THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE VILLAIN OF FICTION.

A Once Familiar Character Who Has Vanished from the Modern Novel.

Amid the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the fading drab-colored shadings and half lights which require, we are told, no fine skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid coloring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel—the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, says a writer in the *Atlantic*, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candor in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind. But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-blooded novelists of the day that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius. We have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life. Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle or encountered him in our morning paper, though, judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own. Accept Balzac's rule and exclude from fiction not only all which might not really happen, but all which has not really happened in truth, and we should still have studies enough in total depravity to darken all the novels in christendom.

THE DARING ROBBERY.

A Clerk Bound and Gagged and a Jewelry Store Plundered.

A Danbury, Conn., despatch says: The most daring robbery ever committed in this town took place this evening while on the streets hundreds of people were surring. Just after 6 o'clock two men entered Larnes' jewelry store on Main street and inquired for a monogram which was ordered a few days before. The only clerk in the store at the time was Clarence Knox, 18 years of age. As he turned to get the monogram one of the men grabbed him from behind and choked him almost to insensibility; the other man forced a gag made of stone, covered with a handkerchief, into Knox's mouth, and threw him to the floor. The robbers then bound his hands and feet tightly with ropes, and proceeded to ransack the store. Knox, lying helpless on the floor, could hear them as they went through the show case and selected such goods as they could take away. They carefully picked out solid ware, leaving the plated untouched. They secured diamonds, watches and other jewelry, valued at between $9,000 and $10,000, from the safe, which was unlocked, and also $700 in money. It took but a few minutes to do the work, after which the robbers departed, making their exit through the rear windows, climbing a fence bordering on Dayley street. A cabman was standing near by. One of the men approached him with the story that they were medical students, and wanted to be driven to Mill Plain, a small town a few miles distant, in all haste, as they had to perform a surgical operation. On arriving at Mill Plain they paid the cabman and started away.

Ontario Fishery Regulations

Salmon trout and whitefish shall not be caught between the 1st and 30th of November.

Fresh-water herring shall not be caught between the 15th October and 1st December.

Speckled trout, brook trout, river trout, shall not be caught between the 15th September and the 1st May.

Bass and Maskinonge shall not be caught between 15th April and 15th June.

Pickerel shall not be caught between April 15th and May 15th.

No one shall buy, sell or possess any of the above named fish which have been caught or killed during the closed seasons nor shall they have in their possession fish which have been caught by unlawful means at any time.

It is not lawful to catch or kill any of the above named fish by means of spears, grapple hooks, negogs or nishigans at any time.

No one shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess the young of any fish above named.

Fishing by means of nets or other apparatus is prohibited.

Fines—Every offender against the above provisions is liable for each offence to incur a fine of not more than $20, besides all costs, or in default of payment to be imprisoned, and the fine may be collected by distress; one half of the fines goes to the prosecutor, all materials, implements and appliances used and all fish had in contravention of Fisheries Act may be seized and confiscated on view by any personbydelivery to any magistrate.

Kicked Again.

It is just as well that the Carnival held in Toronto last week turned out a farce—an expensive farce certainly but all the same a farce. Had the thing succeeded the authorities might have been tempted to repeat the performance. As matters stand we think every rational citizen, except perhaps the hotel keepers and a few others who made money out of the affair, is quite willing to go out of the carnival business. Supposing it had succeeded of what use would the display have been to any human being except the few who were interested in it financially. To speak of such somfoolery as advertising the city is pure nonsense. There were not twenty people in Toronto last week who do not know as much about the city as they care to know. Perhaps some of them now know a good deal more about the Ontario Capital than they wanted to know. Supposing Toronto had shown to the world that the city can get up a carnival what good would that have done Toronto? The thing shown is that the city can't get up a carnival. Perhaps that is about as creditable a thing to show as that it can. What is a carnival anyway?—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Guarding Newfoundland's Shores.

A St. John's, Newfoundland, despatch says: Sir Baldwin Walker, captain of the British warship Emerald, speaking in reference to the closing of Baird's lobster factories, said to a reporter: "I have my instructions to carry out on the French shore, and have no alternative but to do so when glaring breaches of the law are pointed out to me by the French commander. To all intents I ignore the existence of all past treaties on the French shore question this year. I am carrying out the *modus vivendi*, and shall do my duty regardless of consequences." Regarding the changes for a final settlement of the French shore questions Sir Baldwin said: "The whole story has been exaggerated. The less said on the French shore matter pending negotiations the better for Newfoundlanders, and the more likely to restore to them the sole control of their own coast."

Marks of Civilization

Telegraph poles are getting to be so close together in cities that there is no longer much excuse for a drunken man falling down.

—I can tell you one thing, boys in this land are able to do something that you cannot, that is, make kites that sing and fly with their tails upward. The latter fact is a standing puzzle to me. I can understand the noise for they tie pieces of wire or something of the kind crosswise on the kite making it often several feet long. This makes a sound similar to that of the telegraph wires in winter, but a great deal louder, but why their tails fly upward, I cannot see, can you?—*From a letter by Maude Fairbank, of the China Island Mission, to the Guelph boys.*

THE QUEEN'S GREETING

To the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Their Arrival Home.

The London *Times* of June 23rd, thus describes the meeting between the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught: "The Queen, directly the approach of the train had been signalled, walked out upon the certpeted platform and awaited the coming of the Duke and Duchess, whose saloon paused a few minutes later opposite the waiting-room. Advancing towards the Duke and Duchess immediately after they had alighted, the Queen kissed them. The same affectionate welcome was accorded by the other members of the Royal Family, while the children, from whom the Duke and Duchess have been separated for a short time, displayed a very natural eagerness to receive the caresses of their parents. The Duke of Connaught looked bronzed, but otherwise unchanged in appearance; and the Duchess, who wore a grey felt hat, brown grey jacket, and light gray costume, had apparently benefited by the change of scene and climate which she has experienced during her absence from England. The Queen entered her carriage with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, and drove through the Datchet-road and up Thames street to the Castle, the spectators along the route loyally saluting the Royal party as they passed. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Louise followed to the Castle. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught lunched with the Queen, and are expected to remain with Her Majesty for the present. The Prince and Princess of Wales drove to the Cavalry Barracks and took luncheon with Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, of the Royal Horse Guards. Upon quitting the barracks, they drove to Windsor Castle before returning to Sunningdale.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES;

To Pay a Visit to Canada and the States This Fall.

A London cable says: A representative of the house of Guelph will visit Canada very soon. It is Prince George, second son of the Prince of Wales, the present commander of the Thrush, and altogether a very lively young fellow. It is his intention to sail for Canada some time this month, and, after visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, to continue his journey through the Eastern States and perhaps see a bit of the far West before returning home. If he follows his present programme he will be seen at several fashionable watering places during the season, and he may be counted upon to make the hearts of the young maidens go pit-a-pat, for he is a superb tennis player, a good man at the oar and as the Marlborough House set say, "a divine waltzer." He is acquainted with many Americans, whom he has met in London, and while not "fast" in the larger sense of that word, he is a very lively young man, who finds a great deal of amusement in hunting the elephant in the big cities and in the most exclusive country resorts. It will interest the young men of America to know that he is the proud owner of almost as many suits of clothing as his distinguished father. He affects loud jewellery, is fond of neckwear rich and radiant, and, in a word, is what would be termed "horsey" in your country. He looks very well in his uniform, and the London shop windows are filled with his photographs, taken in all conceivable attitudes. He is bound to create a stir.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

Belgium Makes Ample Financial Provision for It.

A Brussels cable says: Premier Beernaert introduced the Congo State bill in the Chamber of Representatives to-day. Belgium will aid the Congo State 25,000,000f., of which 5,000,000f. will be advanced immediately, and 2,000,000f. will be advanced annually for ten years. The loan to be free from interest. Six months from the expiration of the ten years, Belgium can annex the Congo State and all its properties and rights in conformity with the Acts signed in Berlin Feb. 26th, 1885, and in Brussels on July 1st, 1890, Belgium assuming all responsibility toward other parties, and King Leopold renouncing his claims for indemnity for sacrifices made by him. If, on the expiration of the term, Belgium does not desire to annex the Congo State, the loan will bear interest at 3½ per cent., and repayment can be demanded on the expiration of a further ten years. The bill was referred to a committee. King Leopold's to-proshal of his entire rights in the Congo State to Belgium, dated August 11th, 1889, was read and was greeted with great applause.

CATASTROPHE AT A LAUNCH.

Fifty-Five Bodies Recovered and Many People Maimed.

A San Francisco despatch says: At Osaka, Japan, 55 people were drowned June 15th, during the launching of a new sailing vessel. The launching excited considerable interest, and about 250 people crowded on board the boat. The owner, Mr. King, however, became apprehensive and ordered 100 of them ashore. When the launch began it was ebb tide, and, as the ropes used in securing her were too short, the vessel keeled. The people on board immediately rushed to the other side, which had the effect of turning the vessel completely over, and those on board were thrown into the water. A terrible scene followed. Those on shore gave every assistance possible, but their efforts were generally unavailing. Fifty-five bodies were recovered. About twenty persons were more or less injured.

CHEAPER SACQUES.

Competition in Sealing Likely to Bring Down the Prices.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* states that the Alaska Commercial Company, which, until recently, had the exclusive right to capture seals in American waters of Behring Sea, has now secured a contract with the Russian Government granting them the exclusive right to capture seals on the Siberian coast. The number of seal to be taken yearly is not known, but is believed to be very large. The steamer Karluk, owned by the company, has recently sailed for Petroffsky to capture seals there. The competition of the Alaskan Commercial Company will be very severe for the North American Commercial Company, which was recently awarded by the United States the sealing privilege in Behring Sea, and it is believed the effect will be to greatly reduce the price of seal skins.

A Pretty Theory Spoiled.

Some workmen in Canada the other day exhumed a lot of big bones, which the savants declared to be the bones of an extinct mastodon. But an old settler knocked their theory endwise by declaring that they were the bones of a worn-out circus elephant that had died a few years before. All of which suggests Bret Harte's poem, "Truthful James":

Till Brown, of Calaveras, brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.
Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.
Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault
It seems he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault.

New York Tribune.

Value of a Passenger Train.

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past have any idea that it represents a cash value of from $75,000 to $120,000, but such is the case. The ordinary express train represents from $85,000 to $90,000. The engine and tender are valued at $10,500; the baggage car, $1,000; the postal car, $2,000; the smoking car, $5,000; two ordinary passenger cars, $10,000 each; three palace cars, $15,000 each.

Mrs. Thrifty—Young Mr. Moneymaker has been paying some attention to Ella. I do wish he would marry her. Mr. Thrifty—That would be a good catch. I'll kick him out of the house two or three times and tell him to keep away from here. That will surely accomplish the object, and without the expense of a long courtship, too.

—He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising that business.—*A. T. Stewart.*

A man at Brownfield, Me., who has been married sixteen years and has moved thirty-five times during that period, thinks he has beaten the record as a rolling stone.

—During a marriage ceremony in a Christianburg, Va., church recently a goat walked up the main aisle and charged upon the bridegroom. The bride was forced to flee into the pulpit for safety.

THEY WERE AFTER BARGAINS.

Three Women in Counsel Over the Merits of a Bath Towel.

One is bad enough; two are worse, but three women in counsel over the merits of a bath towel are enough to make a poor, worn-out clerk wish he might depart from earth by the electricity method, says the St. Louis *Chronicle.*

"It seems like quite a good one for the money, doesn't it," says the intending purchaser.

"Well, I don't know," says the other, holding the towel up at full length and eyeing it critically. "I got one quite as good for 37½ cents at White's.

"You did?"

"Yes, but it was eight or nine weeks ago, and I don't s'pose they've any more like it."

"I may be mistaken, but I've an idea it would shrink," says number three, taking the towel from number two and wrapping a corner of it over her finger. "See, it's a little thin."

"Well, I wouldn't mind if it did shrink a little, because—oh, look at this one! Isn't it lovely?"

"Beautiful! How much is it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"Mercy! I'd never pay that for a bath towel."

"Nor I."

"These colors would fade."

"Of course they would."

"Do you know I like good plain crash as well as anything for towels."

"I don't know, but—see these towels for 15 cents. I paid 25 cents for some last week not a bit better."

"Let's see; they are full length? Yes. They are cheap. I've a notion to—but I guess I won't. I have so many towels now."

"They're a bargain if one only really needed them."

"How do you like towels used as tidies?"

"Horrid."

"I think so, too."

"So do I—oh, let me tell you, I saw a woman on the street one day with an apron made out of a red and white fringed towel."

"Mercy! Looked like fury, didn't it? How was it made?"

"Oh, one end was simply gathered to a band, and—there, the towel was just like this one—and she'd taken it so and gathered it in so, and—really it didn't look so bad, after all."

"Do you suppose the colors would run in this border?"

"Well, I hardly know. I had one very much like it once, and the colors in it ran dreadfully the very first time I washed it."

"Then I'll not take this, for I—why, if it isn't 4 o'clock, and"——

"I must go."

"So must I."

"And I—no, I'll not take the towel today."

A MONTENEGRIN TRAGEDY.

An Officer Mortally Wounded Shoots His Assassin Dead.

A Cettinje despatch says: In the month of October last, during the burial service of a minister, an inhabitant of the village of Dolnjikraj, on account of his conduct, was imprisoned by order of his superior officer, who was a relative of Colonel Bosko Martinovics. Savo Pocek, a townsman of the culprit, who happened to be present, protested energetically against the arrest. A slight quarrel ensued, during which he received a blow from the butt end of one of the soldiers' rifles. Savo Pocek swore to be avenged. Last Monday at 6 o'clock in the morning, as Colonel Bosko was passing along the principal street of Cettinje, Savo, thirsting to avenge himself on the whole Martinovics family by killing that member of the house who, with reason, was considered its bravest and most worthy representative, in a cowardly manner shot at Colonel Bosko from behind with a revolver. The bullet passed clean through the colonel's body. Though mortally wounded, the officer struggled painfully to his knees. With one hand holding his head the better to take aim, with the other he seized his revolver, which had as he fell dropped from his belt, and fired at Savo, hitting him in the forehead and abdomen, and stretching him dead at fifteen paces from where the colonel knelt. None of the persons who had been attracted by the firing were wounded. Colonel Bosko Martinovics was attended by the Prince's physician and the doctors of the town, who found that he had a dreadful lesion in his liver and intestines. He died two hours later. The funeral of the colonel took place on Tuesday amid a great concourse of mourning Montenegrins.

FRACAS AT A WEDDING.

An Interloper Marries the Bride and is Soundly Thrashed Afterward.

A decidedly sensational wedding occurred at Odessa the other day. Marc Pogorezky led his blushing bride to the altar. While the Russian priest, or pope, as he is called, was preparing to perform the ceremony, Marc went out to get a drink, saying that he would return in a few moments. In his absence, however, a handsome young stranger approached the bride and offered himself as a substitute. She immediately accepted him, and the pope, who was half drunk, never noticed the change. The ceremony was performed. Just then Marc reappeared, refreshed and ready for matrimony. But when he found out what had happened he proceeded at once to make things lively. He thrashed the brikegroom, slapped the bride, knocked down the father-in-law, punched the pope, and kicked the mother-in-law. He was arrested, but as the case involves a question of ecclesiastical law, it was referred to the Czar, the head of the Church.

Grandmother vs. Mother-in-Law.

There are quarrelsome mothers-in-law and meddlesome mothers-in-law, but most of them are devoted, self-sacrificing women, whose coming is a joy to the homes of the sons and daughters-in-law. It is a curious thing, by-the-way, how different is the place in popular estimation of the grandmother and the mother-in-law. The grandmother is a gentle, soft-hearted, motherly old lady, the embodiment of every virtue, the idol of the children and the joy of the home. The mother-in-law is a fierce, meddlesome, aggressive individual, a mischief maker, a scold and a deceiver. Yet as a matter of fact the grandmother and the mother-in-law are generally the same person, only by the time she wins the name of grandmother her children have learned to appreciate her. Treat your mother-in-law, young husbands and wives, as you would wish your own mother to be treated, and you need not fear that her coming will bring anything but peace and gladness to your home. Don't begin by regarding her as an interloper and an enemy.—*Brooklyn Times*

Queen Victoria's First Trouble.

One of the earliest troubles—perhaps the first crumpled rosebud in the she queen's royal couch—was the proposed dismissal of her bed chamber ladies on the fall of the Melbourne ministry. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington tried to persuade Her Majesty that her ladies were on the same level as her lords, but the Queen would have none of it, and wrote the famous letter to Lord Melbourne, in which she said: "They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and housemaids; they wished to treat me like a girl, but I will show them I am Queen of England." The Elizabethan ring about these words has echoed down the years until to day, and Her Majesty has never failed to remember, and to make others remember, that above and before all else she is "Queen of England."—*Lady's Pictorial.*

A Missionary Murdered.

A Rockford, Ind., despatch says: Letters received here from Persia give details of the murder of Mrs. John L. Wright, an American Presbyterian missionary, at Salmas, Western Persia, in April. A native school teacher, half American and half Syrian, killed her with a dagger in her own home in revenge for her discharge from her employer. Mrs. Wright was a historian, and was beautiful, well educated and accomplished. Her father was a teacher of Ancient Syriac in American colleges. She was married to Mr. Wright four years ago. They were in this country last year. Wright was a native of Ohio. The murderess is in custody.

The dude doesn't say "Good day." He says "Run along, Chawlie."

—We are all content to be called sinners so long as the parson does not descend to particulars.—*Terre Haute Express.*

—It appears that Albani's mother was a Scotchwoman, and the prima donna is therefore very fond of Scotland, where she is now taking a holiday. It was generally understood in Montreal, the *Herald* says, that she was entirely French-Canadian.

FROM REAL LIFE.

A Woman's Story That Would Rejoice Hymen-hating Tolstoi.

ONLY A BLIGHTED LIFE.

Just a faded little old woman on the shady side of 50, living with a little 10-year-old girl in a single upstairs room in a Hamilton tenement, and eking out a precarious subsistence by selling odds and ends of smallwares, which she carries in a pack or hauls in a child's waggon. Her husband is doing time in the city jail, and circumstances, never too encouraging, have by reason of his profligacy and her misfortunes, forced her to give up the little house she was wont to call their home and seek lodgement at a rental that she could meet. Maybe you have seen her?

Oh, no! there's nothing peculiar about her story. Unfortunately it is one of a class too common in real life. A young girl's error in marrying a sloth, a drunkard and a brute; a wife's love that survives long years of poverty, wretchedness, gaunt starvation and cruel blows, and would even in blighted old age shield from the consequences of his crimes against herself the lover of her fondly remembered youth. Tell me, ye unco guid, what chance either as to heredity or training have the children of such ill-assorted unions!

Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

But the story. To a lady who has shown her repeated acts of kindness she thus related is: My father was a packman in the city of Cork, Ireland, and ever since I left school, when I was 16 years of age, at which time my father died, I have carried a pack. My mother also carried a pack. We had our regular routes; people were kind and wealthy patrons favored us so that we made a good living and were very comfortable. Ah, it was a bad day for me when I married a pensioner! Of course I only saw happiness ahead, but how differently it resulted! Instead of him being a bread-winner for me I found I had taken another to support, and sick or well, as long as I was able to trudge, I have had to tramp with my pack and earn a living for myself and him too. Even when my children were born I had but brief exemption from the work. His pension of £20 was but a means of furnishing him with drink, and when he was drunk I lived in constant terror. Amused me? He beat me before we were married a month; he has almost been the death of me at critical periods of my life, and in twenty-three years I have become so accustomed to curses and blows that they do not hurt me as they once did.

Well, my husband had been in America and would come again. I did not resist; I thought from what I heard that we could make a good living (and we could if he would work) and that my three girls would have a better chance. My husband sold his pension good-will for £80, and we came to Hamilton about eighteen months ago. We did not find it what I expected. My business is not what it was when I was born and raised; but if we had the little money for the pension and my husband would work and save his earnings we might be happy. It cost us quite a bit to get here, and when we came to the country we had $200 in cash. My husband took $25 out of that, and for a while played the lord among fellow passengers. He gave me $10, but afterwards got it away again, and—well, I and the girls had a hard time of it. When we reached Hamilton he gave me $70 to furnish our house, out of which I saved $20, but that, too, disappeared from my purse. The last $100 he also drew from the bank and got drunk and was arrested and fined. I had no money, but I knew he had $85 of this sum somewhere, so I went and told him to tell me where it was that I might get enough to pay his fine and save him from going to jail. He refused. Soon after he came to the house with a policeman, and while he went into the bedroom she policeman kept me out. I knew my husband took the money away; I knew if he got drunk I would never get a cent of it for the family, and I followed him to a grocery store and found him there with the policeman. I reproached him with his conduct and asked him for money. I suppose the policeman thought he did right, but I never was so humiliated before or since; he grabbed me and shoved me out doors. Only 15 cents of that money ever came into the house. My husband insisted I had it, but not a penny of it did I handle. Where did it go? Who knows? And so it has gone on. Then my oldest girl married a man who turned out a bigamist, fled, and as if to make it all the harder she sticks to him and has left the country to follow him. When he is tired of her what will become of the poor girl! I thought a while ago that my husband was going to supplement my scanty earnings, but the second week he worked he was paid at a hotel. He came home with a few cents in small change. Rent was behind, fuel and food were scarce; my daughter who worked out gave all she could to help us, but times were hard enough with it all, and whenever it took it in his head we had to send for liquor for him to avoid being beaten. At last he came home drunk, and because he did not get supper as soon as he wanted it, he threw a butcher's knife at me. Yes, an ugly cut. The doctor said if it had been a little further back on the neck it would have killed me. Well, my girl said that was the last straw, and if I did not prefer a charge she would stand by me no longer. He got sixty days. I was laid up and got further behind with my rent, and had to give up the little house and get a room. I am tired of the struggle and will try to support myself and the little girl and let him care for himself.

Only an every day tale, of course; but it is a home one, and in real life. Perhaps thousands of women in comfortable circumstances in this fair city will treat it lightly. But, mothers, your daughters are not all comfortably married. What if one of your girls made such a match? What if your son-in-law led his wife such a life? Oh, yes; heroism is cheap when the hero or heroine is somebody else and is poor and modest. And you, fathers and brothers, don't you think the laws give such a man too much control over the woman who has made the mistake of marrying him? Isn't it paying too dear for an error of judgment? Isn't it unfortunate that children must be reared in such a household?

But this is aside from the story. It has been briefly told; the details imagination will scarcely paint too vividly. When she victim comes along treat her kindly. You don't know her? Well, it matters not; any poor old woman striving to earn an honest living and not be a burden on the public deserves kind treatment, so that your Samaritanism will not be wasted.

MASQUETTE.

STANLEY—TENNANT.

Celebration of the Explorer's Nuptials in Westminster Abbey.

A CEREMONIAL OF DAZZLING SPLENDOR.

A London cable says: The marriage of Mr. Henry M. Stanley and Miss Dorothy Tennant took place in Westminster Abbey Saturday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. George Granville Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster; the Very Rev. Frederick William Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster, and the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon. A large crowd gathered about the abbey and loudly cheered Mr. Stanley and Miss Tennant and the wedding guests on their arrival. Mr. Stanley entered the abbey at 1.50 o'clock. He walked with a firm step up the transept, showing no signs of his illness, and took a seat near the altar. He wore a frock coat, with a white flower in the buttonhole, and white kid gloves. Five minutes later Miss Tennant, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Charles Coombe Tennant, entered the abbey and walked with stately grace along the aisle. Her train was born by two of her nephews dressed as pages. Their costumes were of the time of Charles I., and consisted of white satin cavalier suits, with large white hats, ornamented with ostrich plumes.

THE BRIDEMAIDS

were Miss Sylvia Myers, the bride's niece, and Miss Finlay, both of whom are very pretty. Their dresses were white satin sacks and overskirts of crepe lisse, and they wore wreaths of jessamine and carried bouquets of white roses. The bride's costume was a petticoat and long court train of white duchess satin and corded silk, and a bodice of white satin trimmed with lace. The front of the skirt and the corsage were embroidered with white silk and pearls, and the edge of the petticoat and train was trimmed with garlands of orange blossoms. The bodice was set off with a high Medici collar embroidered with pearls. A tulle veil was fastened in her hair with diamond stars, and this was surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms. Her shoes were of silver leather with diamond buckles. Around her neck was a superb diamond necklace, the gift of Sir William W. Mackinnon, chief of the English East African Company, from which depended the diamond-set miniature of the Queen, presented by Her Majesty as a wedding gift. Miss Tennant also wore a diamond aigrette and diamond brooch, the gifts of Mr. Stanley. Her bouquet was made up of white cape jessamine, gardenias and tuberoses, and in its centre was a pancratium lily. While moving towards the altar the bride stopped, broke the line of procession and walked slowly to the tablet under which lies the

DUST OF LIVINGSTONE

and placed thereon a wreath of white flowers, in the centre of which was a scarlet letter "L." Then resuming her place, she walked to the altar with head erect and flushed cheeks. Mr. Stanley rose to receive her and both took their places at the altar. The service was begun by Canon Farrar and was taken up by the Bishop of Ripon on the plighting of the troth. Then followed a full choral service, after which Dr. Butler made an address of congratulation, and the ceremony was concluded by the rendering of the marriage hymn. Mr. Stanley's voice was almost inaudable as he repeated the service, but Miss Tennant's was clear and steady, and only faltered as she repeated the words, "In sickness and in health." After the service the party proceeded to the residence of the bride's mother in Richmond terrace, where a reception was held in two large marquees, which were crowded. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Garnet Wolseley and Lady Wolseley, Sir Lyon Playfair and Lady Playfair, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Sir John Millais, and a host of other well-known persons were present.

LIVINGSTONE'S FAVORITE DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Tennant came early. She carried an immense bouquet. She sat in one of the seats next to the entrance to the chancel. In the next seat was Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Sir Wm. Mackinnon. Mr. Burdett-Coutts was satisfied to walk back and chat with his friends. With Mrs. Tennant were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bruce, of Edinburgh. Mrs. Bruce was the favorite daughter of Dr. Livingstone. Within a few seats of them sat the widow of Dr. Livingstone's son, who died only recently. Near their mother sat Mrs. Tennant's two daughters and Mr. and Mrs. M. French Sheldon, and not far from them sat Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

At 4 o'clock, when Stanley first saw the wedding presents, he walked about the rooms slowly, leaning heavily on his cane, yet tired and weak as he evidently was he could not avoid showing strong interest in the magnificent mementos that had been lavished upon him and his bride. How much space all the presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley would occupy it would be difficult to say, but some of them filled two rooms of Mrs. Tennant's residence. As wonderful an array as these made, and as marvellous as it may seem, nearly all, if not all of them, were useful as well as ornamental and there presents received by that it seemed as if everybody must have known the choice of everybody else. These presents came from almost every quarter of the globe. America, Mr. Stanley's old home, and Africa, his latest acquisition, were, of course largely represented. From Africa one present indicated the discoveries of great explorers in the Dark Continent, and it also indicated Mr. Stanley's latest and most fortunate discovery. A No. 2 Richmond terrace, the home of his bride, the temporary tables which had been erected groaned beneath the weight of every imaginable article that cunning artificers can contrive. There wer, gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, sapphiree fragile vases, rich stuffs, precious glass articles for the toilet, articles for the dinner table, traveling bags, cigar cabinets, library of books, fans by the dozens, spoons, forks, decanters, scent bottles, whips, pictures, china, statuary, Bibles, note books, bearskin rugs, umbrellas, inkstands, pen wipers, towels. The ordinary mind staggers under this extraordinary display. The oddest present is a bottle of water from Lake Nyanza, carefully packed up in a tin case. The most valuable is the miniature of the Queen, which is set in diamonds. The Prince of Wales sent an inkstand, and the Duke of Fife a diamond cross.

After the ceremony in the abbey had been concluded, a platform which had been erected for the convenience of guests collapsed, and several persons who were sitting or standing upon it were bruised more or less severely.

The Town of Denbigh, Wales, the birthplace of Mr. Stanley, was gaily decorated with flags in honor of the explorer, and at the hour set for his marriage all the church bells rang out merrily. The mayor sent a congratulatory message to Mr. Stanley on behalf of the citizens.

RIOTOUS STRIKERS

Attack Workers and Beat a Contractor—One Man Shot.

A West Superior, Wis., despatch of Wednesday says: It was expected the strike among the street laborers here would be ended here to-day by the men accepting the old wages of $1.75 a day. But 200 of the strikers this morning proceeded to the work or 12th street, where 40 men were employed. The strikers rushed upon them and a fight ensued. Contractor Sutton cut one man on the arm with a shovel. The strikers then chased Sutton to his house, three blocks away, beating him with clubs. Later in the day the mob arrived at the American steel barge works, where they were kept at a distance with revolvers. After dinner another attempt was made to force the works. Contractor Anderson shot one man in the head, the bullet glancing and hitting John Fosen in the arm. The strikers then charged, but Anderson held his ground. When Mayor Patterson and a force of special police arrived the strikers were wild for Anderson's life. They were eventually pacified and Anderson was arrested. To-night 50 well-known citizens have been sworn in as special policemen.

Was Glad She Told Him.

"William, said Mrs Bixby from the head of the stairs to her husband, who had come home at an early hour in the morning "there is some angel cake in the pantry, a new kind that I made to day. I put it where you can easily get at it."

"All right, dear," responded Mr. Bixby. "How considerate of you. I might have eaten some of it without thinking." And the grateful husband made a lunch on cold corned beef.—*Boston Herald.*

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

Denounced by a Former Galt Clergyman as an Enemy to the Church.

The San Francisco *Examiner* thus reports a recent sermon or address of Dr. J. K. Smith, formerly pastor of Knox Church, Galt, the largest congregation in Canada:

"Many empty pews and a very small congregation greeted the Rev. J. K. Smith, when he slowly climbed the steps into his pulpit yesterday morning in St. John's Presbyterian Church. For some time past the size of the congregations in the various churches has been gradually diminishing, and in looking about for the cause the reverend gentleman decided that it was, in his opinion, largely due to the presence of the Sunday newspapers in the homes of those directly under his pastorate. The small number of people in attendance was evidently a sore spot to the pastor, for he became very vehement in his denunciation of the practice of remaining away from church and the habit of reading the newspapers on Sunday. The subject of the sermon was an exhortation to those who were present to do more to aid in the work of Christianity, and especially to lend their assistance in filling up the church on a Sabbath morning. He began to surprise his hearers by declaring that he might be able to fill the church all by himself if he would condescend to preach sensational sermons or deal in the various topics of the day, but this was a species of progress with which he did not sympathize and emphatically declined to adopt, branding it as un-Christian-like.

"One of the principal reasons people do not come to church," said he, "is that every Sunday morning the carrier delivers a monster Sunday newspaper to each family, and you sit down to read it and you find it more interesting than the church. The Sunday newspaper is too large—in fact, a Sunday newspaper should not be printed at all, and those printed should be suppressed

"God's day should not be desecrated by reading the newspapers. I do not believe in them and I will do all I can to suppress them. I would never let an advertisement of mine go in a Sunday paper, and you should not. To place the great Sunday newspaper in the hands of the people on the day when all should worship is directly against the cause of Christianity."

The worshippers straightened up and listened with unaccustomed interest to the pastor who would not preach in a sensational way. Raising his voice, the speaker made an appeal to those present to assist him. He said:

"You should all of you refuse to read these newspapers. You should all of you refuse to have those newspapers delivered at your homes. A determined effort should be made to try and put them down so the pews of the churches may no longer remain empty and one of the greatest enemies of Christian application be removed from your homes and your lives, for the competition between the church and the Sunday newspaper is growing dangerous."

Having thus denounced in a loud tone of voice the alleged enemy of a full church Mr. Smith turned his attention to what he called the enemy of the prayer-meeting—the theatre. On this head he dropped his emphasis and took up sarcasm. He was strongly enough, while he did not denounce the theatre, he intimated that church members who went to the theatre on prayer-meeting nights might be in better business

The sermon created quite a flutter among the listeners, and after the sermon was over comments were freely exchanged as to the boycott which the preacher declared is to be a Christian duty to start against the Sunday newspaper."

FORT WORTH'S WICKED MAYOR.

How his Divorce and Marriage to a Telephone Girl has Made a Stir.

A Fort Worth, Texas, despatch says: A citizens' meeting, called to take action on Mayor Pendleton's marriage to an attractive telephone girl, was largely attended last night by a number of indignant citizens. The resolutions adopted state that: Whereas Mayor Pendleton lived with his wife for nearly a year after he had obtained, as it would seem to us, a secret divorce from her, of which she knew nothing; and whereas he married another while professing his loyalty to her, he is resolved, that he, by such act, brought the name of our fair city into contumely and disrepute, proved neglectful to his friends and unworthy of the trust imposed in him; that he has broken the most sacred vows, and helped to bring disgrace upon his family and friends.

Be it further resolved, that this city condemn and hold as unlawful and disgraceful such action, and that he be requested to tender his resignation.

(Signed) Frank W. Maples, W. P. Wilson, J. N. Holland, J. B. Davis, S. R. Levy, Oscar Lynch, Thomas P. Martin, H. W. Williams and C. W. Crane, Committee.

It was further resolved at this meeting that Mayor Pendleton be communicated with by telegraph and asked whether the divorce from his wife was secretly obtained, and whether his wife was in ignorance of it; and it was determined that in case he answered in the affirmative or refused to answer, that steps be taken to bring about his resignation from the Mayoralty. At a late hour last evening a telegram was received from Mrs. Pendleton stating that she knew nothing of her husband's divorce at the time it occurred.

Largest Leather Belt in the World.

The Leather Trades Circular and Review of London, by publishing a paragraph from the *Sun* describing, as supposed, the largest leather belt in the world—160 feet long and 72 inches wide—now being made by Charles Schieren & Co., of New York, of two thicknesses of hide and to contain the hides of 175 animals, induces Sampson & Co., of Stroud, England, to write to the *Sun* that in December, 1881, they supplied a leather belt 75 inches wide and 158½ feet long, of double thickness, without cross joints, cut out of 200 selected hides. The work was done by hand and the belt is now transmitting 600 horse-power.—*New York Sun.*

Freight and Passenger Trains Collide.

A Birmingham, Ala, despatch says: A collision between a freight and passenger train on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad occurred this morning, 40 miles south of here, in which it is reported five persons were killed and one injured fatally. None of the passengers were killed or seriously injured. The passenger train had orders to take the siding at Clear Cut station for the extra freight, but the order was not obeyed, and a mile beyond the station the trains came together in a deep cut. Both engines were smashed to pieces.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fangle, "I begin to smell a rat!" "Where?" screamed his wife, jumping on a chair.

"I acknowledge the corn," said the hen, "but it sticks in my crop."

When its too hot for a fanfaronade, take a fan for an aid to keep cool.

"How did you enjoy your vacation?" "Oh, I had a great time. Couldn't go to work when I got back, I was so broke up."

The Queen has withdrawn her prohibition of Sunday music at Windsor Castle, where the strains of the band have not been heard, on that day, for more than twenty-nine years. Princess Beatrice has been importuning for this boon for years.

The best shot of her sex must be the Countess Maria von Hensky, of Bohemia, who in one day last winter, on her estate