Listowel Standard.

VOL III.—NO. 25. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. JULY 16, 1880. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Paris has a new dog club, to which no one can come unless accompanied by a bull-dog, King Charles, terrier or setter.

—The Mohammedan population of St. Petersburg is subscribing money for a large mosque, the first to be erected in that city.

—The Empress Eugenie has passed a night on the spot where her son was slain, and supported the trial better than could have been expected.

—One thousand Italian exhibitors have forwarded 2,780 cases of art objects and other goods to the Exposition at Melbourne, in Australia.

—There is an outcry in England over the honorary Colonelcies of regiments, costing some $1,000,000 a year, and filled by 180 Generals, who do nothing for the money.

—A public meeting was held at Eaton, O., to discuss the marriage of a white woman and a black man. A resolution to drive the couple out of the village was discussed and voted down.

—Adam Kelly walked up to Thomas Holliday, at Paris, Ky., drew out a knife, and said: "I'd like to cut your throat." Holliday did not wait to let Kelly gratify his desire, but shot him dead.

—"I hear," writes Edmund Labouchere in the London *Truth*, "that Mr. Gordon Bennett has changed his mind on the subject of racing, and has given up the rash idea of keeping a large stud at Newmarket."

—At a dinner given in Pont street in London, the other day, the decorations of the table and dining-room consisted of real fruit trees in full bearing—peaches, nectarines and cherries. The guests could eat their dessert from the trees.

—The *Eton College Chronicle* gives a list of all the old Etonians who hold seats in the present Parliament. They form a total of 126, and comprise fifty-one Liberals, a single Home Ruler (Col. Colthurst), and seventy-four Conservatives.

—A magnificent new theatre called the "Eden Theatre," to which a splendid winter garden is attached, has just been opened in Brussels. The whole construction is perhaps the handsomest of its kind in Europe. The theatre will hold about 3,000 persons.

—Noah Towner committed suicide at Central, W. Va., because he had not been true to his sweetheart. "I deceived her," he said in a letter, "and now I am going to my everlasting reward, where the smoke of my torment will ascend up for ever and ever."

—Lord Mandeville, who was ambitious of becoming a cab proprietor in London, has just been defeated at the Central Criminal Court in an action against one Harry Hills, in whose name he was carrying on the business, for having stolen the property entrusted to him.

—In the breach of promise suit of McPherson vs. Warnie, at Shelbyville, Ind., the defendant's counsel took the broad ground that no woman of 57, which was the plaintiff's age, could possibly form a romantic love for any man. The jury sustained that theory by their verdict.

—A Terre Haute physician told the county medical society that one of his patients, a young woman, was attacked with frightful pains in her legs; that after two weeks she recovered, and it was found that she was six inches taller than before. The report was received in impressive silence.

—Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, has been requested by President Grevy to transmit to the Grand Duke Nicholas the highest French military order, which has never been given to any foreigner except Victor Emanuel, and was refused to the Prince of Wales, who sought it after the Crimean campaign.

—A gentleman took the following telegram to the telegraph office: "Mrs. Brown. I announce with grief the death of Uncle James. Come quickly to read will. I believe we are his heirs. John Black." The clerk having counted the words said: "There are two words too many, sir." "All right, cut out 'with grief,'" was the reply.

—There will soon have to be a Wedding Reform Company in London, as there has long been a Funeral Reform Association. The attendant expenses increase with every season, and if they continue in the same ratio, only the favored few will after a while be able to afford to get married. Going to the altar will soon be as dear as going to law.

—The Rev. Sumner Latham was engaged at $300 a year as pastor of the Baptist Church at East Ware, N. H., but a majority of the members were not willing to pay him even that meagre salary, and it was voted to dismiss him. He intends to sue for the $300 at the end of the year, and therefore prepares every week two sermons, which he carries to the church on Sunday to deliver, but always finds the door locked against him.

—An eccentric rich man lives at Elton, Tenn. He imagined that the whole country desired him to be President. Taking advantage of this hallucination, some joker had a bogus telegram delivered to him announcing his nomination at Chicago, and subsequently a similar one purporting to come from Cincinnati. He gave a great dinner to the young men of the town, and made a glowing speech of acceptance.

—The plan for utilizing Genesee Falls is really being carried out. The power is to be controlled by letting the water fall into perpendicular cylinders in such a manner as to compress air with tremendous force; and this air is to be conducted in pipes to various points for use in running machinery. The first novel application of the power will be to the propulsion of street cars. If the scheme proves successful, Niagara will be tried.

—Bridget Cortella was burned to death in Chicago. She had been a drunkard, and it was supposed that she had accidentally set fire to her clothes. A verdict to that effect was rendered by a Coroner's jury. Her husband now voluntarily confesses that, going home and finding her drunk, he became furiously enraged, and purposely lighted her dress with a match. He says that his conscience would not let him keep the secret, and he wishes to be hanged.

—Yakoob Khan wants a palace in England, and £40,000 to live on there, he says, will quite satisfy him for the loss of his throne. Abdul Rahman, the most eligible of the pretenders, writes to say that three crores of rupees—that is, about £300,000—will just about fit him out nicely for a candidate for Cabul; while Mohammed Jan is ready to transfer his weight to the British scale provided he is paid an annuity with a residence in India.

—In a report of the London Mendicity Society a conversation is given which was overheard between two of that class of begging women who sit in the streets, got up to look as deplorable as possible, with a child in the lap: "How much (rent) did you give for your baby?" "A shillin'." "Then you've been done, or babies is riz. I only gives sixpence for mine, and they feeds 'em and Godfrey's cordials 'em, and all afore I goes out, into the bargain."

—Lawrence House, a Cincinnati thief, was put on trial. Dora Bell Thorpe was a witness. The prisoner was handsome, and Dora, in spite of his disgrace, fell in love with him on sight. He was convicted and sentenced to three years in the State prison. She visited him in jail, before his removal, and their courtship proceeded so rapidly that at the third interview a clergyman was called in to perform a marriage ceremony. Their hands were joined through the grating of the groom's cell.

—A friend, writes Labouchere in the London *Truth*, was recently in Constantinople, where he frequently saw the Grand Vizier on a business matter. "You complain," he said, "that I deceive you, but if you only knew how my august master forces me to deceive every one, you would pity and excuse me." Probably the Commander of the Faithful is the most faithless of Turks. He is a weak, timid creature, swayed by astrologers, eunichs, and sultanas without one manly virtue, and ever ready to take refuge in duplicity.

—A widower and widow were engaged to be married in Bristol, R. I. She had agreed to provide the wedding entertainment, and she did so with extreme liberality. Five hundred guests, including the Common Council as an unofficial body, assembled at the appointed time, but the bridegroom did not come. The assembly drank immoderately, and then, for amusement, flung ice cream and pie at the minister. An expedition to discover the widower resulted in the shattering of all the windows in the house, and finally the police made a score of arrests.

—Nearly, if not quite, 150 amusement companies, dramatic, musical, circus, and other kinds, will travel in America next season. All the theatres in the United States except 11 will be given up to the combination system. There is a great rage for such mingled burlesque and variety shows as "The Troubadours" and "Goblins" for the reason that a small and consequently cheap party can often draw well. One of the more substantial new enterprises will be a new play with which Frank Mayo will make a tour. Two new plays by Boucicault will also be among the features of the season, if they prove successful on their production in London.

—Mr. John Gladstone, the Premier's father, was born at Leith in 1763, where his family were corn merchants, and died at Liverpool at the age of 88, so that his eminent son inherits a chance of longevity. He was for a time engaged in the slave trade, and owned large estates in the West Indian islands. He belonged first, for sixteen years, to the firm of Come, Gladstone & Bradshaw, but subsequently became sole proprietor of the concern, trading under the title of John Gladstone & Co. He acquired great wealth, took an active part in politics on the Tory side, and was always the strong supporter in Liverpool and personal friend of Mr. Canning. He was made a baronet by Sir Robert Peel in 1845.

—A total abstinence lecturer, the *Retailer* says, was pressing the point that the Bible forbade the use of strong beverages, when a man arose in the audience and said: "As I understand it, you have proved out of the Bible that it is wrong to drink liquor. Now, how do you reconcile that with the fact that at the marriage feast of Cana, our Savior turned water into wine, and they all drank of it?" The speaker replied, after a moment's perplexity: "It is true, my brother, that the incident, as you have narrated, is recorded, and we have no reason to doubt the truth of the statement, but still, I will say, my brethren and sisters, that I do regard that as the most ill-advised thing that ever Christ did."

—Mr. Gladstone's oldest brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, though in his seventy-sixth year, is very hale and vigorous. He is Lord Lieutenant of Kincardinshire, residing at the family seat of Fasque, and is a strong Tory, having never followed his brother in any of his changes of opinion. He was a member of the House of Commons as early as 1827, for the borough of Queenborough, in Kent, which was swept away by the Reform bill, having less than 1,000 inhabitants, yet returning two members. He subsequently represented Portarlington, in Ireland, and Leicester and Ipswich, in England, with but a brief break, down to 1851, when he retired from Parliament on succeeding to the baronetcy.

—The hanging of the three boy murderers at Canton, Ohio, had some novel incidental points. The oldest was under 18. The crowd on the previous night was enormous, and was divided between a political meeting and a circus, both of which were within hearing of the prisoners. One of the trio made a desperate effort to escape in the confusion; another fell in a fit while imploring his companions to make a confession exculpating him; and the third coolly discussed with a Roman Catholic and a Protestant Episcopal clergyman the merits of the religions which they represented, finally telling them that he had no faith in either. A daughter of the Judge who had passed the death sentence gave each murderer a good-by kiss.

—Dick Peters had a favorite trick, which he frequently played on the saloon keepers of Madison, California. Entering a crowded bar-room, he would say in a loud voice: "Well, boys, what are you going to drink?" Everybody would rush to the bar on Peter's seeming invitation, but after the round of drinks had disappeared he would lay down the exact price of his own beverage and saunter away. If pay for all was demanded of him, he would coolly remark: "Oh, I only asked what they was a going to drink out of curiosity, because I intended to take something myself, and wanted a suggestion. I pays for my own horn, and no more." He was what is in California called "a bad man," and few cared to get into a controversy with him; but finally an exasperated bartender shot him, and at last accounts his recovery was improbable.

—Mlle. Laure Heymann, who is a charming actress and a handsome demi-mondaine, has had a lawsuit with the architects of her bathroom. The bath-room of Mlle. Laure was a perfect combination of elegance, luxury, and ease, there were Venitian mirrors, Smyrna carpets, Turkish rugs — everything brilliant and costly imaginable. One fine morning Mlle. Laure was preparing to get into the bath dressed like Mother Eve, when there was a loud explosion, and windows, mirrors, chandeliers fell about her with a tremendous crash. Mlle. Laure, thinly clad as she was, with the modesty for which she is famous, fled from the scene of the disaster in great terror, and the valet and the maid and the concierges male and female, opened their eyes wide on seeing this naiad rushing among them for protection. It was afterwards discovered that the gas fixtures had been poorly put in and that this was the cause of the disaster. Mlle. Laure sued the architects and won. The architects ungallantly appealed from the decision of the Court; but the baigneuse has been successful again, and will receive an agreeably large sum as damages.—*The Parisian.*

—Germantown, close by Philadelphia, is a demure old Quaker town. One of its peculiarities is a free public library of 16,000 volumes, from which fiction is rigidly excluded. The works of Shakespeare, Byron, Pope, Dryden, Thackeray, and Kingsley are among those that are kept out. "Have you any of Mark Twain's works here?" a Philadelphia *Times* reporter asked. "No; his book of travels, I suppose, we hardly considered reliable enough," the librarian replied; "I don't know, though; there's some truth in them, I suppose—at least I've heard there was. I heard it, though," said the librarian, looking a little dubious, "in a way that didn't altogether satisfy me. We don't put any plays in, and Shakespeare stays out on that ground. Of course there are some works on general literature that contain his quotations, but we can't help that. We hold that the mind should take up wholesome reading—books on travels or natural history or biography—something that will amuse and instruct together. Our idea is that in reading a person may become dissipated, just the same as by drinking whiskey."

—One of the summer fashions, as described by Clara Belle in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is a new laugh, which goes like this: "Te-he, te he! Ha, ha, ha! Oh-h-h h—ha, ha, ha!" The directions are as follows: "A low and sly beginning is made with the 'te-he,' as though mirth was struggling inside to break out through maidenly reserve, and the mouth is kept tight closed, while the eyes are opened wide, thus giving an expression of mingled demureness and mischievousness. Then follows the 'Ha-ha-ha,' higher and louder, with a parting of the lips to show the teeth, if they be white and regular. The 'Oh-h-h' comes next in a tone of surprise, reproof, or artless gayety, according to the nature of the thing laughed at, and the voice rises into a pretty little scream. The ensuing pause covers a sudden sense of the impropriety of making so much noise, the eyes are cast down, and a blush can in most instances be produced by holding the breath, with the lungs very fully inflated. The final 'Ha-ha-ha' is given as a crescendo, spiritedly, and without any show of restraint, like the outbursting hilarity of an unconventional milkmaid. This novelty in laughs is heard everywhere in the metropolis, and is sure to become popular at the summer resorts. With a little alteration it can be made to fit any mouth."

A SNAKE FIGHT.

(From the Oswego Times.)

On Saturday afternoon last, while Rev. J. H. McGahen was driving on his way to Fulton, as he reached a small stream of water which crosses the road, he saw two large water snakes contending for the possession of a fish about eight inches in length, while two smaller snakes, one on each side of the contestants, with heads slightly raised above the water, were apparently interested spectators of the struggle, but neither interfered. One of the larger snakes had seized the fish by the head, while the other grasped him by the tail, the former, of course, having much the better hold, on account of the tapering form of the fish; but it was a long pull and a strong pull; the water was lashed into quite a fury; the snake with the tail-hold wound himself twice around a small stick fastened near him, giving him quite an advantage over his antagonist. But after a desperate struggle of about five minutes, the snake having the head-hold wrested the contested prey from his opponent, and bore it rapidly away up stream in triumph, while his vanquished snakeship, crestfallen, supperless, and subdued slunk away.

—Handsome carriage parasols are of India pongee, lined with ciel blue, rose color and red.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

Several documents connected with William Cobbett have been placed in the British Museum.

A memoir of the Prince Imperial is to be published on the anniversary of his death. The writer is Miss Helen Barlee.

An autograph letter of Robert Burns, and two from Thomas Campbell, were recently sold at auction in London.

Miss Mary Fitzgibbon, a granddaughter of Mrs. Moodie, the well-known Canadian authoress, has published, "A Trip to Manitoba."

A Russian poet, Ivan Zacharovich, died at Moscow on the 6th of May. He was one of the best poets of the country, and died at the age of thirty-nine.

The deaths of Mr. Henry Ashworth, the historian of the repeal of the Corn Laws; M. Paul De Musset, biographer, and Prof. Bohtz, are also announced. The latter was in his eighty-first year. Prof. Peters, the Director of the Kiel Observatory, is dead. He was one of the first astronomers of the day.

Mr. Poynter is about to publish two volumes of "Text Books of Art Education." The first is on classic and Italian painting.

A Roman villa has been discovered at a very little distance from the station at Castor, Northamptonshire.

Guiseppe Libani, an opera composer, has just died at Rome, at the age of thirty-eight. While he was lying on his death-bed his last opera, "Sardanapolo," was being produced with great success at the Appolo Theatre.

The honor of first drawing down the lightning has been accorded to Benjamin Franklin, but the story of the key and kite has been upset by the discovery that Goiffer, a servant of M. Dalibard of Marly la-ville, near Paris, by means of an iron key, bound to silk first drew down the electric spark from the clouds.

David Garrick made his first appearance as an actor at Goodman's Fields, London.

The oldest scientific paper in the world is *Le Journal des Savants*, published in Paris. It was commenced in 1665, and is consequently 215 years old.

Mr. Ruskin is both exclusive and aristocratic. He never advertises a book he writes; and strange to say, they grow in price. For instance his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" has risen from five to seven pounds, and a new edition is called for. It is to be a cheap edition, however.

Mr. Nicholas Michell, the author of "Ruins of Many Lands," and other volumes of verse, is dead, in the sixty-second year of his age.

The sole surviving nephew of Robert Bloomfield, the poet, is dead, at the age of seventy-six.

Mrs. MacGahan, widow of the famous correspondent of the New York *Herald*, in the Russian war, is engaged on a translation of Edgar Allen Poe's poetical works. She is of Russian birth.

Mr. C. Villiers, an English composer, has composed an opera with the title of "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan." It will not be brought out until next winter.

"The Upper Crust" is Mr. H. J. Byron's latest drama, and has been successfully produced in London.

Mr. Richard Jeffries appears to have fixed upon a certain line, selecting a peculiar field of his own, into which no other author ventures. His "Gamekeeper at Home" introduced a series or class, and is followed by "Hodge and His Masters."

"The Reader's Handbook of Allusions," by Dr. Brewer, has caused quite a stir in the critical world, and the author will not feel complimented by the notices he has received. For any one to undertake such a book was an absurdity, for the reason that it required the joint efforts of many to render it complete as well as correct. Various attempts have been made to produce a book giving a complete exposition of the characters and phrases to be met with in the works of authors, and the casual witty remarks of men of learning and eminence, but they all fell short. One of the best books of the kind we know of is Wheeler's "Dictionary of the noted names of Fiction," yet although it is less pretentious than Dr. Brewer's ponderous volume, it is imperfect. Dr. Brewer's book appears to be particularly noted for its blunders and mistakes.

Here is a curious verse from an old Puritan hymn.

"My soul is but a rusty lock,
Lord, oil it with thy grace;
And rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,
Until I see thy face."

Mrs. Oliphant is said to have taken the title of her last work of fiction "He who will not when he may" from the following couplet in Ray's proverbs.

"He who will not when he may,
When he wills it he shall have nay."

It is told of Moliere, the French dramatist that once when he was playing the part of Sancho in "Don Quixote," and was waiting at the wing, mounted on an ass for the time of his entrance upon the stage, the animal was seized with a desire to make its appearance, and took it into its head to advance without having received the signal. Moliere tried to hold it back in vain. The beast grew more and more obstinate. In spite of blows, bridle and calls, it pushed ahead, drawing everything with it. The audience soon caught sight of the author, struggling against the ass. Finally, overcome, he was obliged to remain hanging by the branch of a tree which he had grasped, and the ass presented himself on the stage with a loud bray.

The London *Saturday Review* is hard upon Mr. Swinburne's new volume, "Songs of the Spring Tides." It says:

"It seems scarcely possible to us that Mr. Swinburne book will prove anything more than poetical caviare. Like caviare, it has a salt [illegible]ste; it savors of what Plato calls "the bitter, brackish element," and it can only be much relished, we fear, by professional tasters of poetry. Some critics seem convinced that the "subject" of a poem is a matter of entire indifference. So far they are like Mr. Du Maurier's elegant young art critic, who being color blind and ignorant of drawing, despised "subject" even more than drawing and color. It is perhaps true, for a critical few, that a poet may as well sing of a sausage stick as of the spheres, and may as well write of the loves of the triangles as of the love of Othello. But the great, gross public will always be more concerned about Othello's jealously than about that of the mathematical nymph who loved Isosceles:—

Again she doubts him, but produced at will
She sees the exterior angles equal still.

Mr. Swinburne has not chosen subjects quite so empty of human interest as the passions of mathematical abstractions. The subjects he has chosen, while they are almos hackneyed in his works, are little more t the public than the player was to Hecuba."

The latest work on spiritualism is the "Undiscovered Country," by Mr. W. D. Howells, and it seems to have caused quite a sensation in Boston, where it is published. The author is the well known editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Of course in the city of Notions where the doctrine of spiritualism, or "Materialism" is rampant, the book has naturally startled many persons there. He puts this language into the mouth of his hero:

"It is not Spiritualism at all, but materialism, a grosser materialism than that which denies, a materialism that asserts and affirms and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena. All other systems of belief, all other revelations of the unseen world, have supplied a rule of life, have been given for our use here. But this offers nothing but the barren fact that we live again. If it has had any effect upon mortals it has been to corrupt them. I cannot see how it is better in its effect upon this world than sheer atheism. It is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men. It leaves them where it found them, or else a little worse for the conceit with which it fills them. Yes, yes; I see now. I see it all."

INFIDELITY AND DIVORCE.

A Dark Chapter in the History of a Noted Temperance Advocate.

ELMIRA, June 29.—Eccles Robinson, of Pittsburg, was reclaimed from a life of intemperance in 1877 by Francis Murphy. He became the ablest lieutenant that temperance advocate had, in the days of Murphy's greatest popularity and influence. He came to this city with Murphy in 1877, when the latter began his remarkable temperance work in the southern tier, which resulted in almost completely crushing out for the time the liquor traffic in this part of the state. Hotels and saloons were closed by the score. Prominent liquor dealers and hotel proprietors destroyed their stocks, renounced the traffic, and joined the Murphy army. Men who for years had been the most convivial of companions and regular and respectable patrons of drinking places abandoned their ways, signed the Murphy pledge, and in many instances joined the Church. Many of them are to-day conspicuous and active Church members. It is estimated that in the vicinity of Elmira alone more than thirty thousand persons, largely from the better classes of society, signed the Murphy pledge.

This wonderful result was due in a great measure to the eloquence and magnetic influence of Murphy's young and impassioned convert, Eccles Robinson. When Murphy left this field he placed Robinson in charge of the southern tier. Robinson made Elmira his headquarters for a time. He had a wife and child. He kept up an unflagging interest in the work. A year or so ago he removed to Binghamton. A gospel temperance society was formed in that city, of which he became the head. He was extremely popular and had a great moral influence in the vicinity. He began a course of study preparatory to entering the ministry. An eminent clergyman of Binghamton was his patron in this. Mrs. Robinson was of a good Philadelphia family, and was regarded as a fit helper of her husband in his work.

Last fall a rumor, which could be traced to no responsible source, was in circulation that Eccles Robinson abused his wife. It was not believed. In October last, however, Mrs. Robinson left her husband's house in a manner that surprised her friends. Mr. Robinson said that she had gone on a visit to Philadelphia. A few days afterward she appeared at the residence of an Elmira clergyman. She said that she was unable to live any longer with her husband, because of his harsh treatment of her and of his unblushing infidelity. She said also that he kept brandy in his house and carried a bottle of liquor with him when he went out on his temperance lectures. These charges astounded the community. Mr. Robinson denied them. He said his wife had herself been unfaithful to him and mentioned a well-known citizen of Elmira as her partner in guilt. He had told her that it would be impossible for him to live with her longer, and suggested the propriety of her going to her family in Philadelphia. He began proceedings against her for a divorce. His friends believed he was innocent of the charges made by his wife. The ministers all sustained him.

Mrs. Robinson indignantly denied the story her husband told about her. She made a minute and circumstantial statement of his persistent infidelity under his own roof, a servant in their employ being his alleged paramour. A very bitter feeling was aroused in the community, many of Robinson's old friends and supporters siding with the wife. One day, in Elmira, Robinson met the gentleman with whom he charged that his wife had been intimate, and attempted to shoot him. Soon afterwards Mrs. Robinson went to her husband's house in Binghamton and found him alone with a woman. She then began counter proceedings for a divorce.

Robinson learned that his wife had in her possession a private diary, in which was recorded the evidences of his infidelity with several Binghamton women. His proceedings in the divorce case were discontinued. The diary was kept in Greek, but was translated by a lawyer. It was an important witness in Mrs. Robinson's suit against her husband, which was ended yesterday in Binghamton. A former servant of Mr. Robinson's also testified to criminal relations with the reformer. Robinson attempted to prove that his wife had confessed to infidelity, but failed. Mrs. Robinson was yesterday granted a divorce, the jury agreeing in a very few minutes.

MR. RAINFORTH'S MISSING CHILD.

Her Skeleton Found in the Den of an Enormous Blacksnake.

WEST UNION, Adams County, Ohio, June 22.—Ginger Ridge, a rugged, sterile upland, about six miles northwest from here, is much excited over the killing of an enormous blacksnake which for several years has played havoc with the farmers' flocks. Hogs, poultry, calves, sheep, etc., have mysteriously disappeared, always at night. Two years ago a band of gypsies were camped in the neighborhood, and they were accused of stealing the missing property. John Rainforth, a farmer, who greatly suffered from these depredations, swore out a warrant before 'Squire Peter Anns and had several of them arrested. They had a preliminary examination, but nothing was proved against them, and they were discharged. They went away muttering threats of vengeance.

Mr. Rainforth had a golden haired little daughter, 4 years old, whose beauty and sunny temper was the pride of her parents. On the day after the arrest of the gypsies little Nellie Rainforth was missed. She was last seen playing with a pet lamb on the edge of a rocky ridge, a short distance from the house. Search was made for her, but neither she nor the lamb was found. The whole neighborhood was aroused and men scoured the fields and woods for miles around. Mr. Rainforth suspected the gypsies of abducting her out of revenge for their arrest, and followed the party across the Ohio River into Lewis County, Ky. When he came up with them they indignantly denied all knowledge of the child's whereabouts, and a search of their camp failed to discover his little daughter. He turned to his home broken-hearted.

One day last week Mr. Rainforth was planting a field of about twenty-five acres, situated near his house. He had not been at work long when he discovered what at first seemed to be a fresh furrow across the middle of the field. He stopped work and followed the track to a fence which separated the field from a dense thicket of underbrush. On the fence he found blood and some sheep's wool, which at once convinced him that the body of a sheep had been dragged across the fence. He went to his pasture and found that a large Cotswold ram was missing. Accompanied by four or five neighbors, Mr. Rainforth made search for the missing sheep. The track through the brush was marked by drops of blood and tufts of wool. About sixty rods from the fence they came to a ledge of rocks, forming one side of a steep hill. The track led directly to this ledge, in which was found an opening of sufficient size to admit the body of a large man. A large charge of giant powder was exploded in the opening, and the rocks were thrown asunder by the blast. When the smoke cleared away the farmers drew near and peered down the opening, and there among at least a wagon load of bones, lay a huge black snake, quivering from his hurt. The farmers waited until the snake was dead, and then attached a chain to his body and dragged the monster out of the hole. He measured fifteen feet seven inches in length, and the biggest part of his body was over, two feet in circumference. He had an ugly-looking head and enormous fangs, sharp as needles. The missing ram lay beside him, crushed out of shape, and covered with a sticky, glutinous substance.

I visited the spot to-day and saw the monster snake. While I was there, men were at work clearing the den of the bones. In a corner one of them picked up a human skull. It was small, like a child's, and he brought it forward to the light. Mr. Rainforth was standing by my side when the man came toward us with the skull in his hand. He glanced at it, and, staggering against a tree, buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

"Poor little Nellie," he cried, through his sobs. "My God, it is horrible!"

After a time he cotrolled his feelings and told me the story of his little daughter's mysterious disappearance two years ago. The bones of the little one were gathered together and buried in the family plot in the cemetery at West Union. The discovery was kept from Mrs. Rainforth, for the poor woman has never ceased to mourn for her lost child, and her husband feared that this intelligence would seriously affect her, she being in delicate health. There can be no doubt as to the identity of the skeleton, for a gold chain which she wore around her neck was found among the bleaching bones.

ROSSA'S SKIRMISHING FUND.

Inquiries as to the Disposition of the Money Received—Gen. Burke Protests that Secret Business is not Everybody's Business and Refuses to Explain—The Rossa Secret Circular.

(New York Sun.)

There is trouble brewing among the Irish patriots about the skirmishing fund. Loud calls are made in many directions for some sort of account from the trustees of the fund as to whether they have on hand the $88,006.82 which they admit they have received. The loudest call for an accounting has been made by the Convention of Irishmen recently in session at Philadelphia. Delegates were present from all parts of the country, and it is proposed to organize a great body, having in view the independence of Ireland, to be called "The United Irishmen." The Convention was called mainly through the instrumentality of O'Donovan Rossa, who is now living in Philadelphia. He was the originator of the skirmishing fund, and for a time one of its trustees. But, about three years ago, when about $70,000 had been collected, he consented that a new board of Trustees should be selected who should have entire control of the fund. This board consisted of Gen. Thomas Francis Burke, John J. Breslin, John Devoy, Dr. William Carroll of Philadelphia, James Reynolds, of New Haven, and Augustine Ford of the *Irish World*. The connection of O'Donovan Rossa with the skirmish fund from that time gradually died out. But recently he has been disposed to call the trustees to account. The Philadelphia Convention appointed a committee of five to interrogate the trustees, and get some sort of a report from them about the disposal of the funds. The committee consisted of John Brennan of Iowa, P. W. Crowe of Illinois, John Harvey, P. J. Daly and P Murphy of Massachusetts. They came to New York, and within a few days have been making diligent efforts to get a meeting of the trustees, but without success. They sent a report to the Convention at Philadelphia that their mission was fruitless; that they could not find the trustees, and would be obliged to return without success, as they did not believe the trustees intended to give them any information. They afterward saw Gen. Thomas F. Burke and had an interview with him, but he refused to recognize their authority, and declined to give them any information about the skirmishing fund. With the purpose of ascertaining the position of the trustees in the matter, the reporter called upon Gen. Thomas F. Burke, at his office in the Department of Public Works, at the City Hall. Geo. Burke said he was quite willing to give all the information on the subject not required to be kept secret. He was free to say that he did not recognize the authority of the Philadelphia Convention to send any committee to investigate the skirmishing fund.

"Have the committee called upon you?" inquired the reporter.

"Well, two or three gentlemen came up to my house before I was up in the morning, and I used them as well as I could. I offered them some good whiskey, but they were temperance men and wouldn't drink."

"Did they have a meeting with the trustees of the skirmishing fund?"

"No, sir, there has been no meeting of the trustees since they have been here."

"Do you know whether they have seen any other of the trustees beside yourself?"

"I have not seen any of the trustees since these gentlemen came on from Philadelphia."

"Did you give them any information about the fund?"

"The amount we have received is a matter of public notoriety. It is published in the *Irish World* every week. The last amount was $88,006.82."

"Has any part of that been expended in the Irish revolutionary movement?"

"Now you ask me too much," replied Gen. Burke.

"Has there been any report made of expenditures, as to whether the trustees still hold the $88,006.82?"

"There is nobody to report to. This is our business. This money is given to us for a certain purpose. We are responsible for its use to promote that purpose. We do not recognize the right of anybody to compel us to tell what we have done with the money, if we have expended any of it. We are ourselves the Court of Appeals in the matter. The money was given to us without any condition that we should report to anybody. We are only to be sure and use it for revolutionary purposes."

"Could you put in specific words the precise object for which you understand this money to have been contributed?"

"For pure and simple revolutionary business."

"And are you the judges yourselves of whether it is applied for that purpose?"

"It is left to the trustees to determine what is pure and simple revolutionary business," said Gen. Burke. "We are the Court of Appeals and the court below."

"Did you receive this committee from Philadelphia?"

"I received no committee; only two or three gentlemen who called at my house. They claimed to represent the Convention, but the Convention has nothing to do with me or the trustees. The skirmishing fund is none of their business. They wanted a statement from the trustees as to what had been done. That I declined to give them. It would be very strange indeed if a revolutionary organization should expose its secrets in that way. The trouble with other organizations before ours was formed was that they fought their battles in the newspapers. We started with the idea of secrecy, and we propose to carry it out. If you intend to hit an enemy, it is not well to tell him where you are going to hit him. If I propose to succeed in my business I do not intend to publish all about that business so that everybody shall know what I am doing. There were no conditions attached to the subscriptions, except that the object was limited to revolutionary purposes. The money will be used for those purposes, and to that the honor of the trustees is pledged. We have arranged it in such a way that it cannot be lost or stolen without the co-operation of four or five members of the Board of Trustees. Some of the money is in registered bonds. I had some of them in my safe here not long ago. But we do not propose to tell our business to any sidewalk committee that may come along and make a demand upon us. We are responsible men. Mr. Reynolds, one of the trustees is County Clerk of New Haven. We have not held a meeting of the trustees since these men came on here, because we do not think it of any importance, at least I do not attach any importance to it. As for telling you or them or anybody what has been done or what is to be done with the skirmishing fund I do not propose to do it, and I think the other trustees do not propose to do it. That is our business, and it is not the business of anybody else."

The reporter then sought another prominent Irishman who is known to be not identified with the skirmishing fund. He said: "I prefer not to have my name used in the matter, but to assure you that I know something of the inner workings of the skirmishing fund, I will show you the circular of O'Donovan Rossa which started the thing about six years ago. Here is the circular, and it has never been published in full:

ROSSA'S SECRET APPEAL.

The grievances of Ireland have been often rehearsed in prose and rhyme. There is no need of here repeating the bloody tale of confiscation, outrage, rapine and massacre, or of denouncing the Satanic policy which, having failed to extirpate our people, placed a ban upon their religion, made education a penal offence, and thus systematically labored to brutalize and degrade them.

To-day the Irish at home are mere squatters, aliens on their own soil, while their blood and sweat are coined into gold by a brood of profligate landlords. They are not allowed to possess or learn the use of arms. Industry and enterprise are banished from the land. Hence the youth, the bone, brain and sinew of our race, flee from their birth place as from a pest house; but they carry with them neither the traditions, the education, the manual training, the experience, nor the moderate capital which give to the freeman such advantages in the struggle for bread.

Is it any wonder, then, that the great majority of them should hew wood, draw water, fight battles, and perform menial service for every other race among whom they are thrown.

Our misfortunes, not our sins, have brought us to this condition; and all our misfortunes are the direct, inevitable fruit of English domination in Ireland. Have we the manly strength and resolution to smash that iniquitous yoke? Mark what the *Irish World* says:

"Other people are working; we are boasting. Other peoples are building up their nations, are developing their resources, are enriching their literature, and leaving their imprint on the civilization of the age; but we—we Irish—are mere lookers on, who, as if incapable of doing anything of ourselves and for ourselves, hang around waiting for a job from these strangers that are so energetically engaged in the world's mighty work, wishing that these master nation-builders would make us their menials, and set us to work to hew wood and draw water, to carry the hod, to dig ditches and clean drains, or to enter their armies and fight their battles. * * Don't talk to us, O wise man, about failures. Failure!' why, we are failing every day. We are rotting and perishing every day in our idleness! * * * * * *

"You will say: 'We Irish have no artillery, no ships of war. How, then, can we offer battle to England? How can we meet her on land or sea?' There are more ways to kill a wolf besides choking him. If you cannot fight England face to face (as Wendell Phillips says), stab her in the back. If you are not in a position to carry on a regular war, assist with your money those who are ready to wage against her an irregular warfare. * * * Ireland, we say, must be made free; and to accomplish this, all the cities of England—if England do not let go her hold—must be laid in ashes."

Friend, you have here set before you the scope and purpose of "The Skirmishing Fund," which you will find further explained on the enclosed subscription circular. We do not make any big promises, we do not propose to raise an army or a fleet of ironclads; but with a handful of brave, death-daring men, aided by such appliances as modern science puts within easy reach, we do expect to so harass the enemy's commerce on sea and on land, and her interests everywhere, as to make her lose more than she gains by despoiling and enslaving Ireland.

Do you believe that you owe a duty to yourself and your oppressed race? Do you believe in the right of the Irish people to self-government? Do you believe it a holy and a wholesome work to smash the most colossal iniquity that exists on the face of God's earth to-day? If so, you will give proof of the faith that is in you, by making some slight sacrifice, where others are ready to risk their lives. You may not be able to do as much as you would like to do, but do what you can. You will meet with opposition, and doubtless with ridicule, from persons who will point to past failures; but you can answer that, even though this skirmishing fund were predestined to fail too, it is worth a trial, and is certain to be tried whether they help it or not.

No Irish revolutionary movement heretofore has assailed England with her own weapons. We propose to meet her with her own tactics, and thus make our hostility felt and feared. You can do a man's share of the work by taking a reliable friend with you and canvassing your district with the enclosed circular. Will you do it?

O'DONOVAN ROSSA, Secretary.
182 Chatham square, N.Y.

JAMES J. CLANCY, Treasurer.
114 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

There are about a million subscribers to this skirmishing fund, and a good many of them have been anxious to see some return for their money. They have been waiting in vain for the promised harassing of the enemy on sea and land. Hints are abroad that some of the money has been skirmished away in jaunts abroad or in other ways not particularly damaging to England, or especially beneficial to Ireland. It would be a charity to call attention to the irresponsible character of the skirmishing fund movements.

Major D. P. Conyngham, editor of the *Tablet*, has recently been calling on the trustees of the skirmishing fund to give some account of their trust. He says that if the trustees have any important secrets that they do not wish to divulge, they might easily give some general assurance that the skirmishing fund is all right, that it is still in the hands of the trustees, or that a portion of it has been honestly expended for revolutionary purposes. He thinks the trustees, for their own reputations' sake, will be compelled before long to say something more definite than they are now willing to say to inquiring subscribers.

MURDER AND SUICIDE AT LAST

The Sequel to the Many Domestic Troubles of Abram Bills and his Wife.

ELMIRA, June 28.—Abram Bills, of Parkinsville, Steuben County, married his cousin, Catharine Bills, twenty-five years ago. He was a well-to-do farmer. Seven children were born to him. Then his wife's mother came from Germany and lived near them. Soon afterward trouble arose between Bills and his wife. She charged him with ill-treating her. She left him and prosecuted him for assault. Nothing was proved against Bills and he was acquitted. He and his wife became reconciled and lived together again. Soon afterwa.ds Bills' barn and other out-buildings were destroyed by fire. Mrs. Bills again left her husband. Her mother made a charge of assault against him. He was acquitted. His wife then declared that he had set fire to his own barn to get the insurance. She had him indicted. He was tried and honorably acquitted, not a particle of evidence being found against him. Mrs. Bills then began proceedings for limited divorce, to permit her to live apart from her husband, but compelling him to support her. She asked for the divorce on the ground of brutal and inhuman treatment. She could not establish her charge, and the divorce was not granted. Bills, however, was ruined by the costs of the persistent litigation that his wife and her mother carried on against him. He took all of his children but one and emigrated to Colorado to escape the persecutions of his wife and mother-in-law. This was seven years ago. He kept his whereabouts a secret. About a year ago Mrs. Bliss found out by accident where he was living. She and her mother removed to Colorado, and took up their quarters near Bills' farm. He learned a week or so since that they were near him, and feared that they intended to set his children against him. He went to their house. His wife was at dinner, with her mother and the son who had remained with her. Bills drew a revolver and shot his wife dead. He then shot himself. He lived long enough to write a letter to his father, who lives in Steuben County, giving the details of the tragedy. He justified himself for the act. The letter has just been received by the old people. Bills begged his father, who is a farmer in good circumstances, to leave any money or property that might have been his after his father's death to his four youngest children. Old Mr. Bills will take measures at once to have the children brought East.

—An English clergyman, the Rev. Thos. Ratcliffe, Vicar of Stapleford, was charged before the Nottingham County magistrates the other day with assaulting Sarah Johnston, a married woman. It appeared that the complainant went to the churchyard on Friday night for the purpose of cutting the grass on her child's grave. While so engaged the defendant appeared, and, charging her with trespassing, struck her and knocked her down. He was fined a guinea.

—A young lady in Greenville, Tenn., recently presented her lover with an elaborately worked pen-wiper, and was astonished the following Sunday to see him wearing it as a cravat.

—Light-minded young thing in a bathing suit: "Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water?" Aunt M., "Indeed I am, nothing shall induce me to take off another thing."

—Men like to see themselves in print women like to see themselves in a looking-glass.

COMIC BUDGET.

—A Frenchman from county Kerry says that kerosene is useful, but he prefers the good old Immerald Ile to any of them.

—Lines—not by Tennyson, but by somebody else:

"Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

—That farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want to keep your boy at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

—An Illinois debater "had 'em" when he arose and said, "Yes, gentlemen, Waterloo was the biggest kind of a fight, but Washington whipped 'em like a wink."

—An agricultural paper says that kind words will cure a cow of kicking, but many prefer the old way of mauling the critter with a fence rail until her heart is broken.

—"Who dat hit me?" "Where's dat lantern?" were the exclamations of an astonished Elmira darkey, after being thrown something like a hundred feet by a locomotive.

—A Lowell mill girl the other day saik to a director who wished her to consent to a reduction of wages: "Before I'd do it I'd see you, and your whole graspin' set, in To-phi-et pumpin' thunder at three cents a clap."

—Half a pound of shot judiciously administered to sympathetic cats at this season of the year will bear fruit in increased hours of slumber throughout the summer and have a tendency to prevent a corner in the chicken market.

—"Men are what Women make Them," is the singular title of a new book. It may be true, but we have seen some dreadfully poor specimens of the manufactured article, which fact reflects badly either upon the material or the maker.

—The Chinese ladies wear in their bosoms little dwarf fir tree, which by a carefully adjusted system of starvation have been reduced to the size of button-hole flowers. These remain fresh and evergreen in their dwarf state for a number of years.

—When General Hancock was a little boy he one day drew his toy sword and cut off the head of one of his mother's ducks. "Well done, sonny," said an old retainer of the family, "you'll be defeated for the Presidency yet."—*New York Commercial.*

—A Western paper says that an Iowa man has applied for a divorce on the ground that his wife is an invalid. They began life in a vine-embosomed cottage. It was at the wash-tub that she caught a severe cold. He drives a charcoal wagon and expects to be happy in heaven.

—A shrewd cat in Vicksburg, Miss., has been occupied in sitting upon a nest of hen's eggs. At last accounts she had succeeded in getting three chickens safely from the shell and has hopes of a large brood. Cats are not fond of eggs, but chickens at a tender age are to them an especial delicacy.

—Probably the greatest bet made on the Chicago Convention was that of a workman at Peters' box and lumber factory at Fort Wayne, Ind, who bet his wife against a blacksmith's gold watch that Grant would win. The wife agreed to the strange proceedings, and now graces the blacksmith's home.

—I myself know a lady of 90 summers, who came up here from Denver about a year ago for the purpose of keeping lodgers, which she did for several months, but has now retired from active business, having possessed herself of a home of her own, and several smaller houses which she rents out.—[*Leadville Lie.*

—An Englishman hired a vessel to visit Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, remarked with an air of satisfaction as they sailed along: "It was there that our fleet lay." "What fleet?" asked the Briton. "What fleet?" rejoined the pilot in astonished tones. "Why, our Greek fleet, of course, at the siege of Troy."

—A Terre Haute physician told the County Medical Society that one of his patients, a young woman, was attacked with frightful pains in her legs; that after two weeks of suffering she recovered, and it was found that she was six inches taller than before. The report was received in impressive silence.

—A Worcester gentleman who locked his combination safe on the word "bean," was so surprised when he gave his clerk the word that he was unable to unlock it, while the latter was tortured with pangs of remorse till he accidentally discovered that his employer habitually and with malice aforethought spelled it "bene."

WHERE THE JOKE WAS.

On a Michigan Central train the other day was a passenger who had lost his right arm. Soon after the train pulled out of Detroit, he began talking with those around him in regard to the political candidates, claiming to have served under both. This led some one to ask him how and where he lost his arm, and he replied:

"It was down in the Wilderness. We were charging the enemy's line. A bullet struck my arm, crushed the bone, and I fell unconscious. When I was restored to consciousness, I was in the hands of the Confederates. Indeed, a soldier was going through my pockets. When he discovered that I was alive he was about to bayonet me, but a corporal sprang forward, knocked the wretch down and saved my life."

While he was saying this a man with his left arm gone had risen from his seat and came nearer, and as the other finished he bent forward and said.

"I am that very corporal! I remember the incident as if it happened only yesterday. I had you conveyed to an old log barn over on the right."

"Yes, yes—let us shake hands, let us embrace! Thank heaven that I have found you out. How came you here?"

"I have been in Detroit to be treated for cancer, but there is no longer any hope. I am going home to go to the poor house and there end my days. I haven't a shilling or a friend."

"And I am going to the poor house a well," replied the other. "I have consumption, and as I am penniless I must go and die among paupers."

Then they embraced some more and seemed to weep. One passenger fished up half a dollar and passed his hat and in five minutes a collection amounting to $3 50 was divided between them. Everybody said it was a shame, and one old man seemed willing to adopt them both if they would go to Illinois. But they didn't; they got off at Dearborn, and it was a quarter of an hour after before a commercial drummer dared make the statement that both chaps lived in Detroit, both lost their arms by accident, and that they had played the same game over and over on every railroad in the State.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TEXAS JACK.

John B. Omohundro, "Texas Jack," the noted scout and plainsman, who died in Leadville the other day, was by birth a Virginian of one of the old families of the Old Dominion, but during the war became a Confederate scout in Texas, under Gen. Dick Taylor—whence his *soubriquet*. Six or seven years ago he joined Buffalo Bill's dramatic party, but never became much of an actor, though his handsome and picturesque figure well became the stage. He married the Italian danseuse, Moriacchi, who was one of the *premieres* in the "Black Crook." They were married in Rochester while traveling with the Buffalo Bill company. It is understood to have been a love match and to have proved a happy one. "Jack" was rated the best pistol shot on the border, being able to shoot equally well with either hand or both at once, and being amazingly quick on trigger. He was Earl Dunraven's guide on his various expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, and is flatteringly mentioned in that nobleman's book. He had a great fund of tales of adventure with Indians and grizzlies, and was an entertaining story-teller. He was buried with military honors at Leadville, and after a stormy life will doubtless sleep well.

HAVE you heard of the success of Edison's Electric Belts. If not, call on your druggist for pamphlet with testimonials. They are as food to the hungry, as water to the growing plant and as sunlight to nature.

THE COOK'S COLUMN.

COLD-WATER CAKE.—1 teacupful of sugar, piece of butter the size of an egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of cream tartar in a coffeecupful of sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda in $\frac{1}{2}$ teacupful water, whites of 2 eggs, beaten to stiff froth, and put in last; flavor to taste.

FRENCH CAKE.—Half cup butter, 3 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, and 1 teaspoonful soda. Beat the yolks of eggs in the milk, add the butter and the sugar, then the flour and the cream tartar, then the whites of the eggs, and last of all the soda.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cream tartar, 1 tablespoonful sugar, salt to taste. Peel and slice 1 juicy pineapple, and cover with sugar; let it stand over night; stir in the batter when ready to fry. To be eaten while hot, with sugar.

CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Put 500 cucumbers in a tub with 4 quarts of salt; cover with boiling water, and let stand twenty-four hours; take them from the brine and put them in jars, with 3 dozen onions and 8 peppers; cover with boiling vinegar, in which you have put 2 tablespoonfuls of cloves, alspice and cinnamon, a lump of alum the size of an egg, and 1 pound of brown sugar.

RED RASPBERRY JELLY.—Press the juice from raspberries without heating; boil 20 minutes and put 3-4 of a pound of sugar to a pound of raspberry juice; heat the sugar and pour it into the boiling juice, stirring constantly until it dissolves; then boil 5 minutes longer, and pour into the warmed jelly glasses; cover when cold with brandied tissue paper and paste thicker paper over the top. This is a most delicious jelly for cake.

CURRIED EGGS.—Boil 6 eggs quite hard and when cold cut each into 4 pieces, so that they may stand on the dish with the points uppermost; lay aside. Fry 2 onions, shred very fine, in butter, add 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, 2 ounces of butter rolled in flour, and by degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ pint veal stock; let the whole boil up for $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, then stir in very slowly 2 tablespoonfuls of cream, simmer 5 minutes; put in the eggs and let them heat slowly for 4 or 5 minutes, and serve in the sauce with boiled rice.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Pick over and weigh the strawberries. If they are free from dust and sand do not wash them. Put them in a porcelain kettle, crush them thoroughly, then set them over the fire, stirring occasionally to keep from burning. When they begin to boil skim them and let them cook 20 minutes without the sugar, taking off the scum as it rises. For most fruit 1-2 a pound of sugar is sufficient, but if the berries are very acid, 3-4 of a pound may be used. After adding the sugar cook 10 minutes after it begins to boil; seal in cans, or put in bowls; when cool cover with thin white paper wet in brandy, and paste another paper over the top of the bowls.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Gather your tomatoes when fully ripe, and wash them and mash them in some suitable vessel. Then place them in a kettle over a moderate fire, and when just warmed through, press a cullender down upon them, then dipping from the cullender all the watery juice possible. After boiling a short time, strain the mass through a wire sieve, just fine enough to retain the rind of the fruit; then return it to the kettle and boil it down to the desired consistency; some prefer it thin, as it retains more of the flavor, taking all care that it does not become scorched in the process. Heat the bottles you intend to use in a steamer to a boiling heat, and while they retain this heat fill them with sauce in a boiling state. Then cork them immediately with good corks, and place them where they will cool slowly.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.—Frequently we find sick people whose stomach reject all kinds of nourishment until conditions follow that in many instances terminate fatally. In twenty instances in which I have heard the popular sick-bed nourishments prescribed and rejected by an invalid's enfeebled stomach, I have never known the simple saucer of parched corn, pudding, or gruel refused. The corn is roasted brown, precisely as we roast coffee, ground as fine as meal in a coffee-mill, and made either into mush, gruel, or thin cakes, baked lightly brown, and given either warm or cold, clear, or with whatever dressing the stomach will receive or retain. Parched corn and meal boiled in skimmed milk, and fed frequently to children suffering from summer diarrhœa, will almost always cure, as it will dysentry in adults, and, we believe, the cholera in its earlier stages.

THE IDEAL STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—We call this the "ideal" receipt for strawberry short-cake because we cannot imagine how anything in that line could be more delicious than the one which found its way to the editor's luncheon table the other day, with a pleasant message; and it was made after this fashion, in one of the neatest kitchens in Buffalo. Take one quart of flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 pint of milk, and $\frac{1}{3}$ teacup shortening, which should be two-thirds butter and one-third lard; make the paste as soft as possible for rolling it out: bake in one layer, and when baked cut off the upper crust which will not be wanted. Butter the short-cake, and spread over it the strawberries, which have been already sugared and partly crushed. In the meantime you should have beaten the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, with a sufficiency of pulverized sugar. Lay this over the berries thickly, put in the oven, and let it bake till the meringue is a delicate brown. Serve with rich, sweet cream—and whoever eats it will unite with us in blessing the excellent housekeeper and esteemed neighbor who furnished this precious recipe.

CURRANT JELLY.—The sooner the jelly is made after the currants begin to redden the better. Look the currants over carefully, rejecting all bruised or decayed fruit and the leaves and part of the stems; then put the fruit into a stone jar, set it in a kettle of boiling water, let it boil, closely covered, until the currants are broken in pieces, then strain through a course, stout jelly bag; afterward strain through a finer flannel bag. (My rule is a pound of juice to a pound of sugar, but for jellies to be served with meats or game I make it with $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound of sugar to a pound of juice, without fear of failure). Boil the juice just 20 minutes. From the moment it begins to boil, skim once thoroughly. Set the sugar into the oven, and heat it very hot; then put in the hot sugar, stirring constantly until it has all dissolved; then let it come to a boil, skim it thoroughly again, and boil two minutes; have ready the glasses or bowls, warmed; fill with the boiling liquid and set it aside to cool; when cold, cover with brandied tissue paper, and paste a thick paper over the top of the glass. Keep in a cool, dry place.

AN OIL TOWN'S LOSS.

The String of Fatalities and Misfortunes Following a Peddler's Pistolshot.

FOXBURG, Pa., June 27.—Last February Conductor W. W. Gaither of the Clarion Narrow Guage Railroad ejected a peddler named John Clancey from his train, near King's Mills, for refusing to pay his fare. Clancey shot the conductor with a pistol. Gaither died a few pays later of the wound. W. L. Fox of Foxburg, president of the road, was a warm personal friend of the murdered conductor. He took charge of the pistol with which he was killed, and became active in bringing Clancey to punishment. Last April Clancey was placed on trial at Clarion. President Fox was to produce the pistol in court. He left home on the early train to go to Clarion. The train had proceeded some distance from Foxburg when Mr. Fox discovered that he had forgotton the pistol. He had the train stopped and ran back to the village to get the weapon. When he returned to the train he was almost exhausted. The conductor subsequently found him unconscious in his seat. He could not be revived, and died on the car at almost the exact spot where his friend Gaither was shot. Clancey was convicted of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary. His wife and twelve year old son were left destitute. The boy went to work for a farmer near St. Petersburg. Last Thursday he was crossing a field where a vicious bull was feeding. The bull attacked him, ripped his side open with its horns, and tossed him from the field into the road, a distance of forty feet. The boy lived a short time only. Besides these fatilities resulting from Clancey's crime, the business of Foxburg will be almost ruined. The village depends on the oil business of the Fox estate. W. L. Fox, although only 29 years old, was the manager of this estate, which comprises 3,000 acres of oil land, which, only partially developed, yields 12,000 barrels a month. He owned the only extensive individual pipe line in the oil regions, and at the time of his death was erecting an immense refinery. He had a capital of $3,000,000, and was just completing plans for the construction of other lines of railways, with Foxburg as their centre. The refinery project has been abandoned. The Fox pipe line has been sold to the United Pipe Line Company, which destroys its local value. No further development of the Fox property will be made. The death of W. L. Fox takes the distribution of $1,000,000 a year, at least from this region.

—By betting in gloves ladies have a great advantage. If they lose, they pay in one-button pairs; if they win, they are paid in eight to eighteen-button pairs, according to the generosity of the male victim.