

HE WAS SURE OF IT.

(FROM THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.)

THE bolt on the back door had needed replacing for a long time, but it was only the other night that Mr. Trocton had the presence of mind to buy a new one and take it home. After supper he hunted up his tools, removed the bolt, and measured the location for the new one. He must bore some new holes, and Mrs. Trocton heard him roaming around the kitchen and woolshed, slamming doors, pulling out drawers, and kicking the furniture around.

She went to the head of the stairs and called down, "Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled out. I want to know where in Texas that corkscrew is?"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

"Yes, corkscrew, Richard! I've looked the house over and can't find it."

"Why, we never had one, Richard!"

"Didn't, eh! We've had a dozen of 'em in the last two years, and I bought one not four weeks ago. It's always the way when I want anything."

"But you must be out of your head, husband," she said, as she descended the stairs. "We've kept house seven years, and I never remember of seeing you bring a corkscrew in this house."

"Oh yes, I'm out of my head, I am!" he grumbled, as he pulled out the sewing-machine drawer and turned over its contents. Perhaps I had better go to the lunatic asylum right away."

"Well, Richard, I know that I have never seen a corkscrew in this house."

"Then you are as blind as an owl in daylight, for I've bought five or six! The house is always upside down, anyhow, and I never can find anything!"

"The house is kept as well as any one of your folks can keep one!" she retorted, growing red in the face.

"I'd like my mother here to shew you a few things," he said, as he stretched his neck to look on the high shelf in the pantry.

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles with the potatoes again!" answered the wife.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" he yelled, as he jumped down.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, you'll be going for York State if you don't look out!"

"I'd like to see myself. When I go this house goes!"

"Look out, Nancy!"

"I'm afraid of no man that lives, Richard Trocton!"

"I'll leave you!"

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

Going close up to her he extended his finger, shook it to emphasise his words, and slowly said: "Nancy Trocton, I'll apply for a divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge that I kindly and lovingly asked you where the gimlet was, and you said we never had one in the house, which is a bold falsehood, as I can prove."

"Gimlet!" she gasped.

"Yes, gimlet!"

"Why, I know where there are three or four. You said corkscrew!"

"Did I?" he gasped, sitting down on the corner of the table, "well, now, I believe I did."

"And you went and abused me like a slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet was a corkscrew!" she sobbed, falling on the lounge.

"Nancy," he said, tenderly lifting her up.

"O Richard!" she chokingly answered.

"Nancy, I'll go right out doors and kill myself!"

"No, you needn't, I love you still! only, only—you know a gimlet is not a corkscrew!"

"It ain't—it ain't, Nancy; forgive me and let's be happy!"

And that household is so quietly happy that a canary bird would sing his head off if hung up in the hall.

A SIGNIFICANT CROWD.

THE Paris Correspondent of the 'Freeman' writes in reference to the last Paris Municipal loan:—A young English friend, one of the most rising sculptors of the day at Rome, had taken his holiday from *malaria*, and was staying a few days with me previous to crossing the Channel. He had been speaking a good deal the night before about the wonders of Italy and the wealth of England. "Come out with me," said I on Saturday morning, "and I will show you a greater wonder and a greater wealth than any can dream of." It was the day appointed for receiving applications and payment of deposits for the City of Paris Loan for six millions of pounds sterling in round numbers. Offices were opened in several parts of the city for this purpose, and we drove to various points. In all, or in almost all, the same scene presented itself—the crowds forming *queues* to get at the wickets and deposit their letters and their money. Some had waited all the night for a good place—many had been there from early morning. The rich do such things through their bankers. Therefore, those who presented themselves were men in blouses or coarse attire, and great numbers of women, in caps, young and old. The sun was burning hot, and as early as 10 o'clock in the forenoon I saw many poor creatures who had nearly reached the goal borne away fainting, and some few smitten with heat apoplexy. It was just such a scene as one might expect to witness in London if it had been intimated that certain sums would be paid out of the Treasury to those who applied within a certain time. In Paris it was the thrifty and industrious who came confidently to entrust their little hoards to the Municipality, backed up by the Legislature. And now for results, first premising that the other day Prussia demanded a loan of 120 millions of marks for the purchase of the railways, and only 25 millions were subscribed. Observe the

difference in the country that Bismarck thought he had crushed. Paris wanted £6,000,000, and last Saturday £360,000,000 were subscribed! Recollect, I do not speak of miserable francs. I have converted the figures into pounds sterling. The amount is amazing. The loan was applied for fifty times over in Paris, and twenty-five times in the Provinces. "Ah! but," says my English friend this morning, "as people expected only to get a limited portion of their demands, they asked for many times more than they wanted." Granted. But, as a certain per centage was required as deposit, the sums actually paid in the day before yesterday in hard cash amounted to over fifty-two millions of pounds sterling. Will anyone tell me, after this, that Frenchmen have not confidence in the Republic, in their country, and in the future? The pigeon of the woods is not more shy of danger than money, and you see how it comes and puts itself in the hands that open for it.

NIGHT IN THE MOON.

[FROM A CONTEMPORARY.]

At last, however, night sets in. Gratefully it comes after the sun has gathered up his smiting beams and gone down to rest. All at once we are plunged into comparative obscurity, for again there is no twilight to stay the steps of departing day. At one stride comes the dark; but, looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb, which pours down a milder and more beneficent splendour than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as we terrestrials cannot boast of, for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own. There it hangs in the firmament, without apparent change of place, as if "fixed in its everlasting seat." But not without change of surface, for this great globe is a painted panorama, and, turning round majestically on its axis, presents its oceans and continents in grand succession. As Europe and Africa, looking the Mediterranean in their embrace, roll away to the right, the stormy Atlantic offers its waters to view, and then the two Americas, with their huge forests and vast prairies, pass under inspection. Then the grand basin of the Pacific, lit up with island fire, meets the gazer's eye, and as this glides over the scene, the eastern rim of Asia and the upper portion of Australia sail into sight. The Indian Ocean, and afterwards the Arabian Sea, spread themselves out in the subdued splendour; and thus, in four-and-twenty hours, "the great rotundity we tread" turns its pictured countenance to the moon, and grandly repays the listening lunarians by repeating, to the best of its ability, the story of its birth. Nor is the sky less marvellous in another respect, for the absence of any atmospheric diffusion of light permits the constellations to shine out with a distinctness which is never paralleled on earth. They glitter like diamond points set in a firmament of ebony. Stars and clusters which we never see by the naked eye, flock into view, and crowd the lunar heavens.

THE LATE BISHOP OF TREVES.

THE Pittsburgh 'Catholic Journal' gives the following interesting particulars of the life and death of the late Bishop of Treves, persecuted by the German Government even to the death: The diocese of Treves and the Church of Germany has suffered a great loss by the death on Thursday, May 30, of the Bishop Matthias Eberhard. The deceased prelate was born in Treves on November 1, 1815, and was educated altogether in that city, being ordained priest on February 23, 1830. He was for a short time chaplain at St. Castor's, in Coblenz, and then private secretary to Bishop Arnold. In 1842 he was made professor of dogmatic theology in the Seminary at Treves, and in 1849 president. In 1853 he was appointed a member of the Episcopal Council, and in 1862 Auxiliary Bishop of the diocese. On the death, in 1867 of Bishop Peldram, he was elected by the chapter to the vacant see, and having been confirmed by the Holy See, he was solemnly enthroned on November 13 of that year. He assisted at the Vatican Council. He was one of the signers of the declaration and protest issued by the German Bishops in 1873 against the May Laws. Having been repeatedly fined for infractions of that code, he was at length committed to prison on March 6, 1874, and after two hundred and ninety-nine days of confinement was released on December 31 of that year. But this long imprisonment had plainly broken his health. His soul was grieved with all the afflictions that befall his diocese—priests banished, from whose zeal he had looked for the greatest good; parishes made forcibly vacant, his episcopal seminary closed; proceedings instituted for his own "deposition." About three weeks before his death, he complained of great oppression on his chest. However, he improved, under treatment, so much that he was able to go out; and, on the evening of Monday, May 29, he seemed to be in fair spirits. Very early next morning an attack of the pressure on the chest returned. Those who came to his assistance found the Bishop kneeling by his bedside, and very soon he fell into a state of complete prostration. His chaplain hastened to give him absolution and Extreme Unction, and at half-past five in the morning he expired before any medical assistance had arrived. The affliction of the Catholic people of Treves is, as may be supposed, intense. It was only on the previous Sunday that a solemn ceremony took place at the shrine of the holy apostle St. Matthias, viz., the blessing of the great votive candle of the city of Treves, weighing one hundred pounds. The church was filled with a devout congregation, although the usual procession was not allowed to take place. The bishop's illness is ascribed to his labors during his recent tour for confirmations in his diocese. While at the head of the seminary he used to inculcate on the young ecclesiastics the importance of receiving each communion as if it were for the last time; and he used to lay stress on the fact that priests are not very unfrequently called suddenly out of life. This has been recalled to memory by the circumstances of his own death. Easter Sunday he preached in his cathedral for the last time, his subject being the Redeemer's triumph over death and hell, and our duty to bear aloft Christ's banner and not to betray his cause. The body, clad in the usual episcopal garments, lay in state in the chapel of his residence, and was visited by thousands. R.I.P.