HONEST WITNESSES.

Why They Are Afraid to Appear in a Court of Justice.

"I don't see how we are going to get around that woman's testimony," said the first shyster lawyer.

"What is the matter?" asked his partner.

"I have reason to know that she'll tell a straightforward story that we'll find it hard to disprove."

"Then we'll have to attack her character," said the partner. "That always takes with a jury."

"But her character is excellent."

"Can't you discover anything shady in her past life?"

"Not a thing."

"Oh! well, perhaps it's better so. excites and rattles a good woman more than it does a bad one, and that's what we want."

"But the judge!" protested the first shyster.

"Oh, hang the judge! We'll make no direct attacks—just do it by inference, you know, and they always permit that."

"But she can disprove any statement we make."

The partner looked disgusted.

"Statement! Statement!" he exclaimed. "Who's going to make a statement? I guess you never practised in the police courts, did you? There's no use giving her a chance to disprove anything. I'll cross-examine her and ask her if she didn't secure a divorce from a former husband in 1884. That'll make her mad and she'll begin an indignant denial. Then I'll tell her to answer 'Yes' or 'No,' and it will rattle her worse than ever. She'll finally answer 'No,' and I'll ask her if she's sure. When she gets excited over this I'll say: 'Oh, all right; all right. I was afraid it might have slipped your mind. Let it drop.' That will break her up worse than ever, but I'll drop the subject and ask her if it is true that she eloped with her father's coachman when she was 17 years old. That will settle her, sure, and, as I won't give her a chance to say more than 'Yes' or 'No,' the jury will be convinced that there's something wrong. Moreover, she'll be so excited and mad by this time that she'll be practically at our mercy and the force of her evidence broken."

"And her reputation ruined."

"But we'll win the case."

"Well, of course, that's what we're hired for."

They shook hands over the compact, says the Chicago *Tribune*, and the shyster was afterward quoted as saying in a political speech that the great fault with the judical system of the country was the difficulty experienced in getting respectable women to take the witness stand in trivial cases. He couldn't account for it except on the theory that they hadn't that desire to see justice done that men had.

MAXIMS FOR THE MARRIED.

Recipes for Right Conduct and Conjugal Peace.

Respect each other's individuality.

Do not try to mold the other's ideas or principle or manners to the pattern of your own.

Seek to influence each other only by the power of higher example.

Maintain and allow the same freedom that exists between good and pure friends.

Let your love be founded on admiration and friendship.

Strive to correct your own faults and study to make the other happy, and be exceedingly careful that you never reverse this ille.

Keep your most refined and gentle manner for the home.

Never refer to a mistake that was made with good intentions.

When a wrong is pardoned bury it in oblivion.

Consider the other's honor your own, and shield each other's weakness with sacred jealousy.

Remember that ill-temper nearly always comes of disappointment or over-work or physical suffering.

Treat each other as courteously in private as you treat your friends in the drawing-room.

Never allow intimacy to become familiarity.

Be rivals in generosity, and let misunderstandings die for want of words.

Consider marriage as the partnership of equals.

Share the joys and sorrows of life, its toils and profits, as equal partners should.

By your worthiness and culture make the other proud of you, and do not feel that marriage gives you any right to demand, or dictate, or criticise.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Young Night-Wanderers.

The *Catholic Review* has this severely admonitory passage, which is quite applicable beyond the bounds of its own church. Some parents would do well to take it to heart:

Fool parents are a common species nowadays. The naturalist can easily locate their residence and ascertain their mental qualifications by studying the boys and girls who parade the city avenues and haunt the parks at night all nights of the year. The ancient and honorable custom which kept all children in the house after nightfall has fallen into disuse through the numerical increase of the fool parent. The fatal characteristic of this creature is its blind confidence in the virtue, good luck and wisdom of its progeny. Other parents may lose their boys and girls to lives of sin and shame, but the fool parent is positive no sin or shame can touch its offspring. Therefore these unfortunate children haunt the streets and parks until midnight, consorting, of course innocently enough at the start, with the devil's innumerable agents, finally to be seized body and soul and delivered to destruction. The only fate that awaits the young night-wanderer is the fate of shame.

Cooked Kidneys.

Chose fine large kidneys, skin them, and cut each the round way into thin slices; each kidney should yield from 10 to 12 slices. Have ready a tablespoonful of flour highly seasoned with pepper and salt, and well mixed together; dip each piece of kidney in it. Cut some neat thin squares of streaked bacon, fry them very slowly in a little butter; when done, put them on the dish for serving, and keep hot while you saute the kidneys, which put into the fat the bacon was cooked in. In about a minute the gravy will begin to rise on the upper side, then turn the kidneys, and let them finish slowly; when they are done, as they will be in three to four minutes, the gravy will again begin to rise on the side which is uppermost. Put kidneys on the dish with the bacon, and pour over them a spoonful or two of plain beef gravy, or water thickened with a little flour, boiled and mixed with the fat and gravy from the kidneys in the frying-pan. If there is too much fat in the pan, pour it away before boiling the gravy. Serve the kidney on a hot-water dish.

Barnum's Offer.

At a temperance meeting held in Tipler Hall, New York, the late Mr. P. T. Barnum made the following offer before 4,000 persons: "I am ready to make an agreement with the Mayor, Alderman, and City Council, of New York, that if they will give me the money expended upon intoxicants in this city, I will pay the whole pauper tax; I will give a barrel of flour to every family; I will give a library of over a hundred volumes to every family; I will give you your choice of a suit of broadcloth to every male, a handsome silk dress to every female in the city, old or young, rich or poor, big or little; I will give one million for the privilege and a free admission to the American museum, and then I find I shall clear about eight million dollars by the transaction."

Washed Ashore.

Steel caskets for the bodies of those who die suddenly on shipboard are being carried on many of the transatlantic liners. The remains are placed in them and hermetically sealed. The heartless practice of throwing the remains overboard is considered worse than barbarous, especially when a vessel is within a few miles of land. Bodies, when weighted, only sink a few feet below the surface of the water, where they are soon attacked by the fish and sharks, and reappear on the surface of the water within 48 hours. The body of the wife of a rich New Yorker, thrown overboard from a Vera Cruz steamer a few months ago, drifted ashore on the coast of Mexico and was seen for weeks afterward, until robbed and sunk by bandits for the finger-rings.—*Philadelphia Record.*

One of the notable students Oxford is Cornella Sorabji, an olive-skinned Hindoo girl. She is a remarkable scholar, especially excelling in her knowledge of the Roman law.

Mrs. Stewart Menzies has performed the feat of "killing" five salmon, weighing on an average more than twenty pounds each, in one day's fishing on the Spey River in Scotland.

BERLIN BANK BURSTS.

Dramatic Suicide of Father and Son, Partners in

THE FRIEDLANDER & SOMMERFIELD BANK.

Scandalous Story of Recklessness and Extravagance.

Another account says: A sensation was caused in financial and social circles here to-day by the collapse of the banking institution of Friedlander & Sommerfield.

As the facts in the case developed it appeared that the father and son met in their office in the bank early this morning and discussed the crisis in their affairs. After talking over the matter pro and con they concluded that as they were hopelessly embarrassed they would die. It is understood that this resolution to take their own lives was due in a great measure to the fact that their arrest was pending, as Felix Sommerville, the son, had become involved in speculations which were more than likely to lead to his arrest on a criminal charge. Having arrived at this decision, that death was preferable to arrest and disgrace, both shot themselves in the head, using revolvers. When the clerks in the office, alarmed by the reports of the pistols, ran to the private office they found father and son still alive. They were taken to the hospital in a dying condition.

The inquiry in the affairs of Hirchfeld & Wolff realizes the worst anticipations. The firm has been in business for sixty-four years and had as its chief Herr Wolff, who occupied several other positions of trust. He was a prominent society man, who had lived a life of ostentatious wealth, his household expenses running to 400,000 marks a year. He did little in the speculation line until recent years, when his private extravagances at the gambling table led to his embarrassment. He tried to recoup his losses through dealing on the Paris and Berlin bourses. As a matter of fact the firm had been insolvent since 1883. For a number of years he has been living by selling and pawning securities of depositors, working in connection with banker Jos. Leipziger. It is asserted that Wolff, with all the facts being known to Leipziger, floated fraudulent drafts through Leipziger and pawned securities of depositors amounting in value to 3,500,000 marks. Leipziger finally went to the wall and his failure has tended to the downfall of Hirchfeld & Wolff.

Among the numerous aristocratic creditors are Prince Henry of Prussia, who loses 500,000 marks; Prince Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the Empress of Germany, whose losses also reach 500,000 marks, and the Count Luttichon, a prominent leader in German society, who is out 300,000 marks. Other members of the aristocracy who are severely hit are Count Zeedlitz Treschler, Count Bredow Reichstager Goldschmidt and Count Eulendberg, of the imperial household, and Count Lehndorff, chief of the royal stables. A large number of industrial companies lose their deposits.

Wolff is confined in prison. He says he is unable to make any estimate of his liability. He has a number of heavy gambling debts. On Sunday, before his arrest, he had a party in his box at the Opera House. After the performance the party visited Dresel's restaurant, where a costly supper was served. It may perhaps be unworthy of note, but the bill for this supper is still unpaid. Wolff was president of the Resource Club, an organization composed of wealthy men who are addicted to reckless playing. It is recorded that upon the eve of the failure of the firm Wolff refused to pick up a couple of thousand marks in bills which he had accidentally dropped at the gambling table.

The Emperor designs to clean up high society, and his good intentions have received impetus from these disclosures.

This evening a large crowd assembled in front of the bank and threatened to carry the building by storm and recover their securities. The police had great difficulty in restraining the mob from carrying their threats into execution. The many artisans are infuriated at the loss of their deposits.

Friedlander, the senior surviving partner, is staying at Mentone. A telegram has been sent summoning him to return to Berlin.

Later—The Sommerfields, father and son, who tried to commit suicide yesterday, opened the veins of their arms besides shooting themselves with a revolver. When found both were bathed in blood. Felix expired on Saturday evening. Sigmund is still alive, although there is a bullet imbedded in his brain. Sigmund is conscious at intervals, and there is a bare chance of his recovery.

The firm was established in 1873. It was involved in the conversion of a large number of private industrial concerns into companies during the "80's," besides furnishing money for the develpment of Bing, a seaside resort on the Island of Rugen. The assets will thus be slow of realization. Sigmund's wife recently filed a petition for divorce. Both Sigmund and Felix married heiresses. Felix's wife is a daughter of the millionaire Einkess. All have been personally extravagant. Felix was an epicure and wrote cookery articles for the *Boersen Courier*. Many creditors and small capitalists were attracted to the firm by the high interest offered on deposits.

A DEADLY PLAGUE.

A Disease Known as Asiatic Black Tongue Appears in Indiana.

A Chicago despatch says: An epidemic of a new and dreadfully fatal disease has made its appearance near Kirklin, Ind. A few days ago one of the children in the family of John Wiman was attacked with this peculiar disease, that baffles all medical skill, and in 48 hours the child was dead. One after another the children out of a family of four contracted the disease and died, and the father is left a raving maniac. The description of the disease is almost too dreadful to record. For the first few hours the patient is affected with a mild fever, the tongue then becomes inflamed and assumes huge proportions; the organ then turns very black in color, decomposition sets in, and in paroxysms of the most intense sufferings death ensues. Physicians say the disease is known to them, as it is described in medical books, and that its home is in Asia, where among the natives it is as fatal as cholera. They call it Asiatic black tongue, and confess their utter inability to combat its deadly work. Later news from the affected districts says news cases are reported beginning with the same symptoms.

ON THE INCLINE.

A Gravity Railway Wreck in Which Several Were Killed.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: While a train of two cars was coming down the Nount Penn Gravity Railway this afternoon the rails were so slippery at a steep grade owing to rain that the cars could not be held, and while going around a curve jumped the track, dashed into an embankment, and were badly smashed. The list of casualties is: Irwin Houch, conductor, killed; Anthony Keely, brakeman, injured about the head and legs, expected to die; Mary Beck, Philadelphia, severely cut about the head and body; Frank Klemmer, Philadelphia, badly injured about the head, condition critical; Thomas M. Gantner, cut above the eye and leg injured. George Johnson, the only remaining passenger, jumped while the train was going 25 mile an hour and escaped injury.

MARRY OR DIE.

The Alternative Offered a St. Paul Belle—She Chose Death.

A St. Paul despatch says: Andrew Kohler, a young farmer living near North St. Paul, has been courting Vinnie Dree, who is a pretty girl and the belle of the village. She had several times refused him, and on Friday night he appeared at her home and demanded an interview. When alone with her he drew a revolver and said: "You must take your choice; me or death." She thought it was a joke or a trick to frighten her, and laughingly said: "I'll take death in mine." He fired, the bullet piercing her left breast and killing her instantly. Kohler sprang through the door and disappeared in the darkness. The police are scouring the country in search of him.

A Huntsman's Predicament.

Chappie—I cawn't get the impwession out of me mind that I have forgotten something. Dumley—Not your flawsk? Chappie—No, nor me loading tools, nor me compass. Here are me cleaning implements, shell extwactor, and me cartwidge bag. Aw, I have it now. I have left me gun at home. Deucedly awkward, isn't it?—*Brooklyn Life.*

A STARTLING RUMOR

That the U. S. Man-of-War Baltimore Has Been Blown Up

BY A CHILIAN TOPEDO BOAT.

A Washington despatch says: A rumor is current here that the United States man-of-war Baltimore has been blown up by a Chilian torpedo boat. Commander Schley is said to have been killed, together with 69 sailors. The rumor has spread with great rapidity, and the news centres are crowded with people seeking information. Great excitement prevails, and the anxiety in the absence of authoritative information is intense.

Secretary Blaine has heard nothing from Valparaiso, and is awaiting with manifest anxiety official confirmation or denial of the report from Chili. Secretary Tracy has heard nothing. He received a despatch from Capt. Schley yesterday morning dated Friday night, but it contained no suspicion of impending trouble.

The United States steamship Baltimore, Capt. Schley commanding, has been in Chilian waters for some time, and has attracted considerable attention from the fact that her commander has been at the head of naval affairs for the Government of the United States during the eventful period of the Chilian revoltition. The attack upon his sailors ashore, however, by a Chilian mob and the complications arising therefrom have made the Baltimore an object of great interest, and have drawn towards Commander Schley the attention of the civilized world.

Navy Yard Activity.

A New York despatch says: "The Brooklyn navy yards to-day present an appearance of activity witnessed for the first time since the exciting times of the rebellion. The hum and din of the busy workmen on the war vessels Minantonimah and Atlantic disturbed the Sunday stillness. Workmen have been busily engaged day and night for the past week in preparing vessels for speedy service at sea. The unusual bustle and activity at the navy yard is not due to a false report of the sinking of the Baltimore, but it is conceded that the strained relations between this country and Chili have caused the Government much anxiety to get all its war vessels ready for any possible contingency."

A PARNELLITE MANIFESTO.

Redmond and Harrington Scold O'Brien and Dillon.

A Dublin cable says: John Redmond and Timothy Harrington have issued a statement, to which is attached their names, in reply to Wm. O'Brien's recent revelations in connection with the Boulogne negotiations. They characterize Mr. O'Brien's statements as artful, dishonest misrepresentation, a shameless breach of confidence and a wanton outrage on the memory of the dead leader. The burden of the statement is that O'Brien has given an incomplete and colored account of the negotiations at Boulogne, at the same time suppressing his own copy of the proceedings, which would show that he and his friends proposed to obtain the withdrawal of the denunciation of Mr. Parnell by the Catholic bishops and to give Parnell the right to veto any Home Rule Bill proposed by the Liberals. The latter condition, it is evident, they say O'Brien omitted in his revelations from fear of the Gladstonians, and while publicly canting morality he was privately willing to spit upon it. The Parnellites did consent to Mr. Parnell's retirement, because they knew it would have been a sham retirement. They challenge O'Brien to publish Parnell's letter renouncing these conditions. The making public of this letter is most important to the Irish people. They also have accused Dillon and O'Brien with suppressing various letters which had passed between Parnellites and Gladstone and Morley, the Liberal leaders, and Archbishop Croke and Bishop Walsh. They utterly deny that the Parnellites considered the Liberal assurances satisfactory. They also allege that Mr. O'Brien was not satisfied with the promises of Liberals, and in support of their statement challenge him to publish a letter which they say he wrote to Morley, begging him to amend his assurances, and Morley's reply, in which he refused to alter a single comma.

RELAPSED INTO DRUNKENNESS.

A Bichloride Patient's Death—A Suit Over A Testimonial.

A New York despatch says the *Sun* says: For nearly a month newspapers all over this country have been reprinting an article written by Col. John E. Mines for the October number of the "North American Review." It was the most authoritative as well as the most interesting article that had yet appeared regarding Dr. Leslie E. Keeley's bichloride of gold cure for drunkenness. It was written by a man of unusual ability, who frankly confessed that he had for years been subject to attacks of drunkenness, and who proclaimed the efficacy of the cure. Col. Mines began a prolonged spree ten days ago. He was found drunk in the gutter on Wednesday last, was committed to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island, and died there yesterday morning. There are reports of a relapse by another New York patient of Dr. Keeley's. It should be added that the gold cure does not profess to insure a patient against a relapse, but professes to remove the appetite for alcohol, leaving it to be acquired again if the patient chooses.

A Chicago despatch says: Dr. L. S. Major, one of the most prominent citizens of Chicago, and the builder of the well-known "Major block," has sued Dr. Keeley, of inebriate reform fame, for $10,000 damages. In his capacity as a physician Dr. Major corresponded with Dr. Keeley on the subject of the celebrated gold cure for drunkenness, but it was not for a personal use. A circular distributed by Dr. Keeley purports to give a list of references of reformed drunkards, and among the list appears the name of Dr. Major. The circular of Dr. Keeley is peculiarly worded, and Dr. Major has received scores of letters asking the nature of his intoxication, and how long it took him to get cured. He was never at Dwight as a patient, and as he is a temperance man he seriously objects to the use of his name in such a connection.

A CANON FINED.

He had been Dining and was a little Overloaded.

A London cable says: On Tuesday evening the Rev. Frederick Harford, said to be a minor canon of Westminster, saw the police helping a hysterical woman into a cab in front of a saloon. Harford, who appeared to be in a somewhat excited condition, protested against the leniency of the police in not arresting the woman, and said that she was drunk instead of being hysterical and ought to be in custody. The police paid no attention to the canon at first, only telling him to go away and mind his own business. This made the reverend gentleman more effusive, and the police at last were obliged to arrest him. They filed a charge of drunkenness against him. The appearance of a canon of Westminster in the Police Court, even though only a minor canon, created a sensation. Harford was dressed in the most correct garb. He denied that he was drunk but admitted that he had been dining. The evidence of his disorderly conduct was overwhelming, and the Magistrate after severely censuring him, imposed a fine of £4, which the canon at once produced.

SKULL CRACKING CONVENTION.

A Hundred and Fifty Persons Hurt in a Melee at Waterford.

A Dublin cable says: Mr. Dillon left the convention hall at Waterford on his way to the railway station guarded by police and 100 priests. A mob followed, and kept up a continuous attack until Mr. Dillon obtained shelter in the station. A number of skulls were cracked. Thirty delegates while crossing a toll bridge were thrown to the ground and trampled upon, many being badly hurt and bleeding profusely when rescued by the police. Several thousand Parnellites held the approaches to the convention hall, and everywhere struck down opponents. The whole quay, a mile in length, was the scene of savage fighting. Many persons were taken to the hospital.

It is estimated that 150 persons were seriously, and many others dangerously, injured during the fighting there to-day.

Wages are so low in India that men may be hired for $2 a month to do house-hold work. A dollar is a great sum to them, and one meal a day the rule.

During a visit to Stratford-on-Avon this summer, William Winter, the New York dramatic critic, discovered a jug and cane which belonged originally to Shakespeare. They belong to one of the dramatist's descendants, a Mrs. Fletcher, of Gloucester, who has documents establishing their authenticity.

THE PARNELLITE ROUT.

How the English Tories Worked Against the McCarthyites.

BIT OF A FIGHT IN LIMERICK.

A London cable says: The sweeping triumph in Cork, of the patriots over both the Tories and their partners, the so-called Parnellites, somewhat exceeds expectations. From Cork 1,200 was telegraphed me yesterday as the probable plurality, and that by a rather sanguine man. When it was realized that some 600 Tories voted for Mr. Redmond, one can understand what a poor little faction it is which is filling Ireland with drunken clamor, hurling paving stones into crowds from the roofs of houses, throwing dynamite bombs, insulting ministers of religion and forming plots to murder leading citizens. After this smashing defeat it is doubtful if the Tories will put up the money for any more Parnellite contests.

The most interesting feature of the campaign is the open way in which all Tory Unionist papers of these islands have sympathized with Mr. Redmond, and the shameless manner in which such few of them, like the *Times*, as have correspondents in Ireland, have been served with lies about the patriot party. These lies have dealt principally with exaggerations of the part which the priests took in the contest, their purpose clearly being to excite anti-Romish feelings among English readers. This has been the policy of the Tories from the very outset. When the priests, as good citizens and good Irishmen, took sides against Mr. Parnell, every effort was strained to raise the No-Popery outcry against them and the Home Rule cause.

John E. Redmond, the defeated candidate for the late Mr. Parnell's seat, after the result of the poll had been announced, attended a meeting of Parnellites, where he delivered an address. He declared that though a majority of the electors of Cork city had refused to support his candidacy he was determined to continue the struggle for an acknowledgment by the people of Ireland of the justice of the policy pursued by the Parnellites.

William Redmond also delivered an address. He said he regretted that the principles of the Parnellites had not been supported by the electors of Cork city, and he denounced the interference of the priests in the election. He attributed the defeat of the Parnellites to the tactics which the priests had employed to coerce the voters.

LIMERICK, Nov. 8.—This city to-day was the scene of a fierce conflict, in which forty soldiers and a mob of people were engaged. Four soldiers were seriously wounded with knives. Six civilians were arrested.

DUBLIN, Nov. 8.—Mr. John Dillon, speaking at Templemore, Tipperary County, to-day, said that Irishmen the whole world over are burning with pride and gratitude that the people of Cork had performed their duty so nobly. He appealed to the Parnellites to consider the hopelessness of their position and seek for a reconciliation. Mr. Tim Healy declared that the landlord Orangemen supported the Parnellites, and that Mr. Redmond had received fully 1,000 Conservatives' votes.

There is more jubilation in the National Liberal Club to-night over the Cork result than I ever saw over any of the numerous successful English bye-elections since 1886.

It is said that both John and William Redmond have tickets for Australia and will leave very soon. Their original tickets were for October, but John was persuaded to stand for Cork on the understanding that he would remain if elected, so both exchanged for a month later. They both have wealthy Australian wives, and John will practice at the Sydney bar. It would have been better for him if he had gone a while ago, because the Irish in Australia will find it difficult to forgive him for this abortive attempt to destroy his country's hopes.

BIG BUILDINGS COLLAPSE.

Narrow Escape of a Score of People From Among the Debris.

An Akron, O., despatch says: Two Howard street business blocks collapsed yesterday afternoon, and it is feared several persons are buried in the ruins. One of the buildings was of brick, three stories high, occupied by the bakery and confectionery establishment of S. B. Lafferty. About twenty people were in the dining-room in the rear portion of the bakery. These heard the cracking of the walls and rushed out of the back door, all being saved. The block occupied by Herrick & Sons was owned by Henry Clark, of Hartford, Conn. The one occupied by Lafferty was owned by the estate of Dr. E. W. Howard. The loss on the former is $25,000; on the latter $15,000. Herrick & Sons' loss is $20,000; Lafferty's loss about $4,000. The rear walls of both blocks stood intact, and the wreckage there did not fall to the first floor, as in the front, thus giving the occupants a chance to escape, and it was, as it seems, a miracle that a score of lives were not lost. The wall between the two blocks has been gradually undermined in the last few years by water washing from an overflowed sewer. The Isabell and Stark building was pronounced unsafe some time ago.

A Cleveland despatch says: A special from Akron says everybody escaped from the collapsed buildings. Nobody was buried in the ruins, as was at first supposed. Miss Miner, of Johnson's Corners, was pinned to the ground by a heavy stone, her right leg being completely crushed from above the knee, and only the bleeding stump left. Walter Stanley was crushed so that his foot will have to be amputated.

AND SO THEY PARTED.

A Bride Who Claims That She Was Deceived by Her Husband.

A Halifax despatch says; Two months ago to-day T. A. Soper, of this city, married a daughter of Judge Hawse, of Cincinnati. The wedding took place at Kalamazoo, Mich. Last night Mrs. Soper went aboard the steamer Halifax and took possession of a stateroom preparatory to sailing for Boston. This morning at 10 o'clock Soper put in an appearance on the steamer, seeking for his wife. She had previously told Capt. Hill that her object was to get back to the States and never again to see her husband. Soper, she said, had led her to believe he was a wealthy capitalist or she would not have married him. When she came to Halifax and found he was only a bookkeeper her indignation was great. It increased as time wore on, and now she had determined to go back home to her father's house. Soper soon put in an appearance, but the captain would not allow him to enter the stateroom for his wife without a search-warrant. He could not obtain one from any magistrate, even though he alleged that she had stolen jewelry belonging to him. The lady claimed that the jewelry in question was her own, so there was nothing for it but to endure the parting, and Mrs. Soper is now well on her way to Boston, while her husband remains to mourn her departure.

SLAUGHTER OF MINERS.

Fourteen Men Killed By An Explosion of Gas in a Shaft.

A Nanticoke, Pa., despatch says: The usual Sunday quiet was disturbed about 4.30 o'clock this afternoon by the announcement that a terrible explosion of gas had occurred in No. 1 shaft of the Susquehanna Coal Company, by which a number of men had been killed and others terribly injured. Only a short time elapsed before the news spread throughout the town, and a large crowd gathered at the scene, including relatives and friends of the miners employed in the mine, and while they waited for news from the shaft the scene was heartrending in the extreme. It was soon learned, however, that owing to the fact that this was Sunday there were only fourteen men at work in the mine. Of this number six were instantly killed, and some others so badly burned and injured that they cannot survive.

Salting Canadian Thistles.

A farmer who tried for ten years to exterminate the Canada thistles on his farm by cutting them with a scythe in August found that they increased steadily all the time. He then concluded to try salting stock on them, especially sheep. In one patch of half an acre, where the thistles were very thick, he sowed the salt thinly; on others dropped a pinch, beginning as soon in May as the plants appeared. They were eaten readily, the sheep gnawing into the ground. As fast as fresh shoots sprang up they were salted, and so on through the summer. In one year enough could not be found in 100 acres to salt the sheep on.

The air is so rarefied at Leadville, Col., that cats cannot live there. Rats are numerous, however.

"I suppose you take after your father, Johnny?" "I do, if there is anything left to take."

MET AN OPTIMIST.

A Farmer who Looked at the Bright Side of Life.

"Isn't it odd," asked Spatts, "that one never meets an optimistic farmer?"

"I met one while I was spending a few weeks in the western part of New York last summer," replied Bloobumper.

"Oh, come now! You surely don't expect that to be believed."

"Indeed I do. I stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water. A man sat on the porch who seemed communicative and I got into conversation with him. 'Crops are very good this year,' I remarked. 'Yes,' he said, 'we have a find yield of everything.'

"'But I suppose,' I added, 'as is usually the case when everybody has lots of grain and other products to sell, the price is so low that it almost discourages farmers from trying to raise much more than they need themselves.' 'Well, it might discourage some,' said he, but he found that he could always sell whatever he could raise at prices which amply repaid him.

"'There is a great apple yield this year,' I venture. 'Yes, immense.' 'But, with everybody gathering full crops of apples, you surely cannot get enough for them to pay for the picking.' Perhaps not from the apples themselves,' replied the farmer, 'but we can get excellent prices for the cider we can make.'

"It was that way everything I suggested. He put the best side on every possible contingency, and seemed to be quite contented. As I left the place I remarked to a man who was approaching, 'I don't think I ever met a man who took a brighter view of things than the old gentleman on the porch.' 'Ah!' replied the newcomer, as he shook his head, 'that's old Mr. Bowers. He was discharged from the insane asylum two or three months ago as cured, but I guess he will have to go back.—*Greensburg Sparks.*

THE MURDEROUS HIRED MAN.

A Drunken Laborer Shoots His Employer and Family.

A Port Jervis, Pa., despatch says: A fearful tragedy was enacted at the home of G. E. David, an aged resident of Green township, Pike county, Pa., on Thursday last. A young farm laborer named Simon Field entered the premises of David, armed with a shot gun. As David opened the door Field discharged the contents of the gun full in his face, blowing out both eyes and literally denuding his face of flesh. David will probably die. Field then shot the wife of the injured man in the face, but her wound is not fatal. The assassin then fled down the road, and meeting a son of Mr. David shot at him, inflicting a slight wound. Field lives in Droher township, Wayne county, Pa. He was arrested on Saturday, and is now in the county jail at Milford. When questioned as to the motive which prompted the deed, he claimed to have no recollection of what had happened. He had been drinking heavily for some days.

A FIENDISH CRIME.

A Murderous Swede Compels a Young Girl to Swallow Poison.

A Boulder, Col., despatch says: A terrible crime was committed here on Monday night. Geo. Weiderholdt took Dora Anderson, a pretty Swede girl, for a walk, and, it is alleged, forced her to take poison against her will. She fought strenuously, but he held her and forced her to drink a large vial of laudanum. He then threw away the bottle, which was found the next morning still containing some of the poison. As soon as the crime was made known physicians were called, and they worked over her from midnight until 9 o'clock the next morning, when the unfortunate girl died. Weiderholdt was arrested and lodged in jail. He denies all knowledge of the affair, but the evidence is said to be strong.

DOSED HER HUSBAND.

She Says it Was Love Powder—He Suspects Poison.

A Woburn, Mass., despatch says: Mrs. Maria Halloran, aged 23, was held to-day for her appearance to-morrow on a charge of attempting to poison her husband of five weeks, Bartholomew Halloran, aged 38, by putting Paris green into his food. Mrs. Halloran admits that she sprinkled some of her husband's food with powder which she bought in Boston, and that it was recommended to her as having the power of increasing her husband's affection for her. Her victim, however, seems to be of the opinion that some property he owns was the real incentive, and had his wife arrested. Halloran was made seriously ill by eating the food.

Supplied Temperance Notes.

Be guided by me, my friends, and neither drink nor smoke.—*Sir H. Davy.*

In the Bible Christian denomination there are between 200 and 300 ministers, every one of whom is a pledged abstainer.

Dr. Norman Kerr, of London, has treated 1,500 cases of inebriety, and of these he is able to trace a family history of intoxication in 746 cases.

Hon. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education has promised to look into the Canadian temperance school manual with a view to securing an improvement.

Of 600 cases treated for inebriety at the Fort Hamilton Inebriates' Home, 265 had one or more drunken relatives.

The Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, has ordered the priests in his diocese not to say mass, or attend the funeral, or recommend the deceased to the prayers of the congregation, in any case where intoxicating drink is supplied at the wake of a deceased person, or at the funeral.

It may not be generally known that Dr. Benjamin Richardson was a drinker when the London physicians assigned to him the task of investigating the action of alcohol on living tissues. He took a year for his experiments and came out a total abstainer; his science had controlled his conscience and his life.

When the lights are turned on, all the truly great are found at the feet of Jesus of Nazareth. The skeptics never rise above the second or third rank in the order of greatness. And it is noteworthy that, in the shadow of his untimely death, Charles Dickens was peculiarly sensitive to a charge of irreverence, and wrote a letter to deny the charge, assert his faith, and add that he had written for his own children a history of the life of Jesus.

Roumania's Pretty Custom.

A pretty custom, similar to that observed in England, Scotland and the United States on St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February, is in vogue in Roumania on the 1st of March, says *Youth's Companion*. This is the day indicated in the State and Church calendar as the official date for the beginning of spring. The masculine portion of the population is not favored, as with valentines in this country, but the daughter, friend, sweetheart or bride may be quite sure of receiving her token of affectionate remembrance on that day. Those little gifts are called martisoires and are made of bronze, silver or some cheaper material, in the shape of hearts, stars and medallions. These little amulets bear the date March 1, accompanied by that of the year, and any motto or inscription which may occur to the giver as appropriate. The recipient of the martisoire wear it, held by a small chain, on her arm, or hung around her neck, until in her walks abroad she sees a rose in bloom or hears the song of the nightingale. Then she takes it off and hangs it on the next green bush to which she comes, as an offering to Mother Nature, for whom Roumanians have a great love. Whether these little medals are allowed to hang on the bushes and swing in the breezes all summer, or whether after a certain time they are stealthily gathered by a martisoire collector, to be melted for another season's use, is not stated by the great German paper which tells of this pretty, if rather sentimental custom.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A Slight Addition.

New York *World*: Simpson (to tombstone agent)—I want to order a tombstone for my mother-in-law.

Agent—Very well. What sort of an inscription?

Simpson—"Gone to her rest."

Agent—Anything else?

Simpson (after a long pause)—You might add "Thank God!"

Ready to Pay For Both.

New York *Herald*: "Dr-hic-river," he said to the cabman after dinner. "How much do I-hic-owe you?"

"Four dollars, sir."

"Ish zat all you hic-charge for both o' theshe hacksh?"

Among peculiar legacies may be chronicled that of the strangely constituted widow who left a sum of money to provide real champagne at theatrical performances in Paris, where the drinking of wine was a feature of the play.

UNEXPLORED CANADA.

A Million Square Miles Still Unexplored.

In a paper recently read before the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, by Dr. G. Dawson, it was stated that the unexplored and unoccupied regions of Canada present an aggregate area of nearly 1,000,000 square miles. A great many of the districts included, however, lie to the north of profitable agriculture, which Dr. Dawson defines as the isothermal line, 60 deg. Fahrenheit in the month of July. The following are the tracts which await the explorer: The country between Alaska, the Porcupine River and the Arctic Ocean, 9,500 square miles; between the Lewis and Yukon Rivers and Alaska, 32,000 square miles; between the above rivers, the Stickeen and the coast ranges, 27,000 square miles; the territory between the Pelly and Mackenzie Rivers, 100,000 square miles; between the Great Bear Lake and the Arctic Ocean, 50,000 square miles; between the Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes and the Mackenzie River, 35,000 square miles; a tract of 81,000 square miles, bounded by the Rivers Stickeen and Laird on the north, and the Skeena and Peace on the south; 75,000 square miles between the Peace, Athabasca and Loon Rivers; 35,000 square miles to the south of Athabasca Lake; an area of 7,500 square miles between Bathurst Inlet and the Coppermine River; and a territory of 31,000 square miles between Black River and the Arctic Ocean. There is also a vast region made up as follows: An area of 178,000 square miles between the lakes already mentioned and the western shore of Hudson Bay; an extent of 22,000 square miles between Hudson Bay and the Rivers Severn and Attawapishkat; an area of 15,000 square miles between Lakes Trout and Seul and Albany River; and about 35,000 square miles south and east of James' Bay. Finally, almost the whole of the interior of Labrador, estimated at 289,000 square miles, is unexplored country.

FROM HIM THAT HATH, ETC.

The Parable Strikingly Illustrated in a Modern Sunday School.

The Sunday school needed money, and Mr. Smith, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half a dollar; at the end of the month the principal, together with what it had earned, was to be returned to him.

The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smith had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to audit the profit and loss accounts, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?"

"My half dollar has earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good," said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows business talent. Doubling one's money in a month requires no common talent. Who can tell but what we have a budding Wanamaker among us. Johnnie, you have done well. And now, Thomas, how much has your half dollar earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What! Not on'y failed to earn anything, but actually lost!" said Mr. Smith. "How was that?"

"I matched with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."—*Life.*

How to Ruin a Husband.

He had a wife.
His salary was $2,500 per annum.
But she complained.
She wanted a better house.
Better clothes.
Nothing fit to go out in.
No country cottage.
Nor carriage.
Nor society.
She coveted a place on the ragged edge of the hundred.
She kept it up.
Night and day.
And moaned and
Wept.
He lacked style, also.
As well as new clothes every six weeks and various other things.
He knew how his employer made several hundred daily on the street.
A thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.
So he took it and went up the street and won.
She got her sealskin.
He took more and lost.
More yet.
Defalcation discovered.
He wears the penitentiary check.
Others are going, too.
Beware.
Better is a modest room up two pairs of back stairs than a cell in jail.

Newspaper Mistakes.

How thankful we ought to be (writes a Jaded Journalist to the *St. James's Gazette*) for the competitive news-providers. Late last night all Fleet street was excited by a cablegram that one of the greatest "liners" (named) belonging to one of the greatest steamship companies (named) had been wrecked at a certain point (named) off the Newfoundland coast. In a few moments we had out all our books of reference, our gazetteers and maps and charts; we were hunting up the history of the lost vessel and recording the previous disasters of the company. No sooner had we knocked together a couple of readable columns than we were greeted by later intelligence. The vessel lost is not the City of——." It was a cattle-boat. This was a relief to our feelings, though it meant the loss of our labours. In another hour we got the latest news—"No vessel lost. The whole story has been traced to an insane seaman." And yet our readers wonder and complain that sometimes the newspapers publish statements which turn out not to be authenticated.

Cost of Raising Boys.

A careful investigator of the subject has figured out the following intercsting "expense account," which is declared to be below the actual figures if anything: "The cost of raising an ordinary boy for the first 20 years of his life are here given: Per year for the first five years, all expenses, $100, or $500 in all; $150 per year for the next five years; $200 per year for the third five; $300 per year for the next three years, and $500 for the next two; or a total of $4,150 outlay by the time the boy's of age and able to hustle for himself." We hope the *Star* subscribers will remember that the editor has taken a contract to raise two boys, and by promptly renewing their subscriptions they will greatly help us out in raising the fund of $8,300 that has got to