KIDNAPPED FROM BRANTFORD A Wronged 'oman Lures Her Victim Across th Border and Creates an

action of the Superior Court.

Internatical Question. An Erie (P) despatch says; The sen-sational capta of Daniel Brown, indicated for perjury, blough the strategy of Mrs. Julia Danr, & Union City, promises to become an attentional question. Brown swore fals by ainst Mrs. Dunn, and in favor of the dillionaire banker, Ezra Gooper, whom so was prosecuting for Committing a heit is assault upon her a few weeks ago. So, while still smarting under Brown's demation, disguised herself and aucceeded ferreting Brown out of his hiding placts Brantford, Canada. She then hired bwn as a pedler, and although has any were discovered by athough her ans were discovered by Cooper, who a giving her and her Coarfederates ob, she managed to get Brown to row bleif across the Niagara River and the arms of an officer. Brown

now, through his attorney, ex-United States District Attorney Pound, alleges kidnapping, but at a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus the judge of Medina county says the arrest was legal.

The case will be heard before Governor Hill next Friday, although the latter says the requisition must issue, and Brown be taken to Pennsylvania for trial. A messenger has gone to invoke the assistance of Right Hon. Sackville West, the British Minister, and Brown's friends are endeavoring to have the committing magistrate discharge him, under his right o hold or discharge under a recent Act of the Legislature. Cooper, who is most in-terested in keeping Brown out of the States, has an ex United States detective in the case, and a desperate effort is being

made to secure Brown's release, he being an important factor in the case against Cooper and three others in their coming precution for subornation of perjury. pr seution for subornation of perjury.

Mrs. Dunn, whose ounning ensuared
Brown from his place of refuge, is an exceedingly mandsome and highly cultured
lady, who is avenging the wrong done her

KILLED WITH AN AXE. Two Men Meet Horrible Deaths at a

Picnic. A Brookfield, Mo., despatch says: At a cone given at the Meyer Schoolhouse on aturday, tine miles north of this city, a errible affray occurred in which two men lost their lives. The farmers for miles around had gathered to spend the day in harmless amusement, and one John Garner took advantage of the gathering to make heads of families present called on Chauncy Hague, constable of Grantville, to suppress he nuisance. Mr. Hague placed Garner under arrest, and putting a deputy in charge of the booth, started off the grounds with his prisoner, when Edward, a brother of John Garner, ran up with an axe and struck the constable a blow on the neck severing the windpipe and cutting through the collar bone into the lung. Teet Fogarty, who ran to Hague's assistance, received a blow from the axe in his left side, cutting through the sibs and almost severing the body in twain. Before the horrified bystanders sould regain their presence of mind Garner darted into the words, brandishing his axe and as yet has not been captured. Should the murderer be caught he will be lyrched.

THREE MURDERED.

Three Italians Meet Violent Deaths by Hungarian. A Hazleton, Pa., despatch says: Nescopeo, a little station about sixteen miles from this borough, was the scene of a terrible tragedy on Sunday evening. A party of Italians and Hungarians, engaged at lumbering on the new Pennsylvania rail-road, went down to Nescopee on Saturday to attend a wedding, and the whole crowd got on a spree. The stupor that resulted ontinued nutil sundown on Sunday, when one of the Hungsrians, named Kolowski, picked up a fight with three Italians who had crept into a barn to sleep off the drunk. Kolowski deliberately whipped out a heavy revolver and shot two of the Italians through the head, then, throwing it aside, seized an axc-handle lying in a crib and pounded the third Italian's head to a ielly. The three victims of the Hungarian's salice died within half an hour after the first shot. The barn shows that there was an awful struggle, blood spattering over everything. Kolowski took to the moun

tains and is still at large. Another Disastrous Hailstorm

A Monoton, N.B., telegram says: The crops in parts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Spotia were greatly injured and in many places destroyed by the disastrous hailstorm yesterday. Hundreds of panes of glass in houses were broken in the Catholic Chapel at St. Mary's, N B. The hailstones were an inch o an inch and a quarter square.

A Priest Supposed to be Drowned. A party of guests left the Sea Side House Dock at Rockaway Beach last night in a yacht for a sail. Among them wer number of Catholic clergymen. When the point of the Beach about a mile the big hotel the yaobt capsized were precipitated into the water. is claimed, were saved except one blergymen, who was drowned. He to have been Father Mauselmann, of. Brooklyn .- N. Y. World, Aug 4th

Emperor William of Germany accepted the godfathership of the res born eleventh son of a butcher in B

FATE OF A TRAPEZE PERFORMER.

he Body of " Little Vic, the Queen of the

Air," Found in a Dissecting Room. Alr," Found in a Dissecting Room.

A New Orleans despatch says: Victoria Grace, "Little Vio, the queen of the air," as she was called, was recognized yesterday among the bedies in the diesecting room of the Charity Hospital. She had died in the hospital without any one knewing who she was, and was about to be buried in Poster's Field, when some of the members of the profession stepped in and gave her a decent burial. Victoria Grace was 36 years old, and a native of Philadelphia. She went on the trapeze while quite a child, and travelled in late years with Barnum's, Forepaugh's and while quite a child, and travelled in late years with Barnum's, Forepaugh's and Howe's great London circuses, She made a trip to Mexico with the Oran Brothers, to Cuba with Leon De Leon's troupe, and to Central America with Clifton & McMahon. She made plenty of money, and was reputed to be well off, but spent money even faster than she made it, and, being addicted to the use of opium, gradually drifted into debt and poverty. Originally a very handsome woman, she become worn and old. Two days ago she came any drifted into debt and poversy. Origi-nally a very handsome woman, she became worn and old. Two days ago she came to this city in destitute condition, was taken ill, and carried to the Charity Hospital delirious. There she died with-out any one knowing her, and thence she was buried.

WHY JUDGE BENRY

Discharge Mr. Sproule, the British An Ottawa despatch says: In the Ex An Ollawa despaton says: In the Ex-chequer Court yesterday Judge Henry rendered an elaborate judgment in the case of Sproule, the British Columbia murderer, whose discharge he ordered. The judgment concluded as follows, after the Supreme Court in British Columbia is founded on a proclamation of the Lieut. Governor under a statute and his commi sion. The proclamation provides that the Supreme Court of civil justice of British Columbia thall have complete cognizance of all pleas whatsoever, and shall have jurisdiction in all cases, civil as well as

jurisdiction in all cases, civil as well as criminal, arising within the colony of British Golumbia." The unlimited jurisdiction thus given to the court includes the issuing of writs of habeas corpus ad subjictedum, and the discharge of principal property in the performance of that part of their offisia, duty the judges of the court have authority to pursue the practice of the courts and judges in England, and if the courts and judges in England, and if the courts are the practice of the courts and judges in England, and if the subjects in the latter country have asabel. oldes in the latter country have estab-ished the practice of ordering the dis-shed the practice of ordering the dis-shed to prisoner without requiring him to be brought personally before them, the indges in British Columbia are, in my pinion, at liberty to pursue the same ourse, and the same power is given to a orge of this court. I have considered the objection that, having ordered the issue of the habeas corpus, I have no power to adopt the other means now sought for—the dis-charge of the prisoner; but no case has been sited or argument advanced in favor of that proposition, and I can see no reason why, i. one alternative course has failed through the negligence or improper conduct of the Sheriff, the other should not be adopted. I have therefore decided to make an order for the discharge of the prisoner."

It is expected that the Attorney-General of British Columbia will appeal to the Privy Council against this judgment. If Sproule be discharged he will likely be rearrested immediately.

NEW WAY TO GET A MUSBAND.

But it Cannot be Commended as One Likely to Result in Rappy Matches. Marie Schurt, a woman of 35 years, in good circumstance, on North Wells street, thought she was old enough to marry, but, like Katicha, her beaux had all run away from her. Believing in the black are she went not long since to Mrs. Strup, a clairvoyan', in her neighborhood, and entered into negotiatious to secure a spouse by mystic means. The medium labored diligently with the spirits, and by gradual assessments, secured \$90 from her client. Miss Schurt obeyed all instructions faithfully. She went to Graceland Cemetery and to other burying grounds night after night and spat upon twelve graves as she recited the Lord's Prayer backward. Bhe turn-veled woollen socks and buried the yarn in the back yard with a paper on which her desires were inscribed killed a black out and tasted its blood while she numbled some fesich jargon. She wens through all the incantation and Voodoo per formences to which she was instructed. At last one day when she called on the she was led into a darkened cham ber and told to pray. In the midst of her devotions a door flew open and exposed an adjoining chamber, in which a man sat with his head bowed and arms folded. The medium then entered and informed Miss Schurt that this man was the husband for whom she had prayed sent to her by the mysterious powers which control the fates and destinies. Miss Schurt was overjoyed, and readily accepted her spirit given spouse. She lived with him as his wife for ix weeks, until hast Thursday, when she was suddenly roused from her delusion. She there'ore went to Justice Barker and swore out warrants against the man and woman for conspiracy and obtaining money

under false pretences. The man, whose name is Philip Leonard, an expressman, was arrested and gave bail The medium has not yet been captured — Chicago Herald. She Knew He Was Dead. I was sitting next to Mr. Frith at dinner the other night, says a London letter in the Bock Buyer, and I was mentioning a very clever portrait he had painted himself, when a young man, which I had seen some years ago. He was telling me that he saw this identical picture in a deal-er's window in Soho—15 ought to have been in Frith street, but as a matter of fac it wasn't—and recognizing it he went in and inquired the price. "Twenty guiness," said the good lady behind the counter.

said the good lady beams to consider "Twenty guineas for that 'thing!" exclaimed Frith. "That thing!" replied the vendor. "What you are pleased to call that thing was painted by the celebrated Frith; it's dirt cheap at that price, for he'll never paint another." "Why not?" asked Frin; it's dire chesp at that price, for no in ever paint another." "Why not?" asked the artist, smiling. "Because be's dead!" "Oh, come," replied the painter, "a friend of mine saw him only yesterday," "Not the real Frish," rejoined the undaunted one. "I know he's dead, because my husband attended his funeral." "I had to pay my twenty guineas," said/Frith to me in conclusion. "but the picture under my ' put the picture under my n conclusion, " put the picture under my arm and look pleasant, and when I told er on leaving the shop that I was the real Frith, she was not at all impressed, but said: 'Gar long; I dessay there are a

Poetical Child of a Prosaic Mother. The human race seems to have a weak less for weather prophecy. The various signs in which mortals put their faith are almost as numberless as the mortals the selves. On a calm, bright day last we with only a few flaky clouds to be seen in the distance, a Oriosga & Northwestern train was soudding along toward Lake Generation of the coaches was a out a good

good many o' your sort about!

ANOTHER CALL.

An Increased Demand for Women in the

The demand for women in the Northwes The demand for women in the Norshwest is only exceeded by the demand for rain. Out in Waggon Wheel, Idaho, recently, a couple of old maids were called to attend a dying brother. The brother died, but before the girls could get away the whole male population was after them, including the Mayor, Justice of the Peace and other notables. Excitement ran high, and bids were six to one on the Mayor et al. In six days after their arrival the battle was over and the girls both engaged. The Mayor were six to one on the Mayor et al. In six days after their arrival the battle was over and the girls both engaged. The Mayor had been out out by a strapping young miner of 30. The weddings were set and the mother sent for, in order that proper celat might be given. The mother arrived in due season, and at one sailed into the girls for their disrespect of their late brother and their immoderate haste. She declared the marriages off, and announced her intention of taking her daughters home with her. In despair a mass meeting was called, and the Mayor was appointed a commistee to wait on the mother and persuade her to reconsider the former motion. Like all good Mayors, Chicago's included, this gentleman waited upon the irate mother. He called her attention to the great need of Wa, gon Wheel, and in the name of patrictism implored her not to inflict such a crushing blow on the hopes of the town. The mother was obdurate, and declared that she would not depart without her daughters. On this hint the Mayor spoke. He at ones promised a compromise. The mother need not depart at all. She was fair, fat, and fifty odd. So was he. They would pool their issues. And they did. The three women are now concoting excuses by which all their belated female friend's and relatives East concocting excuses by which all their related female friends and relatives East can be brought to Waggon Wheel.—Chicago Mail.

TWENTY "SALS" JAILED. resecuted for Holding Public Parade

in Grand Rapids. A Grand Rapids despatch says: Mayor Dikeman on Wednesday issued an edict compelling the Salvation Army to refrain from public parades or suffer arrest. They from public parades or suffer arrest. They disobeyed the injunction last night, and were all locked up—twenty in all. The procession was headed by L. D. Shaw, who is conducting the State holiness camp meeting. A portion of them were bailed out to appear in the Police Court to-day. Great excitement prevailed for a time, thousands witnessing the arrest. The Mayor is determined to suppress the parades, and the public sentiment is with him.

The Police Court was crowded this morning with sympathizers of the Salvabionists.

ing with sympathizers of the Salvationists, and the scene was quite dramatic when the prisoners kneeled in the pen before order was called and prayed for the judge, police. city efficials and the city at large. " Amens! were heard from all quarters. The trial will take place next Monday.

Prof. M x Schuller, of Berlin, is convinced (Deutsche Med. Wochenseh, No. 24) of the superiority of massage over other measures employed in the treatment of sciatics, and relates his experience of fifteen cases—all in males, and except in one or two instances (which were trau-matic) due to exposure to cold. Most of the cases were dealt with from the first by massage, but in a few instances electricity, vapor Dates, etc., had been fruitlessly employed prior to coming under his core. The patient under treatment lies on the unsflected side, with knees and hips slightly flexed. The course of the sciatic nerve is rubbled from below upward partly with both shumbs, partly with the ball of the little fager or thumb; sometimes struck with the closed firger, sumetimes the muscular mass over the nerve pressed and muscular mass over the nerve pressed and kneaded with both hands. The pain evoked by these manipulations soon passed away, and after a short time becomes less and less at each sitting. The neuralgic pains very soon abate, diminishing after a severe and painful massage, then recurring with less severity, and gradually disappearing entirely. The power of walking improves after each sitting. On an average the treatment lasts about two weeks and a half, but in one case nine days, and in the treatment lasts about two weeks and a half, but in one case nine days, and in generalifrom ten to fourteen days sufficed. One patient abandoned the treatment after five days, owing to the pain caused by it, and tried without relief a fortnight's course of electricity and vapor baths; he then returned to the massage treatment, and was cured in two weeks and a half,—

The Lancet.

Snobbery in New York. Snobbery is rampant now, and no line is drawn more finely than that which separ-ates the world of fashion from trade and from "the city," as the business part of the town and its inhabitants are now called. All this is quite recent, too. I am a native of New York and I remember very well when rich merchants, doctors, brokers, Wall street operators, and even the heads of great retail shops found their vocations to bar to social recognition. Not so now no bar to social recognition. Not so now. Against them all the protessing hand is raised. The banker is recognized, but not the broker. A few years ago the jolly, free, lively, richly dressed and spendthrift broker was considered no end of a good fellow. Now he is looked on as a vulgar and noisy man who conducts gambling operations for clients and drinks champages over a bar. The doctor receives move from society. The doctor receives money from society Hence he is as much society's servant the dry goods merchant, and neither can be regarded as an equal. In a word, scciety in New York to-day is a power that makes its own laws and draws them more severely every season. There are only two things about it that a New Yorker fluds to admire, its respect for old residents of the town and its contempt for any other society. It spubbed an earl and blackballed a lord a one of its clubs last month without a moment's hesitancy. Its members form the only leisure class we have in America. They detest trade. I'm sure that I have nade a great mistake in admitting that my Boston friends had a father who was an apothecary, and that they once took a boarder to oblige a distant cousin.—San

rancisco Argonaut Mrs. Cleveland and the Policeman The policeman at the door of the church offered Mrs. Cleveland an umbrella, under which she might safely reach her carriage through the rain. The average woman, under the circumstances, would have ac-

cepted the umbrella with a grateful thank you," and carried it over herself "thank you," and carried it over herself to the carriage; but Mrs. Cleveland isn't an average woman. Instead of merely accepting the umbrella, she accepted the true and gallant blue coat as well, took his arm as if he had been a Minister Plenipotentiary and Euvoy Extraordinary, and went with him to her carriage. Of course the policeman to day is in a state of deliving comman to day is in a state of delirious com limentedness which totally unfits him for luty, but he will recover with careful nursing.—Washington Critic.

Plump Girls in Plenty.

Certain it is that fat men and corpulent women are growing very familiar objects wherever I go. I'll warrant there are 1,000 women in this resort to day who measure between forty two and fitty five bust measure, and upon whose protruding forms it would be more or less possible to play a game of carde. But at any rate there is certainly no necessity for most of the young men who engage themselves to girls down here to make any blossoming error bout the physical substantiality and genu ness of their adored Dulcineas.—Cincin ati Enquirer.

Where one "man wants but little here " three others are within hailing disho want all.

A BRAVE BOY. How He Risked His Life to Stop a Train

Engineer.

A few weeks ago, says the Philadelphia Times, there passed away an old man of three-score or more, who had led a quiet and apparently uneventful life. From a little before his middle age he had been a follower of railroad work, and for years before his death a well-known member of the "foot-board" coterie, or, as is more commonly called, a locomotive engineer. Some fifteen years ago an occurrence took place in his life that may have changed its whole current. One stormy, snowy night in December a freight train accident occurred through the breaking of a car-axle. The scene of the accident was on a portion of the road very crooked. The wreckers had been called out, and with them the youngtele-graph boy, whose duty it was to climb a telegraph pole, make the necessary attachments with wires, clamps, etz., and to assist in the working of other trains past the obstruction. This boy was intrusted with the important task of opening and operating an additional office. Sitting on an impromptu chair, built of fence rails and stones, at the foot of the telegraph pole, his duty was to stop all trains coming toward the obstruction and hold them until one of the tracks had been cleared. It was on a Saturday night, and but few trains—save the regular night express—were running. Clothed with unusual responsibility the lad sat through a terrible blinding enow and sleet storm, hour after hour, no shelter and no company save the constant tick of the little instrument that —Throwing His Lantern at a Sleeping hour, no shelter and no company save the constant tick of the little instrument that held him in communication with the outer

One o'clock has come. The night express should be there. Orders have come from the wreck, "Hold the express at all hszards." A glance at the watch tells the hazards. boy that he must take his lamps and meet boy that he must take his lamps and meet the express as far above as possible. There were no air-brakes in those days. A heavy, blinding, cheerless fog has settled down like a thick cover over a deep cut in the rccks. The snow from above was still coming down in shects. Ploughing his way through the wet snow over the uneven surface of rails and ties went the boy in the direction of the expected express, whose faint rumble could first be felt, then faintly heard. Planting humself firmly between heard. Planting himself firmly between the rails, the boy stood, a lamp in each hand, waiting to swing at the first burst of

hand, waiting to swing at the first burst of the headlight through the fog. Nearer and closer came the heavy train. One second, two, three, and the headlight commences to lighten up the banks and rooks of the curve. The fog lifts, the light gleams on the wet, shining rails. Swing goes the red lamp as the blinding glare of the powerful headlight shoots into sight at the upper end of the curve. Faster swings the red light. No answering blast of the whistle. The red light is on a desperate, almost despairing swing. No answer yet. The boy lesps over the outer rail into the ditch alongside, poising himself as he jumps,

leeps over the outer rail into the ditch alongside, poising himself as he jumps, and as the great, glaring monster is upon him his right arm puts an almost superhuman force into the last swing, the lamp leaves his hand and with a crash goes through the little glass door in front of the engine's cab, right into the face of our old friend the engine's. The lad sank back into the rocky fissures of the cut, the train rashes by hum handlessiv, bus with a terrushes by him hazalessiy, but with a terrible shrick of the whistle. The old chainbrake enaps like an overstrained muscle and away rushes the express past that clicking instrument; on, on, into the darkness, out of hearing and beyond recall, Slowly and wearily the boy plods his way over the ties to his post at the instrument, pondering over his unheeded efforts and the result. "Hold the express at all hazards!"—and where was that express? There, with his trembling fingers upon the key of the instrument, he set trying to tel

his superior officer at the wreck that his efforts to held the express had failed. This he did without telling of the fate of that red light. Voices are presently heard through the darkness, and ere long the swaying obseveral lighted lanterns is to be seen as they come from the direction of the lost train. A few seconds later the eager, peering faces of the rainmen appear, and the boy recognizes the familiar faces of the conductor and brakeman of the express. The rain had stopped, but only a few yards away from the wreck, and the men had come back to pick up the operator, whom they supposed was mangled and dead in the curve above. The ongineer, they say, had been badly hurt by some of the broken brake-chain. The boy is grateful and happy because it is no worse. In a minute or so the engineer—our old friend—makes his appearance. Face covered with block his superior officer at the wreck that his his appearance. Face covered with blood

which he had vainly tried to wipe away with bunches of greasy waste; a long cut just ucder the roots of the hair, told where he had been hurt. Throwing his arms about the brave boy's neck, he whispered through his sobs of joy, as the tears trickled down his blood covered cheek: "I was asleep and you risked your life to save us all, Thank God, you threw it straight and true. I will be a different

man from to night.' Twas so. The true tale has never before been told. That engineer's life was thence-orth a true, honest and sober one. The hain served as the pretext for the wound and the fireman, who was nodding on his box, too, never knew the true history. Death long ago came to him in the discharge of his duty. And now that the shades of death have closed over our old signed near to his nearest. rtiend, peace to his memory.

He has gone to that final foot-board to rest, where his "runs" will be in pleasant

places. His cocarional meetings with his operator friend were always gentle, kind, and full of affection, and no mention was ever made of the attempt to "hold the express at all hazards.

Brooming a Jewess. Rev. Dr. B. Eger, rabbi, contributes the bllowing: A Christian lady, who has Ioliowing: A Christian lady, who has been married in Canada to a young Israelite and thus become Mrs. Levy, but now residing with her husband's relatives in this city, was received yesterday into the pale of Judaism. The ministers officiating on the occasion were Rabbi Poltrovicz, of Elmira, N. Y. now on a visit here, Rabbi Eger and Rays. M. Coplan, of Detroit. The lady had to undergo the prescribed The lady had to undergo the prescribed immersion in the presence of trustworthy Jawish lady witnesses and the other for-malities. The neophite afterwards received the name of Sarah, a daughter of Abraham, the first righteous proselyte. A marriage—according to Jewish rite—must in this case also be performed, which will take place in due course of time, when the Revs. Eger and Coplan will officiate. Detroit News.

Her Power of Speech Restored.

A Leominster (Mass.) despatch says While attempting to rescue a child from eing run over four years ago Mrs. Hatti Sutherland lost the power of speech through tright. She was dump from that eventful day until last Monday, when she was visiting in Fitchburg at the house of a friend, who observed that in a short time her voice would return, probably as suddenly and mysteriously as it left her. To the it fluite surprise of both parties, when Mrs. Suther-land next tried to speak, she did so in an audible tone. The tone was weak, but yet it was loud enough to be distinctly heard. Since that sudden restoration her voice has gradually strengthered until it is about as ealthy and robust as it was prior to her fright four years ago.

-After all, this world is a dangerous place - very few ever get out of it alive. -There is nothing like prosperity to cover faults, and it may be said that money covers more than charity;

HOSTESS AND GUEST. Don't be a Slave Yourself or Make a Slav

of Your Guest. Do not exercise your mind too muc about amusing your guest, is the good advice of a writer in Chambers' Journal. I have often thought that in some foreign countries, and notably in many parts of America, the relation of host and guest was a sort of double slavery. The host has the comfort and amusement of his guest so painfully at heart that both undergo for painfully at heart that both undergo for the time being an amount of social misery that entirely spoils the freedom and pleasure of the visit. In our country it is different. Go to spend a week in an Englishman's house, and you may be sure that neither your host nor hostess will bother you about trifling matters unless you seem to desire it. Everything goes on a though you want to the country of the country as shough you were not there, and yet, per contra, the house and its belongings are practically yours so long as you remain. I consider it the extreme of bad remain. I consider is the extreme of bad taste to pursue a visitor with continual offers of amusement. If treated as a member of the family and suffered to amuse himself he will generally do very well, and will feel much happier and more at ease than when he is too closely looked after. I have heard persons complain bitterly of undue attentions and continual running after, from which they have suffered far more acutely than if actually neglected. "Where is Mrs. Dash? Who is stiting with her?" cree the flurried hostess. "Good gracious! Is it possible she has been left by herself? Go at once, Mary, or Julia, or Tommy, and sit with her and amuse her until I have time with her and amuse her until I have time with her and annue her dutil I have sime to come." And all the while, perhaps, the hapless Mrs. Dash is struggling to get a let-ter or two written, or a bill or account made up, and is congratulating herself upon made up, and is congratulating herself upon the unworted luxury of a tew delicious moments of absolute quiet. She is revelling in the thought of being left alone, when, lo! Miss Mary, aged 10, comes awkwardly in and stands sniffing in the window, or sits sideways upon the plano stool, strumming with one hand at the notes, which is her idea of keeping the visitor company until mammacomes. Or, Master Tommy, aged 12, enters with a burse of noise, and proceeds to relate to the afflicted guest how he and Jack Jones are in the same Latin class; and how said Jones is beyond him in Eaclid, though interior in something in Eachd, though interior in something else; and how Brown licked Black for call-ing him a dunce—with a variety of other information, by no means interesting to unoncerned parties. To this aunoyance there are few of us who have not been subjected. A greater error of judgment can assreely be committed. To make a guest feel comfortable and at home, leave him pretty much to his own devices. To be always striving to amuse him is a goor ampliment to his own recources. A hosters who cannot preserve her screnity upon even the most crucial engagements is lacking is one of the most essential qualities of an entertainer. The thoughless spilling of her best wine, the soling of her whitest

tablecloth—nay, even the smashing of a whole trayful of her best old family china should not cause one muscle of her coun-tenance to change.

On the other hand, an affected ignorance respecting the contents of the day's bill of fare is at times almost as fatal as the oppo-site extreme. I was myself present at a dinner party at which one of the untutored stable helpers had been brought in on an emergency to assist. "What are these, John?' inquired the langud hostess, as John trembungly thrust forward a dish of tartlets just under her right sibow. don's know, ma'am, realty," he replied; "but I think they're tuppenes apiece!"

A member of Plymouth Church is writing novel in which Henry Ward Beecher igures as the hero.

A New York ovster dealer has invented dredge with which starfish, the greates memies of the oyster, can be taken from oed without disturbing the oysters.

It is a fact worth knowing and remem-bering that a letter mailed in a hotel envelope, which tails to reach the person addressed, is at once sont to the dead leter office, notwithstanding the ten days eturning notice on the corner. As a usual thing, if the husbands didn' come in contact with pretty women of still less mental culture than their wives possess, the defeots of the latter and their

own contact with "men of ideas" keep the divorce courts very busy. A little girl who had been told that was out on the lawn one day not long ago playing with her dolls. Her mother, seeing stoom coming up, called to little Alice to curry and come in. She began picking up her playthings, but before she had go; em ail is thundered, when she exclain On. Dad. don's raise such a fuss and old so. I'm hurrying fas' as I can."

H. G. Hotobkies, of Lyons, known a the Peppermint King, says that seven-eighths of the peppermint of the world is raised in Wayne county. The average orop is about 100,000 pounds. The average price paid for crude oil is from \$3.75 to \$4. pound. To give an idea of the money bhas is in peppermint, Mr. Hotchkiss said that a farmer last year brought to the refuery an ordinary sleigh load, which when measured, proved to be worth \$4,000 of course, this was in the crude oil, which he farmers distil themselves.

My Boy, Do You Smoke?

The United States Navy annually takes The United States May annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the Government since the war to educate the "blue jacket" upon war to educate the "blue jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected, because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the marine corps who is in charge of the Washington navy yard barracks, is the authority for the statement that one fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease. His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is "No, sir," but the tell-tale discoloration of the teeth at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that digarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of the would be apprentices on account of the defect comes from the excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a reasonble statement, coming as it does from a high an authorily, and based upon the results of actual examination going on day after day, and mouth after month.

The Eastern reporters are all in love with Mrs. Henn, of the English yacht Galatea, which has just arrived at Boston, and expend emotional English in her praise with great liberality. Here is a speciman, one of the mildest, from a Baston journal:
"Lieut. Henn's charming wife is short, inclined to be about, and has bright, fearless eyes, and a nose inclined upward, which adds a satory, independent appear-ance that is very pleasing. On her arrival at Marblehead Mrs. Henn. was dressed in a seilor suit of blue set off by a jaunty little bat of red."

The one baby that is said to have been born in the White House was christened niece of Pre nucle when money was born.

Widow Barries is the Reigning Beauty

at Long Branch. The supremely attractive woman at Long Branch this season, says a New York Herald correspondent, is Senora de Barrios, widow of the late President of Guatemala, who was killed in a recent engagement with revolutionists. This lady is of medium height and good figure. Her eyes are wonderfully brilliant, and charm all who come within their spell. She is in deep mourning, and is dwelling at the West End in semi-retirement. Her crape and lace dresses are the envy of the ladies and the delight of the men. One of her mourning toilets is as pathetic as a requiem. It is a floating mass of black tulle, crape and the costliest lace; and, supplemented by the raven hued mantilla gathered about her forchead and neck as only the ladies of Spanish blood can arrange it, gives to her figure and face a spirituel grace and beauty that is matchless. She leads a very quiet life in the midet of this great hotel, with its teeming population elbowing and jostling each other. Madame—for she it as frequently called by the French form of address as by the Spanish—generally breakfasts alone in her parlor. She has a luxurious state of anart-The supremely attractive woman by the French form of address as by the Spanish—generally breakfasts alone in her parlor. She has a luxurious suite of apartments, where the few who are permitted to visit her in her bereavement oall. As may be imagined, she has numberless suitors, prospective and present. True, she is the mother of twelve children, but she has more than a million of money for each of them. A charming flock of bright faces constitute no serious drawback to the them. A charming flock of bright faces constitute no serious drawback to the prospects of so fair a widow so richly endowed with wealth. How many of her little ones are with her I have no means of knowing. Not many, I imagine. She is never seen walking on the verandas or in the parlor. Though she is fond of the dance, her recent widowhood forbids it for the present. At the last full dress ball she occupied a chair in the rear of the hall, and deepite the inconspicuous position she had chosen, her sad, though dazzling, face was the object upon which all eyes centred. I have spoken of the effect as dazzling. This impression was doubtless heightened This impression was doubtless heightened

by the two great diamonds, large filberts, that sparkled in her ears. Although the bride was very young, hav Atthough the bride was very young, having, at the most, seen sixteen summers, rouge, alas! was no stranger even to her pretty face. Her hair, which was jet black and very long, was plaited into a number of tiny tails, the ends of which peeped forth from under the chagat of folded white linen she wore on her head. Nothing oat exceed the ugliness or unbecomingness of this headgear; it is merely a square piece of muslin or cotton folded cornerwise and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch of muslin or cotton folded cornerwise and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch under the chin with two ends hanging down the back, and the remaining two falling over the breast. Over this again is worn the house veil, which envelops the whole figure; it is a large square or rounded peec of muslin or gay-patterned chintz, and is not fastened on, but simply kept in its place by the arms. Her voluminous skirt was of white and nink string dastin. handwas of white and pink striped satis, hand-somely trimmed with gold lace, and reached only half way to the knee; the legs were bare. Often as many as twenty yards of silk or satin are employed for these skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist and are worn over four or five positionals very much shiftened. The more a skirt stands out the more fashionable it is. The bodies is a loose sort of a jacket of silk or velvet trimmed with gold lace; the sleeves are long, and terminated in a pointed cuff that turns back, reaching nearly to the elbow. This is worn over a calico or linen shirt. Although all dresses agree in their leading features, and all the do in the west, yet they differ to a great extens in detail, and afford a scope for the

culiar tasts and fancy of the wearer .-London Society.

An Engineer's Ghost. An old fashioned ghost story that is told and thoroughly believed by the workmen at the Worcester (Mass.) steel works came to the knowledge of a St. Louis Globe Democrat reporter. One night recently a young man amed Michael Gleason, who works at the named Michael Glesson, who works at the heating furnace, was walking through the mill, which was well lighted with electricity. He passed the boilor-house and saw a strange mun standing inside with his hand on the throttle of the engine, which had not been fired up. The man looked at Glesson with a stern and earnest gaze. Glesson says he halloed to him sportively and actad him it has well as the same and and asked him if he was going to start up, of railroading. fixed upon him a steady glare. His coun-tenance did not change and his eyes seemed o jump out from their sockets. The man was a stranger to Glesson, who had worked in the mill a long time and knew every-body. Turning quickly, Glesson ran to the other end of the mill, terribly frightened. Drops of perspiration stood out on his face, he was white with fear, and he suddenly swooned away. He was cared for by his companions, and when he recovered he told what he had seen. He described the man's appearance minutely, even to the striped jacket which he wore, but no one knew him until, at length, one recelled that it was a perfect description of an engineer who was killed two years ago at the very spot where the strange man we seen by Gleason. The apparition has bee vatched for, but has not been seen since.

Shaving at Fifty Miles an Hour. "Practice is everything," said the Pullman conductor, who stood in the stateroom engaged in a performance which so many men find difficult even under the nost favorable conditions. "Years ago began trying to shave myself on the cars. At first I didn't dare try it when the train was running, but gaining confidence with experience, I soon got so the motion of the car made no difference whatever. Now I can shave myself just as well at fifty miles an hour as standing still. Daugerous? Not at all, except that it would be rather www.ward to have an accident occur, a collision, or a defailment when you had a razor at your throat. But accidents are wkward any way, razor or no razor. Why I know an engineer who regularly shaves bimself on his engine. He is a young and handsome fellow—one who hikes to look nice all the while—and when he gets out in he country where there is a cleer track he ets go the throttle and takes up his razor.' -Chicago Herald.

When is a thief like a seamstress? When

When is a cow like a bullet? When Why is a modern strawberry box like an hour glass? Because when em hard to tell which is the top of it. empty 11

A CORRESPONDENT of Public Opinion write At Southport, Liverpool, there are a greamany horses for the use of visitors to rid on the sands there; they are all white. friend stopping there for a month could not help noticing this, and asked the ques-tion why they were all white. The answer was, "They are white from age." Well,

Parry, and claims to be the halfbreed to 'Henry Walker," is now 40 years old, and lives in Montgomery, Ala. His mother, a niece of President Polk, was visiting her revivalist.

DIAMONDS LARGE AS FILBERTS. THE GRIST-MILLS OF REMANITY.

What Civilization Did for the Teeth-Advice to thew hing.
One of the best known definition of the city was in a communicative mood the other day when a reporter was having a little tooth carpentering done. Naturally the subject turned upon the recognition the subject turned upon the pres the teeth, and the doctor was eas

to express his views, which he did about as follows:
"When primitive man dined on tough "When primitive man dined on tough meat in a raw or half cooked condition, tearing the flesh with his teeth and gnawing the bones like a liou little need had he to look after the state of his grist-mill, for the vigorous action, the firm pressure of the game, the rough friction against bone and gristle, in short, the energetic exercise of the whole mouth, kept his mills in perfect condition. Our primitive friend lived to a ripe old age and then died with a mouthful of sound teeth.
"But alas! with the glories and amenities of civilization came the new process of

"But alas! with the glories and ameni-ties of civilization came the new process of cooking and changes of diet, much less favorable to the health of our grist-mills. Meats were made tender by thorough ex-posure to heat; vegetables were reduced to a soft papescence by the same agency, and fine white bread became the staff of life, so that the teeth had little or nothing life, so that the teeth had little or nothing to do, no hard work to keep them clean and strong or to make the gums firm and healthy. To make matters still worse, having little or nothing to chew, we lost the good old habit of chewing, and even our soft foods were swallowed without the little mastication that they needed. This lack of use produced feeble nutrition and lessened power of resistance, and soon organic acids, decomposed food, etc., wrought havec upon the tooth tissue, eroding and eating away the enamel and dentine till one fine day a sharp pain sternly called attention to the fact that civilized habits are not compatible with sound grinders. ound grinders.
"In the causes of decay given above are

shadowed forth the two principal means which it is necessary to adopt in order to preserve the teeth; that is, cleanliness and use. Use your teeth in chewing your food; onew everything you put in your mouth vigorously and thoroughly, whether is is jelly of pigeons' brains or leathery beef-steak. If you do this, and let nothing pass he portals of your mouth without having first given the teeth some vigorous exer-cise upon it, not only will the teeth be firmer and stronger, but the whole mouth will be healthier and the digestion improved. To further this object avoid

improved. To further this object avoid outling the meat into such microscopic bits what it can be, or is likely to be, swallowed whole, and avoid undue haste in eating.

"This proper use of the teeth should be supplemented with a vigorous use of the toothbrush upon the teeth and gams, especially the latter. Vigorous friction in this way is a substitute for that before spoken of as being so beneficial to our primitive friend when he gnawed bones and chewed gristle. It engenders an increased flow of blood to the gams, stimulates them and improves their nutrition. Brush them improves their nutrition. Brush them every day till they bleed, and it only makes them firmer and healthier, until finally no amount of brushing will make them bleed. Next comes cleanliness. By means of toothpicks and rinsing the mouth with

water after each meal keep the interestices of the mouth free from particles of food.
"A popular error that should be corrected, and by whom better than by doctors, is the idea that the first or milk teeth should be pulled out as soon as they are decayed or show signs of losseness. Let it be remembered that when the milk teeth are extracted before the proper time a narrow and contracted or more seriously deformed jaw results. The rapidly growing jaw of the boy or girl closes in upon the space left vacant by the lost tooth, absorption of the siveolar process takes place, so deform-ing the jaw that when the second teeth ome they find no room and become prooked and irregular. In short, an irre-mediable error has been made."—Chicago

Herald. Talking About Hot Weather.

"Talking about hot weather," said a brakeman, "that we had the other day was nothing long side of what I've seen down on he Southern Pacific. I was breaking down there last summer, and in some o' them dead, desert valleys o' Arizona, where rain never falls and the sun's always blistering, I've seen weather that'd remind a man of what's in store for him after he leaves this vale o' tears and boardin' nouses. One day last summer we were running along in that country when an accident occurred such as I a'pose was never known in all the history

All of a sudden the locomotive was steam as quick as he knew how and whistled like sin to call all the men forrerd. We rushed up ahead and he told us what had happened, but we laughed at him and made so much fun of him that he finally pulled open the throttle ag'in just to show us that he knew what he was talking about. I hope to drop dead in St. Louis sn' be out up in a medical college if that locomotive didn's bounce just like a ship in a swell. We were all so frightened that we begged the engineer to shut off steam and stop her. What was the matter? Nothin', the rails were so hot that they sagged down between the ties whenever the engine they were pounding out flat. Yes, eir, if we'd run a mile further we'd a-had nothin' out square wheels under our locomotive. None of us had ever seen an engine run with square wheels, and so we didn't try

"."—Chicago Herald " Train Talk." Lunenburg Longevity.

To the Editor of the St. Jehn, N.B., Telegraph: SIR —I noticed in Tuesday's is ue of the Chronicle an item referring to the longevity of the McLeod family of West River, Pictou, the united ages of six brothers and two sisters being 602 years— an average of 76 years for each member. Now, upon summing up the age of our family, I find that the united age of our family, or I should say the M reah family, of five sisters, and three brothers, is 656 years, an average of 82 years. I hereby give you the names of each member of the family, descendants of John Morash (aged 78) whose father was one of the settlers of Lunenburg:

Name. Mrs Silver M s. Acner (still living) Mrs Smith They were all Lutherans in religion, as

well as those two who are living. My tather (Charles) was a son of Philip, and James Eisenhaur (my uncle) was a son of Mrs. Eisenhaur, as above named.—Allen R. Morase, of Lunenburg, N.S.

Nobody loves the soured man. He is not an agreeable companion; his sympathies have been warped, his temper made surly, his disposition embittered—he is at outs with the world. No one very well remembers what he once was. All have forgotten the time when his pulse beat warm and was, "They are white from age." Well, there are plenty of white horses 4 years of age and upwards. Now, the question is, did any one ever see a white foal, and, if not, when do they become white? As this scema to be a poser to all the horse dealers that I have spoken to, and also to the veterinary surgeons, I shall be glad if some of your readers can give the answer.

Henry Golden, who calls himself Texes

Parry, and claims to be the halfbreed to he does himself.

The sign of a barber upon a Parisian boulevard reads as follows; "X—, European barber. Customers shaved in very language."