District Attorney.

The statement of the control of the

The most popular of all Mr Hadstone's oublications was his pampb' on "The Vations Decrees." It is as to have gone drough 110 editions.

SOME TERRIBLE TALES.

**COLUMN 1978 Extractions to the court year when the country where familiar to have seen that statisticating the family of the country where familiar to have seen that statisticating the family of the country where familiar to have seen the statistical point in the polarity of the statistical family was deed for your execution of the halfs to be some family of the statistic of the s

A Polish Lady's Brutal Murder of a Pretty Ballet Girl.

District Acturagy.

RIGHTER SCREE IN COURT.

A Weak-began D. G. despatch says:

Rescal J. Schamade, convicted in which
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The handenfia were quickly produced, and Springman anapped them on the prisoner's wrists. He then quieted down somewhat, although he still flerooly glared at the court and at those who held him. In a moment the court room, sectement and hean in a state of mo, became perfectly still the reconnection of the sentence about to be reflect of an injection of the quack medicine of the sentence about to be reflect of an injection of the quack medicine of the sentence about to be springer and an injection of the quack medicine of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence about to be sentence of the sentence about to be springer and the sentence of the sentence of

"Say, young feller, I'll smash you," they said.
"Hold my coat, will you!" said the dude to the pretty girl, as he slipped it off.
Then he started to ture up his trousers and one of the fellows hit him on the sideof the head. He finished turning up his trousers, and stood up straight.
His shirt front flashed in the electric glare as he shot out his arm and gave the biggest fellow a blow between the eyes that sent him sprawling over the curb. The other youth didn't wait to be hit.
A crowd had gathered and wondered at the seene. The young man brushed some dust from his trousers, put on his cost and glanced with veration, almost grief, at a wrinkle in his shirt bosom. He called a hack from a livery near by, and assisted the pretty girl in.

"Jove, Minnie, how people do stare. I wish they wouldn't be so beastly rude, don't you know," he said.

"Who is he?" asked someone, as they drove away.

drove away.
"Oh! he is one of the football cracks. I guess somebody insulted his sister," was the

Training School and Stepping Stone

A Training School and Stepping Stone to stage of the Union Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Col., was delivered by Senator J. H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire. He said, in.part:

The printer's case is the training school of some of the best thinkers of the age. The range of inquiry incited by it is boundless. It embraces all subjects. It is festered by no restrictions. The contest is still going on between the advocates of the prescribed course of study in our colleges and those who favor elective studies, but there is no controversy over the curriculum of the printing office. Its English is the beat. It must be correct; it is always instructive. There is no flight of fancy, no discovery of science, no speculation of philosophy, no plea for liberty, no prayer for light, but finds in 'the printing office its goal. The student at the case teeds his imagination, disciplines his mind, broadens his thought and strengthens his intellect. The printer's case has been, and still is, a stepping stone to positions of honor and trust. From it have aprung statesmen, philosophers, writers, thinkers, scholars, patriots and philanthropists. It has made itself felt in business affairs, in it stateoraft and in diplomacy through its graduates. They have moved the world at thome, and they have not/been without their influence abroad. The Franklins, the Greeleys and the Plumbs lawe abounded in the history of our country. Surpass them, if you can, in the overflow of your colleges.

HANGED AFTER FOUR YEARS. John Cox Explates His Crime, but is Sur He Will Go to Heaven.

John Cox Explates His Crime, but is Sure

Will Go to Heaves.

A Raleigh, N. C., despatch says: John
Cox, colored, was hanged at Trenton, Jones
County, to-day, for the murder of William
Sutbin, also colored. The crime was committed in September, 1888, and the case
was twice before the Supreme Court, which
as the last term affirmed the sentence of the
lower court. Gov. Holt thereupon issued a
death warrant. Cox confessed the crime,
but denied that it was malicious. He
alleged that Sutton was pursuing him with
a k-ife, and that, being in bodily fear, he
sh-t him without intent to kill. Some
nomths ago Cox was taken to New Berne
and lodged in jail for safe keeping. The
attendance at the execution was large. Cox
received baptism and the sacrament at the
hands of a Roman Catholic priest. He was
entirely self-possessed, and said he was sure
of going to heaven. He was only 25 years
of age. There was not the least motion
after the drop fell, and in ten minutes he
was pronounced dead.

"Oulda."

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

the Section moved for returns aboving the grants of public lands Manitoba and the Northwest granted in aid of sail-they construction. It is also the section of the section

Sutton, also colored. The crime was committed in September, 1888, and the case was twice before the Supreme Court, which at the last term affirmed the sentence of the lower court. Gov. Holt thereupon issued a death warrant. Cox confessed the crime, but denied that it was mallcious. He alleged that Sutton was pursuing him with its kraife, and that, being in bodily fear, he alleged that Sutton was pursuing him with a kraife, and that, being in bodily fear, he allowed the secretary of the secretar

Ram's Horn's Reasons.

What Not To Do At Home.

unhealthy, specky and rotten. Don't talebear

Don't grumble. Whatever else you do, don't grumble, unless you have something really worth grumbling about, and even then don't spin your grumblings out interminably. Don't grumble.

Don't talk unduly. There is a time to talk and a time not to talk, as decidedly as there is a "time to laugh" and a "time to cry." Don't talk without you have something to say worth talking about. Don't talk unduly.

Don't pout. Genuine pouters make a great show of inflated breasts, but the imitation article never makes even this much of a mark in the world. Pouting should always be done in the back yard, never "before folks." Don't pout.—Good Housekeeping.

using it.—Chicago Mait.

—A woman never loses her interest in
the other woman whom her husband a s,
have thought of marrying when she was
a girl.

—The announcement that 1,800 beautiful

a girl.

—The announcement that 1,800 beauty young girls have graduated from t Boston cooking school will doubtless ca a boom in the dyspepsia medicine industs.

—It is proposed in Philadelphia to a strict bloy clists to a speed of six miles hour, but them from the pavements, some them to take out a license and to carry salars held.

Ta-ra-na-boom-the-nay.

New engagement rings have two la stones, a diamond with a pearl, ruby sapphre. A new form of armlet, to worn with a glove, is a narrow band watered ribboo, with slides and buckle with wateres attense.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed, And promised many a mouse; While their names were put upon honor's list, For hadr they saved a house! And two little children were gathered light To a mother's heart ere she slept that night.

My thoughts were bent on the little cap And the curis that round it twined Like golden clasps with which to trap The sunbeam and the wind. a hit. It is full of thrilling situations. Spacer—What is it about? Riter—"The adventures of a Mouse in a Lady's College."
—Officer — Look here, young feller, you've been hangin' round here for over any hour and yer actions is suspicious-like. Young Mr. Popper (who has been a father for just ten days)—That's all right. I'm waitin until there's no one in the store, so's I can go in and buy a nursing-bottle.

THAT WILLEND IT. So when from the chair he stepped at length He stood with his artless smile, Like Samson shorn of his locks of strength By Delliah's treacherous wile.

Let the manager put on a few extra cars, And mark them. "For Ladies Alone." Then the fair sex may travel about at thei ease, Never causing a sigh or a grean.

And if a young lady should tarry down town To see what she latest styles are, She won't give a rap if she hangs on a strap, For she'll know that she's in her own car. tion to the purchase.

The item then passed. An English Invention.

"awashing" through the mud than a dress of ordinary goods. Stout leggins of the material of the dress, if you please, lined with mackintosh, comfortaqle riding habit tights and a stout skirt of tweed, faced with rubber cloth on the inside to the depth of ten or swelve inches and clearing the ground, makes a dreadnaught outfit, which is utilitarian and may be graceful. The upper part of the dress may be selected in any style the wearer faincies.

Impartitude.

**Ther were riding untown on a box seat. doctor entered.

"What I have you nothing in the house for the children to eat?" asked the visitor after looking around.

"Nothing, nothing, This is the millenium and we don't eat now, under the new order And we don't est now, under the new order of things."
That is all the information the poor creature could give. She believed herself the Queen, and declared that as the millenium had come food was unnecessary. Inquiries among the neighbors elicited the information that her name was Hamilton and that the raving woman was once a happy wife and mother in a comfortable home. Her husband, who was a bookkeeper, deserted her, and poverty and privation have deprived her of her reason. The case was reported to Inspecter Avoltibald to have her sent to the asylum and the children placed in some home.

Ram's Horn's Reasons.

The eccentric genius who presides over the destinies of the Ram's Horn, a weekly paper printed at the home of President Harrison, under the head of "Some Reasons," does a little bit of paragraphing which is unique, to say the least:

One reason why every Christian is not a millionaire, is because God can't trust him with so much money.

One reason why people sleep in church, is because the preacher himself is not wide-awake.

One reason why some people are not as wicked as other people, is because they don't have the same opportunities.

One reason why some men don't have better wives, is because they are anch poor. husbands.

One reason why some people belong to ohurch is because they haven't been put out yet.

One reason why some men are preachers, is because they are too lazy to be farmers and blacksmiths.

One reason why some women marry, is because they haven't the courage to work for a living.

One reason why some children die young, is because they get everything they ory for. One reason why so many people are in prison to-day is because they haven't be course they haven't because they haven't have had poor mothers and worse fathers.

One reason why the sinner can't see God, is because he don't look the right way. Instead of standing up and looking down, he should kneel down and look up. There have been many discussions as to the heights attained by breaking waves, and an interesting light is thrown upon the matter by the terrible experience to which the keepers on Tillamook lighthouse were subjected during a storm which occurred last December, as described in a recent number of the San Francisco Chronicle. The waves broke over the lighthouse and shook it to its foundations, so much so that the men in charge would far rather have been on shipbeard. Streams of water poured through the ventilators at the top of the structure, which are 157 feet above sealevel. Landing platform, boats and gear were all torn away and destroyed. Professor Holden asserts that it is known to him personally that this lighthouse is sometimes buried in water and spray, and that the glass in the lantern has been frequently broken by impact of the waves.

Fig Friedding. Don't fret. Fretting irritates and annoys listeners, without bringing comfort or cheer to the fretter. Don't fret.

Don't talebear. Talebearing is not apt to bear good fruit, the product too often being unhealthy, specky and rotten. Don't talebear

-Worry is the most effective anti-fat in the world.

-A bit of Shakespeare up to date:

Bacilli in bricks, garms in the running brooks, microbes in everything.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

TARA-RA-BOOK S.

TARA-RA-BOOK S.

In a farmer, don't you know, I can plant and reap and mow-I can relief a lively hoe
In the corn and taker row;
And I'll do it right away.
Ready for the sunsmer day,
When I'll sing my roundelay
Ta-ra-m-boom-the-hay.

"What noise can that be I" the mistress a
"Meow! meow!" "I'm afraid
A poor little kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!"
"Meow! meow!" "Dear me! dear me!
wonder what can the matter be!" The mistress paused on an upper stair,
For what did she see below?
But three little kittens, with frightened air,
Standing up in a row!
With six little paws on the step above;
And no mother cat to caress or love! Through the kitchen door came a c

worn with a gives, as harlow hand a watered ribbos, with shides and buckle as with precious stones.

—Fontenells, when 90 years old, passed before-Mme. Helvetius without perceiving her. "Ah !" said the lady, "that is you gallantry, then! To pass before me without ever looking at me!" "I I had looked a you, madame," replied the old bean, "! never could have passed you at all,"—One of the most curious "finds' among murderer Deeming's property was perhaps, the following lines, entitled "Flo' Lotter," which were in the murderer's ow handwriting:

Dear God, the baby you sent us Is sawfly nice and sweet,
But, 'cause you forgot his tootios,
The poor little thing can't eat;
That's why I'm writing this letter,
On purpose to let you know;
Please come and finish the haby,
That's all, I om little Flo.

—"Is Madame Squallini a really firs

That's an, to in stead to the class singer?" "I think not. I never saw her name among the soap testimonials."

""Uncle's Darling" is the name of the drama which will be produced on May 23rd and 24th at the Grand. This will be the cleaning attraction.

and 24th at the Grand closing attraction.

—The original manuscript of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is said to be in the possession of a man named Bates, living in Lawrence County, Ill.

—Riter—My new book is bound to make a hit. It is full of thrilling situations. Spacer—What is it about? Riter—"The My new is a Lady's College." Of this world's changing lot.

But the ringing out of the cruel shears.

To my heart-strings caused a pang.

For they changed the child of my hopes fears

With the scornful tune that sang.

THAT WILL END IT.

To stop all this growl about giving up scats
When you've paid your full fare on a car,
We've a plan to suggest that, if carried out,
Will please men at home and afar.

Thus one by one will vanish away
The charms of his childish life,
And each brings nearer his manhot
With its scenes of toll and strife.

A Bustle Convert. "You kant' ketch nothin' with them the things.
With yarn fer bodies an' feathers fer wings. You must think trout'is terrible fools. Ter be ketched with such outlandish tools. A good big trout would bust it in two. An look at that pole- why, that won't do; A good big trout would bust it in two. And nover think mothin' or what he did as quick as lightain' away he slid.
Well, I'll be durn, you can shoot me dead Ef here ain't a windlass filled with thread; An't ther littlest sort out hold a gual.
Why man the sundlass filled with thread; An't her littlest sort out hold a gual.
Why man the sundlass filled with thread; You'd betzer take worms and er hick'ry pole Or you won't ketch nothin' pon my soul!"
Sixteen beauties, speckled bright, The item then passed.

READ THIS TALE:

Peveriy Brives a Weman Insane in the City of Toronto News: No food, no fire, no furniture, an insane mother and two starving little children Dr. McKeown discovered in a little house on Hamburg avenue while attending to his duties as medical health inspector. One of the youngsters was sitting on the floor-gnawing at a mouldy crust while the other looked greedily on Neither of the children had any clothing worth speaking of on them, and the mother was only partly dressed also. Everything had gone to stave off the privation which at last drove the poor unfortunate mother insane.

A n English Invention.

A clever English tailor has invented a new which is an improvement on the muddy gown of the present period. The skirt is designed chiefly for rainy weather. It is the length of an ordinary skirt, but the chevict of which it is composed reaches only within a foot of the ground, where it is supplemented with a band of leather or of makintosh of harmonizing color. This band is merely buttoned by invisible means on the skirt. When the wearer returns to the house it may be unbuttoned, the mud and dust easily cleaned off, and its place when the work of the present period. The great objection to the ankles and underskirts, which are liable to become badly spattered last drove the poor unfortunate mother insane.

"I'm the Queen, I'm Victoria on her throne," and she laughed insanely as the destres externed.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, nor with eloquent word or though From mouth of wonderful men.

Nearer Manhood's Day.

Twas a trifling thing of daily life, And to many unworthy a thought— Too small a theme mid the toil and a Of this world's changing lot.

No more I shall see those flying curls
As my homeward steps I wend;
Another stage of his life unfurls,
Where youth and childhood blend.

God grant that my lease of life may last
Through his changing years of youth;
Till the danger rapids of life are passed
And a Samson stands in truth.
—London Figu

But deep in a walled up woman's heart-Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lo! there is the battle-field, No marshing troops, no bivouse song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles! they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!
—Joaquin Millar.

They were riding uptown on a box seat of a Fifth avenue bus. Both were swells of the ultra variety, and the purple and fine linen which decked their aristocratic persons bore the stamp of Bond street in every crease and seam, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Wobert," suddenly remarked the elder after a silence extending past twelve corners, "I hate an ingwate!"

"Aw—yaas," was the non-committal answer of the other.

"You know Todd?"

"That—aw—fellah who's guvnah's in twade!"

"How vewy wude."

"How vewy wude."

"And you know, old fellah, what I did for Todd?"

"And bet him entertain you at dinnah!"

"And let him entertain you at dinnah!"

"And let him entertain you at dinnah!"

"And let him entertain you at dinnah!"

"And acalled him by his first name evynwhere."

"Yaas, Wobby, that was his beastly, shocking return for it all. But what can a fellah expect of twades people anyhow?"

"Yaas, Wobby, that was his beastly, shocking return for it all. But what can a fellah expect of twades people anyhow?"

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"Yaas, wobby, that was his beastly, shocking return for it all. But what can a fellah expect of twades people anyhow?"

"Work work work work in the people anyhow?"

"Work wo

Fun Enough.

"I want to go to the funeral of the little girl across the street," said little Molly fizzletop to her mother.

"No, no, my child," replied Mrs. Fizzletop. "You were at a matinee yesterday afternoon; last night you were ak a concert, and you are going to a children's party tonight. That is enough amusement for a little girl of 12 years of age."—Texas Siftings.

-A society of Highbinders-the twine