Pinkerton Men Employed to Drive Them Out of Their Cabins. Pinkerton Mon Employed to Drive Them Qut of Tabeir Cabins.

A Punxsutawney, Pa., despatch of Friday says: Only three families of the striking miners were evisted to day. After the Sheriff, accompanied by 33 Pinkertons, armed with Winchesters, had thrown out an Italian family at Walston, 300 Italians collected and began yelling and firing into the air. About 200 shots were fired. Master Workman Wilson arrived on the scene and quelled the crowd. He sold them not to break the peace or they would ruin the cause. Wilson says that had he not appeared when he did there would have been one of the bloodiest riots ever seen in this country, as the Italians were terribly one of the bloodiest riots ever seen in this country, as the Italians were terribly excited. There will, it is thought, be a great many more evictions to-morrow. Wilson says every effort has been and will be made to induce the foreign element to respect the law. The evicted families are being taken in by friends. Another warrant was sworn out to-day, charging a Pinkerton man with assault.

Paris Beds for Strangers.

The London Morning Advertiser's Paris correspondent includes in a recent letter some interesting figures as to the visitors to the Paris Exhibition. At the opening of the exhibition there were 10.015 establishments in Paris returned as furnished premises for letting purposes, their accommodation consisting of 169,705 rooms. On the 1st of June these establishments rose to the number of 10,723, with 170,736 rooms; on the 1st of July, 10,773, with 171,181 rooms; on the 1st of August, 10,825, with 171,154 rooms, and on the 1st of September to 10,838, with 171,194 rooms. Of course, in addition to the duly licensed and authorized premises, such as the hotels and lodging houses, large numbers of private apartments have been sublet by their tenants, the latter retiring early in Paris Beds for Strangers. of private apartments have been subject their tenants, the latter retiring early

Equal to the Emergency A rich proprietor is scolding his 5-year old

boy. "Will you, then, learn nothing?" "Papa!"
"And when you are grown up, what will you do, having learned nothing in your youth?"

8

PLAIDS ARE A CRAZE,

has an income of \$5,000 a year.

A Large Bed.

Down in one of the rooms of the Tremont House is a bedetead which strikes terror to the heart of every man who is assigned to that room The strange feature about it is its immense proportions. It is a bed fit for, or a bed that would fit, a giant, and it is a bed with a history. Years ago, in the old days of the Tremont, "Long John" Wentworth used to board there, and this bed was constructed especially for him. He stopped at this hotel for a long time, and left there only when colored help was introduced. Mr. Wentworth did not like colored men, and he went over to the Sherman House to board. There he remained until he died. But colored men did not like Mr. Wentworth, so it was a sort of stand off. The hig bed is still at the Tremont, however, and it is usually reserved for extra tall men. Once in awhite a mistake will be made, and a small man will be assigned to the room. In such cases a search warrant is usually aworn out to find the man in the morning. This happened once when Frank-Daniels, the sawed-off comedian, was given the bed, but he was discovered before the evening performance. They found him in one of the side pockets, and the next night they drew a fourteen-inch balk line around the bed.—

Chicago Herald.

Lighting the Eternal City.

The electric light is to supersede gas in Rome. The motive/power will be derived.

Lighting the Eternal City.

The electric light is to supersede gas in Rome. The motive-power will be derived from the waterfalls at Tivoli, and the station for the distribution of power will be near Porta Pia. Rome does not in this case loose in picturesqueness what it gains in modernization, for the few electric lights already establiseed—as, for instance, on the Quirins Hill and in the Piazza Colonna—lend a singularly new and beautiful aspect to the Eternal city as seen in the evening from the neighboring hills of Frascati and the other "Castelli." The spectacle of Rome with its mighty overhanging cupola, illumined by the electric light, as seen across the wide Campagna, will be remarkable.

across the wide Campagns, will be remarkable.

Crushed in a Church Collapse.

A Brooklyn despatch of Friday says:
Two persons were killed and five injured by
the fall of a wall of the Troop Avenue Presbyterian Church on an adjacent tenement
house last night. The killed were David
Purdy, aged 14, and May Emma Pardy
aged 18. The injured were Caroline Purdy,
aged 17, hurt about the head and aboulders,
death expected; Richard Poole, injured
about the head and contusion of neck; Mrs'
Samuel Purdy, bruised about the body and
severe shock; Mrs. Mott, aged 75, severe
shock, msy die, and Mrs. Sarah Mott, 45
years, out about the face and head.

In the Conservatory. She (widow and rich)—What do you think of my garden?
He (single and poor)—Beautiful, and you the fairest flower in it. I would I were

your gardener.

She—Why, you'd make a queer gardener. Come, now, I will examine you.
What is the first thing you would do were you gardener heer?

He—I'd ask your permission to remove your weeds.
But she married a fellow rich as herself, and he's in training still.
The mannerisms of a man or of his

speech are apt to become a weariness to the flesh when we discover that there is nothing behind the mannerisms. -Nothing is more likely to be crooked

Colver in Bad Odor—His Libel Suit—The Motion for a New Trial.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday says:
The State's Attorney was asked yesterday what effect it would have upon the recent verdict in the Cronin case should it be shown that one of the jurors had been bribed. He replied that it would be rendered null and void.

"Would that apply to Beggs' case as well?" he was asked.

"I never thought of that," he answered, and hence couldn's say."
A fierce fight is now in progress between a Juror Culver and the Chicago Herald, the latter doing its best to find proof to substantiate the grave charges it brought against Mr. Culver for his action as a Cronin juror. Culver sued the paper for \$25,000 damages.

The motion for a new trial will be argued next Monday. In the meantime the four prisoners, having recovered their equanimity, are resting quietly in jail. Sullivan, the iceman, is suffering less than usual, and says he feels better.

and says he feels better.

Crushed Under His Engine.

A St. John, N. B., despatch of Friday says: The express for Quebeo left Monoton early this morning with two engines and a snowplough ahead: When at a cutting about two miles west of the Jacquet River an immense pile of snow cansed the plough to jump the track, taking with it the two engines, one of which went almost completely through the other. They rolled over on one side, burying beneath the debris Driver James McGowan and Freman F. Gaudet. The latter soon got out bedly soalled, braised and wrenched, but will recover. McGowan is still buried under the wrockage and no doubt is dead. The baggage and other cars left the track, but no passengers were injured. The driver and fireman of the other engine were slightly injured.

Interesting for the Bloeds.

A Londom cable of Tuesday says: In the trial of the persons charged with conspiracy to defeat justice in connection with the West End seandal, a boy witness to day referred to two aristocrats who frequently visited the house in Clavaland sirest. The court ordered that their names be suppressed for the present, and that they be indicated as "Lord C. and Clavaland sirest. The court ordered that their names be suppressed for the present, and that they be indicated as "Lord C. and Clavaland sirest. The court ordered that their names be suppressed for the present, and that they be indicated as "Lord C. and Clavaland sirest. The bound of the present and the placed at the disposal of the court 'westy's six letters and photographs to be used in tracing the ordinal libel made by the Earl of Euston in connection with the affair, has placed at the disposal of the court 'westy's six letters and photographs to be used in tracing the ordinal libel made by the Earl of Euston in connection with the affair, has placed at the disposal of the court 'westy's six letters and photographs to be used in tracing the ordinal libel made by the Earl of Euston in connection with the design of the court westy. The court is a suppression of Crushed Under His Engine

An Elmirs, N. Y., despatch of Friday night says: The sharp crack of a pistol was heard in the house occupied by Mrs. Mary Eilinberger, at 502 East Church street, at 4 o'clock this afternoon. When officers entered the house they found Mrs. Eilinberger hysterically weeping, and in the hall leading to the front door the body of Wm. R. Edwards, better known as "Bill" Edwards, a well-known sporting man, lying in a pool of blood. An investigation showed life to be extinct, death having resulted from a pistol shot in the back of the head, the ball entering near the base of the brain. The woman was arrested.

Lock at Your Nose.

A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or rather, the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be exactly in the middle of the face, and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact, it is rarely or never found thus placed; it is almost invariably a listle out of "the square," and the fact of it being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face. A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is found to be "centrally located" and accurately straight between the two eyes may, after all, be considered an abnormal one, the only absolutely true and correct organ being in fact, that which deviates a little either to the right or left.—St. Loute Republic.

Prejudice Against Will-Making. Prejudice Against Will-Making.

One of the most unreasonable superstitions is that possed by so many people that deters them from making their wills, trusting to good luok to have time when the candle of life is flickering out. A lady of unusual culture and strength of character, a leader in a wide social circle, and solive in movements for the advancement of her sex, died not long since of a third stroke of paralysis. Bits had a good deal of property and many articles of rare value that she designed to leave to a cherished young lady companion, but even after the second stroke, and she knew that a third would be fatal, also could not bear to think of making her will. She dropped off suddenly, and her friend is without anything, while remote relations get all. The instance is familiar to many in whis city, but is not singular.—St. Paul, Minn., Globe.

What an unmarried woman doesn't know about bringing up children could be written on the back of a postage stamp, but it would write the could be written the stamp.

on the back of a possage stamp, but it would ruin the stamp.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has just presented to the fathers who have the keeping of the mortuary chapie at Farnborough, where lie the bodies of Appoleon III. and the Prince Imperial, a magnificent alteration and the Prince Imperial, a magnificent alteration made from her wedding gown.

Major Pond says Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, cleared \$31,000 in one lecture season in Australia, and John B. Gough, Thomas Nast and others have ruade as high or higher amounts in this country. The Major thinks that Bill Nye is increasing his bank account by about \$1,000 week from his writings and entertain mants.

When money is tight it has more seene than a man in the same condition, for it makes itself scarca.

Four Wingless Birds From New Zealand
Reach England.

The Zoological Society in Landon has
just acquired two specimens of the apteryx
in addition to the two which have been
already exhibited for some months. All
the four birds are temporarily placed in
the tortoics house pending alterations in
the insect house, which will be their permanent resting place. These birds should
be attractive to the visitor for several
reasons. In the first place, they are somewhat difficult to catch a glimpse of. Fortunstely for themselves—for they have no
doubt flourished and multiplied on account
of this very habit—but unfortunstely for
then public, they are nocturnal; the rarity
of their appearance will therefore add to
their interest when they are seen. In the
second place, they are remarkable even
among "wingless" birds for the very radimentary character of their wings, which
allte entirely devoted to a nightly hunt
after worms has almost improved away
altogether; but if the apteryx has no wings
wortby the name, it has a pair of very
stout legs which allow it to hurry over the
ground at a very respectable rate, and to
defend itself by vigorous hicks. The
apteryx only occurs in New Zealand, and it
has been said to make its nest in a way
which seems very characteristic of its
antipodean habitial. Instead of depositing
its eggs in a nest and then sitting upon
them, the apteryx first buries its egg and
then digs a hole underneath it, in which it
remains, and thus sits not upon but underneath the nest. It must be admitted,
however, that this statement has been
disputed.

Bunning to English.

A soft Tatus.

Proud Father—Charles, why don't you study at school 2. What will become of you when you grow up?

Son—Oh, I'll be a grandfather. I'll just sit around and do sothing and have the best that's on the table.

cases, time proved a conscler, and she married again. Her second venture proved happier than the first Her hunband wan a model spouse, and several children blessed the union. In fact, their married life was a success, and they grew old together. A few days since a stranger called at the house. He was elderly and apparently wealthy. He asked for the wife. His responded and recognized him as her bushand returned from the dead. Her surprise and consternation may be imagined Parker told a romantic story. He had been carried by the sea for a time and rescoed by a Portuguese ship, which had landed him in South America. He could not get a passage home, and determined to go into the interior to seek his fortune. He did so, writing to his wife at her parents' home in England. Those letters she never got. He, of caurse, received no reply and believed her lost also. Time went by and brought with it weslth and prosperity, but the thoughts of her would not down, and at last he determined to search for her in Canada. He came on here, and, after many inquiries, located her at last, only to find her the wife of another and the mother of another's children. A long consultation took place between them. Finally, Parker left. Before doing so he gave his wife a cheque for a large sum and his blessing for her future happiness. He is understood to have gone back to South America.

sweet; had gone to your rest with untired feet; And I had prayed to come to you, To lay me down and slumber, too. But it might not be, and the days went on, The women came so neighborly, And kiesed my face and wept with me And the men stood still to see me pass, And smiled grave smiles, and said: "Post lass!" Sometimes I seemed to hear your lest, and my grief-numbed heart would wh

And I stopp'd and named my darling's in The men and women ceased at last. To pity pain that was of the past; For pain is common, and grief and loss; and many come home by Weeping Gross. Why do I tell you this, my dear? You and I sit in the light, The time went on, and I saw one day My body was bent and my hair was gray But the boys and girls a-whispering Sweet tales in the sweet light of the spri Never paused in the tales they told." To say: " He is dead and she is old." There's a place in the churchyard thought,
Long since my love had been brought: It had sunk with years from a high gre-mound
To a level no stranger would have found; But I, I always knew the spot; Darling, darling, draw me near, For I cannot shake off the dread and fear. Fold me so close I scarce can breathe, And kiss me, for, lo I above, beneath, The blue sky fades, and the green grass dries, And the sunshine goes from my lips and eyes. Oh, God!—that dream—it has not fied— One of us old and one of us dead.

HEALTHFUL TEA.

But it is Properly Brewed and is Not a Decoction of Tannin.

In the old days on Wall street it was the custom for many of the brokers to renew their energies with frequentiationals: stoms during the day, says a New York letter to the Philadelphia Press. "The 11 o'clock" was the name of the matutinal Wall street cocktail, and this was followed by another taken before lunch and by one or two swallowed before the board closed. The result was that a good many brokers went home with more alcohol in their systems than was good for them. As a class they carried liquor well, and anything like open intoxication was seldom witnessed.

Within a few years there has been an entire change in the custom of the brokers. One of the leading brokers of the street told me that it had been found that tee, well brewed, not too strong, was the very best atimulant in the world for the hind of mental socivity involved in the dealing with stocks and scourities. Els lunch to-day consists of a half a dozen raw cysters, a hit of cold chioken and some teast, and while it was laid-dopon his deak he was husy brewing a bowl of tea. But it is Properly Brewed and is i

of cold chicken and some stars, sate which is was laid-dopon his deak he was heary brewing a bowl of tea.

He made it in the Chinese way, steeping it in hot water and in a pot protested by coverings of felt from the cooler-atmosphere of the office. A thisableful of tea was put into the pot and upon this was poured water which was almost at the bolling point. Then the tea was allowed to steep while he ate his cysters, and when he poured it into the oup the liquor was transparent and of amber color and the aroma which greeted the nostrils was delicus. Said he:

"Upon this cup of tea I can do more work without fatigue than I used to do upon a pint of champagne, and there are no after effects. Many of the brokers now either brew tes themselves or train some-body in their offices to do it. Mr. Gould is a great tea drinker and so is Russell Bage."

Wild Turkeys as Sprinters—They Must be Taken at Long Range. Wild turkeys in this latitude, says a Fort Davis, Texas, despatch, are not very "gamey," but they are great sprinters. As for running, some of our gobblers certainly make as much as a mile a minute—or, as least, one thinks so. Along the Rio Pecce, where the timber is thick and feed plentiful in the fall of the year, some enormous turkey rocets are encountered, almost equal, ful in the fall of the year, some enormous turkey roosts are encountered, almost equal, I should imagine, to the celebrated Sheridan Roost, of Indian Territory. In Texas, too, the birds seem to attain a wonderful size, and their flavor, from feeding on berries beech nuts, accurs, grass seed, and especially pecans, makes the wild turkey of the Lone Star State certainly the most delicious morel an epicure could desire.

A general and erroneous opinion has rained ground that the wild turkey.

licious morsel an epicure could desire.

A general and erroneous opinies has gained ground that the wild turkey, from his manner of feeding, has dark flesh. This is entirely a mistake. No whiter or bester meat was ever carved or placed on table. In some of the frontier towns along the Southern Pacific Railroad birds weighing as much as 25 poinds each were offered last week at \$1 apices, with very few takers. Now, the best way to hunt turkeys down this way is with a small bore-rife, say a 22-calibre. A shot-gun is hardly the thing, for the hirds hide in the tall grass and bushes, and will not allow a man to come within 100 yards of them if they can help it.

One can often see them in a roadway, but the mere smell of a man or a dog causes them to take to the bushes immediately. Sometimes it is possible to catch them in an open, but at the mere suspicion of a man's presence they are off like the wind, either taking to the loftiest trees or hiding away in the thick undergrowth and obsparel. If hard pressed a wild turkey will run like lightning, and trust to his legs so long as he can keep beyond reach of his pursuer; then, if the laster presses him too closely, he will fly for perhaps a mile and then settle.

The Utberty Correct Young Wessam.

be attractive to the visitor for several reasons. In the first place, they are somewhat difficult to cased a glimpse of. Fortunately for the melting of the public, themselves—interest the public they are remarkable even among wingles of their interest when they are seen. In the second place, they are remarkable even among wingles of their interest when they are seen.

AS TO CLD TORS.

AS TO C

King Carlos of Portugal, who position Christian names, while his your brother answers to no less than this personally one of the most amia monarchs. He is a handsome,