TWENTY-SIX SUFFOCATED.

Disastrous Results of a Fire in a Pauper School.

A London cable of Wednesday says: The boys' section of the paupers' school in the district of Forest Gate, in connection with the Whitechapel and Poplar Unions, took fire last night while the inmates were asleep and was burned. Twenty-six boys, who were in the upper stories, were suffocated. Fifty-eight other boys were safely taken from the building amid terrible excitement. Two matrons of the institution escaped by sliding down the water pipes, and several boys escaped in the same way. The superintendent of the school repeatedly rushed through the flames and brought out a number of inmates. There were 600 persons in the institution. The bodies of those who were suffocated were carried to the main hall of the building, which was still profusely decorated with Christmas greens. The female department, in which were 250 girls, was not touched. The boys retired last evening in the highest spirits, having been promised presents and a New Year's *fete* to-day. The scenes in the main hall, where the bodies of the dead boys lie, are harrowing. Relatives and school-fellows of those who perished are loud in their lamentations. The fire was caused by an overheated stove. It originated in the clothing-room beneath the boys' dormitory. The smoke and flames issuing from the stove-flue alarmed those sleeping on the top floor, and they made their escape. The fire engines were promptly on the spot. The employees of an adjacent railway station rushed to the scene and rendered valuable assistance. The cries of the boys who were unable to escape were terrible. The bodies of two boys were badly burned, but it is believed they were suffocated before they were burned. The ages of the dead range from 7 to 12 years.

PREPARING FOR KEMMLER.

Experimenting With the Murderers' Rapid Transit Apparatus.

An Auburn, N. Y., despatch of Wednesday says: Yesterday afternoon the special commission appointed to test the machines to be used for execution by electricity purchased an old horse and a four-weeks-old calf and took them into the prison. The animals were subjected to tests, and last evening Dr. Macdonald described the result to the reporters. He said that they were successful, and had demonstrated that the alternating current possessed the power to cause death instantaneously. The old horse was killed first. A quantity of cotton waste was fastened to his head and around his right hind leg just below the gambrel joint; then the wires were arranged and the current turned on. The contact of the current with the horse's body was less than half a minute; he was killed instantly. The current registered about 1,000 volts. The horse did not struggle. In the case of the calf, Dr. Macdonald said that the current was of the same voltage as the one used on the horse; the contact on the calf was less than ten seconds. As soon as the calf fell over Dr. Fell went to work on its body to see if animation had simply been suspended. He performed the operation tracheotomy, opening the windpipe, and applied his patent resuscitating apparatus and artificial respiration was kept up for half an hour, but there was no sign of returning life. The heart of the calf could not be made to beat again, and the members of the commission were in high glee, because Dr. Fell's apparatus had been used with success in five cases upon human patients. Dr. Fell was brought here by the commission for the special purpose of making the test. The machine in Auburn prison can generate a current of 2,000 volts.

FALL OF THE PLAZA.

Collapse of a Crowded Platform—Many People Injured.

A City of Mexico despatch says: Telegrams from Villa Lerdo give full particulars of the fall of the Plaza. Last Tuesday, while a bull fight was in progress, about 10,000 people were crowded into the building. When the second bull was being killed nearly every person present rose and stood applauding and stamping their feet, when suddenly one side of the Plaza commenced to give way. A rush followed and the extra movement of the thousands of spectators helped to bring about the fall of the structure. It bulged out rapidly and collapsed, precipitating the unlucky inmates to the ground, the distance of fall ranging from ten to twenty-five feet. Many were buried beneath the debris. Among them were many ladies of the best families of the town. In their desperate situation many fights occurred among the men, and many were stripped of every stitch of clothing. The crowd on the opposite side of the building, numbering several thousands, became panic-stricken and fell and trampled on one another in their attempts to reach the outside of the Plaza. The bull-fighters were also seized with fear and made their exit with the bull closely following. The trampling of the helpless and the agonized cries of the men and women made the place a scene of pandemonium. It was not until outside help came to the people pinned down by the planks and timber that the unfortunate victims were released from their painful positions. Many physicians were called and the wounds of the people were attended to. The number of wounded will reach into the hundreds, but while the injuries of a great many are serious and painful, it is not thought that any will prove fatal.

AN OLD MAN'S CRIME.

Crazed with Drink He Murders His Two Grandchildren.

A Haverhill, N. H., despatch of Sunday says: Stephen La Plant, a Frenchman, whose home is in Benton, has been spending a few days with his son's family at Centre Haverhill. Yesterday his son, accompanied by the mother of the children, went to Warren, leaving La Plant and wife in charge. There were four children. The two eldest went skating, leaving the unfortunate victims alone with the murderer and his wife. There was some dispute in regard to the children, when La Plant left the room, returning with a hammer, with which he dealt the boy unmerciful and heavy blows on the skull, scattering the blood upon the ceiling and the floor. The girl, interrupting, engaged his attention, and drawing a knife he cut her and also dealt heavy blows with the hammer until she fell to the floor insensible. At this point a passer-by was attracted by the noise, and La Plant was seized while in the act of murderously assaulting his wife, whose life, doubtless, he would also have taken. Officer Weeden, of this place, was summoned and had the murder in jail here at 8 o'clock. La Plant talks freely and says he meant to kill the children. He was addicted to the use of liquor, and in all probability was under its influence when the crimes were committed. The boy was instantly killed; the girl will die.

Investigating the West End Scandal.

A London cable says: The trial of Arthur Newton, the solicitor, Frederick Taylorson, his clerk, and Adolphus De Galla, the interpreter, charged with conspiring to defeat justice in connection with the West End scandal, was continued yesterday. An ex postal messenger named Perkins testified that after he gave testimony to the police against Newlove, who took the witness to the house in Cleveland street, and against Veck, who assisted in the management of the house, Newton tried to induce him to go to Australia. Newton said he knew somebody who would give £20 down and a pound a week each for three years to Perkins, and the other boys, Wright, Swinscow and Barber, who had also given information to the police, if they would all emigrate together.

After Many Years.

A Sault Ste. Marie despatch says: A little girl has been living here with an aged couple as their adopted child. She was led to believe her natural parents dead. The child some years ago learned her true name, and has since busied herself writing to every one of the same name. She has just received a letter from her mother, Mrs. Anna Bradbury, Council Bluffs, Iowa, who informs her that the couple with whom she is living had abducted her when 3 years of age. She is now 12, and very happy over the outcome of her correspondence. The mother is now on her way here.

Dr. Cronin's Long-Delayed Funeral.

A Chicago paper says: The mutilated remains of Dr. Cronin still repose in the black coffin in the dismal vault of Calvary cemetery. No date has yet been decided upon for the final interment, but it will probably take place early in the spring. There will be a demonstration on the occasion that will probably exceed in magnitude the great outpouring on the day of the funeral. Delegations of prominent Irishmen from the leading cities in the country will participate in the proceedings.

THE INFLUENZA.

La Grippe Extending the Area of its Unwelcome Influence.

Count Szegyenki and Conductor Richter, of Vienna, have the influenza.

Mild influenza prevails in Athens.

Sixty officials in the Dublin post office have the influenza.

Barnardo's homes for destitute and orphan children, at Stepney, are visited with great severity by the influenza, so is also the Jesuit College at Canterbury.

The influenza is spreading in Italy. It has appeared at Verona, Messina and Modena. The pupils of the military school at Modena have been sent home.

The rapid increase in the number of cases of influenza at Wuerzburg, Bavaria, has rendered necessary the erection of several temporary hospitals. There are 40,000 cases of the disease in Munich. The epidemic is spreading in Dresden.

The influenza has appeared at Peterboro, Ont. Mr. James Kendry, manager of the Auburn woollen mills, is nursing an attack of la grippe, which he brought home with him from a recent business trip to New York.

A Madrid telegram says: The mortality here from influenza is great, but the malady seems to be decreasing. Gayarre, the tenor, is not expected to recover. The disease is spreading in the Provinces, and has assumed a severe form at Barcelona.

A New York despatch says: The number of grip sufferers among the "finest" reached high-water mark yesterday, when 804 of them were laid up for repairs on half-pay. Capt. Garland, of the Madison Street Station, is the only high official who is sick, but he was out for a few hours, although not on duty. During the trials sixteen complainants or defendants were reported to be ill. The sick list includes 1 captain, 5 sergeants, 8 roundsmen, 8 doormen and 270 patrolmen, out of an available force of 3,423 men, a fraction over 9 per cent. The fact is, the prevalent malady is spreading in all directions, and yesterday two more names were added to the list of those whose attacks of the grip, being followed by a more serious indisposition, terminated fatally. They are Mrs. Horace A. Huchins and Du Plessis M. Helm.

Two fatal cases of pneumonia, which were developed from "la grippe," were those of the Rev. Dr. W. W. Patton, President of Howard University, Washington, D.C., who died at Westfield, N.J., and John A. Osborn, of Brooklyn, a United States Commissioner.

WHERE IT HOLDS REVEL.

It is from the tenement districts, however, and from the dispensaries and hospitals that the most harrowing accounts of this malady reach the public ear. Every hospital in the city is completely filled with sufferers. Within the past twenty-four hours upward of two hundred patients have been sent to the Charity Hospital from the medical department of Bellevue. Over a hundred have been accommodated in the hospital itself, and still they come. Word has been sent from the Island that there is no room for any more patients in the institutions there, every available bed being already occupied. Yesterday morning there were fully three hundred people assembled without the doors of the dispensary on East Twenty-sixth street prior to the opening at 9 a.m., and nearly every one was more or less afflicted with grip symptoms. Some were pitifully ill, with feverish faces, haggard eyes and hollow cough.

The Board of Health does not seek to disguise the fact that la grippe holds the town, but declares its entire inability to check the spread of the malady. Disinfectants and isolation are powerless to prevent the progress of this epidemic, which is atmospheric. Dr. Edson said yesterday that there are probably 100,000 cases in this city, but that the Board of Health can only attend to the contagious diseases reported.

WHAT TO DO.

The health authorities advise all people, so soon as they perceive the slightest indications of a cold developing to shut themselves up indoors, avoid getting chilled and send without delay for a doctor. With proper precautions against taking a fresh cold, bronchitis and pneumonia may be avoided, and without these complications "the grip" is not deadly.

Yesterday a cablegram was received from a very eminent French physician, who has been most successful in treating the disease in Paris, to the effect that the happiest results have followed the use of exalgine in every instance, and strongly recommending it to the medical fraternity in America.

A Paris cable says: The serious nature of the influenza epidemic is shown by the mortality statistics. During the past week 2,334 deaths occurred against 1,033 for the corresponding week last year. This is due to an increase in the diseases of the respiratory organs. The ravages of these complaints are clearly shown in the following significant table: The deaths in Paris for December, 1889, were 5,969; for December, 1888, 3,911; increase, 2,058. Pneumonia last week caused 346 deaths against 67 for the same week last year, and other diseases show a similar terrible increase. M. Bertin, chief cashier of the Bank of France, is among the latest victims. The mortality here is still abnormally great. On Tuesday there were 389 deaths, and on Wednesday 334. The reopening of the schools already closed is postponed.

The St. Sulpice Seminary, the greatest school in France, is closed.

LICENSED YET FINED.

A Kind of City Licenses Texas Law Will Not Respect.

A San Antonio, Texas, despatch of Thursday says: Since yesterday the City Clerk has issued licenses, in accordance with a new ordinance, to proprietors of gambling establishments and keepers of houses of prostitution and inmates of the latter. The fees thus far aggregate $7,000, and not more than a third of the persons required to secure such licenses have yet done so. District Attorney Paschal declares he will prosecute all parties procuring such licenses, despite the city ordinance, which will cause a conflict between the city and State officials. A woman who a few days ago paid $250 to the city for the privilege of conducting a house of prostitution for six months was to-day arrested by a deputy sheriff and fined $100 by Justice McAlister. The woman had to pay the fine or go to jail. Mayor Callahan this afternoon instructed Chief of Police Shardine to raid all places to-night and arrest all persons found therein who have not procured a license.

Wedding in High Life.

A London cable says: The wedding of Hon. Lancelot Douglas Carnegie, second son of the Earl of Southesk, with Miss Marion Alice de Courcy Barclay, second daughter of Henry Ford Barclay, of Monkhorns, Woodford, Essex, was solemnized yesterday at the Church of All Saints, Woodford Wells. The entire place was *en fete*. Flags were displayed, and there was a triumphal arch at the entrance to the park. The church could only accommodate one-fourth the people present. Lord Carnegie, the bridegroom's eldest brother, was the best man. Mr. Barclay, the bride's father, gave her away. She wore a white satin bodice and front draped with Brussels lace, looped with orange blossoms. The bodice and sleeves were edged with silver drop fringe. She had a long court train, embroidered with scolls of white velvet, shaded with silver. The tulle veil covered a wreath of orange blossoms and a tiara of diamonds, the gift of the Countess of Southesk. She wore a diamond necklace, the gift of the bride's father. Her bouquet was orange blossoms and white lilies. She was attended by two little pages.

Plunged Through the Bridge.

A Wellsboro, Pa., despatch of Monday night says: Yesterday a construction train with about twenty men on board was crossing Sherwood Bridge, when the derrick caught the bridge cover and the next instant the bridge broke down, plunging the train into the creek. Grant Milliken's neck was broken. Daniel Howard was instantly killed. Conrad Dittenhoffer had his leg crushed and is fatally injured. The remainder were taken out more or less badly hurt, but it is likely all will recover.

A Cemetery as a Source of Water Supply.

A Trenton, Mich., despatch says: The rapid spread of scarlet fever in this town suggested that a sample of water from the only well furnishing a supply for the town be sent to Ann Arbor for an analysis. The chemist gave a portion of the sample to a rabbit, and it died almost instantly. An investigation elicited the fact that the well drew its supply from the cemetery.

—The Earl of Dudley has sold Turner's "Grand Canal, Venice," formerly in the Manley Gallery in England, for a price exceeding $50,000. It is said to have been bought for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

SIR JOSEPH HICKSON.

Something About the Railway Magnate Whom the Queen Has Honored.

A Montreal despatch says: There was a feeling of widespread satisfaction in railway and business circles generally to-day over the report that the Queen had been pleased to confer the honor of knighthood upon Mr. Joseph Hickson, general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Such an announcement has been long expected by Mr. Hickson's friends. While it was acknowledged that no honor however high could add to the general esteem in which Mr. Hickson is personally held by all classes of the community in which he has lived for many years, the feeling was general that both on account of his high personal character and the distinguished services he has rendered in the commercial life of Canada, he was entitled to some signal mark of honor. The Grand Trunk system is the oldest railway system in the Dominion, and was proving of incalculable benefit to the country when other enterprises, of which the public has good reason to have some knowledge, were not even dreamed of. In the successful building up of the Grand Trunk Railway system no one has taken a more active part than Mr. Joseph Hickson. He has been the heart and soul of the company, and by his sagacity and farsightedness the Grand Trunk has reached a position second to none on the continent of America. Mr Hickson has for years led a quiet, unostentatious life, attending to his multifarious and trying railway duties with the regularity of clockwork, and has not sought public notice. The honor of knighthood will thus be all the more appreciated in that it has been unsought and comes as the well-merited reward of long and distinguished services in the railway and commercial life of Canada. The news was received at the general offices of the company here to-day with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Hickson has always been popular with the officials and employees of the company, and the knowledge of the honor conferred upon their chief has been received as almost a personal pleasure. Mr. Hickson's distinguished career from 1862, the year he came to Canada, up to the present, is too familiar to our readers to require any extended notice here. His life for the past twenty-eight years has been the history of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, to which he has devoted himself with untiring devotion and ability. The company, in its onward march, has had what seemed almost unsurmountable obstacles to overcome, but through them all Mr. Hickson's sagacity, experience, and tenacity of purpose have carried them successfully. Thousands throughout the Dominion will join with Mr. Hickson's personal friends and admirers in wishing long life and prosperity to Sir Joseph Hickson.

WITH A CRASH.

Two Trains Meet on a Single Track with Frightful Results.

An Indianapolis despatch of Tuesday says: A frightful and fatal wreck occurred at Komoko this morning on the Panhandle Railway, one mile north of the depot. Train No. 13, north bound, Conductor Thomas Lamb, left the junction at 2.15 a. m., schedule time. When about a mile north it met No. 14, south bound, in care of Conductor V. S. Noland. It was running about 50 miles an hour. The two trains crashed together, totally demolishing the engines and burning the baggage car and coaches of the south bound train, which tumbled on top of the engines. The injured were confined to engine and express and baggage cars. George Cummings, engineer of No. 14, was buried in the wreck, and died immediately after being extricated. Tom McCullough, engineer on No. 13, lies at the Clinton House, Komoko, with his head crushed, and cannot live. Baggagemaster J. Kerlin, injured in the head, was taken to Galveston, where he died at 9 o'clock. Thomas Harber was hurt seriously. These men all lived at Logansport. Adams' Express Messenger Giant was seriously, though not fatally, hurt about the body. Two men, named Woods and Webb, were badly hurt in the general smash up, but not fatally. A number of passengers in the coaches were shaken up badly, but the Pullmans escaped, many of the passengers not being wakened. The cause of the wreck is a mystery, as the engineers of both trains are unable to testify, but a general opinion is that the north bound engineer was trying to make a "sneak" to the side track at Jewett, four miles north, to pass No. 14, which was slightly behind time.

A DASTARD'S REVENGE.

A Rejected Suitor Poisons the Family Coffee—Two Deaths.

A Joliet, Ill., despatch of Thursday says: John Dall, a single man, lived on a farm near the village of Mokena with his mother, Mrs. Amelia Dall, 70 years old. Connected with the household were a hired man named Schuffler and a girl named Mina Schenck. Yesterday the girl prepared dinner, and when the coffee was served each of the family noticed it had a strong, bitter taste. The stuff was thrown away and a new lot made. This was also bad, but not enough so to prevent the family partaking freely of it. Soon after dinner they all became alarmingly sick. The hired man and girl drank fresh milk, which caused vomiting and saved their lives. Mrs. Dall died after a few hours of excruciating pain, and last evening John Dall breathed his last. The physicians called in could not determine the character of the poison. A white powder was noticed in the first pot of coffee. John Schafer, a former employee of Dall, and a rival suitor for the hand of the servant-maid, was suspected as the guilty person. When the sheriff arrested him at Mokena to-day he tried to commit suicide with a razor.

Contracts With Book Agents.

A Montreal despatch says: The value of printed condition contract forms, such as used by agents soliciting subscriptions for books, pictures, etc., has been established in the Circuit Court by Mr. Justice Gill. A number of people along the Ottawa Valley subscribed to "Picturesque Canada." The plan adopted by the agent was to obtain the signature of the subscriber to a printed form. In many cases the subscribers learned for the first time what the purport of that agreement was when they received a letter from the firm of Belden Bros., the proprietors of that publication, that suit would be entered to collect $21.60 from them unless they paid the amount at once. The publishers had inserted among the conditions one to the effect that the city of Montreal was the place of making the contract, and that therefore all the legal proceedings for the breach of the same were to be taken here. Messrs. Trenholme, Taylor & Buchan, for a number of subscribers, contested such a proceeding and asked Messrs. Belden Bros. to take a test case. After hearing the evidence the Court held that a condition such as that in question in the present case was governed by the same principles as the conditions on the back of a railway ticket or bill of lading, that it did not bind without absolute proof being made by the plaintiff that the condition had been pointed out to the subscriber, and the latter had expressly agreed to the conditions.

Disease Has Many Shapes.

A Baltimore despatch of Thursday says: A patient received this evening at Johns Hopkins Hospital has animals in the shape of snakes living in his blood. He is from Charleston, S.C., and has suffered from his disease for twenty years. Many times his blood has been examined under the microscope and the snake-shaped parasites have always been found. The blood has generally been drawn from a finger tip. It is said that only 25 cases of this disease have been reported in this country.

Some details have been received of the recent massacre of exiles in Siberia. The Nihilists in exile endeavored to work some printing presses. The authorities destroyed these, and the exiles resisting were fired upon, thirty being either killed or wounded. The Cossack Guards, it is said, helped the exiles.

It is reported that Russia has ordered in France one million and a half repeating rifles.

The Empress Frederick has given orders to have her castle at Cromburg put in telephonic communication with the Opera House at Frankfort, so that she may hear the music in her own home.

A Chattanooga lawyer dared a Shelbyville belle to marry him. She wouldn't take a dare and the wedding came off the same day.

Robert Carter, founder of the well-known New York publishing house, who died last Saturday at the age of 82, was a Scotchman. He came to America when a young man and was a tutor in Columbia college, and afterwards founded a private school. At the time of his death he was a director of the American Bible society.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

Awful Crime of a Demented Brooklyn Anarchist.

A Brooklyn despatch of Sunday says: A man informed the police yesterday that nothing had been seen of the Frankin family, living in the rear of 180 Munger street, since Wednesday. Two officers went to the house and effected an entrance through a window. All was quiet in the house, but passing into the bedroom, Frankin was found sitting on the edge of the bed with a revolver grasped in his right hand. As the officer was about to enter the man drove him out of the room at the point of the weapon. Then a pistol shot rang out. The officer rushed in and found Frankin had shot himself through the heart. He was not yet dead, but his wife and 3-year-old child were lying dead in the same bed. Frankin died soon afterwards. The wife and child had been shot through the head. From appearances they had been dead two or three days. Frankin was probably insane.

Frankin was an Anarchist artist and assistant to his wife in laundry work. For years he had done no work other than to help his wife occasionally. Sickness was his excuse for this. At times he suffered from epileptic fits. Frankin left a number of letters. One of these states that when he said the entire family would be better off dead than alive his wife agreed with him, but she wanted to die easily. She suggested that he poison her. With this end in view he purchased Paris green. In another letter he says he is insane, driven so by poverty and the prospect of never being able to better his condition, only death would release him. It appears that Frankin and his wife discussed this matter calmly, and finally agreed to go out of this world together. The child, a pretty, blue-eyed thing, not quite three years old, they decided to take with them. On Tuesday the wife lay down upon the bed in the rear room. She had previously cleaned up the rooms. The husband brought her a dose of Paris green in water. She drank it. When she began to suffer, rolling on the bed in intense agony, she begged piteously for relief. Frankin hurriedly loaded his revolver, placed the muzzle against her right temple and shot her dead. Frankin then strangled his child with a clothesline and laid it beside the dead mother. Its clothing was stained with the mother's blood. Frankin seems to have been too much of a coward to kill himself there and then. He remained in the house with the bodies, cooking his own meals. It is probable he might not have killed himself for some time yet had it not been for the appearance of the police. He feared punishment, and this prompted suicide. Decomposition had already begun in the bodies of Mrs. Frankin and her child and the stench was fearful. Frankin left a letter requesting that all three bodies be cremated. He enclosed $85 for that purpose.

MISCALLED RELIGION.

Disastrous Results of a So-called Revival in Kansas.

A Leavenworth, Kas., despatch says: The vicinity of High Prairie, ten miles from this city, has lately been the scene of a religious revival that has greatly excited the people. In some instances persons have gone crazy with enthusiasm. About two weeks ago a brother and sister—Frank and Minnie Boland—became so enthusiastic and excited over religion that they lost their reason. As they were living alone no one noticed their condition. Thursday evening two persons who were passing Boland's house noticed smoke issuing from it, and on gaining entrance found a well-kindled fire on the floor of one of the rooms, with the brother and sister in an almost nude condition singing religious songs and dancing around it, seemingly getting ready for cremation. The fire was finally put out and the brother and sister were overpowered. When questioned, Minnie said the Lord had made the fire and they would not put it out. Late yesterday afternoon they were placed in jail, where they will remain until a method of treatment for them has been decided upon.

INSATIABLE ENGLISHMEN.

It Looks as if They Intended to Buy up the United States Piecemeal.

A New York despatch says: An English syndicate, it is said, is trying to purchase the famous Granite Mountain Mine, of Montana. S. M. Rumsey, of St. Louis, President of the company, according to a despatch from that city, frankly admitted this when asked. He said that some time ago he received a letter from a New York broker asking if the mine or a controlling interest could be bought, and replied that it probably could if enough money was offered. There was some correspondence, and, finally, the New York broker made an offer of $45 per share for all or a controlling portion of the 400,000 shares, placing the value of the mine at $18,000,000. This offer has not been rejected, but Mr. Rumsey said he very much doubted its acceptance. The present negotiations, so far as can be learned, are being conducted by a New York financier's agent. He has had personal conferences on the subject, and is very well known to President Rumsey and others of the company.

Notes From Scotland.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, New York, is willing to contribute towards establishing a free public library at Stonehaven.

The value has been sworn at £525,291 8s. 4. of the personal estate of the late Earl of Leven and Melville.

The death is announced of Sir William Dunbar, Bart, of Mochrum, who represented the Wigtown Burghs in Parliament from 1857 to 1865.

The Peers of Scotland are to meet on the 6th inst. for the election of two representative peers in room of the Earl of Leven and Melville and the Earl of Orkney, deceased.

The Forth Bridge is to be opened on Tuesday, 4th March, by the Prince of Wales, who is to be accompanied by his brother and son, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George.

The Clyde shipbuilding returns for 1889 show extraordinary prosperity, even exceeding that of the unusually successful year of 1883. The tonnage exceeds the previous year's by 55,000.

The Right Hon. E. P. Bouverie, brother of Earl Radnor, died in London on the 16th ult. The deceased, who was in his 72nd year, sat in Parliament for the Kilmarnock district of burghs from 1844 to 1874.

The estate of Dumnaglass, near Inverness, has been sold to Mr. Sopper, the shooting tenant, and the ancient name of Macgillivray disappears from the roll of proprietors of land in the Highlands. It was Alexander Macgillivray, of Dumnaglass, who commanded the Clan Chattan at Culloden, where he fell leading the desperate charge of his clan in their attempt to turn the left of the Royal army.

The death is announced, in his 78th year, of Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, LL. D. He was the son of the Rev. James Shand, of Marykirk, Kincardineshire, and was born in 1812. He was educated at the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh and on the continent. He was admitted an advocate at the Scottish bar in 1834, and was subsequently called to the English bar. He was at one time counsel for the Lords of the Treasury and Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and was Chief Judge of the Mauritius from 1860 to 1879.

Ex Provost Swan, of Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, died on Dec. 17th at his residence in St. Brycedale, after an illness of several weeks. He was in his 82nd year. In 1834 Mr. Swan was first elected member of Kirkcaldy Town Council, and after serving seven years in the Council, was elected Provost of the burgh. He was re-elected Provost in 1843, but three years after retired. In 1860 he was once more elected Provost, which office he held till 1886, when he resigned.

He Clung to the Rocks.

A San Francisco despatch of Saturday night says: The man who was seen clinging to the rocks at Point Bonito Lighthouse, at the northern side of the Golden Gate, last evening, was taken off several hours later by the crew of the tug boat which was sent to his assistance. He proved to be Antonio Nicholas, a Russian fisherman. He had been on the rocks six hours, and was nearly exhausted when rescued. He said that he and four companions were returning home in a fishing boat late yesterday, and when off Point Bonito the boat capsized. His companions were all drowned, but he succeeded in reaching the rocks, where he remained until taken off. One of the men drowned was George Mitchell, a Russian; the other three were Greeks, names unknown.

Peanuts are now declared by an eminent Philadelphia physician to be an excellent brain food. Here is a pointer for Tory editors.

AN AWFUL SLAUGHTER.

One Thousand Chicago People Killed at the Railroad Crossings Within the Last Four Years.

(Chicago News.)

In the yellow-leafed book in the coroner's office in which the names of subjects for inquests are put down as fast as they are reported were recorded seven fatalities at railroad crossings this morning. The fatalities did not all occur this morning but represented the work of the deadly locomotive during the past forty-eight hours.

The list began with J. D. Revell, his wife and infant child, killed at Wilmette Christmas eve. The next was an unknown woman—crushed to death at 23rd street by a Wabash engine.

A man whose name was not given was reported killed at Western Springs. The information was telephoned to the coroner by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad company.

The body of Julius Fischer, struck by a Milwaukee & St. Paul train December 24th, awaited an inquest at the county hospital, where the victim died yesterday.

Dr. Gandey, of 1593 Milwaukee avenue, killed at Kedzie avenue this morning, completed the list. Dr. Gandey was driving across the St. Paul tracks, when an engine bore down upon him, running into and instantly killing him. He leaves a wife. Dr. Gandey was about 38 years of age.

Chief Deputy Knopf says the number of victims of the railways since last new year's is not less than 250, and there is still nearly a week to further increase the list.

"Just think of it," continued Deputy Knopf, who is also a State representative, "250 people killed in Chicago by the railroads in one year and 1,000 in four years! I tell you, it is a disgrace and a shame. That is altogether too many lives to be sacrificed. Last year there were 200 people killed by the cars, and there is an increase of fifty for this year thus far."

"What is the reason for this large number of accidents?"

"Why the trains are run too fast. The ordinance is violated every day by the railroads; in fact, there is scarcely an attempt to conceal the fact that the speed of twenty and twenty-five miles an hour is kept up right along inside the city limits by some roads."

"Have you a remedy?"

"I have what I believe to be one. In the Legislature last summer I introduced a Bill compelling all railroads to put gates up at every crossing. It got nowhere near being voted on, because the railroads had their agents down there and they 'fixed' the senators and representatives. The consequence was that the Bill was lost in the shuffle. With gates at every crossing I believe that trains could run at 25 and 30 miles an hour with little or no risk to the people."

Mayor Cregier was shocked when informed by an *Evening News* reporter that the deaths of seven people killed by the railroads were reported this morning.

"This running of trains inside the city limits," he said, "is a most difficult problem to solve, and doubtless it will take a great deal of experimenting before some practical plan is arrived at that will insure the maximum of safety to everybody. It is all very well to talk about compelling the railroads to run slowly, but the moment we put a check on the speed the people actually come en masse to protest against the loss of time they are compelled to undergo. We had a meeting of a special council committee and the railroads here some time ago and the question was discussed in all its phases. The railroads urged that they should be allowed to run faster than the time allowed them under the old ordinance, which prescribes 10 miles an hour, because at that rate school-boys, tramps, and any one else could jump on trains and steal rides and risk their lives, while at a faster rate they could not get on. I suggested that the city be sub-divided, and that trains be allowed to run fast in thinly settled districts and be required to go slower in the more densely populated divisions. The matter was compromised by inserting a safety-gate clause in the ordinance and fixing a rate of speed according to the distance from the centre of the city. I believe that will help settle the question of so many deaths by the railroads, and I hope it will."

"Have you nothing further to suggest toward stopping the frightful slaughter?"

"To my thinking," replied the mayor, "the only satisfactory solution of the matter will be the introduction of elevated roads."

Commissioner Purdy was quite surprised to hear that there had been so many accidents at the street crossings recently.

"That's quite an extraordinary number," he said, "and I am at a loss to account for them all. I can't lay the blame to an insufficiency of gate protection, for as fast as our attention has been called to the need of a gate at such and such a crossing we have had the order passed in the council and notified the company to put it up. None of them has been obstreperous or stubborn about it. We hold the whip-hand in such matters, as you will see by the ordinance. There is no general ordinance compelling gates to be put up at all crossings, but orders are passed from time to time."

LACE IS WELL ENOUGH.

But It Must Not be Worn at the Throat or in the Street.

A woman may be fond of lace—she ought to be if she isn't, for it is a fondness that is to be commended—and lace is something that is becoming to every woman. Made into a ruffle or folded lightly about the neck it softens the plainest face and improves the hardest complexion. But because it is becoming, says the New York *Herald*, is no reason why it should be worn with every gown on all occasions. There are times when it should be worn and times when it should not be worn, and, although lace is extremely fashionable just now, it must not be worn at throat or wrists in the street. This is Dame Fashion's fiat, and is absolute. And the same fiat has gone forth regarding the linen collar and cuffs. They are absolute, and all such abominations as stiff and starched linen are banished from the wardrobe of every stylish woman of to-day.

He Cut Her Fore and Aft.

When the plum duff was served at Capt. Dobbins' sea dinner somebody might have spun Capt. Coffin's improved version of an old yarn. It went something like this: Capt. Jack Miller, of the good ship Nonesuch, coming on deck December 24, says to the black cook: "It's Christmas to-morrow, doctor, and you may put some plums in the duff. But you needn't put any in the mate's end. I can't afford to give the mate plums." The next morning the mate asks the cook: "Any plums in the duff to day, doctor?" "Yes," replies the king of the galley, "but you won't get any. They are all in the old man's end." When the duff was placed on the table at dinner, the mate remarked: "That is a rather queer piece of plate, Cap'n Miller," at the same time reaching forward and turning it around so that the Captain's end was on his side of the table. "Yes," responded the Captain, as he turned it back again, "I have had that plate a good while." "Might I ask, Captain," and the mate whirled it around once more, "where you got it?" "As near as I can remember," and here the skipper restored the plate to the original position, "I got it up the Straits." "But, Captain,"—and the mate reached forward again, but the Captain interposed gruffly: "Leave the duff alone, Mr. Jones, and I'll cut her fore and aft."

The Human Ear.

Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is that which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places, and can be made to tremble like the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads called nerves stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain. A wonderful piece of mechanism, indeed!—*St Louis Republic.*

A Horse Joke.

"Ha?" whinnied the horse. "We ought to be able to get out even though the stable door is locked. We have a key here."

"What kind of one?" brayed an ass in the next stall.

"Why, a donkey."

THE LABOR WORLD.

Doings of the Day Among the Men Who Earn Their Bread by the Sweat of Their Brows.

Minneapolis wood-carvers get $3 a day.

San Francisco tanners are fighting the employment of Chinese.

Brooklyn granite cutters get $3.50 per day; non-union men, $2.50.

Eight-hour meetings are being held throughout the country.

Dr. McGlynn will stump California on the single tax.

Sick benefit funds are being added to various unions.

Bristol, Eng., has 10,000 locked out bootmakers.

Douglass county (Kansas) farmers' unions are boycotting dressed beef dealers.

The salaries of Cleveland policemen were cut to meet a deficiency of $90,000.

Over 100 retail liquor dealers of New York will run a co-operative brewery.

The Toledo cigarmakers will ask the Legislature to legalize the union label.

Greensburg, (Pa.) plasterers demand $3, nine hours and eight on Saturday.

Only the carpenters are expected to strike for eight hours at Cleveland.

English workingmen are electing workingmen to municipal bodies.

All the barber shops at Cleveland except one were closed on Sunday.

Boston freestone cutters have been granted an eight-hour day at 44 cents an hour. They will demand 50 cents in April.

The Grand Rapids Barbers' Union fines 50 cents for smoking a non-union cigar and expels at the third offence.

In New South Wales the bosses' Amalgamated Miners' Union has agreed to hire none but union hands.

The beer license in New York is $50. Only a few are selling below the union rate of 10 cents per pint.

Mexico has placed a prohibitory tax on drummers from the United States or other countries.

Co-operative bakeries started by Newark and Brooklyn strikers are highly successful.

Indiana railroaders struck against an order forbidding them to loiter around saloons.

The Brooklyn Carriage and Waggonmakers' Union fined members $1 each for riding in carriages at a funeral driven by non-union men.

The Newark Stonecutters' Union has been sued to compel it to admit two applicants to membership, and damages are claimed. The union decided to admit no members for a year.

The Brooklyn boss plumbers and gasfitters and the journeymen's unions have respectively agreed not to employ any non-union workers and not to work for non-union employers.

Yorkshire (Eng.) green glass-blowers have gained 30 per cent. in wages in a year. In this country 1,800 green glass-blowers have been locked out since July for not accepting a cut of 25 per cent.

A Paterson (N.J.) thread firm employs 1,200 hands, and has a factory in Linburn, Ire., which employs 3,000, and one in Germany which employs 1,000. The flax used Paterson comes from Ireland.

The number of mining machines in Illinois is declining. Machine operators get $2 25 to $2 50; helpers, $1 75; blasters, $2; loaders, $1.75; timbermen, $2; drillers, $2; and laborers, $1 50 to $1.75.

The Detroit Trades Council has indorsed the demand of the Barbers' Union: No work on Sundays. On week days from 7 30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., except on Saturday, when work will be continued until midnight. Also that ten cents per shave and twenty-five cents for a hair cut be the prices charged and collected.

John Burns says 1889 was the brightest year for Great Britain's workingmen since 1848. In London alone 300 trades have gained shorter hours and increased pay. The gas stokers gained 50,000 members and reduced their hours from 12 to 8. The bakers had their hours reduced from 100 to to 60 per week, besides an advance in wages. Over 200,000 men were added to the membership of labor unions.

In Chemnitz, Germany, weavers of ticking get $1.50 per week, fustian weavers $2, sewers $1.25, corsetmakers 20 to 25 cents per day. At Bremen male weavers earn from $3 to $3 75 per week, women $1.25 to $2. In Silesia the average falls to 29 cents per day. Berlin engineers make from 75 cents to $1 per day. Workers in glassware and porcelain make less than 70 cents per day. These figures are from a report of the Chemnitz Chamber of Commerce.

Thomas Evans, the Fall River cotton-worker, says a first-class weaver in England on four looms weaves 1,100 yards a week, and is paid $6. In Fall River the average is eight looms and 2,160 yards for $9.12. Within a few years the Fall River men have been cut 40 per cent., while English operatives have gained slight advances. He says social enjoyment is cheaper and more abundant than in America. In France cotton operatives work eleven hours; Germany a little more. Wages run from $1.50 to $2 a week, and "the American laborer could not exist with what they live on."

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Sir Walter Scott's Delight in the Antics of the New Year's Eve "Guisers."

Sir Walter Scott loved all the old customs of Scotland and sought to perpetuate them. Among those in which he took especial delight was that of having the "guisers," or maskers, perform before his family on New Year's Eve. The guisers were generally boys who were able to sing and act. They donned old shirts belonging to their fathers, put mitre-shaped caps of brown paper on their heads, with sheets of the same paper covering the whole face except the eyes and mouth. Each guiser, like a knight of old, was attended by a sort of squire, who assumed the dress of a girl, with an old woman's cap and broomstick, and was called "Bessie." Thus attired they went from house to house, singing, performing rude and grotesque dramas, and playing all sorts of antics, in return for which they expected a small gratuity. When they attempted anything in the theatrical line they were generally from three to six in number. The kitchen was usually chosen as the arena for their sports, and thither the whole family would resort to witness them. Sir Walter Scott made it a rule to have a set of these maskers entertain his family on every New Year's evening, and he never thought it beneath his dignity to manifest his delight in their performances. The custom still prevails in some parts of Scotland.

It's Wait.

She was a young woman of an inquiring turn of mind on her way home from college, and during a delay at a station she walked up and down the platform calculating the ponderabilities.

"I wonder," she said to her papa, "what is the weight of this train?"

"Really, my dear, I couldn't say, but"——

"I know what it is," interrupted an impatient drummer, "its about four hours and a half."

Then the girl went in and sat down to think awhile.

Comparisons Are Odorous.

Reginald—Oh, Marie! take back those cruel words! Do not drive me to despair! Nothing can be stronger than my affection for you!

Marie (with averted face)—You err, Reginald; there can be—there is. I perceived it the moment you made your declaration!

Reginald (amazed)—What?

Marie—Your breath, sir. You've been taking brandy and cloves."

Awful Result of a Current Insanity.

Sunday School Teacher—Who was it that went down to Jericho and fell among thieves?

Smart Pupil—You can't play it teacher. You want me to say I don't know and then ast you, and then you're going to spring McGinty on to me. You can't play no McGinty drives on me.

The Teller Wouldn't Tell.

Farmer Oatcake (at back window)—I say, kin ye tell me——"

Mr. Cashmore—Go to the next window if you want any information.

"Thunderation! I'd like to know what you've got that sign 'Teller' over your head for any way?"

—A foreign title is not a good present for a young woman to begin the year with, because the man attached to it is not only worthless but exceedingly expensive. Better buy a dog.

SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.

Statistics of the Great Hunting Season in the Highlands.

During the present shooting season it has been estimated that in all probability as many as half a million grouse and black game will be killed and sent to the market, each bird (blackcock, grayhen and grouse) weighing on the average two pounds, which give us 1,000,000 pounds of food as the product (chiefly) of the vast heather areas of Scotland. Even at the price of 2 shillings per pound, says the Glasgow *Herald*, the sum represented will amount to 100,000 pounds, which, large as it is, is far below the amount of money annually expended in shooting rents and in other ways by the tenants of the moors, of whom it has been said that every brace of grouse they kill costs them a sovereign.

Estimates of the number of partridges killed are somewhat difficult to form, as the land which provides the birds is not like the grouse moors, separately held and rented. In Great Britain, taking the average of recent shooting as a guide, it may be assumed that 400,000 partridges will be shot, and, counting them overhead at the modest price of a shilling each, the money value represented will touch 20,000 pounds. A clew to the pheasant supply is less difficult to obtain, on account of the fact that the bird is extensively bred on what may be called "artificial lines." In other words, tens of thousands of pheasants are hatched every year by barn-door fowls, the eggs being purchased from persons who make it their business to supply them in large quantities, having aviaries for the purpose. On some estates there is also a very great number of wild birds, which, being carefully watched during the breeding season, yield a considerable crop of chicks. Taking it for granted, therefore, that half a million of these birds are annually consumed, at a cost of half a crown each, the total sum expended will amount to 62,500 pounds, and it is not too much to say that those who supply the birds will sell them to the wholesale dealers at considerably less than they cost.

To rear each pheasant that comes to the gun, it has been calculated, involves an expenditure in food and wages of a little less than 3 shillings.

Summing up these figures, we have 500,000 grouse and black game of about the average weight of two pounds each; also 400,000 partridges, weighing each close on one pound. Every one of the half-million pheasants will weigh not less overhead than two pounds. So these birds supply us with 2,400,000 pounds of good, wholesome food every season, the breeding and purveying of which gives employment to large bodies of the people at fair wages. When the millions of rabbits and hares annually consumed are added the totals of both weight and value become, of course, much increased. These animals have, happily, this season been killed in larger number than usual.

A Comparison of War Ships.

The British Government has just launched a formidable cruiser named the Blake. Our Government is, on the other hand, building a formidable vessel not a cruiser, but what Secretary Tracy calls a battle ship. These ships are types of their respective classes. Being such, it may be well to compare their respective dimensions. The Blake is 375 feet long by 65 beam. The Maine is 310 feet long by 57 feet beam. The Blake's displacement is 9 000 and the Maine's 6,648 tons. The Blake's horse-power is 13,000 for twelve consecutive hours, her speed 19¼ to 20 knots; the Maine's, 8,750 horse power for four hours, her speed 17 knots. On the other hand, the Maine is an armored ship, to the extent of 180 feet of her respective sides, leaving 130 feet thereof exposed to fire; while the Blake has an oval steel roof of six inches thick running her extreme length. The Maine's armament consists of four 10-inch guns in turrets and six ordinary 6-inch guns, while the Blake's is comprised in two 9.2-inch guns and six quick-firing guns. But it is to the respective cost of these two vessels to which we desire to draw special attention. While, even to the ordinary observer, the superiority of the Blake as a fighting ship is evident, the difference in the cost of the two vessels is something marvelous. While the hull and machinery of the Blake cost a trifle over $1,000,000 the hull and machinery of the Maine are estimated to run up to close upon $2,500,000! And yet the Blake being able to outsail the Maine by three knots an hour, she can do her distance and destroy her at will. And so protection is thus operating, not only to drive our merchant marine from the seas, but to make it enormously expensive to protect the few indifferent which are still left in possession thereof.—*Chicago News.*

Don't Jeer at La Grippe.

Those who have escaped from La Grippe, and are inclined to jeer at sufferers are referred to as follows by an exchange: "All that we have to say is, we wish they may get it. Then they will know whether it is the grip or not. When their head aches as if it would split; when they have raging fever; when their appetite flees and they do not want anything to eat or drink or smoke; when they grow as weak as babies in less than twelve hours, when every one of the 204 bones in their anatomies ache each on its own account and conjointly with the rest, and every muscle feels as if it had been pounded with a club, drawn through a key-hole, tied into a hard knot and then used as a sandbag; when finally every mucous membrane in their bodies is in a state of greater or less inflammation, and all their serous membranes are dried up and their joints creak; when every incoming breath is likely to produce a stitch in the side and every outgoing breath turns into a sneeze on the slightest provocation—then, perhaps, they will be willing to acknowledge that la grippe is here and has got them."

The Lamb in a New Role.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one summer day where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John, who kept a village store; he sat down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat down and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. "How is it, sister, can you tell why—the other merchants here sell all their goods and thrive from year to year?" Remembering now her own bad luck the little maid replies: "These other fellows get there, John, because they advertise."

Ambushed and Murdered.

A Fort Davis, Tex., despatch of Monday says: A band of Mexican horse thieves ambushed a camping party of three men, two women and four children in a canon near Chihuahua on Saturday, and killed two of the men. The murderers told the remainder of the party they supposed them to be officers. A military guard was sent to arrest the Mexicans, and if captured they will be summarily dealt with.

Suicide in the French Way.

Mrs. Cumso—I hear that poor Mr. Dusenberry has committed suicide.

Mrs. Tangle—Yes but he did it by the French method. He was always a great man for style.

Mrs. Cumso—The French method of suicide! What is that?

Mrs. Tangle—He took Paris green.

Help at Hand.

Heroine of the Play (despairingly, to villain)—Are you base enough to hold me to a promise wrung from me before I knew your true character? O, is there no way of deliverance from such a wretch?

Arizona Jim (in the audience)—Stand a little to one side, miss. Now, you infernal sneak, you git down on your knees and beg that gal's pardon, or, by gum, I'll bore you full o' holes!

The will of the late Mrs. Elizabeth T. Hicks, a wealthy Quakeress of Westbury, L. I., bequeaths $25,000 each to the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children and to Swathmore College, Pennsylvania.

Young lady (to editor)—I have such a pretty little story with me. Can you use it? Editor—Oh, certainly; we can use anything here. (To office boy)—Jimmy, put a few more manuscripts in the stove; the room is growing cold.

Mrs. Fender Cudlip, an English lady novelist, has been offered the task of composing a three-volume romance, with a happy ending, which will draw colonists to New Zealand as irresistably as Mrs. Stowe's earlier work precipitated the late civil war. For this service Mrs. Cudlip is to be paid £1,000.

The Railway Crossing.

There are some who die on mountains high,
And some in war's commotion;
Some suicide and cross the tide
To satisfy a notion,
And some there be who death must see
Amidst the tempest tossing,
But far the most give up the ghost
Upon the railway crossing.

Some silly loons jump from balloons
And meet the fate that follows;
Some lose their breath and choke to death
Upon the hangman's gallows,
But those each day we lay away
Beneath the headstones mossing
Who try to beat the engine fleet
And die right at the crossing.

Oh, you may toy with buzz-saws coy
Whenever they're in motion,
Or on a feather in stormy weather
Attempt to cross the ocean,
And even jaw your mother-in-law,
Who always does the bossing,
But don't go near—if death you fear—
The fatal railway crossing.

The Candidate.

Who comes and grasps you by the hand,
And welcomes you with greeting bland,
And flattery you can't withstand?
The candidate.

Who asks you how the children do,
And how the world is using you,
And hopes that you'll help put him through?
The candidate.

Who says the country's going to smash,
Unless you help his side to thrash
The other side, with vote and cash?
The candidate.

Who begs you to give him your vote,
And says your interests he'll promote,
And tries to cut his rival's throat?
The candidate.

Who, when his victory is won,
Will straight forget all you have done,
And look out sharp for Number One?
The candidate.

LONG TUNNELS.

Some of the Famous Shafts That Engineers Have Made.

On the St. Gothard Railway, not far from the famous long tunnel, there is a remarkable tunnel on the plan of a cork-screw. In the descent of the mountain it was found impossible to lay out a safe incline on a straight line or ordinary curve, and the engineers got over the difficulty by driving a tunnel which enters the mountain high on the side, describing a circle through the solid rock, constantly descending as it does so reappears under itself on the mountain side some distance below then dives into the rock again circles and sinks as it circles until it again emerges into daylight under itself, when the line resumes its course down hill in a more familiar way.

The making of a tunnel like this is as striking an example of engineering skill as the world can show, and many very skillful things have been done by our railway makers. The art of tunneling is an old one, but it never attained such perfection as distinguishes it to-day.

There is a wonderful tunnel at Chicago driven in 1866, two miles out under the bottom of the lake, so that the city may the obtain a water supply free from the refuse of the city. This tunnel, which has now been doubled, has two shafts, one on land and one in the bed of the lake, rising through a crib, which crib is defended by a breakwater, and serves as the foundation of a lighthouse. This was a difficult work to manage, owing to its being through clay and quicksand, but it is a mere nothing as to length. There is for instance, the Croton aqueduct from Croton down to New York, which is driven through solid rock for 36 and a quarter miles. The Hoosac tunnel is four and three-quarter miles in length and is twenty-six feet wide and twenty-one and a half feet high.

When canals were introduced into Europe, tunnels became necessary to avoid excessive lockage, and with the railway tunnels became quite common. Of the older railway tunnels in England, the longest is the Woo head, on the Manchester & Leeds line, which is three miles long, and consists of two parallel tunnels, one for each track.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

HYDROPHOBIA IN ENGLAND.

Some Very Curious Statistics Relating to this Terrible Disease.

About hydrophobia, the Registrar-General has, in his report just issued, made an important deduction from his mortality returns, says the London *Daily News*. By taking groups of counties and studying the death rate from hydrophobia in the districts thus mapped out during the years 1869-1888, he finds that the disease has two great centres in this country. The death rate diminishes according to the distance from these centres. Lancashire is the head and front of the offending as regards hydrophobia. From that dreaded disease the annual deaths per million of the population are in Lancashire 3.39. This is far in excess of the death rate from the same cause in any other part of the kingdom. The figures most nearly approaching to it are 2.41 in Cheshire and 2 48 in the West Riding, contiguous districts. The other centre is said to be London, because here the deaths are 1.59 per million, diminishing to 1.45 in the extra metropolitan portions of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent. These are high figures in comparison with the low death rate in other southern counties. The conclusions of the Registrar-General are apparently confirmed by the Agricultural Department's account of the geographical distribution of rabies in animals. Naturally, the next thing the Registrar-General wants to know is whether these two centres of rabies and hydrophobia can be distinguished from the rest of the country as to the numbers and character of the dogs inhabiting them. This is an inquiry worth making. Meanwhile, the facts already ascertained justified the muzzling order in London. The precise number of deaths from hydrophobia in 1888 was 14. There were 5 in Lancashire, 6 in London or adjoining counties, 1 in Wiltshire, 1 in Cumberland and 1 in Gramorganshire.

MAKING A FIRE.

One of the Household Duties in Which Young Wives Are Deficient.

When about to light a fire with paper and split wood for kindling, unfold and tear the paper and twist it lightly into coils of ropes, like clothes wrung out by hand. Put on the bottom of the grate four or five such coils, about as long as the fire-box, and then stack the kindling-wood around the coils, leaving air-spaces between the sticks, and lay several larger pieces of wood across the top. A sprinkling of coal may be added, but unless the stove has an exceptionally good draft, disappointment will be obviated by letting the wood get well ablaze before adding coal. Always attend to the dampers and drafts before setting a match to the kindling. If the draft be too strong and the match goes out as soon as it is applied, close the oven damper until the lighter kindlings have caught. It will save some delay to light a good-sized twist of paper and put it under the grate, and another on top of the fuel, and start the fire in that way. Never fill the stove or range with coal above the level of the fire-box. It is not only extravagant and wasteful of fuel to do so, but it is ruinous to the top plates, which will be superheated unnecessarily. No good cooking can be done over a furious fire or on a red-hot stove. To fill the fire-box so that the covers must be crowded down is not the way to treat a stove.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

The Clothing of Babies.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body—viz., the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which it is most important to keep from variations of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs and lung diseases on the one hand, and bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I can not see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg, that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare; and, from the artistic point of view, a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.—*From "Mental and Physical Training of Children," by Jessie O Waller, in the Popular Science Monthly for December.*

R. M. McBeth, a leading machinist, says England leads the world in the skill of her mechanics.

—Teacher, after reading aloud the story of Jonah and the whale—"And now my little men, can you tell me who fell into the sea?" The entire class to a man, interrupting—"McGinty!"

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION