

Three children of Joseph Ashly—Oliver, aged 9 years, Henry, aged 7 and Freddie, aged 5—living near Green Bay, Wis., went out to pick berries Wednesday afternoon, and taking off their clothes began playing in a small river. All three were drowned, and their bodies were recovered a few hours after the fatality.

The west span of the Narrow Gauge Railroad bridge across the White River at Worthington, Ind., gave way under a passing train, precipitating the coaches and passengers into the river. Wm. Hibbetts was instantly killed. Dr. Cole fatally hurt, a brakeman had a leg and jaw broken, James East was badly hurt, and a number of other passengers received minor injuries.

Wm. Harwood and Edmond Velach, the Americans who were arrested in Mexico without warrants on an unfounded charge of defamation of the President, are still closely confined. They were sentenced without trial. The American colony is greatly excited, the authorities having disregarded the American Minister's demands.

The rear part of the boiler of an engine drawing a freight train on the Lehigh Valley railway, near Whitehaven, on the 25th blew out, and killed J. H. Hassell, engineer, his son, fireman Armbruster, and R. E. Smith, telegraph operator. Shortly after the accident, a long train of coal cars ran into the exploded engine. Twenty cars were scattered in different directions and broken into kindling wood. Green, the engineer of the coal train, was fatally injured, the rest of the crew escaped.

Overholt & Co.'s distillery with three bonded warehouses and an immense quantity of whiskey was burned at Connelsville, Pa., on the 23rd. Loss, \$665,000. The cause was spontaneous combustion of mill dust or a cigar left by a workman. Nearly all the whiskey was owned by Philadelphia and New York parties. The flames lit up the country for miles, and the burning whiskey floated down the river. Twenty-five barrels were rolled away, and the whiskey was dipped up by the mob. Hundreds of men became drunk.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Churchill has been elected chairman of the National Conservative Union.

The arrest of Dr. Fernandez of the Coldstream Guards on a charge of being an accomplice of Cornwall in his crimes, has caused immense sensation.

M. Stanley, the explorer, arrived at Plymouth, on the 28th, and was tendered an ovation upon his arrival. The population of Madeira had prepared a reception for the explorer when the steamer arrived, but he was unable to land owing to the quarantine regulation.

Orders have been sent to increase the British fleet at Suakim. The corvette *Turquoise* has left Jeddah for that place.

The Under-Secretary for the Colonial Department has stated the Government is read to confirm the Queensland scheme for the confederation of the Australian Colonies, and the annexation of New Guinea and the other Pacific islands, as soon as the colonists have finally determined upon the necessary steps to accomplish this.

Jas. Stephens, and Gallagher, of Paris, propose to visit America to advocate the Irish cause.

A number of women and girls have been arrested at St. Petersburg for conspiracy against the Czar.

The Siberian pest has appeared at Gatschina. A committee has been formed to enforce vigorous sanitary measures to check its spread.

A passenger steamer on the Volga capsized recently and twenty persons were drowned.

It is officially announced that the cholera epidemic in Marseilles and Toulon is decreasing.

A new expedition to the Congo country is being despatched by the German American societies. It sails from Hamburg on Wednesday. Lieut. Schultze has been appointed leader.

Through traffic on railways between France and Germany has been suspended until further notice as a precaution against cholera.

There was a very perceptible shock of earthquake Wednesday on the island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean. The inhabitants are greatly agitated.

There are now 175 persons in the hospitals at Panama suffering from dysentery. Doctors say over half their patients are ill with the same disease. It is a species of cholera and in many cases terminates fatally.

Tales and Sketches.

A PRACTICAL HELP.

About five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market house in Philadelphia into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain him there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gayly-dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of the usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in.

Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted.

"That is George C——," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P——. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead."

"What did it?"

"Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C—— and took his arm.

"Come inside," she said, sternly, with a secret loathing in her heart. "The Gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day he may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her.

She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences.

But that young man's brain did not want truth or the gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deathly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said briskly. "Come, we'll go together and find some."

George C—— muttered something about "a trifle," and "tavern."

But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said:

"I thank you. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C——'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

"I was a man once, like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believed in Christ; but it is too late now."

"It is *not* too late!" cried his friend. It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last.

George C—— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.—*Truth.*

WILLIAM AND MARY RECONCILED.

I once picked up a man in the market-place. They said, "He is a brute, let him alone!" I took him home with me, and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened my wife out of her wits, one night, chasing her all about the house, with a boot in hand; but she recovered her wits, and he recovered his.

He said to me, "You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?"—"Well, I shouldn't."

"I have, and—God bless her little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever yet stepped!" said the "brute."

"I asked, 'where do they live?'"

"They live two miles away from here."

"When did you see them last?"

"About two years ago."

Then he told me his sad story. I said, "You must go back again."

"I mustn't go back—I won't—my wife is better without me than with