PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,..... EDITOR.

St. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 15.

RICH BUT HONEST.

The Toronto Telegram has the following editorial on the death of Hon. C. F. FRASER, who was so warmly eulogized in the C. M. B. A. convention last week:

There is comfort in the thought that C. F. FRASER was an honest man who did not die poor. Poverty is not proof of virtue, or the man who is a spendthrift as well as a thief could die poor, and thus be absolved from all his sins. Hon. C. F. FRASER was honest, and he was not poor. He had his own way to make in the world, and he made it. He made a glorious name for himself, and made a modest fortune for his family. It is better to be

If the general meaning of "honest" be taken, it was not the fact that Mr. FRASER was both rich and honest that made him worthy of the warm love and respect that he received from rich and poor. There are a good many men who are both rich and honest, and yet who would do more good to mankind at large if they were honest and poor, or if their wealth was owned by men who would make better use of it. It has been often shown that if there were no capitalists, the lot of the laboring man would not be what he sometimes fancies it would be in that case, but that a capitalist like GEORGE W. CHILDS or C F. FRASER does far more good than many men of equal wealth and an equal amount of what the world calls honesty, is equally true, as is the fact that many men now poor, if they had the wealth of some honest but selfish rich, would do as much good as those rich men who will get into heaven as easily as a thread goes through the eye of a needle.

Perhaps the Telegram gives the word "honest" a broad meaning instead of using it in the usual worldly sense of such proverbs as "Honesty is the best policy." Perhaps the paper uses it in the sense of the poet who wrote the grand line, "An honest man's the noblest work of GoD. If such be the meaning implied, an honest rich man is a rich man who uses his wealth as a trust from the Giver of all good, who wishes him to employ it for the benefit, not only of himself and his family, but for that of men poorer than he. That any rich man, his money, is true; but that there are very few rich men who do the good that, as honest men in the sight of God, they should lation. She did not find out when the do, is none the less true.

One of these few men was C. F. FRASER. He did not dispense alms indiscriminately, as some honest but foolish rich men do, robbing the poor of their self-respect, and hence in many cases indirectly of their honesty; but he used his money in a way that would justify one in adding to the Telegram's proverb, the word "honest" being used in its broadest, truest sense. "It is better," says the Telegram, "to be honest than rich, but it is better to be both than either." A truthful addition would be: "To be honest and rich and wise is best of

Mr. FRASER was all three. He was a rich man who laid up treasures in heaven; but he did not deem it necessary to deny himwas rich. If all rich men denied themselves luxuries, a good many trades poor people thrown out of employment.

IN DEFENSE OF THE SMALL.

Now that science has effectually disposed of many things that used to make people's lives miserable, it makes people's lives still more miserable by introducing into our as a kiss serves to promote emigration of bug. deadly bacilli.

The microbe is a much aoused member of society. And as is sometimes the case with abused members of society, the microbe is in many respects a useful one. In a spirit of fair play to a foe insignificant in size, we cheerfully enumerate some of the good paints of the microbe.

Yeast is composed of microbes. Bread is the staff of life. Here is a exceedingly strong point in favor of microbes, to begin with. But there are many other of the most valuable commercial products that would not exist it it was not for the despised microbes. They assist in the ripenbeing powerful organic ferments.

Their work in the creation of the world mustalso be taken into consideration. They have done a vast labor in piling up geological strata. To them we are indebted for peat and coal, they being the originators of the idea which other forces in nature worked out. They did admirable chemical work in the laboratory of the world by precipitating that most useful product of our provinces-gypsum. They are also in a large measure responsible for many other minerals.

But to return to the benefits they do to the possible arguments in their favor in Atika Shimbun, and the Akita Ken Sakigake opened his eyes, and in a few minutes more feeling of nervousness was excusable. The case of smallpox in the next county, and article well worth a careful perusal.

this connection, as it is "along these lines", that we have gone gunning for the mischief-making microbes. M. PASTEUR says that digestion would be impossible without them, and that they are the best dyspepsia cure known to medical science, when used according to directions. One of their labors that is most disagreeable to our eyes and nostrils is putrefaction, which, however, is a most active agent in changing matter into other matter, for our use

And now we shall judge of the dark deeds of the microbe. The bacilli are not to blame for them; the fault lies with ourselves. Microbes cause nearly all diseases; but not without assistance from the members of the diseased persons' bodies. Professor KOCH put it very neatly when he said that honest than rich, but it is better to be both than a man's organism is a fortress, the microbes being the assailants. If the for ress is well fortified, the microbes cannot get in their deadly work. But if it becomes weak, the bacilli score a victory.

> During the last few days, strange to say, ProfessorKoch has shown himself to be a living exemplification of this theory. His fortress has been battered down because of his undue familiarity with microbes. He has studied them, and has given them a pretty bad name. They are getting square. But he is repairing his fortress by going to Wærishofen and placing himself under the care of Father KNEIPP, the apostle of the cold water cure.

> The Rochester Times announces that the fashion in literature has changed again. "A few years ago the craze was for Russian literature; then Scandinavia and BJORNSEN had their turn; then came Spain. Now the literature of Greece is to be brought to the attention of the rest of mankind. A volume of tales by DENETRIOS BIKELAR is soon to be brought out by Messrs. McClurg of Chicago." The Times may not be aware of the fact that the literature of Greece was "brought to the attention of the rest of mankind" some time before Mr. BIKELAR was ever heard of, which attention it has held ever since. It was in the golden age of literature,

When HOMER rolled In billows of gold, And PLATO, and PETER, and PAUL.

In 1881, Miss Julia Smith, of Glastonbury, Conn., wished to satisfy herself in regard to the teaching of the bible concernunless he be an absolute miser, can scarcely | ing the end of the world, commenced help doing a certain amount of good with | to study Hebrew and make a translation of the scriptures. Two years ago she superintended the publication of her transworld would end, but her study of the bible was not wasted, for she became impressed with the fact that it is not good for man to be alone. And now at the age of eighty-six, she has married a lone man.

> Mrs. MOUNTFORD, who has delighted St. John audiences this week with her interesting Oriental entertainments, seems, judging from the following extract from one of her advertisements, to be the most surprising egotist the world has yet pro-

> I toil on, glad in the thought that I am influential in dispelling any of the mists that cluster round the Bible text, making plain the otherwise almost inomprehensible meaning of the Master's words.

The total active note circulation of Engself the luxuries of life simply because he land is no greater than it was fifty years ago, and the Bank of England has far fewer notes in circulation than it had would be demoralized, and a good many | twenty years since. Of course the reason for this does not lie in any decrease of trade during the last half century, but simply shows to what a large extent other commercial paper has taken the place of

That part of the United States postal laws minds fears of microbes, whereas our fore- | relating to the non-admission of insects to fathers breathed and swallowed them in the mails, has been revised out of courtesy peace and were happy. To such an extent to the lady-bug of Australia, which makes do we dread microbes that we are oftimes war on insects injurious to fruits. The afraid of eating hash-dreading the possi- | lady-bug seems to be useful as well as ble presence of microbic organisms. And ornamental wherever one finds her. The Dr. Christie has advised the Canadian species found in Canada does valuable Medical association to abstain from kissing, work in destroying the larvæ of the potato-

The Woman's Journal thinks that JOSEPH H. CHOATE should be "remanded to lifelong obscurity." Mr. CHOATE's offence is that he is opposed to woman suffrage-a fact which he confessed to a Journal interviewer. Such language on the part of women's journals will not hasten the day when men shall decide that women can

"Shipping cotton to the United States" would have been, some time ago, just as acceptable to the wise in expressing a useless labor as "shipping coals to Newcastle." But forty thousand bales of cotton have looking old man, with a red and white ing of fruits, and are exceedingly useful as recently been shipped to the United States, beard. all the way from Egypt. The explanation | "Of course I do, but squirting sweet oil of this fact is that the Egyptian cotton is | into him isn't a-goin' to wake him," said the

> In "Trilby," the great English novel which has recently come from an American press, its author, Mr. DUMAURIER, several times speaks of "Ben Bolt" as "an English song." The fact is that it is a THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH song, its famous author being a New Jersey member of congress.

late copies of its esteemed Akıta Ken con- woman urged him to stop, but the old man our body. It is only fair to bring up all temporaries, the Hokuroku Shimpo, the kept on. In a few minutes the inebriate

need in their business an extreme flexibility | to give the drunkard his diploma, and to of the organs of speech.

Reports for Colorado are encouraging to believers in woman suffrage. Women in that state are using the ballot with great satisfaction to themselves and more or less advantage to the state. In many instances their votes defeated women candidates for

The Almanack of ZADKIEL, the seer, gives the following advice for September 24th: 'Push thy business to the utmost," which is short for "Advertise." It is a very good rule to follow on the 25th, or the 26th, or the 27th, - "and so ad infinitum."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

What Poetry is. What poetry is to some who write. And others who love to read, is enough to give us the cramp all night, From enduring such a feed. You must work in wor is like "gybe" and "truck, "Gits," and "uste to" and "yop,"

The English language all in the soup, And the poetry scum on top. f nothing will do but "feller" and "sich," For the taste of the present day, Sumthin'," and "hez" and "hull" and "ez," And "holt" as the "properit" way;

And "mother" too "smeared" the same; Give grammars of all this fry of hash, To the schools in its proper name. What poetry is, well they ought to know, From whom such elegance came;

me dear old home dressed up in slang,

'Wot writes" an' "hev" their "stuff" in a bag, On their way to "fortun" and fame-Then the goddess hears them at the gate, And peeps through her wicket door, And sees such a bag of truck as that,

If she don't fall on the floor;-If she don't just lay down and scream Aloud for her golden fan; Her maids of honor and all her set To "set" on that "comin" man; or throw a match in her temple mine, And blow it up sky high; en she don't know what a poet is,

> As in the days gone by. ROWLAND.

The true humorist is not the one who only see he ludicrous side of life. Artemus Ward is said to have as much real reverence for holy things as mirth for others while living a peculiarly sad life. That Robert J. Burdette's life has not been all sunshine is evident from his poems on the death of his invalid wife, one of which, "Since She Went Home." was a great favorite of Governor Boyd. In the following poem, which has just been published by Mr. Burdette, this sadness of the man of mirth

I miss you, my darling, my darling, The embers burn low on the hearth; And still is the air of the household, And hushed is the voice of its mirth; The rain splashes fast on the terrace, The winds past the lattices moan, The midnight chimes out from the steeples And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling, I'm cired with care and with fret; I would nestle in silence beside you, And all but your presence forget, In the hush of the happiness given, To those who though trusting have grown To the fuliness of love in contentment; But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling, My voice echoes back on the heart; I stretch my arms to you in longing, And lo! they fall empty apart; I whisper the sweet words you taught me, e words that we only have known, Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter; For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling! With its yearnings my very heart aches; The load that divides us weighs harder-I shrink from the jar that it makes; Old sorrows rise up and beset me, Old doubts make my spirit their own;
Old come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone!

Out Where Glooms the Mignonette.

Out where blooms the mignonette, Waiting for you only; When the night falls to the sea, When my life is lonely, Here my love thy name repeating, Come renew our hallowed greeting; Ere the twilight star is set; Out where blooms the mignonette.

Margarita, pearl of light, Come thou when the closing day Takes thy beauty in its glory, Down the sad departing way. All my heart for thee is yearning, All my soul toward thee is turning; Here where we so oft have met, Out where blooms the mignonette.

Fragrant flower perfuma-laden: Where the shadows veil thy face; Often oh how fondly near thee, Have we loved this sacred place. Call oh call, my love, divining Why with sorrow hope is twining; Joys our souls can ne'er forget Out where blooms the mignonette. Acacia Hall, Sept. 1894. CYPRUS GOLDE.

Equal to any of the Cures.

A sad-faced woman who was endeavoring to bring her inebriated spouse to consciousness on King Square one night this week, without success, attracted the usual crowd, which had the usual suggestions to make.

"Give him some sweet oil." said one begrimed workman. "There's nothing like sweet oil to sober up a man," and he pulled an oilcan from his pocket, and handed it to the woman, who declined it with thanks. "I wish you'd go away and leave me be," said the woman.

"But don't you want to wake up your husband, ma'am ?" enquired a benevolent

"No, ma'am, I haven't much faith in that remedy myself," said the old man. "But I have a little method of my own, which is safe, sure and effectual." "Well, if you can make him come home with me, I wish to

gracious you'd try," said the woman. "My method is this, ma'am," said the old man, taking up his walking stick and vigorously bastinadoing the soles of the feet PROGRESS acknowledges the receipt of that had trodden in uncertain paths. The

Shimpo. The newsboys of Japan must he howled. The crowd told the old man let him go. The graduate arose, and allowed his wife to drag him away.

"He staggers a little yet, but he's perfectly sober," said the old man, a smile of satisfaction lighting up his benevolent face. "It's because he's a trifle footsore that he don't walk steady. I've tried that treatment with a good many drunken men, and I never yet knew it to fail."

Went Back to the Starting Point.

HALIFAX, Sept. 13 .- An amusing incident happened a few days ago in a bookstore on Gottingen street. The bookseller weekly disposes of a large number of copies of Progress, and the pile of papers occupies a conspicuous place on his counter. A few days ago the wife of a coroner who has more than once been honored with a considerable space in Progress columns entered the shop. Her eye took in the familiar paper and the following brief dialogue ensued. "What do you sell Prog-RESS for, Mr. - ?"

"Five cents," was the reply. "Oh, that's not what I mean. It's such a bad paper I want to know why you sell it. Why the doctor won't allow it in the house."

The bookseller then explained at considerable length that his customers were anxious to get the paper and he was glad to oblige them.

Another young doctor heard the story and he told it to some brother medicos at the dispensary, among whom was a doctor who not long ago was a companion in trouble with the coroner. He told it to his better half and she, in turn, informed the original seeker after information that her inquiry and the coroner's aversion to PROGRESS was considered a good thing by the dispensary staff. It's strange how a story sometimes comes back to its start-

The Flower Show a Great Success.

The great attraction of the week has been the flower show. Opera and other events in the amusement and social line sank into insignificance compared with the interest any man who ever lived." Charles Lamb made | felt in this first public veuture of the Horticultural society. Perhaps a good many citizens realized for the first time as they walked among the beautiful flowers just what this society is doing for the city. In spite of much discouragement and but little assistance from the city or from the citizens at large the ladies and gentlemen associated in this work have gone forward steadily and showed how much could be done in the way of making the city beautiful if they were supported in a substantial way. When enterprising and busy men ot business like Mr. Joseph Allison, Mr. J. M. Taylor, Mr. Clement Clarke and Mr. J. V Ellis can find time to spare for such a work they set an example that may well be followed by many others. But the flower show was a great success. Thousands saw and enjoyed it and the city is better for the opportunity of looking upon such a beautiful collection of flowers.

A Triumph of Engineering.

They were two middle aged Bay of Fundy salts, and they were resting on Thompson's wharf on Wednesday evening, in that pleasing nautical condition known as "half-seas-over."

"Just listen to those fellows," said the master who a companied the scribe. "They have one little peculiarity. Whenever they're drunk they call each other captain. That's all they get that way for, I guess. They've never either of them got any higher degree than A. B., so honors is easy."

One of the mutual admiration society raised himself on his elbows, and said, "Well, cap'n, how did you get out of that little difficulty?"

"Why, that was easy enough, cap'n," remarked the other, as he blew a whiff from his T. D., "I took fifty teet out of the hold and stowed it on deck, and loaded it with deal ends." "Well, cap'n," said the other, in an ecstacy of admiration, "I've been geing to sea well on to thirty-five years. and I declare I don't know how you man-

Where Doctors Disagree.

Halifax, Sept. 18.—There is trouble between two or three Halitax doctors on account of a bright article that appeared in Progress a couple of weeks ago. The etter was so well written that not even a doctor need be ashamed of it. Yet when Dr. Dodge heard that Dr. Kirkpatrick had said that he was the author of it, he became furious, and demanded satisfaction in a most emphatic manner. Ordinary measures failing to secure the redress he sought, the irate doctor caused a lawyer's letter to be sent to his alleged accuser, threatening legal proceedings if he did not apoligize for what was stigmatized as a slanderous statement. Dr. Kirkpatrick but no one believes the lawyer's letter went to the captain's cabin. frightened him away. Perhaps, it did,

Incident to a Military Man.

HALIFAX, Sept. 13 .- A well posted noncommissioned officer of the 66th P. L. F. made a little sensation at his house on Sunday evening. He runs a snug little business on Spring Garden road, and is a popular young man. On this occasion he was down town at one of the hotels, when the folks at home heard a mysterious noise. 66th man was telephoned for and hastened out. Without loss of time, and assisted by two policemen on the beat, the noncommissioner's trusty rifle was loaded with ball cartridge. Long and patiently he and the policemen waited for a burglar to show his head, but had there been robbers at work they would not have been such fools as to come within range of the deadly rifle in the hands of a determined man. At the end of their vigil they concluded there was no enemy in the camp, and that it would be safe to withdraw the defensive forces and unload rifles. Any bold, bad man, who has thoughts of making booty should take warning and keep away from this determined 66th non-commissioned officer and his rifle.

These Figures Look Large.

That is an interesting story which seems to place a cool two or three million dollars within the reach of Mr. Neil Morrison of this city. The proving of his claim has been placed in the hands of Messer Mc-Keown, Barnhill and Chapman and if these gentleman succeed in establishing their client's rights to this immense fortune they are, it is said, to get two and a half percent or about \$60.000.

THEY WERE ALL IN THE FASHION. And That Was How a Gentleman Got Himself into Trouble.

Coming in from Larchmont late the other morning, I was horrified to see a middleaged friend of mine, who has a habit of natty dressing, which does not exactly way." comport with his gray mustache, in a violent altercation with a policeman. I hurried across the platform, and as soon as he saw me he shouted

"Here's a friend of mine! He knows me. He'll tell you who I am, you infernal luna-

"He was making up to young girls, sir, said the officer. "I saw him speak to half a dozen with my own eyes. And he's got to go with me, see? There was a fellow arrested at the other end of the tunnel not to discourage them, he has lent them a long ago that he could give points to, and that tellow is doing time on Blackwell's he would a man under similar conditions. Island today."

My natty, middle-aged friend turned purple and used language which astonished me by its diabolical inventiveness. Speechlessly he thrust a telegraph blank into my face. I took it and read:

Meet Grace, Grand Central, Tuesday morning, ten twenty train. Wears pink waist, white straw hat, light skirt, Will carry small satchel and be

"My wife sent it," he stuttered. "Country cousin I never met-coming to townnothing but girls with pink waists got off the train- all had white straw hats-spoke to five, when this--!" and here he went off again into torrents of language.

I noticed a meek looking young woman in a pink waist standing way up the platform and looking at the altercation uneasily. It struck me that she might be the country cousin. She was. One of the finest ought to have had an addition to his pay that day.

SPLENDID MOTIONS.

An Instance of the Impressiveness of Gesti-Everyone has read of the "action, action,

action" of Demosthenes, and what a variety of emotions and passions Roscius could express by mere gestures. An anecdote told of William C. Preston, of South Carolina, illustrates the power of this form of art in an amusing way.

A gentleman who was one of an audience held spellbound by a splendid harangue of Preston's from the stump one day noticed beside him a man whom he knew to be very deaf, but who seemed to be listening with breathless attention, and who apparently caught every word that fell from the or-ator's lips. Now tears of delight rolled down his cheeks, and again he would shout out applause in ungovernable ecstacy.

At last, when a particularly splendid passage had been delivered, with the eftect of raising a storm of applause, he could contain himself no longer, and bawled into the ear of his neighbor: "Who's tha a-speakin'?"

"William C. Preston!" shouted the gentleman at the top of his lungs. "Who?" roared the deaf man, still loud-

er than before. "William C Preston of South Carolina!" roared the gentleman in return, with an effort which rasped his throat for some moments after.

"Well! well!" exclaimed the deaf man, his face working with excitement. "It don't make no difference, I can't hear a word you or he is sayin', not a word; but my stars! don't he do the motions splen-

The Value of a Character. The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage when

a seaman came up and said:-"I want to sail with you, sir." "All right, my man," replied the captain, "where have you sailed before ?" "P. and O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman? "An Oirishman," was the ready response. "Well, you must get a character." The discharge was obtained, and as the Irishman was presenting it another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked

the captain. "Cunard, sir."

"All right. Go forward." Shortly after, as the two were swilling the deck in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard. bucket and all. Unwent out of town a day or two afterwards, moved, Paddy finished his job, and then

"Come in," responded the captain to his rap. "What's up now?", "Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Certainly, my man." "You took him without a character." "I believe so, what of that?" "He's gone overboard with your bucket."

Anxious Relatives.

Husband-Did you write to your relaives to tell them that you and your children might make them a visit this summer? Wife-Yes, and it's perfectly abominable I wo American crooks had been arrested a the way things go on. One writes that ments made are really remarkable, and they have measles, diphtheria and whooping mark another advance in the progress of couple of days before for robbery and a cough next door; another says there is a medical science. Our readers will find the

another telegraphs that three earthquakes and a cyclone are predicted for that section. They all think the dear children will be safer at home.

When he Stopped Payment.

It is a well-founded belief that the average lawyer is not at all anxious to bring out the truth, unless it is favorable to his side. Sometimes these smart attorneys fall into their own trap, as in a recent civil action, where the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfac-

In cross-examination, he was asked if he had ever been bankrupt.

' No," was the answer.

The next question was-"Now be careful. Did you ever stop payment ?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Ah!" exclaimed the lawver, "I thought we should get it at last. When did that happen?

answer; and even the judge smiled.

His Enthusiasm Quenched. "Mirandy," said Farmer Corntossel, there hain't no use o' talking. Some-

After I had paid all I owed," was the

thing hez got ter be did." "What's the matter with ye?" "This here country is goin' ter rack an'

"Is the pigs fed?" "N-no.

ruin. An' at got ter be stopped."

"Is the kindlin' split?" "Not yet."

"Cows milked?" "Well its a purty safe thing ter ten' ter ver own business fust an' the nation's afterward. They's lets er better men then you thet manages ter git on right well in that

Women as Law Students. Professor Ewell, Dean of the Kent Law School, with reference to woman as law students, says that he has never seen any difference in point of ability to learn the law between men and women. Women are received in his school on a perfect equality with men. Personally, in the past, owing to his opinion that women have not had a fair chance with the men and have had mnch helping hand and favored them more than He is glad to say, however, that this is no longer necessary. He believes that women have a good influence in a class composed mainly of young men.

A Chance For Treasure-Seekers.

King Behanzin, the murderous monarch of Dahomey, whom the French have deprived of his kingdom, is said to have been fabulously wealthy. He once told a correspondent that he had had one hundred and sixty pots of gold stolen from him by the French. Just before his downfall, he sent a cable message to England by way of Lagos that cost over a hundred and twenty pounds, and in payment the king sent down to the coast coin that included currency of many nations, that had evidently been buried for generations. Now that the king has fled, here is a chance for treasure seekers.

Such is the Case.

Victoria bade the Chancellor of the Exchequer to rise from his knees.

"Good my lord," she observed, when he had brushed the dust fron his trousers. 'How is the pay roll?"

The vassal trembled violently. "Your Majesty, if I may be permitted The Chancellor acted just as if he hadn't

another job in sight. "Has been putting on a good many

Upon reflection such appeared to be the .

The Wrong Pack. A fashionable lady had engaged a new footman, and took him with her the first time she made calls, charging him to leave a card whenever the person visited was not at home. It so happened that cards had to be left in nearly every case, and the calls had been almost all made, when the footman came to the carriage door saying "Please, mum, them kerds is a'most gone; I've got naught left but the ace of spades and the queen o' diamonds." A glance at his case showed that he had nearly

used up a pack of playing cards. Why The Aspen Quivers.

It is the pretty christian legend that the aspen quivers with shame because from its wood the cross was made. Observers of nature have discovered, however, that the quivering of the aspen's leaves is due to the fact that the leaf stalk is flat on the sides and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves a-wagging horizontally. A single leaf plucked off and taken by the end of the leaf stalk between the thumb and the forefinger admirably illustrates the peculiarity of the aspen.

An Out of the Way Island.

The island of Tristan d'Acunha, the principal of a group of islets in the South Atlantic, is located in latitude 37 south, longitude 12 west. The population of this remote island is considerably under 100 and consists principally of shipwrecked mariners who located three years ago. They are claimed by Great Britain and a British garrison was there located during the residence of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Enjoyed a Joke.

Jimson-'I just tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke bet-Friend-'Guess that's so. I have heard you tell the same joke forty times, and

laugh at it every time.' Brother-in-law to the Duke.

Mudbanks.

Cawker-Young Goslin claims to be related to the British nobility. Cumso-How does he figure it out? Cawker-After Miss Scadds promised to be a sister to him she married the Duke of

In another column will be found an open letter from a prominent physician relating the facts of a cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages of this hitherto unconquered disease. The statements made are really remarkable, and