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THE WIDOW'S COW.

A Lively Scene Once Enacted in the Canadian Parliament.

While in Montreal I heard a good story of Sir Peter Mitchell, member of Parliament from New Brunswick, of whom I spoke in a recent letter. He was an opposition member during the lamentable government of Sir John Mackenzie in the last decade, and was a constant and most uncomfortable thorn in the side of that unhappy premier. Sir John was a conspicuous railroad magnate, and just before the opening of parliament, one winter, Sir Peter called on him to induce him to pay forty dollars for a widow's cow that had been run over by the cars. "I don't believe there's anything in it!" exclaimed the premier peremptorily; but I'll inquire and you call to-morrow."

The gentleman from New Brunswick was not used to being treated so cavalierly, but he pocketed it and called in the morning.

"There's no justice in it. We won't pay for the cow," broke in Sir John.

"You won't; won't you?" rejoined Sir Peter, in a manner quite as bouncing as that of the leader of the government. "Have you been there or sent there and investigated it?"

"No, I haven't, but I won't pay for the cow. It's a mere trifle and she ought to have kept off the track."

"Don't the law say you shall have a fence?"

"I won't pay for the cow, now; and that's all the answer you'll get."

"You won't pay for the widow's cow; won't you, Sir John Mackenzie? I will make you pay for it," exclaimed Sir Peter, now thoroughly aroused.

"You will; you will! How will you?" growled the premier.

"I'll take it out of you during the session, as sure as you are a living man. The widow's forty dollars isn't anything, isn't it? I'll take it out of you!"

It was an Irishman against a Scotchman, and both were angry. The sequel proved that Sir Peter took it out of him very thoroughly. He is a round-headed man, a hard worker, a pugnacious and redoubtable foe, an unforgiving enemy, bold and elegant in debate, no dilettante, but a hard hitter, and some of his onslaughts were furious. He had not great tact but had great force, and he never forgot the cow. In the speeches he made against the measures and methods of the government, then under serious suspicion, he told the story of the cow, and trotted her out with a frequency that must have seemed liked cruelty to animals.

Finally the last day of the session dawned, and the consideration of Mackenzie's expense budget was resumed. It provided the appropriations for the coming year.

Sir Peter Mitchell took the floor and launched into a eulogy of the deceased cow and the propriety of making an appropriation for the widow. He was greeted with laughter and mocking applause, and then his auditors waited uneasily for him to finish. He did not finish. He continued. He told the story over again with embellishments and elaborations. He contrasted the stinginess of the wealthy ruler with the quiet endurance of the penniless widow. He began to read from the Bible the commands to mercy, justice and charity, when the honorable members struggled out one by one to dinner. Sir Peter bit a biscuit, drank a swallow of water, and continued, impressing upon the empty chairs about him the tender duties and graces of humanity. Members struggled in again. He quoted the song of the shirt. They appealed to him to draw his remarks to a close. He retold the story of the cow. Meantime, Sir John Mackenzie was perspiring with wrath and anxiety in the premier's apartment hard by. All his hopes were bound up in the appropri-

tion budget. What if it should not come to a vote! The honorable member from New Brunswick could not be stopped, for this was the one bill in the Canadian parliament on which a member could speak as long as he wished. There was no way of cutting short the debate. No motion was in order while he was speaking, excepting the motion to adjourn—and that would be adjournment *sine die*. The government members were in consternation, as the orator delivered a speech on the blessings of vaccination, gave statistics on the cost of fencing in the United States, passed an elaborate encomium on the superiority, for draft purposes, of Devon cattle, to which class the deceased domestic friend of the bereaved widow belonged, and then began to describe the religious ceremonies in which the sacred cow of Burnah takes part, when the bell rung for vesper. A short time more and the session would expire by law, and the government pass no appropriation bill!

At this critical juncture one of the government members returned excitedly from the premier's room, rushed to the orator's desk and exclaimed: "In the name of God, what ails you, Mitchell? what do you want?" "—still," said Sir Peter, finishing the sentence he had on his lips, "not a cent has ever been paid for the widow's cow!" The member uttered a vehement exclamation about that animal, and added: "Sir John Mackenzie authorizes me to say that he will pay for the cow, if you'll let this bill come to a vote."

Sir Peter sat down, rather tired and the widow got her pay. The government passed the bill, and the widow's cow had cost \$40,000. Her champion is still known in Canada as Bismarck Mitchell, on account of his boldness and shrewdness in outwitting a cabinet and making himself long the adviser-in-chief of a vacillating governor.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

At a recent social gathering in Boston the conversation was upon literature, and somebody chanced to mention the saying about a prophet's lack of honor in his own country. "Yes," remarked J. T. Trowbridge, "I know all about that. The tax collector called on me last spring, and in the course of conversation asked me what I did for a living. I said 'I wrote, and after having to explain to him that I was neither a book-keeper nor a copyist, I told him I wrote books. "Pshaw, now," said he, 'I want to know! Wa-al, it's kind o' curious I never heard o' that. Got any of 'em about yer?' I said I had some of them in the house, but I didn't keep a very large supply on hand. "Well, you can git 'em, I suppose?" was the next remark. I said I could, and he gave me an order on the spot. "Send me down the handsomest copy you've got," said he, and I'll pay you for it. If we've got a man that kin write, I'll do my duty by him."

The Suto Tunnel, now completed, discharges 30,000,000 gallons of hot water daily from the Comstock mines. This water has a temperature of 195 degrees, and is conveyed through a closed pipe flume to prevent the escape of vapor. After a passage of four miles through the first tunnel it loses 70 degrees of heat. A second tunnel 1,100 feet long, and an open water way a mile and a half long conducts the water to the Carson river. Along its course are hot water baths and laundries, and a plan is on foot to conduct the hot water underground, to be made available for purposes of irrigation and for supplying artificial heat for hot houses.

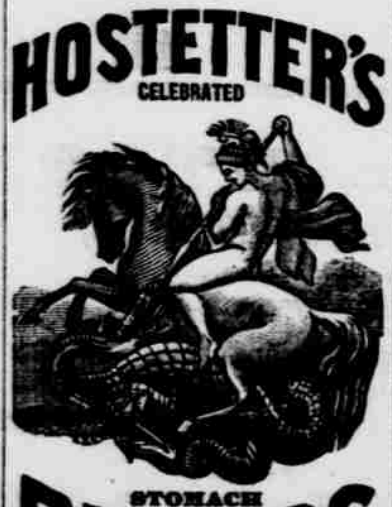
The Trotting Mare Maud S.

There is now at Chester park, near Cincinnati, Maud S., the fleetest mare that ever trotted around a race track. This \$100,000 specimen of horse-flesh, which has but lately arrived in the city from New York, held a little reception that afternoon, and quite a number of men attended. She put out her head to them, and submitted to their pats of recognition with much favor, and watched the door for more to come in. She will live for the winter in a handsome room, ceiled with planed white pine and divided in half by a railing, on one side of which is her own quarters, bedded with clean straw, and on the other, fresh new matting for the comfort of visitors. On the walls of the room were many handsome equestrian pictures, and in a large frame was the name of the mare with her record, etc., the letters of which legend were carved in hickory, with the adornments of horse shoes, whips, stirrups and other "jockey fixings" cut in miniature, and all relieved by a background of black velvet. The mare was looking the picture of health and comfort, her coat shone like red gold and her mane and tail, this latter appendage touching the ground, were like strands of silk. She's a daisy from Daisysville, but a hundred thousand dollars is bigger in the eyes of most men than any "hoss" that ever wore a hoof.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



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GENTS:—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE-Gelmin. I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night after which she passed seventy-two worms and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance that Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought I must be wrong, and went to work at once with a bottle of Dr. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Charley, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 9 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Charley passed forty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around Union and now have the two worms on exhibition in my room. Yours truly, JOHN PETER.

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