HAD A PLAN.

"Is this Dennis O'Connor?" queried his Honor of the next. "It is, your Honor."

"And how do you plead?" "I plead for some breakfast. I never was so hungry in my life." "You were arrested for being drunk

and breaking a window." "That's not me at all, sir. Whenever I get drunk 1 go home and smash my own furniture, instead of hurting any

body else's. "I guess you are the man, Dennis. Here's the officer who arrested you, and

here's the owner of the window. "Well, maybe I'm guilty, your Honor, and it's sorry I am."

"Beimg sorry won't help the case, Dennis. You are a hard drinker, and I have let you off twice." "I was thinking it all over, your

Henor, and I've got a plan. You let me off this time and I'll go to Chicago. If I don't you can double on me next time I'll give this man my note for damages, and the officer who arrested me shall have a glass of beer for his trouble."

"Can't do it, Dennis. What did I tell you last time?" "Wasn't it something about the

weather, sir?" "I told you if you came here again this fall I'd be obliged to-

"But its winter, your Honor. Then it is the winter of your discon tent. Can you raise five dollars?'

"If you give me a week." "Dennis, you'll have to go up for stove. thirty days. 'Make it a day and a half."

"Thirty days, and may this be a great moral warning to you in the fu- But for my vhife he might have kilt me."

"I'll not remember it five minutes, your Honor, and it's a mane trick to lost a brother? lock up a man when election is to come

"Fall back, Dennis." "I'll niver fall on me back for nobody and I won't be in that work-house two hours before me old woman will pay the foine." sturdily declared Dennis, as he for sixty days." disappeared in the corridor.

WANTED HIS PA. 'This 'ere man," explained Bijah, as he brought out his first prisoner, "has been hollering all the morning." "Wanted his pa, I presume," replied

his Honor. "He wanted everything. He wanted water, breakfast, whisky, a lawyer, to get out, and I can't tell you how much more. Just before you came in he offered me five dollars to let him go. He seems to be a bad man your Honor.

"Ah! ha! Been trying to bribe the police, have you, David Saunderson? That looks bad as a starter."

"If I was to be hung-if I was to die the next minit, I'd deny it!" shouted David, as he swung his arms about. "Did you make any offer at all?"

"Yes, I did. I offered him a dollar to hold his feet up where I could get a good look at them, and that's why he's down on me. Bijah turned as red as a rose under the

scrutinizing glance of the court, and as the spectators craned their necks to get a view of his understandings, the old man slid back into the corridor and was heard banging an empty barrel up and down the stone floor.

"Well, David, you were brought in here very drunk," resumed the court. "I can't possible realize it," replied the prisoner.

"Then I'll have to make you. Officer please step forward." The officer swore that he had never had

the luck to handle a drunker man than David Saunderson. "It doesn't seem possible—can't possi-

bly realize it," sighed David. "All on earth I drank yesterday was-lemme see: I took some New England rum down by the depot, and then I took a glass of beer up town, and then I had a small glass of whisky near the postoffice, and-"Oh, you must have been intoxicated," interrupted the court.

"Can't realize that I was. Fact is, I can remember everything that took place, and I supposed all the time that the officer was bringing me down here to get warm and lend him a cigar. I want to be in Buffalo to-morrow, your Honor. "Do you live there ?"

"Well, I'll give you a chance to evacuate Detroit. If you are found here after to-day I'll give you something to remember me by.'

"Oh, I won't forget you, as it is, chuckled David as he hurried out and put his legs in motion for the depot. A MODEL MAN.

"Morning," saluted Henry Starling as he balanced before the bar. "Fine morning," he continued as his

Honor looked steadily at him without replying. How soon can I leave for Saginaw he asked as the silence lengthened.

"Henry Starling," said his Honor, in deepest voice, "if you hadn't been "And what have you got to say, Carl his deepest voice, accidentally discovered at 11 o'clock last have been frozen as stiff as a poker by have been frozen daylight this morning."

Well, I'll bet I

wouldn't! I've slept out of doors with the thermometer showing sixteen degrees below zero." "That proves what a tough case you

are. You were very drunk.

"I don't know anything about that, but I know that I was very tired. I left a model of a washing-machine in a store in the morning, and when I went back for it I lost the place. I'll bet I walked fifty miles yesterday." When did you leave the model?"

"About ten o'clock in the morning. "And when did you begin to get drunk?"

"About eleven." "That's correct. At noon you entered an undertaker's shop on Grand River street and started to carry off a casket, claiming that it was your lost model. An hour later you were heard of on Congress street, trying to make a grocer believe that a vest button was a five-dollar gold-piece. You had a regular old-

fashioned lark." "Well, maybe I did, and I'm much obliged to you all. If any of you come up to Saginaw, inquire for Hank Starling, the patent washing machine fiend, and I'll show you the sights and treat you

well. Good-bye, Judge." "Don't be quite so fast, prisoner-I haven't got through with you yet. You are going to remain in Detroit for thirty

days longer." "At a hotel?" "No."

"Where then?" "At the work house." "Great Scots! am I sent up?"

"You are." "I will never live through it-never -never!" "Well, death must come to all," sighed

the Court. "Please fall back and secure your ticket before the rush begins, and if you want to wash your face Bijah will furnish you bar-soap and a piece of woollen blanket." THE LONG LOST BROTHER.

James Cranston entered a store on Jefferson avenue with a hurried step and wild look and inquired for the propri-

"Do you vhants an oafercoat made in Baris for only four dollars?" queried the

latter as he harried forward. "Tis he" muttered James, as he steadied himself by hanging to the

counter. "Maybe you like to examine some undershirts for twenty-five cents?" con-

tinued the merchant. "Henry! don't you know me?" called

and Shay Gould buys shust such socks as dose.

"You are my brother!" "I sell baber collars for four cents a

"My long lost brother!" and he rushed for him and both fell against the hot

"Was he very drunk?" asked his Honor of the witness.

"He vhas, and he shoked me beside. "It seems," continued the court as he turned to the prisoner, "that you have

"Yes, sir."

"How long since?" "He left home twenty years ago." "Well, I think I know where he is One day last week I sent a man who looks just like you to the Work-House

"Yes, sir, but you-" "And you can go up there and look for him. It's a great place for brothers to find each other."

"Your Honor, can't I-" "Not to-day. Fall right back or you'll be too late for breakfast up there. Your sentence is the same-sixty days. All in the family, you see. Call the next."-[N. Y. Dispatch.

Habits of a Man of Business.

He is strict in keeping his engage ments.

Does nothing carelessly or in a hurry. Employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself. Leaves nothing undone that ought to

be done, and which circumstances permit him to do. Keeps his designs and business from

the view of others, yet he is candid with Is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not overtrade his capi-

Prefers short credit to long ones, and cash to credit at all times, either in buying or selling; and small profits in credit cases with little risk, to the chance of

better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bar-Leaves nothing of consequence to

memory which he can and ought to commit to writing. Keeps copies of all his important leters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, etc., belonging to his

business, titled, classed and put away. Never suffers his desk to be confused y may papers lying upon it. Keeps everything in it proper place. Is always at the head of his business

well, knowing that if he leaves it, it will cave him. Holds it as a maxim, that he whose eredit is suspected is not to be trusted. Balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers, both

at home and abroad. Avoids as much as possible all sorts of accommodation in money matters, and law suits where there is the least hazard. He is economical in his expenditure, always living within his income.

Keeps a memorandum book in his pocket, in which he notes every particu-lar relative to appointments, addresses and petty cash matters. Is cautious how he becomes security

for any person. And generous when urged by motives of humanity.

A sacred regard to the principles of ustice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business.

Let a man act strictly to these habits; when once begun will be easily to con-tinue in—ever remembering that he hath no profits by his pains whom Providence does not prosper, and success will attend his efforts.

A Mistake.

Says a correspondent: It happened in a rough mining town in Colorado. There was a grand ball at the ranch of Whisky Jack, a well-known character in the "diggings," and the "elito" of the district responded to the call in full force. The party was held in a rickety old barn belonging to the host, and what with a few red strips of flannel, a grotesque accumulation of mountain roses, and a row of dripping candles the appointments of the place were perfect. My first partner in the giddy dance was the wife of the man who killed the village postmaster because he refused him a letter; she was fat, fair and forty, and danced with the grace of a cow. My next partner was the daughter of this charming pair, a young girl just bursting into the lovelis ness of womanhood; she was freekled and sported a wart on her nose, My next partner was a blooming grasswidow, a fresh arrival; and then I rested. I began to comment on the new faces in the room. My companion in this pleasant past time was a heavybearded miner, uncouth, roughly dressed tobacco slobbered, and very profane. This was our first meeting, and I hoped

it would be our last. "There goes a hard-looking case, whispered, as the wife of the man who killed the postmaster sailed by. "She's

a bad 'un. "Yas," replied the man, "I'd hate to have the critter step on me. What a nice target she would be for a poor marksman!"

"Yes," I said and turned my eyes on tall, raw-boned creature, sailing toward us supported by a little man with sandy

whiskers and red top boots. comes the boss,' "How? "The boss, I say; ain't she a lovely

chimpanzee? "A what?"
"Chimpanzee."

He glared at me a moment and then eached for his revolver. "What is a chimpanzee?" he growled fiercely, his red eyes growing large.

I saw that I had made some mistake, and hastened to explain. "Why-why," I stammered, backing

off, "a chimpanzee is a lovely creature found in Africa—nothing so gorgeously beautiful as a chimpanzee. That is the highest compliment a lady can receive. "Oh!" and the man looked relieved.
"Yas—I think so myself, stranger; she's a lovely chimpanzeer, she's my wife. AN OBIGINAL VAGRANT .- A shrewd

little female scamp in St.Louis collected about \$50 during the holidays from be-"Or I can sell you der werry best nevolent persons in the following man-socks in der market for only ten cents a pair. Shust look at 'em! Wanderbuilt pay her fare, ride a long distance, and tell the conductor to let her out at a street remote from where the car was. "Why, you are on the wrong car, three or four miles from where you want to go," the conductor would answer. Thereupon the little shivering wretch would commence to cry bitterly, and the other passengers, aglow with seasonable kindness, would takeup a collection for her as "How amusing!" "How clever he is!" vary from twelve to fifteen shillings.

The Men Who Convicted Gutteau.

Following is a sketch of the jurors who

convicted the assassin of Garfield: The foreman of the jury, Mr. John P. Hamlin, is a well known saloon keeper. He is a mild-mannered man of 47 years, and may be regarded as the type of social geniality. He has a prominent forehead, well shaped head, gray hair and mustache, and light eyes. He wears a black cloth suit, open vest, turn down collar and black tie. He holds in his hand a yellow cane, with a carved ivory or horn handle. Mr. Hamlin wears a pleasant smile, and is withal dignified. Mr. Frederick W. Brandenberg is

German cigar-maker, 45 years of age. He is small of statute, with a head of average size, dark brown hair and mustache, blue eyes, high cheek bones, prominent nose and rounded forehead. Mr. Branden- talked about was the saving of the lives berg wears a black suit, standing collar, and a small black cravat. He pays especial attention to the proceedings, generally sitting with folded arms. He occasionally leans forward in quest of the spittoon, and then twists his dark, heavy mustache as if revolving something in his

Henry J. Bright is a retired merchant and over 50 years of age. He is fat and chubby, and gives indications of living well. He has a high forehead, eyes of brown, cropped side whiskers, a full, rounded face, a great aquiline nose with flattened nostrils, and a large mouth, and a tendency to a double chin. His hair is parted on the left side. His suit of dark brown, in its quality and shape, bespeak a tailor's art. He wears a turndown collar and cravat.

Charles Stewart, the sleeping juror, is a merchant, over 50 years of age. He generally rests his head on his hands, as if troubled or asleep, and it is fair to presume that he has enjoyed many a refreshing nap in the court-room during the He has brown hair and whiskers, which, like his hiar, is mixed with gray, and extends down his temples to his

His left-hand neighbor is a veritable Irishman in shape, manner and behavior, Thomas H. Langley, a grocer, 48 years of age. Mr. Langley has a low forehead, dark hair, whitened with age, dark eyes and heavy brows, and his face gives evidence of intelligent attention. He dresses in dark blue clothing and wears a white cravat, all crumpled and tightly tied around a standing collar. Mr. Langley rests his hand on the curled head of a polished black hawthorn cane, and not unfrequently takes a calm survey of the prisoner and the

audience. To his right is another Irishman, Mr. Michael Sheehan, a well-to-do grocer, 47 years of age. He has reddish-tinted hair of fine fiber, and side whiskers. He has a fine and honest expression in his mild, yet keen blue eyes. In fact, no man on the jury has finer or smoother features than Mr. Sheehan. He looks as if he had "come to a conclusion," and would not care much about either the subsequent testimony of witnesses or argument of counsel. His hair is close cropped, and the blue eyes shaded by dark brows indicate a man of positive character. These six jurors occupy the front seats.

George W. Gales, the youngest member of the jury, is 27 years of age. He has black hair and mustache. His eyes are wild and fiery, and at times he does not look as if he was entirely calm and composed. He is rather handsome in his appearance, is a machinest, and when summoned to serve on the jury was at work in the United States Navy-yard. The fact that he has an insane uncle, and has been sick during the trial, has caused some to think he was affected by the proceedings in the court.

Thomas Hainline is an iron worker well advanced in years. He has a rounded forehead, and the lower part of his face is hidden in bushy iron-gray whiskers and mustache that must be at least ten or twelve inches in length. Mr. Hainline's seat is in front of the window, and he often leans back against the sill.

His right-hand neighbor, Ralph Wormley, a veritable specimen of the negro, is laborer, and was formerly identified with politics in the District of Columbia. His painful expression and sleepy manner are quite noticeable. The greasy bandana which he has so long worn over his eye has given way to a green bandage. He frequently raises his hand to his face, and generally wears as solemn a look as if he were at a negro camp-meeting. Owing to his appetite and the fine food served, he has made himself sick several times.

To the right of the colored gentleman is Wm. H. Browner, a well-known commission merchant. He is a middle aged man, with a round, bald head. He is a keen man and a close observer. He,too, has had a case of insanity in his family.

Mr. Browner wears a light mustache. The next juror, Mr. Hoobs, is a plas terer, and aged 63 years, being the old est member of the jury. His thin side whiskers do not detract from the noticeably sad expression of his countenance. He sits with his head bowed and resting in his hand, as if in sorrowful reverie He is the juror whose wife died two weeks ago. For forty years he and his wife have lived together in quiet con-tentment, and when she died suddenly and he was summoned to her, then unconscious, his grief was painful to behold. He does not look as if he could give his undivided attention to the proceedings, for there is a great weight on his heart.

Joseph Prather is a middle-aged man, his business being that of a commission merchant. He has a long, hoary beard and mustache, smooth forehead, a large but well shaped nose, and bright brown eyes. He frequently strokes his beard and pays strict attention to the proceed-

most excellent one, being possessed of more than ordinary sense. They were selected from 159 talesmen. A "TARIFF OF APPLAUSE."-A "tariff of applause" has been drawn up by a Paris actor, detailing the sums paid for each separate clap and exclamation of

the claque. An ordinary round of applause costs four shillings, the price rising to two pounds for "unlimited re-calls." A laugh is worth six shillings and sixpence, and a "hearty laugh" costs eight shillings; groans followed by ap-plause at the end of a murder scene fetch ten-and-sixpence, and murmurs of horror twelve shillings; while such exclamations

Two Brave Boys.

There was a picturesque scene yesterday morning on the bluff above Hovious Beach, where lies the hull of the wrecked Alice Buck. The white sand of the narrow strip of bluff, and the whiter broad line of surf, were dotted with strands and drifting pieces of the wreck. On the accessible portions of the beach gangs of men were collecting the driftwood and keeping a lookout for the bodies of the missing sailors. On the bluff were scattered about men, women, and children from the neighboring ranches, idly watching the men at work below, and earnestly talking over every incident of the wreck. The shattered hull lay just beyond the breakers, only a few projecting pieces above the water deof three of the wrecked crew by two young men, Silas Hovions and Frank Hale, each aged nineteen years, sons of

neighboring ranchers. The story of their adventures is one of simple heroism, and should gain for the young men some suitable recognition. It seems that two of the sailors managed to reach the shore unassisted, and found their way to the house of Hovious. When they had told the story of the wreck, and were being warmed and fed by Mrs. Hovious. the boy Silas and his father ran to the edge of the bluff, where Mrs. Hovious and others soon followed. Some time before any human form was distinguished in the surf, pitiful cries for assistance were heard. Silas, at last, by standing on the edge of the bluff and looking down a hundred feet of almost straight sides, discovered a man clinging to a plank and being tossed about in the breakers. He told his discovery, but none of the men dared to attempt the descent of the cliff to the forlorn hope of rescuing the man. Silas, after waiting a moment, said, "Mother, I can't bear to hear the man's cries," and before he could be stopped, threw off his coat and swung himself over the edge of the bluff. He was instantly followed by young Hale. Standing on the beach yesterday, Mrs. Hovious told the rest of

the story. "How those boys got down there I do not know," she said. "You can see for yourself that a goat couldn't climb there. But, somehow or other they reached that narrow ledge of rock you see down there, over which the waves break. Frank Hale picked up a piece of rope thrown up by the waves; and the boys together threw one end of it out to the sailor. He made a grab for it, but missed it, and the back current carried him out of reach. The next wave brought him in almost to their feet, but he missed the rope again. I was afraid he would clutch at the boys ankles and drag one of them out with him. I begged of the men standing about to go down there and help the boys. One man standing near me was himself a sailor, but none of them dared to make the attempt. I saw the man in the water being carried toward the boys again, but once more he missed the rope. I become almost frantic then. What with fear for the boys and desire to see the poor man saved, I searcely knew what to do. course I wanted my boy to do all he could, and seeing him standing down there with his companion, calling to the man to keep his courage, I hadn't the heart to say a word against it.

"Once more the waves brought the man in, looking more dead than alive. This time the boys took hold of the middle of the rope, and each threw out an end. The sailor caught the rope this end. The time, but the boys hadn't strength to pull him out of the water, and he hadn't strength to drag himself up to the ledge where they were standing. But the boys somehow crept, along the slippery, steep rocks until they reached that spot down there where the beach begins. Then they dragged him out of the water, and he was taken up to our house. thought for a long time he would die, but a warm fireplace and hard rubbing with rum brought him around at last. The boys brought two more men up to the house pretty soon after that.'

It was evident that Mrs. Hovius and a young lady with her, a sister of Mr. Frank Hale, were very proud of their boys' achievement, but that their excusable pride had not allowed them to overdraw the danger of the adventure was equally evident. The situation, as the Call reporter saw it as he listened to the story, was evidence enough of the difficulty and danger the young men had faced. Silas and Frank, being interviewed by the reporter, proved to be as modest as they are brave. When asked, "How did you manage to climb down the face of that bluff and along that ledge?" they answered, "Oh, we just kinder clumb along somehow. We didn't think much of how we were doing it; we only thought of that sailor in the water."-S. F. Call.

Garibaldi and His Sons. The story of the cigar would be in-

complete if I omitted to mention one

little circumstance. Italians who do not gamble are among the thriftiest of mertals, and Nizzams are pre eminently Italian in this respect. His friend hav-ing helped himself, Garibaldi broke a cigar carefully in two, restored one half to the case and lighted the other. A poor man, he considered that the strictest economy was due to the dignity of the cause he represented; and it was a eruel blow to his self-respect to have to apply for a pension. Not his own necessities, but his son Ricciotti's debts, compelled the step. Ricciotti has been described as "the gentleman" of the family. Certainly he is a son many a father would be proud of-blessed with courage, generosity, talent, and a charming manner; but lacking the virtues (which Republicans love to claim as their own) of frugality and simplity. Ricciotti loves to enjoy life; and has occasionally shown that his sympathies are rather The jury is and has been deemed a with tyrants who wash their hands than with patriots who don't. How he captured the solitary German standard that fell into the hands of the enemy during so generally known how he added to the grace of his exploit by anxiously dis-claiming all the merit. He wrote to the Prussian commander to tell him that the standard could not be said to have been taken; it had simply been found after the battle, buried under a large heap of corpses. Nevertheless, admired by friend and foe, the young paladin does not stand so high in his father's favor as the less brilliant but steadier Menotti, who never owed twenty-five lire to anybody. the battle, buried under a large heap of

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

Mrs. Langtry gets a salary of \$500 a week. There are some good things about being handsome.

The year 1881 was a year of many fearful disasters. Among other things, Eli Perkins survived.

Dr. Brehm, manager of the Hamburg Zoological Gardens, notices that monkeys in the happy family department outlive the solitary prisoners. In France soup is extensively made by

dissolving bones in a steam heat of two or three day' continuance. If Guiteau is insane, and if he got his insanity from his father, it is probably

the only thing he ever came by honestly. Boston Star. There have been thirty seven murders last year in Chicago, not counting the

folks who have died of reading the Sunday papers of that city. Murat Halstead has got into a terrible state of mind over the Guiteau trial, and some of his editorials read as though Guit. himself wrote them.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has raised no less than \$15,-000,000 to \$20,000,000 by subscription for different objects within the past few The American Board of Commission-

ers for Foreign Missions received, within the year past, \$102,380 from different women's societies, and \$5,370 from Sunday schools.

During the year ending May 26, 1881, houses at Bristol, England, and several missionary objects, the extraordinary sum of \$164,500. The Philadelphia News says: "Boston

girls are preparing to receive Oscar Wylde with open arms," thus encour-aging the entire male sex to personate Cardinal Manning has declared himself in favor of legislation to put down

intemperance, maintaining that moral means have been tried enough and proved insufficient. The Latheran Insurance League has now about four hundred and fifty membera, and has since its organization given over \$28,000 to 37 widows of departed

ministers. It is understood that Gen. Daniel Pratt will compete for the \$10,000 prize offered for the handsomest man in America, unless he effects an arrangement to pair off with ex-Senator Platt. The napkins furnished at railway restaurants are not for people to wipe

their mouths on. They are simply door mats which have escaped from their proper positions,-Free Press. It is announced that a civil service reform party has been started in Canada. When a lot of folks feel that they must lecture and write essays, they're bound

to find some excuse for doing it. Don't pity the poor little sparrows because the weather is severe. They don't mind it. They won't freeze. Oh, no, the weather will not exterminate them. We shall have to use guns to get rid of the nuisances. The rose of Jericho, which frequents

sandy places in Egypt, Syria and Arabia, when dry curls itself up into a ball and is thus blown about until it finds a damp place, where it uncurls, the pods open, and the seed is sown. The largest room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at St. Petersburg. By day it is used for

military displays; by night for a vast ball-room. Twe are required to light it. The Auburn prisoners have access to a library of 1500 volumes. But as such standard words as "Thunder Dick; or The Bay Avenger" are not in the catalogue, the guests can't be expected to get

much pleasure out of it. "Moral insanity," said one of the experts in the Guiteau trial, "moral insanity means wickedness." Hold on! This defintion is very objectionable. Lots of folks are willing to own up to being wicked, without being ready to be rated morally insane.

Dr. Fritz Hommel, in a defence of the Semitzic race, emphasizes his assertion that the harem was borrowed by the Moslems from Christian Byzantium. We should say Byzantium was a blamed fool to lend it. Bad boys who stone railway trains should be made an example of. The

first thing we know one of them may throw a stone at the United States navy, and then what will become of the nation?-Philadelphia News. The few horses which, escaping now The few horses which, escaping new and then from the paddocks of colonists on the edge of the settled districts of Australia, have made themselves at home in the freedom and abundant pastures of the interior, have multiplied to such an extent, that notwithstanding the

the two most populous colonies—Victoria and New South Wales. Cure for Drunkenness.

numbers captured or shot every year, it

like one hundred thousand of them in

is estimated that there are son

Dr. Jurie, a prominent physician of Vienna, tells us of two complete cures of dipsomania effected by him in an extraordinary manner. One of the cases was that of a habitual drunkard who was picked out of the gutter by the police, and was handed over to the doctor's treatment in the "Correction Hospital" for a period of fourteen days. The doctor at once ordered that every article of food or drink given him should receive a liberal addition of whisky of a not overrefined quality. Water, milk, soup, meat and vegetables were all treated in the same way, and whisky was even in-fused into the air that he breathed through saturation of the walls, floors and bedding. At first the man pro-claimed himself highly satisfied with his treatment, and said he would always like to have such a sensible physician. The second day, however, he began to feel nausea, and the third day he vomited imthe last war is known to all; but it is not mediately after eating, and thereafter not a meal was eaten that was not followed by vomiting. From day to day he experienced increasing torment, and finally begged piteously for relief. The result was that at the end of two weeks, though much reduced in flesh, he was filled with such repugnance for strong drink that he