

**PARNELL AND KITTY.**  
They Dodge Curiosity's Prying Eye and Are Privately Married.

A London cable says: Everything tends to confirm the report that Mr. Parnell was married to-day to Mrs. O'Shea. That lady joined Mr. Parnell while the latter was en route to Steyning, at which place they were seen together during the afternoon. The vicar of the parish of Steyning denies that Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea were married there. But, he added, they could be married at any of the half-dozen other churches in the district.

There appears to be no longer any doubt that Mr. Parnell was married to Mrs. O'Shea this morning, and that he and his bride started for parts unknown immediately after the marriage at Steyning. The registrar of that place, together with the books used to record marriages, has apparently vanished. It is believed the registrar has been bribed to hide himself and keep the books concealed for the present.

It has been learned that the marriage of Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea took place at ten o'clock this morning. The only witnesses to the ceremony were the two servants from Mrs. O'Shea's house at Walsingham terrace, Brighton. The registrar was strictly enjoined not to give any information about the marriage, and he promised to preserve the closest secrecy. Mr. Parnell had passed the previous evening at Walsingham terrace. An order was given to have a solitary one-horse phaeton in readiness at 6 o'clock this morning, instead of the usual order for horses or a carriage for exercise, as was customary when Mr. Parnell was stopping at Brighton. When the conveyance was ready Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea entered the phaeton, and orders were given to the coachman to drive westward. After the party had left Brighton behind them, the driver was directed to proceed to Steyning by a circuitous route. Steyning was reached by nine o'clock, at which time a heavy rain was falling. Upon entering the town Mrs. O'Shea, who was familiar with the place, relieved the coachman of the ribbons and drove direct to the registrar's office herself. Mr. Parnell was dressed in dark clothes. He appeared to be well and in cheerful spirits, but occasionally threw nervous glances around him, apparently being somewhat anxious lest the wedding party be observed. Mrs. O'Shea was also in dark attire and wore a pink trimmed bonnet. She, too, was in good spirits, and was very vivacious both before and after the ceremony. It is announced that a second and religious marriage will take place in London immediately, so as to satisfy the Catholics. Mr. Parnell himself procured the special license on Tuesday, setting forth that the marriage would occur within three months. He begged the registrar to do the utmost within his legal rights to keep the marriage secret.

**SAVED BY HER BROTHER.**

**A Bad Drummer's Prey Taken from him at the Pistol Point.**

A Saratoga despatch says: Frank Andrews, a commercial traveller, having a wife and children in Albany, has been paying attention to the 17-year-old daughter, Reuben Barnett, a prominent liveryman here, for a year or more, representing himself to be a widower. The girl wanted to marry him, and her parents gave a very reluctant consent. The father, on going to Albany on Wednesday to satisfy himself that all was right, met Andrews' wife, learned the truth, and hurried back to Saratoga. In the meantime Andrews and the girl had boarded a train and started north. They were traced by telegraph and followed by the girl's 22-year-old brother. He overtook the pair at Whitehall yesterday morning, and compelled Andrews to return with him at the point of a revolver. The father of the girl was at the depot on the arrival of the train last evening, and was barely prevented from shooting Andrews. Andrews is in jail.

Seven big ocean liners steamed for Europe on Saturday with 1,500 passengers aboard, most of them on pleasure bent, though some among them were on frugal and strictly business missions. The present weekly rush to Europe from New York is said to average 3,000 persons.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

**"German Syrup"**

**For Throat and Lungs**  
Hemorrhage  
Five Years.

"I have been ill for about five years, have had the best medical advice, and I took the first dose in some doubt. This resulted in a few hours easy sleep. There was no further hemorrhage till next day, when I had a slight attack which stopped almost immediately. By the third day all trace of blood had disappeared and I had recovered much strength. The fourth day I sat up in bed and ate my dinner, the first solid food for two months. Since that time I have gradually gotten better and am now able to move about the house. My death was daily expected and my recovery has been a great surprise to my friends and the doctor. There can be no doubt about the effect of German Syrup, as I had an attack just previous to its use. The only relief was after the first dose." J. R. LOUGHEAD, Adelaide, Australia.

**BACK FROM THE GRAVE.**

**A Well-Known Hamiltonian Snatched From Death's Jaws.**

Had Been Given up by the Doctors and His Case was Considered Hopeless—But He Recovered in a Miraculous Manner and is Now as Well and Strong as Ever. (Hamilton Herald, May 27th, 1891.)

Although the age of miracles is generally supposed to be past, the case of John Marshall, of 25 Little William street, is about as nearly miraculous as anything that can be imagined. For three years and a half Mr. Marshall has been a victim of a disease known as locomotor ataxy, a spinal affection which deprived him of all feeling from his waist downwards, and left him a helpless cripple, given up by his physicians as incurable. To-day he is restored to health, and apart from the weakness natural to a man who has wrestled so long with a terrible disease, he may be said to be as well as ever. The story of his wonderful recovery has been heard with amazement by his many friends, for Mr. Marshall is well known in Hamilton, having lived here for nearly thirty years, and for twenty years before his illness having been manager for the Canadian Oil Company here.

One of the Herald's young men heard of the case and hunted up Mr. Marshall to get his story, which he was not unwilling to tell, in the hope that his experience might be of benefit to others who are affected similarly.

"I was taken ill in August, 1887," said Mr. Marshall, "and for three years and a half I was scarcely able to leave my room. My illness, I believe, was the result of a fall I had a year before, and it left me helpless. I had absolutely no sensation in my body below the waist, could not feel pins stuck in me, and was deprived of the use of my limbs. For more than three years I was not able to leave the house, any more than on very fine days I might go as far as the corner, and during all that time I was never down town. I had the best medical assistance, but the doctors all agreed I could not recover. I tried all kinds of patent medicines, but none of them did me any good. I also tried electricity, having as many as three batteries on me at once, but it was all of no avail."

"How did you come to recover?" "In February last some one threw in a circular about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I laid it aside, thinking it was like all the others I had tried—no good. But on April 14 I decided to give them a trial, and got a box of the Pills. Within three days I noticed an improvement, and it has continued ever since, until I am well as you see me. I considered it nothing short of a miracle, and my friends who know me can scarcely credit it. Why, last week I got up one morning, took my bath, dressed myself, went to the station, took the train for Toronto and walked to my brother-in-law's, and he would not believe it was myself."

"You say you were given up by the doctors?" "Yes, I spent hundreds of dollars in medical advice and in the purchase of all sorts of quack remedies. My physicians said my disease was incurable, and that I would never be able to use my limbs again. I am a member of the Royal Templars, and I have been passed by the society's doctors as past recovery, receiving from it the total possible benefit of \$1,000. That is the best proof to me that my case was considered hopeless."

"How many boxes of the Pills have you taken?" "I am now on my seventh box, but as I told you, I got relief from the start. I consider my recovery to be wonderful, and I am recommending the remedy to every one who is afflicted as I was."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have accomplished such a miraculous cure in Mr. Marshall's case, say the remedy is compounded from the formula of a well-known physician, and is unsurpassed for the treatment of all diseases arising from impoverished blood or loss of vital force.

The remarkable case noted in the above article from the Hamilton Herald conclusively proves that the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have in no way over-stated the merits of their remedy. Pink Pills are a never failing blood purifier and nerve tonic, and are equally valuable for men or women, young or old. They cure all forms of debility, female weaknesses, suppressions, chronic constipation, headache, St. Vitus' dance, loss of memory, premature decay, etc., and by their marvellous action on the blood, build up the system anew and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow complexions. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Brockville, Ont.

**HE HAD BEEN DRINKING,**

**And He Fell off an Excursion Train and Was Killed.**

A Renfrew despatch says: While returning from Renfrew on an excursion train Thos. Caldwell was killed. He was passing from one car to another while the train was in motion, missed his footing fell upon the rails, and three baggage cars and four coaches passed over him. His legs were broken and his skull fractured. He was alive when picked up, but died in a few minutes. Two of his sisters were on the train. At Harrow-smith the body was handed over to the undertakers and dressed, and taken to his home at Sydenham. The accident occurred between Mississippi and Clarendon. Caldwell had been drinking. He was about 33 years of age.

**Terrible Scaffold Accident.**

An Elizabeth, N. J., despatch says: This morning a scaffold erected to the third story of the foundry being built for the Worthington Pump Company, of Brooklyn, at Elizabethport, fell with seventeen men. Gabriel Williams, aged 30, and Michael Nolan, aged 25, of Elizabeth, were killed. Patrick Maher, of Elizabeth, and Remus Hundley, colored, of New York, were fatally injured. James Kelly, Patrick Jones, and Michael McCarthy, of Elizabeth, were also severely hurt.

Charlie—Rather a delicate dress that of Miss Fangle's, eh? Chappie—Well, per haps she's getting into training for the bathing suit season.

**MUTINY AT MONTREAL.**

**Dutch Sailors on the Batavia Indulge in a Fight With Police.**

A Montreal despatch says: There was a mutiny to-day on board the steamship Batavia, which is manned with Dutch sailors. Five of the crew had deserted from the ship, and word was sent to the police station asking the police to capture them, but while the officers were looking for them they returned to the steamer of their own accord, though under the influence of liquor. They would not obey orders, and the captain again telephoned for the police, and ten men were sent from Nos. 2 and 11 stations. When the five men saw the policemen running toward the boat they stood by the rope ladder, and when the officers were ascending they could drop the policemen into the river. All the officers got on board before the rope was cut except one, and he fell, but luckily landed on the wharf.

The five sailors then fought furiously with the policemen on the deck of the vessel until four of them were captured. The fifth escaped into the hold and hid. Detectives McMahon and Lafontaine were notified and went down the hold to secure the man, who, armed with a heavy iron bar, was hid in a corner. Crouching at his feet was a huge mastiff, which sprang at Lafontaine as soon as it saw him, while the Dutchman attacked McMahon with the iron bar. McMahon knocked the bar from Mahon's throat, but only succeeded in tore a big piece of flesh with his nails. McMahon then clinched the sailor and the two rolled on the floor, McMahon at last getting the best of the fight, but not before he was covered with blood. The five sailors are now in the cells.

**AN IMPORTANT DECISION.**

**Alien Contract Labor Law Applied to Canadian Emigrants to the States.**

A Washington despatch says: A test case under the Alien Contract Labor law has just been presented for the consideration of the Treasury Department. The ruling has been adverse to a practice which has very naturally obtained among Canadian mechanics living near the border. The facts are these: Wm. Knight, a carpenter, arrived by a ferry boat at the port of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on June 2nd, and on being questioned stated that he had previously crossed the river from Canada into Michigan and arranged for employment at his trade with one Malcolm Blue; that he was now on his way to fulfil his engagement with Blue. The inspector at that port barred him as coming within the law prohibiting the immigration of alien contract laborers, and the question was submitted to the Treasury Department. Assistant Secretary Nettleton yesterday ruled that the case comes within the prohibition of the statute, and that Knight was properly prevented from landing since he did not come as an intending citizen and had entered into a contract to labor before crossing the boundary line to remain.

**SUDDEN BLINDNESS.**

**A Mother Loses Her Sight While Playing With Her Child.**

A Wilkesbarre despatch says: Mrs. Elias Robbins, of Wyoming, was suddenly stricken blind while playing with her 4-year-old son a few days ago. The little boy was trying to skip a rope which his mother had been turning for him. Then to show him how to do it better she took the rope herself and began skipping. She had not made more than half a dozen jumps when she staggered and fell.

When some of the family ran to her they found her groping with her hands. She was perfectly conscious and rational. She said she could not see. She felt something like a rush of blood up the back of her head and then all had become dark. She was put to bed and a physician summoned.

At first it was believed that the blindness would pass away, but it did not. She remained totally blind, though otherwise in perfect health. She was brought to this city on Tuesday and placed under an oculist's care.

All the physicians who have seen the patient are puzzled. Up to the time of her affliction she had no trouble of any kind with her eyes.

**THE RIPPER AGAIN.**

**He Threatens Another "Operation" and Warns the Police.**

A London cable says: A letter identical in style and writing with previous missives from Jack-the-Ripper has been received by the chairman of the Vigilance Committee in Whitechapel, in which Jack announces that he is about to perform another "operation," and that if the vigilants attempt to track him he will knife them to the heart. It is the duty of the police, he says, to catch him. He adds that he has been nearly caught twice, but will never be taken alive. Patrols and vigilants were revived to-night, and Scotland Yard sent an extraordinary contingent to Whitechapel.

The sword which General Custer used in his campaigns against the Indians, and which he lost with his life at the battle of the Little Big Horn, is now said to be in the possession of a Chicago man. Its battered blade is represented as being flexible as whalebone.

I love the man who boldly lies  
About the fish he didn't catch,  
And always do my very best  
His most astounding yarns to match.

But language can't express my scorn  
For the poll-tron who humbly tries  
To make his catches smaller seem  
Lest men should take his yarns for lies.

She—You may keep the photograph, but although I am not indifferent to you, I am so happy as I am, in my father's house, that—  
He—Of course I know you promise you every luxury your father can afford.

Her Majesty has presented a thoroughbred Welsh goat, bred upon her farm at Windsor, to the Second Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, to replace the animal which died recently at a great age. The goat has been named "Taffy the Second," and the officers and men are much pleased with the mark of royal appreciation and kindness displayed by the welcome gift.

During the last ten years Ireland has lost 488,474 of her population.

**REV. LEROY HOOKER**

**Retakes Himself to Fresh Fields and Pastures New.**

Toronto World: At the recent Methodist Conference in Toronto Rev. LeRoy Hooker, who had for three years successfully discharged the duties of pastor of the Metropolitan Church, requested that he be relieved from ministerial duty for one year. His request was granted, and various were the rumors as to the reverend gentleman's intentions. It had been known that for the past two years Mr. Hooker had suffered from a throat affection, for which he made a trip to Europe last summer. Hence the general impression was that his physicians had recommended cessation from preaching for his throat's sake. It now, however, transpires that it was more financial than throat trouble which dictated the pastor's resignation. To a few personal friends it was known where the shoe pinched, and aid had been generously afforded. Mr. George A. Cox, a hearty friend, provided a new occupation for the preacher in the shape of an agency for the Canada Life Assurance Company at Detroit. This is now the new sphere of Mr. Hooker's labors. There are a number of creditors in the city who would be glad to have their accounts speedily settled. If the reverend gentleman be as successful under his new master as he is credited with having been under his Heavenly Master, the tradesmen's and other bills will soon be liquidated. The surprise is that such a crisis should have come to a man in receipt of nearly \$5,000 a year.

**SURGERY EXTRAORDINARY.**

**A Boy's Pericardium Tapped and Viscid Fluid Drawn Off.**

A Boston despatch says: Dr. John F. Young, of the City Hospital, was called a few days ago to attend Fred Coffey, aged eleven, of No. 234 Dorchester street, South Boston, who was troubled with a pain in the chest and difficulty in breathing. Medicine failed to give relief, and an operation was determined upon. An incision was made in the boy's side, the pericardium was penetrated, and half a pint of thick, pale-colored fluid was discharged. The boy was conscious during the entire operation, but at its conclusion he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted five days. At the end of that period he opened his eyes, looked at his mother, who had been continually at his side, and said he was much better. Since then he has steadily improved, and is now out of danger. The operation has been seldom attempted, and when tried has almost invariably resulted in death.

**MIXED HIS LAST DRINK.**

**Bar tender and Waitress Drink Paris Green—The Girl Recovers.**

A Middleton, N. Y., despatch says: Herman Heiness, formerly a bartender at the Russell House, and Josie Gibbons, a waitress at the same hotel, drank Paris green in soda water in Webb's Park last night and then lay down to die. The system of the girl rebelled against the poison, however, and she threw the drug off and will recover. Heiness died a short time after drinking the poisonous draught. While employed at the Russell House, Heiness removed to Homesdale his successor as bartender became the favorite. Heiness discovered the state of affairs he became jealous and despondent. The girl apparently could not decide which of the two men she preferred, but last night while with Heiness she decided to die with him and drank the poison.

**Etna's Crater.**

At last we stood on a level, and the boiling vapor was seen seething up from a great yawning pit at our feet. "Behold it!" cried Sebastian, with a salute, bareheaded, the mountain, and I realized that I was venturing a situation for a sensational ending as a man may find anywhere in the world. Etna responded to Sebastian's civilities with a terrific bellow, and an out-throw of ashes and rocks that put me in much doubt of my ability to live through it. The stench of the sulphur, too, was villainous, and though I adopted Sebastian's plan of binding a handkerchief over my mouth and nostrils, it was all I could do to draw one satisfactory breath in ten. Add to this that the ground upon which we stood was composed of burning ashes and hot mud, and it will be apparent that Etna's summit is not altogether fit for the daintily shod tourists who climb Vesuvius by the fanciful political rhapsodies.

**A School-Room Convenience.**

The following advertisement has been recently appearing in the London press: BIRCH RODS, SMALL AND HANDY, IS. By post, well packed, Ida Weston, care Mrs. Taylor, 8 Hawthorne Terrace, Canterbury.

My curiosity being aroused by the fact that a lady should devote herself to manufacturing or supplying these particular articles of commerce, I caused an order to be addressed to Miss Ida Weston for one of her birch rods. The article duly arrived, accompanied by the following letter: "Miss Weston incloses one rod herewith. It must be steeped in water to restore its suppleness, and the handle may be wrapped in ribbon. Miss Watson advertises at a loss, but with a view to restore the rod and reform the present 'untamed' race of English boys and girls."  
May 2th, 1891. —London Truth.

**Not That Line.**

Enfant Terrible (intently watching Mrs. Scareall, a newly arrived guest, who is unpacking her trunk)—Well, I don't see as you have brought any rope at all.  
Mrs. Scareall—Any rope, my dear? Did you want me to bring a rope?  
Enfant Terrible—Yes, I've been standing here all this while to see the horrible things that Aunt Jane told mamma you'd be sure to bring in the clothes line.

It is said that Queen Victoria is a firm believer in the old superstition that anything made by a blind person is sure to bring good luck. She has had the cradle for the young Princess Battenburg made and furnished throughout in the most elegant manner by blind men and women.  
—No man can be a hero when his liver is out of order.

**A Country School.**

Pretty and pale and tired  
She sits in her stiff backed chair,  
While the blazing summer sun  
Shines in on her soft brown hair;  
And the little brook without,  
That she hears through the open door,  
Mocks with its murmur cool,  
Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round,  
Grammar and A B C,  
The blackboard and the sums,  
The stupid geography—  
When from teacher to little Jim  
Not one of them cares a straw  
Whether "John" is in any "case,"  
Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jenny's bare brown feet  
Are aching to wade in the stream,  
Where the trout to his luring bait  
Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam;  
And his teacher's blue eyes stray  
To the flowers on the desk hard by,  
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes  
With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock  
As she smells their faint, sweet scent  
But when have time and heart  
Their measure in unison bent?  
For time will haste or lag,  
Like your shadow on the grass,  
That lingers far behind,  
Or flies when you faint would pass.

Have patience, restless Jim—  
The stream and the fish will wait  
And patience, tired blue eyes,  
Down the winding road of the gate,  
Under the willow shade,  
Stands some one with fresher flowers;  
Lo! I turn to your books again,  
And keep love for the after hours.  
—St. Paul Pioneer Press

**The Naughty Little Girl.**

She is cunning, she is tricky,  
I am greatly grieved to tell,  
And her hands are always sticky  
With chocolate caramel;  
Her dolly's battered features  
Tell of many a frantic curl,  
She's the terror of her teachers,  
That naughty little girl!

She dates upon bananas,  
And she sneers them on my knees,  
And she peppers my Havanas,  
And she laughs to hear me sneeze;  
And she steals into my study,  
And she turns my books a-whirl,  
And her boots are always muddy—  
That naughty little girl!

When she looks as she were dreaming  
Of the angels in the air,  
I know she's only scheming  
How to slyly pull my hair;  
Yes—why I can't discover  
Spite of every tangled curl,  
She's a darling and I love her—  
That naughty little girl!

**SENT FROM A SYRINGE.**

**How Fad Fanatics Inject Perfume Under the Skin.**

"I saw the new process of perfuming one's self yesterday," said a woman of an inquiring turn of mind. "Ugh! As if I'd let anybody inject any sort of stuff, however sweet, under my skin with a syringe."  
"With a syringe?"  
"Yes, with a hypodermic syringe. That's the proper way now of causing one's person to give out an odor of violets or of roses. The syringe holds just six drops, and that's a drop for every day of the week, with enough over to last for Sunday. You get your perfuming done up for seven days at a time, like your washing."  
"Isn't there danger of blood poisoning?"  
"I don't know; they say not, but if there were I don't suppose some women would care. When a thing is a fad there's only one consolation about it—it won't last long. Oh, it scents the breath also!" —New York Recorder.

**Joy for Bald Heads.**

The process and progress of evolution everywhere seems to be yielding practical results, illustrative of the adage that "wonders will never cease." The point seems elucidated by the bald-headed facts practically demonstrated by a Pennsylvania physician. He has succeeded, by his own recently discovered process of skin grafting, in producing luxuriant healthy growths of hair upon bare sterile and even polished scalps. He can transplant the Afro-kinks or the long wavy Andalusian or Circassian tresses, from a vigorous healthy head to the fur-denuded skull; the aforementioned redheaded man can have a transplant of raven black or deep brown; the octogenarian if in good vital condition may cultivate on his barren scone a vigorous hirsute growth of any desired hue. In fact the doctor claims to be able to transplant the fur of animals. Thus there may be no end to the production of numerous new varieties of living curiosities, such as human heads growing sky-terrier and Newfoundland dog fur, lamb's wool, white and black bear fur, and mayhap horse hair, even from caudal appendages. Truly, wonders will never cease, especially in hair culture. —Rochester Herald.

**One of Sol Smith Russell's Stories.**

Sol Smith Russell's stories were, of course, delightful. One that aroused great laughter was about a marriage broker who said to a girl:  
"Rebecca, why don't you get married?"  
"Oh," replied Rebecca, "nobody I want wants me."  
"Have you thought of Simon? He's a nice, clean young man. I'll go and see him about it and I think I can fix the thing all right."  
"So the marriage broker went to Simon and said:  
"Look here, Simon, why don't you marry? Here's Rebecca. She's a fine girl and wants a husband. Now I'll go and buy you a suit of clothes, and you go and take a bath and I'll introduce you to her."  
"That's all right," said Simon, thoughtfully; "but suppose I take the bath and she don't have me?"

George Augustus Sala is a jolly, red-faced and small-eyed man of 63, who is always trying to cultivate a somewhat attenuated moustache, which does not seem to be on good terms with itself. He is one of the pleasantest and most readable writers on the London Telegraph, but is at his best in gossiping, sketchy and amusing personal and scenic description. His "Journey Due North" is one of the best examples of his inimitably discursive and descriptive style.  
—Miss Van Dyke—Don't you dance at all, Mr. De Witt? Tom De Witt—No, I have never learned how. Miss Van Dyke—That's nothing. Lots of men dance who never learned how.  
—The late Marshal von Moltke was an enthusiastic and expert whist player. In a rubber played not long before his death he had the phenomenal luck in one game to take all thirteen tricks.