GREAT FLOODS IN POLAND.

Four Hundred Lives Lost and Much Property Destroyed.

THE WORST NOT YET PASSED.

A Warsaw cable says: The Vistula has overflowed its banks and is causing widespread disaster in the West Polish Provinces. The lower parts of Sippo are under water. In the streets nearest the river the water is ten feet deep, and scores of families are either living out or have moved to the top stories. Three children and their mother, who were sleeping in a basement on the river front, were drowned last night. At Plouk the water overflowed the large stables near the river on Wednesday night. One hundred head of cattle were drowned. In Vlocklark, on the Prussian border, half the houses are completely submerged. Twenty or twenty-five persons are reported to have been drowned, and hundreds of domestic animals have been swept away. The people are navigating the lakes formed along the river with rafts and small boats, picking up what property they can find floating about and preparing to leave the district for higher land. In Krasnik thirty-eight persons are reported to have been lost in the confusion caused by the suddenness of the flood, and all are supposed to have perished. The Wieprz, a tributry of the Vistula, has risen so as to sweep away all the bridges in the Province of Lublin and submerge eight small hamlets on its banks. More than 150 persons are said to have perished in its swollen waters, but as all the submerged districts are without direct railway or telegraph communication the exact loss cannot be ascertained. From advices from the country along the Bug, Wieprz, and Mareff it is calculated that the loss of human life in Western Poland will approximate 400 at least; the loss of animal life 6,000 or 7,000 head, and the loss of property several million roubles. In the Province of Vologda the River Waga has burst through all the dams, swept away all the bridges, and has partially submerged the village of Wilsk. Across the border in East Prussia, hundreds of river guards patrol the banks of the Vistula, watching the dykes and dams and directing the labors of the thousands who have stopped all other work to strengthen both. The mild weather is accompanied daily by the thawing of immense masses of snow and by occasional rains. Unless a change comes speedily indescribable devastation and loss of life may be expected.

A COLD-BLOODED CRIME.

A Husband's Deliberate Murder of His Wife's Paramour.

An Allegan, Mich., despatch says: Albert Reynolds shot and instantly killed Bert Moore yesterday. Two months ago Moore and Reynolds were in Montana, and made arrangements to come to this city together. Reynolds found he could not get his business into shape at the appointed time. So at the suggestion of Mrs. Reynolds, she and Moore started, leaving the husband in Montana. Coming on later he discovered one or two places on the route where Moore, who was an unmarried man, had registered at hotels as Moore and wife. On reaching Allegan he found Moore and his wife had been rooming in the same hotel. He commenced suit against both, charging bigomy. The case was settled. Reynolds withdrew the suit, and endeavored to persuade his wife to go back to Montana with him. She refused, and yesterday, when visited at her father's home, where she was stopping, positively declined to have anything more to do with him, stating if she ever lived with a man again it would be with Moore. The husband retorted: "You will never live with Moore," and going to the village went to Whitney's saloon, where Moore was sitting talking to a man named Burgess. Reynolds took a seat near Moore, drew a revolver from his pocket, and placing the muzzle against Moore's head, fired. The ball lodged in the base of the brain. Moore plunged forward upon the knees of Mr. Burgess. Reynolds fired again, and as Moore fell to the floor again fired. Both balls struck just below the shoulder blader. Moore never uttered a groan, only breathed two or three times and was dead. Reynolds darted out of the door, and running to the jail gave himself up. Moore was about 25 years old.

ENGLAND'S NEW COINS.

The Latest Designs by Messrs. Brock & Poynter Much Praised by Critics.

A London cable says: Canadians will be interested in the fact that England is to have a new set of coins throughout. The machines at the mint are busy turning out the new coins in gold and silver. The following is a description of them, from the *Daily Graphic*:

Five-pound piece.—Obverse: The new head of the Queen, designed by Mr. Brock. Reverse: The old design (Pistrucci's) of St. George and the dragon.

Soverign and half-sovereign.—Same obverse and reverse as five-pound piece.

Five-shilling piece.—Same obverse and reverse as five-pound piece, but on the edge of the coin in lieu of milling, the words in raised letters, "Decus et Tutamen. Anno Regni—"

Half-crown.—Obverse: Mr. Brock's new head of the Queen. Reverse: Mr. Brock's design of the single shield, containing the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Two-shilling piece.—Obverse: Mr. Brock's head of the Queen. Reverse: Mr. Poynter's designs of the three shields of the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland respectively.

One shilling.—Obverse: Mr. Brock's head of the Queen. Reverse: Mr. Poynter's second design of the three shields.

Sixpence.—Obverse: Mr. Brock's head of the Queen. Reverse: Unaltered.

JEALOUSY AND CRIME.

A Husband Shoots His Wife and Then Kills Himself.

A Berlin cable says: A clerk named Scheibler, 23 years old, married on Monday evening the daughter of his employer in Elberfeld. They quarreled on Tuesday morning and the girl returned to her parents' house yesterday. Her husband induced her to come back to him. Shortly after going to the house with her he bolted and locked the doors, closed the windows, and shot her twice in the breast. Neighbors who heard the shots and the young woman's screams tried to break down the front door. Scheibler shot at them from a window, but wounded nobody. He then put a bullet through his heart. His wife, who lived for an hour after the house was entered by the police, said that Scheibler told her he had learned that she loved another, and he was determined to kill her rather than give her an opportunity to be untrue to him.

QUIETLY HUNG UP,

And Then Quietly Cut Down by the Woman He Had Assaulted.

A Knoxville, Tenn., despatch says: The lynching at Jellico last night of the negro Joe Payne, for assaulting Miss Fannie Bell Cecil, was in itself a very tame affair. He confessed the crime and was swung up to the nearest tree without any noise. The mob pinned a placard on his back vowing death to anyone who should disturb the body until 10 o'clock to-day. At that hour fully 5,000 people had gathered from neighboring towns. Miss Cecil sent word that she would take pleasure in cutting down the body. Her wishes were granted, and with a sharp knife she severed the rope and the body fell to the ground. She smiled as she cut the rope, and the act was greeted with applause from the vast crowd. She is a very handsome woman of 18 and of good family.

Exercise for Girls.

All good mothers know the strength or frailty of their daughters, and should guard their exercise as faithfully as their diet. Excitement or enthusiasm in any pet scheme sometimes makes a girl lose sight of her physical strength until her constitution is permanently injured. Mothers should be the most careful sentinels.

There is a great cry now for outdoor exercise, yes, for all kinds of exercise, but girls should no more be overburdened with healthful exercise than with work; when it overtaxes the strength it ceases to be healthful. In this day of numerous entertainments girls often walk too much, sing too much and stand too much.

The Indignant Mother—You say the young scamp took you in his arms! What did you say to him? The Artless Daughter—I said, Hold on

"And the colonel shot him on sight?"
"He did." "What was the trouble?"
"Nothin'; just makin' a record."

Charley, said the affectionate little wife, didn't you tell me those blue chips cost $1 apiece? Yes. Well, here's a whole box full, of all colors, that I bought at the bargain counter for 75 cents.

DREADFUL DOUBLE MURDER.

A Woman Kills Her Mother and Her Babe.

AWFUL AFFAIR NEAR COLLINGWOOD.

A Collingwood despatch says: Whilst ministers of the gospel of peace on earth and good-will to men were to-day disseminating their blessed tidings, a posse of police from this town were engaged in opening the concluding chapter of a tragedy as dire and awful as the annals of crime ever yet presented to the world. B. F. Lewis, chief of the police force of this town, accompanied by Dr. A. R. Stephen, coroner, and Constables A. G. Earhart, Thomas Gillon, Thos. McBride and A. R. Horton, went out early this morning to the Wonch den, in the neighborhood of Craigleith, county of Grey, where a notorious and crime-stained family has for years resided, to the disgrace and terror of the neighborhood.

The accused is Jennie Wonch, a woman whose age is said to be some 35 summers, but who has lived longer years in wickedness and poverty. Her latest crime surpasses in atrocity and ferocious brutality anything ever heard of in Canada, the Donnelly massacre not excepted, and is so inhuman in its details that even knowing the record of the woman one can scarcely believe all that is charged.

HEARD FREQUENT COMPLAINTS.

It appears that on Saturday Chief of Police Lewis, of this town, being interested by reason of the frequent complaints made to him, had an interview with Mr. George Rice, a respectable farmer living near the Wonches. From the conversation the chief at once came to the conclusion that something was wrong, and he secured the services of Mr. Rice and James Wonch, jun., to discover what they could. Mr. Rice took the boy Wonch with him, and they were not long in discovering the body of old Mrs. Wonch. They at once reported to the chief, who took the matter in hand and went this morning to the scene of the tragedy. As already stated they were not long in recovering the body of Mrs. Wonch, but for some time the body of the child was not found. At last the floor of the cabin in which the family lived was taken up, and there, under some sand was discovered the shrivelled and blistered body of the little girl, for, horrible to relate, both the bodies were burned and blistered as though an effort had been made to remove them totally. Both bodies were brought to this town, and they have laid here all day at the drill shed, hundreds of visitors trying to see them. The body of the aged woman Wonch, grandmother of the child, is drawn up, twisted and contorted in terrible shape, and the aged features, as they appeared in the dim light, were such as might have suggested Dante's Inferno, so horribly are they expressive of torture and suffering and grimed and smoked. Scarcely a rag covered the body, and the strongest could barely stay to see that the child was there. John Wonch, the wretched and said-to-be half wild brother of the accused murderess, is a man of probably 30 or more years, and is a well-known character about town, as he frequently visits us to beg or to do what he can towards obtaining food. He was found asleep in one of the cells of the lock-up and had to be roused. With a little questioning he told this story of the crime:

THE BROTHER'S STORY.

I went home on Thursday night and saw my sister strike my mother on the head with the axe handle. I saw my sister kill the baby with the axe handle. She had no reason for it. She said there was a young fellow named Jim said he would marry her if she got rid of mother and the baby. Jim's father used to run a mill. Jennie made me help to bury mother and the baby, and said she would "do" me if I said anything. I was afraid. I got a pig's head when I was in town. Jennie got papers and tried to burn the bodies. Mother's toes and feet were all peeled like frozen. We buried her in the snow near the track in a hole. We put the baby under the floor.

John became a little mixed and said afterwards that his mother was dead when he got home, and that it was on Friday the murder occurred; but he corrected himself on this point and volunteered the information that he had seen the reporter in Foreman's store on Thursday. He added that his sister took the train for Meaford on Friday morning and said she would be back on Saturday. He didn't know where she was, nor could he tell the names of the parties whom she would be likely to go to.

Coroner Stephen says he will hold an inquest at the Town Hall to-morrow at 2 p. m.

Incidents showing the peculiar character of the Wonch people are not lacking. In the midst of filth, poverty and gross vice, the old woman whose awful remains are at the drill shed, the innocent and unfortnate babe, the half-witted man John and the terrible woman Jennie lived together. Their habitation is a hut about 9 feet by 9, and it is said for a fact that an ordinary sized man cannot stand upright in the place. It is built of inch boards, the cracks filled with pieces of paper, and beyond an old stove and a fragment of a lounge there is literally no furniture. In this hovel the wretched woman now accused of horrible murder has for years been visited by men more foul than herself, and a progeny of illegitimates is the consequence. Only last year the eldest child of the alleged murderess, a girl of tender years, was herself confined and allowed to perish by falling through weaknees into the fire and sustained fatal injuries. Then the ladies of this town, having heard the terrible truth, took the matter in hand and had the den broken up. Jennie Wonch was sent to the Mercer Reformatory at Toronto and her progeny distributed among those charitable enough to adopt them, that is those who were alive, for the bones found about the premises indicated that more than one young life had gone out before public attention was called to what was going on.

The accused is still at large.

A Collingwood despatch says an inquest was held yesterday on the bodies of the old woman and child found murdered near there the other day. The facts have already been reported.

A Meaford despatch says: Jennie Wonch, charged with the murder of her mother and infant near Craigleith, was arrested by Chief Constable R. Daley this afternoon and lodged in the lock-up here. She was employed as kitchenmaid in the Royal Hotel since Friday. She talks freely about the affair, and says she dragged the bodies to a snowdrift and buried them, then came to Meaford to earn money to get a coffin to bury them in. She asserts that she does not know how they came to be killed. When she came in from gathering wood she found her baby and mother burning between the stove and door. She did not tell any person about it because she thought they would blame her for it, and she had been out of the reformatory only a short time and did not want to go back again. She has asked the constable several times if she will be hanged. She is a sister-in-law of Cook Tate, who was hanged in Owen Sound in 1884. She was a prominent witness at the trial. She is evidently insane, and will be taken to Collingwood to-morrow on the noon train.

Another despatch says: Chief of Police Dealy, of Meaford, says he found her at work in the kitchen of the Royal and immediately placed her under arrest. He warned her to make no statement to him that might incriminate herself, but despite this warning she talked quite freely about the matter. She told her story in an excited way and at times was quite dramatic in her recital. Several times she jumped with both feet on the iron door of her cell and clung to the iron bars with her hands. Once she grabbed Chief Dealy by the shoulder with her hand and gave him quite a shake by way of adding emphasis to her plea that she was an innocent woman. Looking towards the ceiling of her cell she implored God to witness that she was innocent of the terrible crime. She shuddered at the idea of being charged with the murder of her dear old mother and child. "Listen, I say listen, and I will tell the truth and nothing but the truth," she exclaimed with intense eagerness, her eyes flashing like diamonds as she made the remark. "It was cold, very cold, no fire in the stove nor a stick of wood in the house; my sweet mother and child were freezing cold and I left the house to bring some wood." On her return she was horrified to find her child burnt to death and her mother badly burnt and dying. The child had taken some matches and in lighting them had set fire to her clothes, part of which was a print dress. The grandmother in endeavoring to rescue the child fell over the child and both were burnt to death.

The prisoner was asked how she knew this, and she replied, "Mother was still alive when I reached the house and told me how it happened." After their death the prisoners admitted having buried the victims in the snow.

Asked why she did this, she said she was afraid to notify the authorities, as her brother John would certainly kill her. "He is agin me, and is silly." She said she came to Meaford to earn enough money to buy a coffin, after which she intended returning and giving the remains a decent burial. She would never allow the municipal authorities to pay for a coffin for her sweet mother and child. The prisoner says her brother John lies if he says he was at the scene of the fire. She said several times: "I am Dutch and French," but she speaks English quite fluently. She admitted serving a term at the Home in Toronto. Asked if she meant the Mercer, "Yes, that is the name." Her appearance she is of medium height and moved about the cell with a quick and decisive step. When asked if a young man named Jim had not promised to marry her if mother and baby were out of the house, she replied with some warmth: "It is a lie; I have had enough of married life; I have been abused and knocked around until I am heartily sick of it." Glancing at Chief Dealy with her bright black eyes: "I do not wish to insult you, sir, if I made me an offer of marriage, it would be declined. Murder will out," she exclaimed. "I will tell you all about how an innocent man was hung. Cook Tate, who was hung at Owen Sound for poisoning his wife, was innocent. It was Cook Tate's mother-in-law, who committed the murder." The mother-in-law confessed to Jennie Wonch that she did the deed, shortly after Cook Tate was hung. He died protesting his innocence. Jennie Wonch was married to Cook Tate's brother. It will be remembered that Cook Tate was accused, tried, and found guilty of poisoning his wife, Rose Cook Tate, in 1884. He was hung at Owen Sound and the murder caused a great sensation at the time. A couple of years later his mother-in-law, Mrs. Leopard, as she was on her dying bed, sent a message to a friend saying she had something to communicate of importance concerning the murder, but before the friend arrived Mrs. Leopard breathed her last and the case has been a mystery since. If the statement made by Jennie Wonch be correct an innocent man met his death on the gallows.

NO FAILURE HERE.

A Pennsylvania Man Saws His Head off to End His Troubles.

A Newcastle, Pa., despatch says: A horrible suicide was committed by a man named Lee Taylor, five miles southwest of this place, late on Saturday evening. Taylor had become financially embarrassed and had been brooding over his troubles. For the past week he had been working at a saw mill. On Saturday evening while the fireman and engineer were engaged at the boiler Taylor deliberately lay down on the log carriage, grasped the framework with one hand and the shaft with the other, and pulled himself up to the rapidly revolving saw. His head was instantly severed from the body and rolled down into the dust pile. The engineer, noticing a jar in the machinery, went back to the saw, and was horrified to find the bleeding trunk still lying on the carriage. The deceased was recently married, and leaves a widow but no children.

THE FLOOR COLLAPSED.

Serious Accident at Weston Last Night—A Number of Persons Injured.

A Toronto despatch says: The members of Humber Masonic Lodge, Weston, to the number of 100, held an at home last evening in the Oddfellows' Hall. The entertainment took place in the second story of the building. About 9.30 o'clock, when the programme was about half through, those present were invited to go downstairs to partake of refreshments. Just as they started the floor collapsed, owing to the thread on the bolt giving way, and the entire party was precipitated to the lower story. Fortunately no person was killed, but three or four sustained serious injuries. Tne wounded: W. Forsyth, leg broken; Rev. John Locke, leg broken; Mr. Pearson, leg broken; Mrs. Fryers, shoulder broken; woman, whose name it was impossible to ascertain, so seriously injured internally that it is feared that the results will be fatal.

Women of Irritable Temper.

It is like living in a den of snarling animals to live with a person who has this sort of temper, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in an article on "The Destroyers of Domestic Edens," in the February "Ladies' Home Journal." Many an Eden is destroyed by it, while the possessor prides himself upon being a good Christian, and loves his whole duty by his family. Yet, if the soup lacks a little salt, or contains a little too much pepper, if a meal is a moment delayed, if a child is noisy in its mirth, if a drawer sticks, or a door slams, or a chair creaks, such trifle calls forth an exhibition of disagreeable temper, which ruins the comfort and peace of the household for an hour. Many a woman is addicted to this sort of temper and calls it "her nerves," and considers herself the most devoted wife and mother in the world. And if she is obliged to delay her dinner for any member of the family, if she is called from one task to perform another, if the children scatter their playthings, or leave their schoolbooks in the parlor, she indulges in such paroxysms of scolding that a gloom settles over the whole household. She would consider it no difficult thing to die for that household, if it were demanded of her. But to control her irritable temper is a task too great to demand of her. And so the Eden is destroyed, and the children grow up eager to get out of the home where everything is uncomfortable, and the parents wonder why all their sacrifices are so poorly appreciated, why their children, for whom they have toiled and saved, seem to care so little about their home, and why they seem so anxious to seek pleasures elsewhere.

Dreams.

The Salt Lake *Tribune* has been speculating about dreams. Here are some of its theories: "There is no telling how much the body interferes with the actual workings of the mind. There are a thousand of men who cannot get up before an audience and talk five minutes to save their lives; but in their dreams every one of that thousand can get up before an audience and make a speech, never hesitating for a moment. It is inconceivable to believe that his mind is brighter in sleep than when he is awake; the only conclusion seems to be that when his body is awake it puts clamps upon his mind and prevents is free action. Thus, as people grow old, we say they are losing their faculties. Now, that cannot be reconciled with our thoughts of progress. The mind, because of the body, is driven into a corner and doors are put up against it, and it can no longer exert itself. The only question is that when the light goes out and the body is dead, is the mind able to throw off those environments, or does it go simply into a long sleep. That is the mystery of sleep and of death. What is the connection between a man's mind and his body? We know what a controlling force the mind has over the body; who knows what control the body has over the mind? About all there is to it is that we are 'made of such stuff as dreams are.'"

Why Cholera Victims Should Be Cremated.

It is vain to hope for the abolition of cholera if its *bacilli* are still to be preserved by burying in the earth the bodies of the victims. The dead bodies of cholera patients are not merely dead organic matter. All dead bodies, whatever may have been the cause of death, contain myriads of living organisms. As soon as life ceases these organisms assist in the process of decomposition, form poisonous products, and may excite disease if brought by air or water into contact with living oeings. But what is much more important in the fact that, in a proportion of little less than 20 per cent., the bodies buried in the usual way in the earth contain, in addition to the ordinary agents of decomposition and putrefaction, the germs of zymotic diseases: the seeds of scarlet fever, yellow fever, smallpox, typhoid, cholera—the germs of pestilence almost imperishable in the earth, ready after many years of latency to revivify and recommence their infective activity. Any mode of burying the dead in the earth, with or without a coffin, exposes the living to unnecessary danger. Anything short of complete destruction by fire or by some powerful chemical agent must be powerless or incomplete as a safeguard.—*Sir Spencer Wells, in the February Forum.*

"Then you purpose to give your daughter, my intended, a hundred thousand francs; that is not much." "Yes, but she will come in for the whole of the property at our death." Suitor (absently)—About what time will that be?

Visitor—Don't you think it possible that a pardon may be procured for the poor man? His offence was not great, and further confinement will kill him. Warden—I'm afraid it is impossible. The crime he committed was not sufficiently atrocious to interest the public in his case.

CAUGHT IN CHICAGO.

Queer Escapade of Upper Canada College Students

ON THEIR WAY TO HONOLULU.

A Chicago despatch says: Harry C. Gray, a runaway student of Upper Canada College, in Deer Park, Toronto, Ont., was arrested at the Palmer House this morning by Detectives Leist and Cuddy and locked up on a charge of theft. The victims of Gray's desire for "easy money" are E. N. Pugh and G. S. Steacy, both young men who attend the same educational institution, and who in company with Gray, set out for Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, where they hoped to pick up fabulous wealth under the new state of affairs.

The articles stolen by Gray include, besides $165 belonging to Pugh, five suits of clothes and an overcoat, also the property of the latter, and about $25 worth of stuff belonging to Steacy. All this was recovered by the officers, with the exception of $10, which had been spent by Gray, whose fare was being paid to Honolulu, and who rewarded his benefactors in the manner described.

Gray's father is a wealty New Yorker, engaged in the manufacture of machinery, and residing at 236 Lennox avenue in that city. Harry is said by Pugh and Steacy to have been an incorrigible and a spendthrift, who was sent to Upper Canada College to keep him out of mischief, and where he would be under the watchful eye of Principal George Dickson, head of the institution. Gray is but 18 years old. Pugh is of the same age, and his father lives at 81 Josephine street in New Orleans, and is a rich and aristocratic ex-planter. Young Steacey, whose age is 19, is from Brockville, Ont., and is related to the Steacys, of St. Louis, wealthy railroad contractors.

The three boys reached Chicago yesterday from Toronto and registered at the Gault House on West Madison street. After arranging for their transportation to San Francisco they went out to see the town, and when they returned to their room at night all felt drowsy as the result of too much beer. It was noticed by Pugh and Steacey that though Gray did not imbibe as freely as they, he appeared very much under the influence, and at once tumbled into bed. The others did likewise, and pretty soon all three were snoring loudly. Though Gray snored fast and loud, he was very much awake, and when he felt that the time was at hand to act, he stole out of bed and sneaked out of the hotel with the booty, while his chums slept soundly, dreaming of the tropics, sugar plantations, pretty Hawaiian girls and all that sort of thing.

Gray at once went to the depot, and, with the baggage checks, secured the balance of Pugh's and Steacy's effects, after which he returned to the Palmer House and registered under an assumed name. He was arrested while leaving the breakfast table in less than an hour after the theft was reported at the Central station.

Pugh's uncle is manager of a sugar plantation, and had agreed to give employment to the young men on their arrival. Gray will be prosecuted to-morrow morning at the Harrison Street Police Court.

Another despatch credits Stacey with committing the thefts.

ASSAULTED AN ATTORNEY.

Mr. S. E. Foster, of the G. T. R., Violently Attacked in Chicago.

A Chicago despatch says: Mr. Samuel B. Foster, attorney for the Grand Trunk railway, was assaulted to-day at the Washington street entrance to the county building. His assailant was Philip C. Wood, who, Mr. Foster claims, has repeatedly threatened to kill him. The assault grew out of litigation over the estate of Alonzo Wood, the assailant being one of the heirs who are now contesting the will, while Mr. Foster is one of the executors. As the latter was leaving the court-house this morning, having been engaged in the case in Judge Tuley's court, Wood, who was waiting at the foot of the stairway, sprang at him and struck him a stunning blow on the side of the head with the handle of a heavy whip. Mr. Foster fell and Wood, standing over him, put his hand into his pocket, exclaiming: "Now I've got you, and I'll kill you."

Several people who were passing came to the lawyer's aid and Wood was seized. It happened that a policeman was near and saw the assault and Wood was at once taken to the central station, where he was booked up. When the officers searched him in the station a revolver was found on his person. The prisoner, who is about 50 years old and of very respectable appearance, was laboring under intense excitement and declared that he had been following the lawyer for days with the intention of killing him.

Mr. Foster swore out a warrant charging him with assault, and Wood was taken to the Harrison street station, where his case will come up in court to-morrow morning.

Under the will of Alonzo Wood, which disposes of about $100,000, Phillip C. Wood and Edward Wood, both of whom live in Texas, are heirs, but they can only use the interest of the amounts bequeathed to them, while the principal is to be held in trust for their children. This provision of the will they have been trying to have set aside, but on Friday last Judge Tuley rendered a decision on a demurrer to the bill which they had filed, and the decision sustained the will.

A VILLAIN'S DEED.

An Eleven-year-old London Girl Brutally Assaulted.

A London despatch says: On Saturday evening, shortly after 9 o'clock, Jennie McLeod, aged 11 years, whose parents live on Ridout street, while on her way home, and only a short distance from the house, was accosted by a well-dressed young man, who offered her fifteen cents if she would go with him to London West for a parcel, which she was to take to the City Hotel. The girl, suspecting nothing, went along with the fellow until they came to an old orchard, where he suddenly seized and assaulted her. The man then brought her back as far as the bridge, and, after threatening her life if she made any outcry or spoke of the occurrence, he left her. The girl managed to reach home, where she informed her parents of what had happened. The police were notified, but as the girl was unable to give an accurate description of her assailant, the chances of his capture are very slight. The girl, who is under a doctor's care, is seriously injured.

Look to the Bed.

The components of a good bed are considered by Dr. E. G. Wood in the healthy home. In conclusion he says: "The main point nowadays is the covering. There is a strong temptation to use a quilted cotton comfortable, costing a dollar, in preference to a pair of blankets costing five times as much, yet the blankets are far cleaner, warmer (for the same weight), and better from a health standpoint in every way. It is needless to add that the good housewife will see to it that bedding and clothes have a daily airing sufficient to abolish entirely the stale, unpleasant odor which hangs around a bed and indicates the presence of an indefinite amount of effluvia. Clean sheets and sunshine work wonders with beds. If you are compelled to use a modern folding bed, be sure it has ample spaces for ventilation, and that it is never put up in the morning until sun and air have worked their miracle of cleansing.

On Fire at Full Speed.

A Paris, Ky., despatch says a smoking car on the Kentucky Central branch of the Louisville & Nashville road caught fire when near Talbot station, while the train was at full speed, and was destroyed. A newsboy lit a cigarette and threw the match beside a leaking can of gasoline. The fluid caught fire. An effort to kick it out of the door resulted in spilling the gasoline and increased the fire. The passengers ran for their lives. Some jumped through the windows. Eight men were painfully burned.

A Latter-Day Marriage.

Dewaton—So you are really going to be married?

Upton—Yes; it's all fixed. We've rented a furnished flat, and I've hired a dress suit for the occasion, and Marie has borrowed her cousin's wedding rig, and a new caterer has agreed to lend us his plaster of paris show cake provided I mention his name in the papers.

"He's a typical sailor. He has a wife in every port his boat touches at." "My; what a wicked man!" "Not necessarily; his wife sails with him."

Wife—A man is a fool to have anything to do with a lottery. Husband—You hit it then. I'm still kicking myself for marrying you.

MODISTES AND MILLINERS.

A Few of the Gowns British Dames and Damsels Sport in High Society.

Old Fake Bonnets Revived—Enormous Hats, High in the Crown and Broad in Leaf, the Correct Thing—Light Green Shades Canter in for Spring Wear—Antique Lace Rags in Full Vigor—Skirts Have a Fullness and Width Round the Hem—Hair Must be Frizzed.

LONDON, Feb.

The taste for old lace has returned in full vigor, and it is astonishing what a quantity has come to light of this priceless article since it became so much in vogue. Everyone is ransacking their possessions to collect every moat of old lace that they possess wherewith to beautify themselves and their toilettes. For nothing is so becoming as the flimsy softness of point d'Alencon, Brussels point and the like. The Princess Margaret, of Prussia, has a great penchant for rare old lace, and a number of her trousseau gowns, both for afternoon and evening wear, are trimmed with it. The beautiful point de Venise used upon a visiting gown of Nile green velvet was the gift of the Queen of Italy. Lacemakers have nowadays arrived at such a pitch of perfection in their work that it is no easy matter for the uninitiated to discriminate between old lace and new. Some Irish lace in a Josephine street in New Orleans, and is a rich and aristocratic ex-planter. Young Steacey, whose age is 19, is from Brockville, Ont., and is related to the Steacys, of St. Louis, wealthy railroad contractors.

The three boys reached Chicago yesterday from Toronto and registered at the Gault House on West Madison street. After arranging for their transportation to San Francisco they went out to see the town, and when they returned to their room at night all felt drowsy as the result of too much beer. It was noticed by Pugh and Steacey that though Gray did not imbibe as freely as they, he appeared very much under the influence, and at once tumbled into bed. The others did likewise, and pretty soon all three were snoring loudly. Though Gray snored fast and loud, he was very much awake, and when he felt that the time was at hand to act, he stole out of bed and sneaked out of the hotel with the booty, while his chums slept soundly, dreaming of the tropics, sugar plantations, pretty Hawaiian girls and all that sort of thing.

Gray at once went to the depot, and, with the baggage checks, secured the balance of Pugh's and Stacey's effects, after which he returned to the Palmer House and registered under an assumed name. He was arrested while leaving the breakfast table in less than an hour after the theft was reported at the Central station.

Pugh's uncle is manager of a sugar plantation, and had agreed to give employment to the young men on their arrival. Gray will be prosecuted to-morrow morning at the Harrison Street Police Court.

Another despatch credits Stacey with committing the thefts.

ASSAULTED AN ATTORNEY.

Mr. S. B. Foster, of the G. T. R., Violently Attacked in Chicago.

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Several people who were passing came to the lawyer's aid and Wood was seized. It happened that a policeman was near and saw the assault and Wood was at once taken to the central station, where he was booked up. When the officers searched him in the station a revolver was found on his person. The prisoner, who is about 50 years old and of very respectable appearance, was laboring under intense excitement and declared that he had been following the lawyer for days with the intention of killing him.

Mr. Foster swore out a warrant charging him with assault, and Wood was taken to the Harrison street station, where his case will come up in court to-morrow morning.

Under the will of Alonzo Wood, which disposes of about $100,000, Phillip C. Wood and Edward Wood, both of whom live in Texas, are heirs, but they can only use the interest of the amounts bequeathed to them, while the principal is to be held in trust for their children. This provision of the will they have been trying to have set aside, but on Friday last Judge Tuley rendered a decision on a demurrer to the bill which they had filed, and the decision sustained the will.

A VILLAIN'S DEED.

An Eleven-year-old London Girl Brutally Assaulted.

A London despatch says: On Saturday evening, shortly after 9 o'clock, Jennie McLeod, aged 11 years, whose parents live on Ridout street, while on her way home, and only a short distance from the house, was accosted by a well-dressed young man, who offered her fifteen cents if she would go with him to London West for a parcel, which she was to take to the City Hotel. The girl, suspecting nothing, went along with the fellow until they came to an old orchard, where he suddenly seized and assaulted her. The man then brought her back as far as the bridge, and, after threatening her life if she made any outcry or spoke of the occurrence, he left her. The girl managed to reach home, where she informed her parents of what had happened. The police were notified, but as the girl was unable to give an accurate description of her assailant, the chances of his capture are very slight. The girl, who is under a doctor's care, is seriously injured.

Look to the Bed.

The components of a good bed are considered by Dr. E. G. Wood in the healthy home. In conclusion he says: "The main point nowadays is the covering. There is a strong temptation to use a quilted cotton comfortable, costing a dollar, in preference to a pair of blankets costing five times as much, yet the blankets are far cleaner, warmer (for the same weight), and better from a health standpoint in every way. It is needless to add that the good housewife will see to it that bedding and clothes have a daily airing sufficient to abolish entirely the stale, unpleasant odor which hangs around a bed and indicates the presence of an indefinite amount of effluvia. Clean sheets and sunshine work wonders with beds. If you are compelled to use a modern folding bed, be sure it has ample spaces for ventilation, and that it is never put up in the morning until sun and air have worked their miracle of cleansing.

On Fire at Full Speed.

A Paris, Ky., despatch says a smoking car on the Kentucky Central branch of the Louisville & Nashville road caught fire when near Talbot station, while the train was at full speed, and was destroyed. A newsboy lit a cigarette and threw the match beside a leaking can of gasoline. The fluid caught fire. An effort to kick it out of the door resulted in spilling the gasoline and increased the fire. The passengers ran for their lives. Some jumped through the windows. Eight men were painfully burned.

A Latter-Day Marriage.

Dewaton—So you are really going to be married?

Upton—Yes; it's all fixed. We've rented a furnished flat, and I've hired a dress suit for the occasion, and Marie has borrowed her cousin's wedding rig, and a new caterer has agreed to lend us his plaster of paris show cake provided I mention his name in the papers.

"He's a typical sailor. He has a wife in every port his boat touches at." "My; what a wicked man!" "Not necessarily; his wife sails with him."

Wife—A man is a fool to have anything to do with a lottery. Husband—You hit it then. I'm still kicking myself for marrying you.

MODISTES AND MILLINERS.

A Few of the Gowns British Dames and Damsels Sport in High Society.

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