and its possessor can never escape the repossibility. It op-ns up opportunities for
happiness, enlightment and welfare, which
he has no moral right to neglect. To board
it, and to aquander it are both violations of
this trust and each bears its own penalty.
Henry Taylor has well said: "So manifold are the bearings of money upon the
lives and characters of mankind that an
insight which should search out the life of insight which should search out the life of a man in his pecuniary relations, would penetrate into almost every oranny of his mature. He who knows, like St. Paul, both nature. He who knows, like St. Paul, both how to spare and how to abound, has greas knowledge, for if we take account of all the virtues which money is mixed up—honesty, justice, generosity, oharity, frugality, forethought, self-sacrifice, and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity, and a right measure and making in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing and bequeathing would almost argue a perfect man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE STARVING MINERS.

Pinkerton Men Employed to Drive Them Out of Their Cabins. Pinkerton Men Employed to Drive Them Out of Aheir Cabins.

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

Paris Beds for Strangers. Paris Beds for Strangers.
The London Morning Advertiser's Paris correspondent includes in a recent letter some interesting figures as to the visitors to the Paris Exhibition. At the opening of the exhibition there were 10,015 establishments in Paris returned as furnished ments in Paris returned as furnished premises for letting purposes, their accommodation consisting of 169,705 rooms. On the last of June these establishments rose to the number of 10,722, with 170,736 rooms; on the last of July, 10,773, with 171,131 rooms; on the last of August, 10,825, with 171,154 rooms, and on the last of September to 10,853, with 171,194 rooms. Of course, in addition to the duly licensed and authorized premises, such as the hotels and lodging, houses, large numbers of private apartments have been sublet by their tenants, the latter retiring early in of private apartments have been sarry it their tenants, the latter retiring early i

Equal to the Emergency.

A rich proprietor is scolding his 5-year-old boy. "Will you, then, learn nothing?"

"Papa!"
"And when you are grown up, what will you do, having learned nothing in your

PLAIDS ARE A TRAZE

A Large Bed.

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

Lighting the Eternal City.

The electric light is to supergreed one in the stand of the side pockets, and the next night they drew a fourteen-inch balk line around the bed.—

Lighting the Eternal City.

Lighting the Eternal City.

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

across the wide Campagna, will be remarkable.

Grushed in a Church Collapse.

A Brooklyn despatch of Friday says:
Two persons were killed and five injured by the fall of a wall of the Troop Avenue Presbyterian Church on an adjacent tenement house last night. The killed were David Purdy, aged 14, and May Emma Purdy aged 18. The injured were Caroline Purdy, aged 17, hurt about the head and shoulders, death expected; Richard Poole, injured about the head and contuited about the head and contuition of neck; Mrsj Samuel Purdy, bruised about the body and severe shock; Mrs. Mott, aged 75, severe shock, may die, and Mrs. Sarah Motts, 46 years, out about the face and head.

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

your gardener.

She—Why, you'd make a queer gardener. Come, now, I will examine you.
What is the first thing you would do were
you gardener here? you gardener here ? He—I'd ask your permission to remove your weeds.

But she married a fellow rich as herself, and he's in training still.

The mannerisms of a man or of his speech are apt to become a weariness to the fiesh when we discover that there is nothing behind the mannerisms.

Nothing is more likely to be crooked

A Woman Horribly Mangled to Gratify
Popular Morbdity.

A Paris cable says: Miss Sterling, who
was attacked by the lions in their cage at
Bazier's Monday night, entered the den
damin last night with Redenback, the
tamer. On both cocasions the girl was
punctized and was insensible to her dan
ger. Last night a terrible scene was presented to the large crowd present at the
animals pounced upon the girl and
dragged her around the enclosure.
Redenback attacked the animal, who dropped the girl and sprang on the man. A
terrific struggle then ensued, which again
dended in the escape of both the man and
woman, but suffering from fearful wonads.
The spectators had been wrought up to
a terrible state of excitement, and many
women fainted. It was found that one of
Miss Sterling's leg was so badly mangled
that amputation was necessary. She has
set the come and sorted the service of the se that amputation was necessary. Bhe has not fully recovered consciousness, and it is feared that the shock will cause her death. The action of the authorities in allowing The action of the authorities in allow such exhibitions to be continued is inexp

Calver in Bad Odor-His Libel Suit-The Motion for a New Trisl.

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

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

"I never thought of that," he answered, "and hence couldn't say."

A flerce fight is now in progress between ex-Juror Culver and the Chicago Herald, the latter doing its best to find proof to substantiate the grave charges it brought against Mr. Culver for his action as a Cronin juror. Culver sued the paper for \$25,000 damages.

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

Crushed Under His Engine

Crushed Under His Engine.

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

but no passengers were injured. The driver and frieman of the other engine were slightly injured.

Interesting for the Bloods.

A London cable of Tuesday says: In the trial of the persons charged with conspiracy to defeat justice in connection with the West End seandal, a boy witness today referred to two aristocrais who frequently visited the house in Cleveland street. The court ordered that their names be suppressed for the present, and that they be indicated as "Lord C. and Lord L." Mr. Parke, editor of the North London Press, now awaiting trial on the charge of criminal libel made by the Earl of Euston in connection with the affair, has placed at the disposal of the court 'twenty-siz letters and photographs to be used in tracing the criminals.

There is a queerly matched couple in Atlanta. The husband weighs 180 pounds and the wife 300 pounds. When they were married the msn weighed 150 and the woman 120.

—Men's watch guards are cut very short. You should have only enough length to go between the buttonhole and pocket. These chains are, as a rale, very light, weighing from ten to twelve pennyweights.

How much more agreeable the man who wants to sell than the man who wants to

The second control of the control of

The Section of the se

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

The Pope's Failing Health. The Pope's Falling Health.

A despatch from Rome says: The Pope, notwithstanding the contradictions of some papers, is in very delicate health. He is not allowed to have a window of his rooms opened, nor to remain standing, and if he has to pass from one room to another he is carried in a sedan chair and covered with a clock, as if he were going out of doors. He is fed on the strongest consommer, Bordeaux and champagne. He is somewhat irritated at these precasultions, but Dr. Ceccarelli is firm, and does not leave him for an hour, to see that his prescriptions are followed.

to see that his prescriptions are followed.

The Rise and Fall of McGinty.
Ancient history had its Julius Casar, its
Antony, its Paris. Modern history has its
McGinty.
The pathos of Virgil, the heroic fire of the
Iliad, and the bacohanalianism of Horace
are combined in the epic which narrates
the sudden rise and fall of Mr. McGinty.
From the chaos of night this full-orbed
character has flashed upon the world. Into
the depths of oblivion his meteoric course
has gone down—down. Like a thundstbolt
from Jove the McGinty phantom has sped
on the wings of lightning to destroy his
enemies. Like a summer night after a
storm, Mr. McGinty's end is supposed to be
peace.—Chicago News.

—There is plenty of room at the top;
when there is little it will casas to be the

top.

The Queen Regent of Spain has caused advertisements to be published in all the leading newspapers of her dominions offering two prizes, \$5,790 and \$2,895, for the best two essays on the life of Christopher Columbus.

A HARD LIPE

Lock at Your Nose.

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

Prejudice Against Will-Making.

One of the most unreasonable supersitions is that onced here.

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

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

about bringing up canned to the contine back of a postage stamp, but it would ruin the stamp.

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

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

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

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

Four Wingless Birds From New Zealand Reach England.

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

Bunning to Engitsh.

My business takes me among the best peple, and that is why you musin't use my

Running to English.

My business takes me among the best peple, and that is why you mustan't use my name. You may have noticed that my articles, if you ever read them, contain a dash of recklessness here and there. You know how the English, I mean the best class of people, shrow those expressions of abandon in their conversation. They are the spice of chat when not used too frequently and when pat. Some people call these expressions sinns. But they are not. Professional people talk in the manner I have spoken about, and now the society people are adopting it. There is a charm in it, if you will believe me, when a pretty girl or an intelligent woman uses it. Many of these words and expressions are French, and, to tell the truth, some of them are a bit off color. But, being French and used as a spice, they go even in our best sets.—

Fashion Reporter in Chicago Tribms.

A Soft Thing.

Prond Father Charles, why don't you sunly at school? What will become of you when you grow up?

Som—Ok. I'll be a grandfather. I'll just sit around and do nothing and have the best that'e on the table.

I knew you had died long time ago, And I well recalled the moan and woe. You had died in your

Sometimes I seemed to hear your feet, and my grief-numbed heart would wildly beat And I stopp'd and named my derling's to But never a word of answer came. The men and women ceased at last To pity pain that was of the past; For pain is common, and grief and loss; And many come home by Weeping Gross. Why do I tell you this, my dear? You and I sit in the light, And fled is the horror of yeste The time went on, and I saw one day But the boys and girls a-whispering Sweet tales in the sweet light of the spri

Darling, darling, draw me near, For I cannot shake off the gread and f Fold me so close I scarce can breathe, The blue sky fades, and the green grass &

Decection of Tannin.
In the old days on Wall street it was

and find their way seem teally into the realis; the German, in order to avoid the martial imposition in his own bountry, escapes to America. "From the fryingpan into the fire," so to speak; Frenchmen and Bpaniards, sailing across on voyages of adventure, dissipate their means and have no alternative but to remain and join the forces; thus there are many who enlist to escape punishment in other countries, and who divulge to none their past history; and some do so on account of reverse of fortune, having got diagnosted with of will life, or are actuated by more sinister motives still, intending to desert as soon as they obtain comething better to do. Oreing thus to the kindly disposition on the part of the American Government, as representatives of the people, to help everybody to live, and to its wise determination to make everybody who seeks its protection work in some way for his maintenance, the foreigne finds himself received cordially into the forces. It is, at any rate, certain that remarkable men do sometimes find their way into the ranks—men of the semilative of many of the highest offices within the gift of the Government with honor and credit to themselves. Indeed, there are many colditers in the American runy at the present day who have fought in England's late wars, and not a few of good birth and education. From this it will readily be inferred that a high percentage take assumed names and come and go without either receiving correspondence or their amperior officers being the wiser. When application for callistment is first made by the would-be recruit, a minute description is demanded of him in writing—his full name, the town and country in which he was born, his age, height, breadth round the chest, color of his syes and hair, his occupation, how long he has been out of employment, his reasons for wishing to enlist, whether he has ever had any nervous or veneral disorder, the name, and address of his nearest friend, whether married or single, etc. To many of these questions—much the same in all a Never paused in the tales they told." To say: " He is dead and she is old." There's a place in the churchyard thought,
Long since my love had been brought: It had sunk with years from a high great mound To a level no stranger would have found; But I, I always knew the spot; Oh, God !-that dream-it has not fled-But it is Properly Brewed and is Not

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

Within a few years there has been an entire change in the custom of the brokers. One of the leading brokers of the street cold me that it had been found that to, well be broked, not too strong, was the very best atimulant in the world for the kind of mental activity involved in the dealing with a tooks and securities. His lunch to day onnisits of half a dozen raw oysters, a bid of cold chicken and some teast, and while it was laid-open his deak he was heay brewing a bowl of tes.

He made it in the Chinese way, steeping

of cold chicken and some tocats, and while it was laid-floon his deak he was heary brewing a bowl of tea.

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

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

Wild Turkeys as Sprinters—They Must b Taken at Long Range. Wild Turkeys as Sprinters—They Must be Taken at Long Hange.

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

A general and erroneous opinion has gained ground that the wild turkey, from

A general and erroneous opinion has gained ground that the wild tunkey, from his manner of feeding, has dark flesh. This is entirely a mistake. No whiter or better

gained ground that the wild turkey, from his manner of feeding, has dark feeh. This is entirely a mistake. No whiter or better meat was ever carved or placed on table. In some of the frontier towns along the Bouthern Pacific Railroad birds weighing as much as 25 pounds each were offered last weak at \$1 apiece, with very few takers. Now, the best way to hunt turkeys down this way is with a small bore rife, say a \$2-calibre. A shot-gun is hardly the thing, for the hirds hide in 'the tall grass and bushes, and will not allow a man to come within 100 yards of them if they can help it.

One can often see them in a roadway, but the mere smell of a man or a dog causes them to take to the bushes immediately. Sometimes it is possible to catch them in an open, but at the mere suspicion of a man's presence they are off like the wind, either taking to the lofficet trees or hiding away in the thick undergrowth and chaparel. If hard pressed a wild turkey will run like lightning, and trus to his legs so long as he can't cop beyond reach of his pursue; then, if the laster presses him too closely, he will fly for perhaps a mile and then exits.

The Utterly Correct Young Won

People Addicted to Rubbers Are Usually

the Worst Sufferers.

One Useful Invention,

The Utterly Correct Young Weman.

The young woman utterly correct in winter garb is a strikingly picturesque object these days. From crown to toe she wears only what is chic and what at first sight carries the evidence of fashion's latest whim. Beginning with her hat, is is a patent leather sailor, trimmed with a plain band of ribbon, and reflects in its glistening crown the upper windows of the houses she waved fringe on her brow and above the knot of actity rolled hair. Of course she wears a coat of Russian sable, with a Medicio scilar, into which she will sink her chin whenever the weather is cold, but which during these bright, brink days falls open, abowing a cream silk kerohief fastened high at the neck with little silver pine. Her hands are thrust in a good-sized must mot far enough to hide the thick, soft, dog, skin gloves and the edges of white ouffs held together by silver links as thick as little ropes. As much of her gown as shown below her cape is Scotch tweed, blanket-like in its thickness that the strippe and sway about her feet in a delightful way. Her boots have patentleather vamps, but tan gatters leave only a little of their polish visible. If it is a gray day with a suggestion of coming rain in the air she has only one hand thrust in her auff, and in the other carries horizontally woman, making her light, independent way, woman, making her light, independent way. the Worst Sufferers.

Many people, especially women and children, suffer the whole winter through with cold feet. This is mainly due to the fact that they wear their shoes too tight. Unless the toes have perfect freedom the blood cannot circulate properly, hence follow stiffened and benumbed toes, cold feet, and often a numbness up the limbs. People who wear rubbers the whole winter through generally suffer with their feet. Rubbers make them very tender by overheating and causing them to perspire. They should only be worn during stormy or slushy weather, and even then should be removed as soon as one enters the house. They draw the feet, keep them hot and wet with perspiration—then as soon as ongoes out again into the air the feet are chilled. In the country I have noticed that the farmers put some dry straw or pleoes of newspaper in the bottom of their boots. I, myself, have often tried the latter, and can assure you that it is a good preventive against cold feet. This is doubless because the paper or straw absorbs the perspiration and One Useful Invention.

A very useful invention, tending to lessen the possibility of accidents in factories, is now being extensively adopted in England. The breaking of a glaus, which is adjusted against the wall of every room in the mill, will at once stop the engine, an electric current being established between the room and the throttle valve of the engine, shutting off the steam in an instant. By this means the engine was stopped at one of the mills recently in a few seconds, and a young fift, whose clothes had become entangled in an upright shaft, was released woman, making her light, meepences way along with a confortable constitueness that she is the very pink of fashion? And do you think a prettier specimen of radiant girlhood could be found among the much-talked of but flat-chested English women or the overdressed, tightly-laced Parisionnes? —New York Herald.

of a milis seemily in a raw seconds, and a young fir, whose clothes had become entangled in an upright shaft, was released quinjured.

William Hammond, of Wilkebarre Heights, aged 79, has worked continuously in the coal mines for over 70 years, having ammenced with his father in Wales when he was 8 years. He is hale yet. King Carlos of Portugal, who possesses sixteen Christian names, while his younger brother answers to no less than thirty, is personally one of the most amjable of monarchs. He is a handsome, blonde young man, who carries himself with a military at: