TRAMPLED UNDER FEET.

How Men, Women and Children were Fatally Crushed in a Theatre Panic

SEVENTEEN PERSONS' LIVES LOST.

The Brutal Stampede of a Thoroughly Scared Crowd.

A la (Wednesday) night's London cable says: The hall in Prince's street, Spitalfields, where the fatal panic occurred last night, is a favorite resort for the Jews of that part of London. Entertainments have been given there every night for a long time. Last evening a benefit performance was given, and the place was crowded. During the progress of the play a man and woman quarrelled in the street outside and near the main doorway of the hall. The man used violence and the woman screamed. Her cry was heard by a passer-by, who misunderstood it and shouted "Fire." The woman's screams and the cries of "Fire" were heard inside, and at once created a panic, the audience, numbering five hundred, rising in a body and rushing pell mell for the main entrance. The audience was almost entirely composed of Jews. The manager of the Hebrew Dramatic Club, which was giving the entertainment, was on the stage when the panic began. He did all in his power to afford all possible facilities for the exit of the people. The hall has a number of entrances, and he had them all thrown wide open and called on the people when they would not remain to divide and use all the doorways, but they paid no attention to him. In fact, many of them construed the manager's earnestness into proof that there was a fire, and increased their exertions to get out. The whole crowd, as if with one impulse, made for the main entrance. It happened that among those who first reached it were a number of women and children, who had been occupying some of the rear seats. They were overborne by strong men attempting to pass them, and as the women and children fell at the doorway they tripped up others, who were crushed down by the rush of the frantic crowd. It took but a few minutes to empty the house, and the alarm was so thorough that not a soul among the entire audience refrained from the struggle to get out. When the people after reaching the street ascertained the facts of the situation a scene of great disorder ensued, caused by the discovery that numbers were missing. Then a rush back was made. This, however, was stopped at the main entrance by the police, who had arrived and assumed control. Seventeen corpses were found inside the theatre, near the door. They were all torn, crushed and disfigured. It was found that of the dead, twelve were women, three were boys, one was a girl and the other was a man. The remains were almost unrecognizable. Eye-witnesses say that the way the strong men who got uppermost in the struggle at the door crushed and trampled on those who fell down was indescribably brutal. It is stated that a number of infants carried in their mother's arms, clung to through all the panic, were also crushed or smothered to death, and that a number of others were fatally injured. The scene during the attempted return of the crowd was painful in the extreme. Persons remained at the doorway all night waiting to have their dead restored to them, and the lamentations of the women were heartbreaking. The police have been giving a number of contradictory stories about the cause of the panic. One statement is that thieves started the cry of fire for the purpose of getting an opportunity to despoil the many rich Jewesses in the hall of the costly jewels they bore on their persons.

A man named Harris Goldbery says he went into the gallery of the hall, accompanied by his wife and family. They all sat together. The play was a melodrama called the "Spanish Gipsy Girl." During the performance some boys, in order to obtain a better view of the stage, climbed up an exposed gaspipe fixed along the wall. This strained the pipe and started a leak. Mr. Goldbery placed his handkerchief over the leak and some one shouted, "Turn off the meter." This shout was raised simultaneously with a cry of alarm from one of the actors on the stage. Then the people in the gallery rose and rushed headlong down the stairs. Mr. Goldbery's wife was torn away from him and trampled to death. His 6-year-old son jumped upon the heads of the packed mass and was aped by running over them. The managers are not to blame for the disaster. The passage from the hall to the street entrance is ten feet wide where the struggle occurred, and the doors swing both ways. There are several minor exits from the gallery—three besides the staircase. The disaster arose, not from the crowding of the passage, but from the frantic efforts of the people in the gallery to force their way down the crowded stair. The men and women in front were driven headlong into the passage, where they met the excited occupants of the pit and there was a hopeless block.

The hall to-day resembles a disordered action room. Broken furniture, crushed toys, children's hats, broken bottles, orange peel, actors' wigs and shreds of clothes lie scattered over the floor. There are blood spots on the backs of chairs, as well as on the floor. Even here and there ghastly knots of hair are clinging to the furniture. Several escapes were made through the window, most of which are badly smashed. The bodies were found at the bottom of the stone stairs leading to the gallery. Here a terrible struggle took place between the front of the crowd rushing from the main floor and the leaders of the throng which rushed down the gallery stairs. The dead lay mostly in two opposing rows, the feet of each row close to those of the other, one row of heads lying towards the gallery stairway, the other toward the opposite side of the hall. The faces of the dead were distorted with agonized expressions. The clothes were completely torn from the bodies of some of the victims. A little girl, since identified as Eta Marks, was found lying at the bottom of a pile of dead. Her lower limbs were bare, and the upper part of her dress was torn to shreds, showing that she had fought hard for life. Isaac Levy, a venerable Hebrew, with long white, flowing beard and hair, was found among the dead. He and his wife were regular attendants at the performances which had been given in the hall. They always sat near the door. It is thought from the position in which his body was found that Mr. Levy, instead of fleeing alone when the panic started, remained to help and protect his wife, so the old man was crushed down by the rushing crowd and stamped to death. His wife's body lay opposite. The woman was in the prime of life and were brightly-colored clothes and quantities of jewellery. Beside her lay a little boy, whose knickerbockers and stockings were torn to shreds.

A Lion Chloroformed.

A Bridgeport, Conn., despatch says: P. T. Barnum's great African lion, "Kennedy," aged over 20 years and valued at $6,000, which has for more than a year been suffering from paralysis of the limbs, was put to death to-day. Sixteen ounces of chloroform were required and death resulted in six minutes. Mr. Barnum will cause the body to be stuffed and presented to Tuft's College, Massachusetts. The owner and twelve physicians were present.

The remark so frequently made that a dollar will now go farther than it used to is met with the reply that it makes the distance in quicker time.

ANOTHER EVICTION ROW.

Bitter Attack on the Police at a County Donegal Eviction—Meeting of the League.

A last (Wednesday) night's Dublin cable says: The Sheriff and a force of police from Giveedoree, while on their way to evict tenants at Bloody Fareland, County Donegal, yesterday, found the road blocked with immense granite boulders, and were obliged to proceed on foot. The blowing of horns and ringing of bells brought together large crowds of peasants, who threatened the police with violence. The police made a strategic move around the base of the mountain by the sea, but scouts on the mountain top gave the alarm, and the peasants, cheering, rushed down the mountain side and blocked the passage. A constable threatened the crowd with his baton. This was the signal for a shower of stones from the evicted peasants.

A desperate fight ensued, in which five policemen were badly wounded. A priest who was present finally succeeded in calming the people, and they allowed the police to proceed. A tenant named Gallagher was evicted. For various reasons the police left the other tenants undisturbed. In many cases they were unable to identify the cottages from which occupants were to be ejected. In the meantime the peasants carried Gallagher back to his house, kindled a fire and reinstated him. The priest then persuaded them to allow the police to retire. While the sheriff and his escort were on their way home masses of granite rolled down the mountain side and the officers narrowly escaped injury. Whether or not this was the malicious work of peasants is unknown. While the fight was going on two vessels off Bloody Fareland stopped to watch the *melee*. A large number of writs of ejectment have been granted, but it is expected no further attempt will be made to enforce them.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Irish National League held here yesterday, Mr. William O'Brien declared the plan of campaign would always go on conducted within wise limits. John Dillon said: "No British Government shall have rest while the Woodford prisoners remain in jail. Bloodshed in the enforcement of evictions will be on the head of Judge Palles."

ABDUCTED IN HER YOUTH.

Remarkable Identification of a Stolen Child After Her Marriage.

A Milwaukee, Wis., despatch says: A curious romance has just been revealed in Waupaca, Wis., in connection with the life history of Mrs. Charles Smith of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton, of Middleville, N. Y., had but one small child, a girl. Mr. Thornton and his wife had a bitter quarrel with a brother of the former over some cotton mill property belonging to their father's estate. The brother, in his anger, threatened to get even. The child, Adelia Thornton, was in the habit of paying frequent visits to a neighbor living near by, and when returning from this neighbor's one evening she was abducted. Search was made for months, but not the slightest clew to her disappearance was discovered. Soon after the date on which the child was stolen a woman brought a little girl to Mrs. Samuel Combs, then living in Michigan, and asked her to take care of her, and Mrs. Combs consented. Some time after the woman's professed husband came to the house and requested Mrs. Combs to permanently take care of the child, as his wife was dead and he would make it right. This was the last heard of the couple. The child grew up as the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Combs and was married. Some months ago Mr. and Mrs. C. Morgan, of Middleville, came to Waupaca. They became acquainted with Mrs. Smith and at once recognized a resemblance to the Thorntons. This was the means of opening up a correspondence between the latter and Mrs. Smith, which resulted in establishing her identity as the abducted and long lost Adelia. Mr. Thornton was so convinced of the identity that he recently sent a check to Mrs. Smith to pay her expenses East, and she left for Middleville to-day.

WALKING AS A DISEASE.

Farmer Snyder's Interminable Walk for Rest.

A Chicago despatch says: John O. Snyder, the walking man, of Dunkirk, Ind., has arrived in Chicago, and is now resting himself after his ride by walking twenty-two hours a day. He walks in an enclosure about six feet wide and a hundred and fifty feet long, and sleeps, eats and shaves while on his ceaseless journey. He cannot make a short turn. He has had the disease of walking now 821 days. The doctors cannot help him. He is 53 years old and is a typical Indiana farmer, although of Virginian birth. His face is full of wrinkles and he wears a chin beard, his cheeks and upper lip being shaved clean.

"I can't run when I want to," he said to a reporter who walked along with him. "It's just as it seems, to ease me. I couldn't run a step now to save my life, but if my nerves call for it I'll have to run. My pace varies very much. I ain't feeling a bit good to-day. I didn't get my proper exercise last night. I came up from Cincinnati in the baggage car. I'd a heap rather ride in a baggage car, because I get a little more room there; but this car was crowded with trunks and I could hardly get around. I'd sit down a little while at a time as long as I could stand the misery in my feet, but I ain't got rested yet, and it'll take a good many days to rest me up, I believe."

Snyder said that he liked the ordinary shoes for walking in, and added: "I haven't got a corn to my foot nor I don't want any. The only thing I'm troubled with is cramps. Sometimes I'm cramped clear from my hips down to the ground."

At Cincinnati a watch of five medical students was kept on the old gentleman for two weeks.

A Dog's Determined Tramp.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* says: A black and white collie, belonging to one of the shepherds at Bughtrigg, was sent on Tuesday from Jedburgh by train to Langholm. The dog arrived safely at Langholm, and remained quietly at his new home till Friday morning, when he was missed. To the surprise of his former owner, he appeared early on Monday morning at Bughtrigg, a distance of nearly sixty miles from Langholm. Now, when it is stated that this dog had gone by train and had never travelled a foot of the road before, the fact of his finding his way back over hills and moors to his former home is certainly a remarkable instance of that sagacity, or, well, call it what you like, so often found in the shepherd's dog.

Gas in a New Place.

Smith & Bell had a number of men today cutting timber six miles south of the city, and while cutting down a large oak tree, and when near the centre of it, an axe struck a hollow, and a large volume of gas or a similar substance commenced escaping, making a noise that could be heard a mile. One of the men lighted a match and touched it to the escaping gas. It instantly ignited and sent up a flame sixty feet, charring the outside of the tree. The blaze lasted fully ten minutes before dying out.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Correspondence.*

Business Difficulties.

The following assignments are reported: Ontario—Mitchell—Mrs. E. B. Cunningham, boots and shoes. Elmira—Alfred Jeanneret, jeweller, etc. Toronto—Chas. D. Newton, grocer.

News has been received of the safe arrival in New Westminster, B. C., of Rev. Thos. Scouler, wife and child. His induction took place on the 19th.

THE GIRL AND THE GALLOWS.

Something About Miss Van Zandt and Anarchist Spies.

SHE WANTS TO MARRY THE DOOMED MAN.

The Extraordinary Courtship of the Couple.

A Chicago despatch says: Miss Nina Clarke Van Zandt, the young woman who is to marry August Spies, the Anarchist, is a person of fine features and form, and a face of far more than usual intelligence. She dresses in the height of fashion, though tastefully and without vulgar display. Miss Van Zandt was born at Philadelphia, Jan. 5th, 1866. Her father, who is a well-known chemist, employed by the firm of James S. Kirk, soap manufacturers, belongs to one of the old Dutch families which removed to New York State from Central Pennsylvania about fifty years ago, but Mr. Van Zandt was born in Amsterdam, Holland. Her mother is a member of a Scotch-English family, Clarke by name, and is a descendant of the royal house of Stuart, and one branch of her family has lived in Pittsburg for several generations. Miss Van Zandt attended the Friends' Central High School at Philadelphia until her father and mother removed to Chicago, in 1882, when she entered the well-known and aristocratic Miss Grant's seminary, at the southeast corner of Dearborn avenue and Chestnut place, and pursued her studies there for one year. She prepared herself, during the following summer, to enter Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where she remained two years, taking both Latin and mathematical courses.

"This notoriety," said Mr. Van Zandt to-day, "is something dreadful for a private family to endure. The papers say that my daughter is taking this course just to gain notoriety; but if they knew the child they would never say that. She shrinks from it, but she will go through fire and water when it is necessary to do what she thinks is right."

"Have you consulted with the sheriff at all about the thing?"

"Oh, that is all right. That was all arranged before anything was published. They are disposed to act very generously with us about that. That will be all right."

A despatch from Mrs. Arthurs, of Pittsburg, the young lady's aunt, who implored the girl's parents to break off the match, the penalty for a refusal being disinheritance, caused some tumult in the Van Zandt household, as Mrs. Arthurs is very wealthy, but had no effect, the would-be bride characterizing the message as an unwarrantable outrage. Referring to the despatch in the presence of a reporter, Miss Van Zandt said:

"That message from Pittsburg I consider an unwarrantable interference, and it will not deter me in the least. Now," added the speaker, altering her manner, "I have some news for you. I have a bomb ready to be published. It was written by Mr. Spies, and is an account of his life, and will also contain all the letters written to me. I have written the preface myself. It will be published by Nina Van Zandt, which will be something of a novelty, don't you know, for at that time there will be no such person. I shall then be Mrs. Spies." The prospective bride added that it had become necessary to postpone the marriage again somewhat, and that the ceremony would not take place Thursday, but the delay would not be long.

Marriage License Clerk Seegur said he was confirmed in his original intention not to issue a license until compelled to by legal process. "I believe that this whole thing is gotten up by some sharp-witted friends of Spies," said he, "who propose to use an innocent and foolish young girl to create sympathy for him in the hope that the Governor may pardon him or commute his sentence. I know Spies' nature too well to believe that he loves the girl. I don't believe that she loves him, but she thinks she does. I regard it as an outrage on decency and an insult to the law that this man Spies, with his neck in the halter, should defy all the dictates of honor and manhood and seek to drag down by his own disgrace an innocent and foolish girl, and I propose to call on Mr. Van Zandt and represent things to him as I look at them. I may be thrown out, but if he is the right sort of a man he will not let his daughter commit an act which may gain her a little notoriety now, but will be an everlasting disgrace hereafter."

Miss Van Zandt appeared at the jail this morning and sought an interview with Spies. The jail officials, however, in obedience to the sheriff's orders, refused to allow her to enter.

(From the Pittsburg Telegraph.)

If love is a funny thing, matrimony is still more peculiar, and the approaching marriage of Miss Nina Clarke Van Zandt, of Chicago, to August Spies, the condemned anarchist, is one of the evidences thereof.

Miss Van Zandt is the daughter of people who formerly lived here, and who are well known. She is a very handsome young lady, who has been in Pittsburg frequently, her last visit being a couple of years ago.

More than twenty-five years since William B. Clarke was a prominent lawyer of the Allegheny and Beaver county bars. His home was in Beaver, and in the early part of his career his practice was most in that county. Later he entered into practice in this city and won a high position. He had two daughters, one of whom, Miss Agnes Clark, fell in love with and married James Van Zandt. The latter at that time was a bookkeeper in the old Rochester Car Works, which have long since ceased to exist. After the marriage the young couple went to housekeeping in Beaver for some years and then removed to Philadelphia. Later they went to Chicago, where Mr. Van Zandt became the chemist in a large manufacturing firm. The daughter of this couple is the Miss Van Zandt who has engaged herself to Spies. Her mother's sister married John Arthur, who died some years ago. He was a wealthy manufacturer and left a large fortune in real estate and personal property, which went to his widow. She resides in Oakland, and her father, Wm. B. Clarke, resides with her. As she has no children, Miss Van Zandt has been regarded as her heiress, and has visited her frequently. She was among the guests at the marriage of Miss Walker, the sister-in law of Mr. George Westinghouse, and was very much admired because of her beauty and accomplishments. Mr. Van Zandt, the father of the young lady, is connected with the Moorehead family, of this city, being, it is said a nephew of the late General James K. Moorehead, after whom he was named. Miss Van Zandt has always been prominent in the affairs of the Presbyterian church in Chicago, as her relatives are in Pittsburg.

It is reported here that the marriage with Spies may divert the expected Pittsburg inheritance of Miss Van Zandt into other channels.

Two years ago Sadie E. Freeland, a hat trimmer of Canbury, Conn., put her name and address in the lining of a hat. The hat fell into the hands of S. M. Kaufman, New Orleans, who wrote to Sadie. The correspondence continued until the other day, when Mr. Kaufman arrived in Danbury. He sent a message to Miss Sadie, who promptly fainted. Then she sent her big brother to interview Mr. Kaufman, and the interview was apparently very satisfactory, for when the New Orleans man (wealthy, of course,) went away he looked happy, and the gossips are in high feather.

SNOWBALLS AND BULLETS.

Schoolboy Shot by a Pinkerton Man while Snowballing.

A Jersey City, N.J., despatch says: Yesterday afternoon while a number of boys were playing in an open lot at the corner of Henderson and Eighteenth streets, in this city, adjoining the yards of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company, a fracas occurred between the boys and Pinkerton's men, and Thomas Hogan, 16 years old, a looker-on, was shot and killed by one of Pinkerton's men who were stationed in the company's property. Occasionally the boys rained a shower of snowballs and other missiles upon the men. On the west side of Henderson street a crowd of strikers and their sympathizers were assembled, and they lent encouragement to the boys by their smiles of approval. At length the leader of the Pinkerton men stepped forward and ordered the boys to stop throwing the missiles. The boys did not obey, and almost immediately three sharp cracks of a revolver rang out and Hogan fell dead.

The excitement was intense, and the lookers-on fled in every direction. The leader of the strikers, as soon as he could get his men together, ordered them back to their headquarters at the corner of Henderson and Ferry streets. Hogan was returning home from work when he met his death. The police collected a number of witnesses of the shooting, and marched the Pinkerton men out in line. He then ordered the witnesses to identify the men who shot. They selected Patrick Sheehy, Daniel Cahill and S. A. Neff, and identified them as the three men who fired at the boys. The inspector of police examined their revolvers and found every chamber loaded. The men were taken to police headquarters and held for bail.

ADRIFT ON ICE CAKES.

A Crowd of Buffalonians do Uncle Tom's "Eliza" Act on Lake Erie—Narrow Escapes and Great Excitement.

A last (Thursday) night's Buffalo despatch says: With a southwesterly wind blowing from 30 to 50 miles an hour down Lake Erie during the past 24 hours, the ice for some miles up became loosened, causing a "shove." This afternoon fully 600 men were scattered over the ice for ten miles up the lake from the Government breakwater. Shortly after 1 o'clock the ice began breaking up and a stampede ensued. The men struck out in all directions, many not having time even to secure their effects, while others had to leave their dogs and sleds behind and flee for their lives. Those who were near the Canada or American shores easily got to places of safety, but the crowd in the centre had an exciting time. Some of them were suddenly brought to a standstill by seeing open patches of water ahead of them, and turned only to find that they were completely shut off. Some cakes of ice floated one or two men, others eight or ten, while one immense piece bore up a freight of 50 human beings. They all managed to get off but a party of eight who were seen floating on a piece in open water. Seven of the party jumped from cake to cake and were rowed to safety, but one old man could not be induced to try it. He remained where he was until his friends, after much work, reached him and half dragged him off. It is reported that a man named Haley is missing, but it is thought he will turn up all right.

AWFUL DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

An Insane Mother Murders Five of Her Children and Hangs Herself.

A Cleveland, O., despatch says: A horrible tragedy occurred this morning in a brick cottage near the corner of Independence and Petrie streets. The house was occupied by James Cabelek, an industrious Bohemian carpenter, with his family of eight children and his wife. Since the birth of a babe three months ago Mrs. Cabelek has acted strangely. Early this morning Mr. Cabelek and his 19-year-old son left the house for their work. The mother then sent two sons, Harry and George, on different errands. Harry returned and found the house locked. He notified his father and brother, who returned and entered the house. In the bed-room, upon the bed, were found the four youngest children covered with blood. Behind the bed on the floor was the daughter Jennie, aged 8, weltering in blood, but conscious. The mother was found in the basement suspended from the rafters by a clothes line, life being extinct. Mamie, aged 6, was dead, with ten gashes in her side; Annie, aged 4, was dead, with fourteen wounds in her bowels. The infant in the cradle was dead, with three cuts in the stomach. Jimmie and Jennie are living and conscious, but are terribly lacerated and cannot recover. The result of the tragedy is four dead and two dying. The injuries were inflicted with a pair of long scissors with sharp prongs.

A SINGULAR COMBAT.

Battle to the Death Between a Stallion and a Bull.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: A singular and fatal combat took place this morning in a cattle-car on the Air Line Railroad between an Alderney bull and a Norman stallion. The two animals were boxed in a car yesterday morning at Depauw, Ind., by Gustavus Edenburgh, a local dealer, for shipment to this city. A strong partition was built between the two animals and the car was attached to the local freight. The train was running near New Albany when a brakeman, passing over the car, heard a furious bellowing beneath, and, climbing down the side of the car, found that the partition between the two animals had been broken down, and the infuriated brutes were engaged in deadly conflict. The train was stopped and the crew gathered around the car, but no means could be devised for stopping the encounter. The iron heels of the game horse were planted with telling effect upon the bull's head, and the horse was gored in a horrible manner. Finally the stallion got in a blow between the eyes of the bull and the latter animal fell dead. The combat lasted thirty-five minutes and the horse died four hours later.

A Scandalous Story Confirmed.

A Lansing, Mich., despatch says: Before the House Judiciary Committee to-day Representative Breen, of Menominee, confirmed the charge that there has been a regular trade in young girls between Milwaukee and Chicago and the mining regions of the Upper Peninsula. Mr. Breen said that the horrors of the camps into which these girls are inveigled cannot be adequately described. There is no escape for the poor creatures. In one case a girl escaped after being shot in the leg and took refuge in a swamp. Dogs were started on her trail, and she was hunted down and taken back to the den. In another case, a girl escaped while a dance was going on at the shanty into which she had been lured. After several days and nights of privation she made her way to an island near the shore in Lake Michigan, where a man named Stanley lived. But the dogs and human bloodhounds trailed her, Stanley was overcome and the girl was taken back. The law now provides for imprisonment of only one year in case of conviction of any connection with this traffic, and it is proposed to amend it.

Ribbed silk corset covers are shown, fitted like a jersey, made of pink, blue and white silk, with insertions of strong torchon lace.

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.—*Mazzini.*

THE LOST FISHERMEN.

Hundreds on Lake Erie When the Ice Broke Up.

MANY THRILLING ESCAPES.

The following are additional particulars of the great ice-break away near Buffalo on Thursday, by which many lives were imperilled for hours:

Several hundred men were at work on the ice when the thaw came—estimates running as high as 500. How many of these were missing could only be guessed. The ice broke up in long lines, and so suddenly that it was next to impossible for the fishermen to escape. The ice was about a foot thick, and when the thaw had weakened it a fall in the lake water cracked the dangerous field into larger or smaller floes. The wind-breakers, used by the fishermen to protect themselves from the wind, acted as sails, and some of the cakes were carried along in the water at a reasonable rate of speed.

Patrick Foley, a fisherman living on the Island, saw about forty men go down the lake on a large ice floe about 3 p.m., but they were rescued. William Cavanaugh and Patrick O'Brien, who saw the peril of the men, went out in a clinker boat and transferred the fishermen a few at a time to the breakwater.

A sensational scene was the trip of William Williams and John Clark down the Niagara River on a small cake of ice. They were the men seen from the eyrie of the Board of Trade building. The men floated down the river as far as the International Bridge before Patrick O'Brien and James Hoolihan were able to overtake and rescue them. The ice cake was not of the most substantial kind, as ice cakes went, and their escape from their perilous predicament is regarded as remarkable.

STORY OF THE BRAVE RESCUERS.

James Galvin, the man who swam with a woman on his back and saved her in the recent Island flood, was on the beach yesterday afternoon and saw a break in the ice beyond the breakwater, where a number of fishermen were stopped in trying to get in and were turning away to the south. Wm. Cavanagh, Thomas Green, Galvin and another man shoved a boat on the inside of the breakwater clean to the north end of the pier to intercept a number of men who, by this time, were floating toward the mouth of the river on floes of ice. Galvin and his comrades reached the north end of the pier before the imperilled fishermen, rounding about, shoved the boat along through water and over ice and picked them all up, eight or nine men in all. A second trip was made and the dogs and sleds were towed in.

"Most of the rescued men were Poles," said Galvin, when he was seen this morning, "and one Irishman, a man named Higgins."

"Do you know of any men being lost?" was asked Mr. Galvin.

"No. There were no lives lost. After the break there were lots of time to save themselves. These men we saved, if they had known enough, would have gone to the south shore instead of working toward the river."

Mr. Galvin says he is certain that no one was swept down the river, as reported last night. He and his companions got down to the end of the pier before any one could have got down, and we were picked up. The brave rescuers are entitled to the greatest credit for their prompt action, which no doubt saved a number of lives.

George Bowman, a barber on Michigan street, and an old fisherman, was one of the last men in. He was as far out as any one, and knew by the motion of his lines in the afternoon that the ice was moving. He soon started, and finally succeeded in landing near Bay View about 10 o'clock at night. He was delayed by having to round an immense fissure, but was never in any particular danger.

Cavanaugh's boat, which was used by the rescuers, is a wreck. It was worth about $50.

A TEAM AFLOAT.

A teamster named Squires, with a team and sleigh and a man to help him cut ice, were caught in the break-up off Derby, on the south shore. They had a terrible time of it. Darkness came on and their danger increased momentarily. It was impossible to retrace their steps to the upper ice, so they resolved on the desperate measure of tearing out the planks of their sleigh and bridging the floating cakes. Thus they passed from floe to floe until 10.30 last night, when they succeeded in reaching the shore near Rockey Point. They were thoroughly exhausted.

A LIFE-SAVER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Edward Hyland, No. 1 of the life-saving crew, had a rather thrilling experience. He was a long distance up the lake fishing with his dog and sleigh, and, finding the ice commencing to move, started for shore. But his dog was frightened and refused to stir a step with the load of fish. Hyland knew he was losing precious moments, but didn't want to lose his dog and fish, and tried every effort to get the animal to move. At this moment the ice beside him cracked and parted, the seam running a long distance either way from where he stood. Still he hesitated. The crack between him and probable safety grew broader. Finally he threw the sled across and abandoning the dog to his fate sprang across the widening chasm and made his way safely to shore, dragging the sled of fish after him.

A COUNTERFEIT HOUSEMAID.

How She Captivated Horsemen and Captured Their Pocketbooks.

A New York despatch says: Forty-five Lexington avenue is a respectable-looking house in a quiet spot, not far from the residences of the late Chester A. Arthur and John Kelly, and close to a distinctly fashionable quarter. At the nearest corner is a horse mart, where sellers and buyers of fast trotters congregate a great deal. During the past month or so the peculiar thing about No. 45 has been a wondrously pretty housemaid, who burnished the front windows with daily industry and grace. She was a slender blonde, wearing a plain black dress, a white apron and a jaunty lace cap, after the fashion of neat domestic servants in the households of the rich. For about an hour every forenoon and afternoon she was visible from the street, as she stood picturesquely poised on a stepladder inside the window, at work on the panes. The turfmen observed her; many of them flirted with her. Not a few, being shyly encouraged, made her acquaintance, to be naively invited to call at a certain time, when the mistress would be out. Nearly every admiring visitor left his wallet, his watch or some jewellery in possession of the girl, and kept his loss to himself, not caring to stand the ridicule of his acquaintances. But one case has got to the police, and it turns out that the maid is a counterfeit. She is the head and all of the establishment, an adventuress, who conceived and executed the adroit plan, as described, to rob inveigled triflers.

She Wanted to be Remembered.

He was old and rich, and his niece, who had been visiting him, was about to go away.

"You will not forget me, will you, dear uncle?" she sobbed.

"In my solitude?"

"No, in your will."

A Poser.

Doctor—"There, get that prescription filled, and take a tablespoonful three times a day, before meals."

Pauper patient—"But, doctor, I don't get but one meal in two days."

NEW KIND OF SCHOOL.

To Use the Hands as Well as Eyes a Great Idea in Education.

There is a new kind of school and there are new lessons and new teachers coming, says "St. Nicholas." Books we must have. To learn we must read. But we may read all about boats, and yet we can never learn to sail a boat till we take the tiller in hand and trim the sail before the breeze. The book will help wonderfully in telling us the names of things in the boat and, if we have read about sailing, we shall more quickly learn to sail; but we certainly never shall learn till we are in a real boat. We can read in a book how to turn a heel in knitting and may commit to memory whole rules about "throwing off two and purl four," and all the rest; yet where is the girl who can learn to knit without having the needles in her hands?

This then is the idea of the new school—to use the hands as well as the eyes. Boys and girls who go to the ordinary schools, where only books are used, will graduate knowing a great deal; but a boy who goes to one of these new schools where, besides the books, there are pencils and tools, work benches as well as writing books, will know more. The other boys and girls may forget more than half they read, but he will remember everything he learned at the drawing table or at the work bench as long as he lives. He will also remember more of that which he reads, because his work with his hands helps him to understand what he reads.

I remember long ago a tear-stained book of tables of weights and measures and a teacher's impatience with a stupid child who could not master the "tables." And I have seen a school where the tables were written on a blackboard, thus: "Two pints are equal to one quart," and on a stand in the school-room were a tin pint measure and a tin quart measure and a box of dry sand. Every happy youngster had a chance to fill that pint measure with sand and pour the sand into the quart measure. Two pints filled it. He knew it. Did he not see it? Did not every boy try it? Ah! Now they knew what it all meant. It was as plain as day that two pints of sand were equal to one quart of sand; and with merry smiles those 6-year-old philosophers learned the tables of measures; and they will never forget them. This is, in brief, what is meant by industrial education. To learn by using the hands, to study from things as well as from books. This is the new school, these are the new lessons. The children who can sew and design, or draw, or carve wood, or do joinering work, or cast metals, or work in clay and brass, are the best educated children, because they use their hands as well as their eyes and their brains. You may say that in such schools all the boys will become mechanics and all the girls dressmakers. Some may; many will not; and yet whatever they do, be it preaching, keeping a store, or singing in concerts, they will do their work better than those who only read in books.

A Snow Battle by British Soldiers.

The 2nd Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers, at Aldershot, England, divided into two opposing forces of about 350 officers, non-commissioned officers and privates each, varied their work at snow-clearing one day recently with an exciting snow fight, which lasted nearly two hours. The right wing was commanded by Colonel G. B. Stokes (commanding the battalion), the left wing by Major Wodehouse, whose chief of the staff was Captain Greenfield. Both wings occupy lines in the South Camp and two parade grounds about 200 yards apart. Col. Stokes, having resolved to take the opposing wing by surprise, sent forward an advanced guard, which, having moved stealthily over the snow, fortified itself in a well-formed snow fort until the arrival of the main body under Col. Stokes, who immediately sent a strong line of skirmishers into the lines occupied by the opposing force, which was mercilessly subjected to volleys of glittering snowballs before it could realize the fact that it was taken by surprise. The buglers at once sounded the alarm and assembly in the besieged lines, and officers and men rallied—some without jackets or tunics, and some without any head-dress—on the private parade ground and advanced to storm the fort. Ten times in succession the assaulting force was gallantly led by its officers to the glacis of the fort; but, notwithstanding partial lodgments, it was as many times repulsed, the few men left behind in the work being nearly smothered with snow. Ultimately the commander of the assailants detached a strong party under Capt. Greenfield to take the fort in flank; but for this move Colonel Stokes had not been unprepared. Without materially weakening his front or right flank, he massed superior numbers against the storming party, literally overwhelming it. Then the buglers sounded the cessation of hostilities and each force, claiming the victory, retired from the field completely exhausted. By the time the fight was over not a trace of the fort could be seen.

Language of Gloves.

For "Yes," drop one glove from the right into the left hand. "No" is said by rolling both gloves in the right hand. If you want to express that you are indifferent to a partner, take the right hand glove partly off. If you wish a male friend to follow you into the next room, strike your left arm with both gloves. "I love you still," is expressed by slowly and carefully smoothing both gloves. If the fair she desires to know whether her affection is reciprocated, she is to put on half the left hand glove, one finger at a time. "Be on your guard against the governor," or "my mother-in-law," as the case may be, is a message often sent, and is given by delicately twisting the glove fingers round the thumb. If the damsel is in a quarrelsome mood she simply makes a cross with both her gloves and proceeds to lay them on her lap in this position. These are the principal and most simple rules.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Toboggan N. G.

A couple of the typical round-town boys, rough and ready, ragged and saucy, were standing before a hardware store examining the Canadian idea in New England, yclept the toboggan. They took hold of the side rail with their grimy hands and smoothed the bottom of the broad sled with their hardened palms.

"Them's the dandies," remarked one of the urchins.

"N-a-w. They ain't no use at all," replied the other, with an expresssion like a sniff of fried onion. "No feller can ever go belly slapper on 'em, 'n they're no good."—*Hartford Post.*

Cranks in Britain.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," and each boy marches in a more peculiar way than his predecessor. First we had the man with the wheelbarrow, who has got safely back to Dundee; next there was a gentleman who started with a pile of bricks on his head; and the latest performance is that of an old army pensioner, who has started to walk from Jarrow to Newport, in Monmouthshire, carrying a bucket of coals weighing ten pounds.—*London Globe.*

Oh, how small a portion of earth will hold us when we are dead, who ambitiously seek after the whole world while we are living.—*Philip, King of Macedon.*

"And that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it." "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore; "I smelt it, too, but didn't get any silver."

Our Darling's Sleep.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

So children sleep! And as we stoop to kiss
The radiant face or stroke the sunny hair,
We leave with God the secret of their bliss
And love Him for the happy look they wear.

Or should we ask, why do our darlings smile?
What golden dreams their sleeping hours employ?
The answer comes, the soul that knows no guile
Lives ever in the light of heavenly joy.

Not childhood only, whose unconscious mind
Is chiefly pure through ignorance of sin,
But riper age the blessedness may find
Of innocence and guilelessness within.

Thus men have lived and died in God's embrace,
Not dreaming, but fulfilling noble things;
Their childlike souls looked goodness in the face,
And caught the likeness of the King of kings.

The everlasting arms are still outspread
To bear the burden of each human life,
And whosoever will may lay his head
Against the heart of God and cease from strife.

There cast thy being; and the dark nightshade
Of this poor world's commotion and unrest
Will have no terrors for thee, calmly laid
In God's kind bosom—pillowed on His breast.

Getting Threadbare.

(From Puck.)

Pray do not think me cold,
Adelaide,
And do not chide nor scold,
Sweetest maid,
If I tell you, very clearly,
That, although I love you dearly,
Of your passionate embraces I'm afraid.

I worship and adore,
Adelaide,
As I have said before,
Winsome jade;
But new clothes are quite expensive,
And I'm rather apprehensive,
That this coat upon the shoulder's getting frayed.

Your peachy cheek, so soft,
Adelaide,
Upon that spot so oft
You have laid,
That the nap long since departed,
And now the web is started,
Why, the garment very soon will be decayed.

O, do not shed that tear,
Adelaide,
But loan me while I'm here,
As a trade,
That most ancient linen duster
That your father used to muster,
When the mercury marked ninety in the shade.

The British National Anthem.

ADAPTED FOR THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

Seed sown through fifty years,
Sown or in smiles or tears,
Grant her to reap:
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard Thou and keep.

O'er lands and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call:
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

Dean Plumptre, in Good Words.

EMMA MOORE'S BLIGHTED LIFE.

Dramatic Scene in Court—Acquitted on a Charge of Husband Murder.

When Emma Moore, of Port Huron, Mich., a girl of 18, married Captain Duncan McCraig five years ago she was considered to be the most beautiful girl in Port Huron, and she was as lovely in disposition as in face and form. Captain McCraig was more than ten years older than his wife, a vessel owner and one of the best known captains on the chain of great lakes. Soon after their marriage Captain McCraig, who drank freely, grew jealous of the admiration his wife's beauty excited on all sides, and they soon quarrelled. A little daughter came, but failed to heal the breach, and after a time Mrs. McCraig left her husband and went back to the home of her parents. Two years ago they were divorced on account of the captain's abuse, and then he grew more insanely jealous of her and made her life a bur