ikool, five Russilkool, five Russilkool, T

in chains to Cabul, the capital of Afghanists.

The serious position of affairs in Afghanists.

The serious provent he had form a control of a creation of the grand pury, and being struck by a missis from a cannon, with the serious part of the property of the Monona pales river, and discharged by them, striking and instantly killing the said Silas for a seem of the property of the Monona pales river, and discharged by the position of the grand pury.

The was well assembly be certified to the Septembers session of the grand pury.

The wound was reactived while in a medic barge employed as a Pinkerton guard to guard the property of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., see works, and being shot by a bell to guard the property of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., see works, and being shot by a bell to guard the property of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., see works, and we reconstruct the property of parties under th

The present strikes us as being a favorable opportunity to remark that the person who invented the present fashion of ladies' street dresses might have been more profitably employed, and the ladies who obey the mandate are by no means wise. We are moved to make this remark by the perusal of an article in the Arsna in which it is several times suggested that men, and particularly men connected with the press, are really to blame for making the women wear unhealthy and inconvenient garments. We have yet to meet the man whe admires the dragging of a cestly skirt along the dirty pavements, nor have we heard any man say that the sight of a woman parading the street holding up a fat-full of calico as she walks is charming to the eye. Indeed, it is past the average man's comprehension that ladies should have their dresses made so long that the holding-up fashion is necessary. A man who couldn't walk without holding up his trousers would be laughed off the street. Men neither throw away their suspenders nor put frills to their pantaloons.

See what women of sense think of those long dresses. Miss Frances E. Willard said recently:

"She has allowed herself to become a MAN TO BLAME FOR WOMAN'S

recently:

"Bhe has allowed herself to become a
mere lay figure upon which any hump or
noop or farthingale could be fastened that
anthomongers chose; and oftimes her
nead is a mere rotary ball upon which head is a mere rotary ball upon which milliners may let perch whatever they please—be it bird of paradise or beast or creeping thing. She has bedraggled her senseless long skirts in whatever combination of filth the street presented, submitting to a motion the most awkward and degrading known to the entire apimal kingdom; for nature has adowed all others that carry trains and trails with the power of lifting them without turning in their tracks; but the fashionable woman pays lowlists bedsance to what follows in her own wake, and, as she dues seaming the word grotesome figure outside of a jumping-jack. In view of the mania for long skirts, and the settled distemper of bodiess abbreviated at the wrong terminas, it strikes me as desirable that the council should utter a deliverance

distemper of bodious abbreviated at the wrong terminus, it strikes me as desirable that the council should utter a deliverance in favor of a sensible, modest, tasteful, business costume for busy women."

Here is another description of the inconveniences of the long street gown, by Mrs. Edlen B. Dietrick:

"It is on the street that woman a present cendition is most miserable. The street gown not being well adapted to pockets, the average woman generally has one hand useless for amergencies, on account of its burdens; and when an umbrella must be held in the other, and the mud-bespattered robe first alops miserably wet about its owner's heels, or twists fetteringly about as the wind rises, again, either brushes of owner's heels, or twists fetteringly about as it the wind rises, again, either brushes off filthy curbstones or is gathered too high in its owner's frantic efforts to preserve its original niesty, sit in out a spectacle for the goddess of common sense to weep over? But with men wielding that terrible response, the press, and occupying that powerful stronghold, the pulpit, it is swimming against the ourrent, with fearful odds against them, for women to undertake anything the masculine half of humanity chooses to call 'unwormanly,' actuated by

restore to an all sections held of controls of the control of the

THE HOMESTEAD INQUEST. f Three Hundred Attacks Sixty

HUGH O'DONELL IN TORONTO.

in, about 24 years old, came to his death ruesday, July 6th, 1892, about 8.30 ook a. m., while in company with others

Planet this Morning.

ONLY 35,000,000 MILES AWAY,

THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

with of the company to the company of the company o

A FATHER'S FEARFUL OHASE.

PERIODICAL RABIES.

IN AN EAGLE'S CLUTCHES.

Raby Carried Off and Killed by the King of the Air.

brought her six-monthr-old baby out and laid lividown on the grass under a tree while she sewed. Presently she was called into the house, and when she came out she saw a tremendous eagle swoop down on the child and rink its taions into the little one's flesh and clothing. She rushed to the rescue of her babe, but was too late, and the bird seared out of reach. and clothing. She rushed to the rescue of
the babe, but was too late, and the bird
accard out of reach.

Her shrieks brought her husband to the
scene. He quickly comprehended the situation, and with his rifle he jumped on a
horse and rode like the wind to the rocky
shores of the lake, where he knew of an
eagle's gyrie. It was an hour's ride, and he
was just in time to see a remarkable sight.
Two eagles were hovering over a crag of
rocks, filling the air with their cries and
battling for the possession of the babe that
lay high up on the rocks. It was slow
work climbing those rocks, and before the
father reached the child one of the eagles
had fallen to the ground, while the other
had again swooped down on the child, and,
ploking it up, was bearing it away.

"Crack!" rank out the Winohester with
fatal effect, for the eagle dropped the child,
and, with a convulsive finter of its wings,
fell also. Both eagle and child fell into the
waters of Cheboygan Lake. Dropping his
rifle, the frantic father plunged from the
crag into the water below. He caught the
child, but it was dead, both of the eyes
hadden the process of the service of the water of the service of th

DEACON WHITE'S WORD. Is Proved to Be Good to Creditors For

Its Proved to Be Goed to Creditors For \$450,000.

A New York despatch says: Just about a year ago, Stephen Van Cullen White (better known as "Deacon." White), became so entangled in an effort to corner corn, that, because of the Chicago manipulation of the cereal, he was forced to suspend payments, owing a couple of million of dollars.

The blow made a changed man of him. His face was white, his manner languid, and his step slow, and there was nothing about him of the bustle and rush that had so long been his characteristic in Wall street. He handed over to his creditors everything he had left, and said that if they would give him time and take his word he would pay dollar for dollar. They all took his word, and did not ask for even a scrap of paper in acknowledgment of the debts. This cheered Mr. White up a good deal. He got back his color and his energy, and started in with a determination to pay up. He joined hands with James R. Keene, another gentleman who had met with misfortune, and who since 1884 has squared a couple of millions of debts. Mr. Keene and Mr. White became personally and jointly interested in the industrial securities of Wall street, particularly cordage, sugar, general electric and similar properties. With possibly a temporary campaign in St. Paul and Western Union, Mr. Keene and Mr. White have devoted their energies to the industrial securities mentioned. The success of the ventures has been so pronounced that to-day Mr. White spent most of the cay in calling upon the friends of, a year ago and handing out to them certified cheques of the amount due them. In all Mr. White settled to day \$400,000 of debts. He is now pretty well clear of the old trouble, and all the men who took his word were in Delmonico's to-day drinking to his health.

MR. JOHN BLACK DEAD.

Mr. Alfred Strond, of This City, Leses His Partner in Liverpool.

A cablegram was received in this city yesterday afternon, announcing the death, in Liverpool, of Mr. John Black, of Fergaspartner of Mr. Alfred Stroud, of this city, in the extensive cattle fattening business in the northwestern part of the city. Just is month ago Mr. Black left this city in charge of a shipment of cattle for London. The following week Mr. Stroud took a second shipment over, going to Liverpool. Mr. Black had disposed of his stook in London and met Mr. Stroud in Liverpool, and the two gentlemen were to have left for home a week ago yesterday. The announcement of Mr. Black's death was a greatsurprise here. No cause is stated. Decessed was in robust health when he left here and felt confident of being very successful with the cattle. The venture did not turn out well, the bettom having fallen out of the market by the time the shipment arrived. Mr. Black was one of the pioneers of the cattle trade and was engaged in itvery extensively years ago. In 1881 he met with great reverses and lost an immense amount of money in the business. He was well known in this city, where he spent much of his time, though he lived in Fergus, where he leaves a family. MR. JOHN BLACK DEAD.

ARE YOU PERSPIRING?

If 80, Read This and Be Proud of Your-The human skin is perferated by at least 1,000 holes in the space of each square inch. For the sake of argument, say there are exactly 1,000 of these little drain ditches to each rquare inch of skin surface. Now estimate the skin surface of the average-sized man at 16 square feet, and we find that he has 2,304,000 pores. Kittens at Saratoga.

Mittens at Saratega.

A Saratoga letter says: "Dogs and dudes will have to be relegated to the rear as they have been superseded by youthful felines. Two or three of the fashionable belies, when going out to drive, take along with them their pet hitten, which is generally orna mented with a ribbon of some bright hue. The new feline fad attracts no small amount of attention, and frequently may be heard the expression: "Well, there! Look at that young woman in that carriage, holding a young cat, and the kitten has a ribbon around its neck, too." Black and Maltese kittens seem to be the fashionable colors, especially among those seen on Union and Ballston avenues. The pet kitten manis, as a carriage companion, may not be new elsewhere, but it has just made its appearance here. The discarded pets—dogs and dudes—look sad."

discarded pets—dogs and dudes—look sad."

Temnatees With Rice.

Scald and peel three large, smooth, tomatoce. Out them in halves, scoop out the seeds and juice without breaking the pulp. Scald the juice enough to strain out the seeds. To the juice add sugar to taste and mix with it as much warm boiled rice as it will absorb; add sals and a little butter, Fill the tomatoce with the mixture. Place each half temato on a round of bread buttered. Put them in a shallow pan and bake ten minutes, or until the bread is browned.

Me Thinks Me is Made of Glass.

In one of the fashionable suburbs of Edin-

me Tainus sie is made of Glass.

In one of the fashionable suburbs of Edinburgh lives a gentleman who imagines that he is a piece of glass. It is the delight of all the boys to knock up against him, and he then slowly drops to the pavement, no matter in what condition it is. Nor will be control but waits for a policeman to take get up, but waits for a peliceman to him home.

Little Johnny Makes a Guess.

Girls is awful lary. We've got a termis ne tan' croquet set an' lots of things to have fun with, but my sister would rather sit in a stuffy room a listenin' to a young man talkin' 'bout dead poets than come out an' have fun with me. She didn't used to be that way. Maybe she ain't really lary. Maybe it's only old age. An Excellent Relish.

An Excellent Relish.

Cucumbers, lettuce and onions make a relish that will tempt the appetite. Place the lettuce leaves on a dish in layers, then put thin slices discuembers and onions on the leaves. Sprinkle over them a little sugar, mustard, pepper and salt; then put vinegar and oil over just before eating.

Hushands Must Be Hummered.

Atchison Globe: Men are so peculiar that as a rule a man tells his wife the most when she asks him the least questions. A turtle will keep its head in if it is poked and bothered, and a man is a great deal like a turtle.

As another proof of woman's inability to keep a secret we notice that while a man covers his suspenders a woman wears hersopenly.

"Oh, manma! I shall get a divorce, so I shall." "My dear child, what has happened!" "He is letting his whiskers grow and they don't match Fido's a bit."

The best way to attract attention is to The best way to attract attention is to behave better than any other man in town. JUST IN TIME.

way Ols, and was put on the parss, we they say.

Jous Oestruo took him as his share of the parish burdens. When he was six years old he could be made nasful enough to earn his food and shelter. Jeus Oestruo then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was so fond of him that he deedded to keep him.

When Ola was 12 years old he could kick a cap from a nail high above his head. Birgit was so fond of Ola that everythinghe did seemed admirable. Once she said a bad word and Ola was whipped for its. a cap from a nail high above his head. Birgit was so fond of Ola that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she said a bad word and Ola was whipped for it.

So Ola was sent to the mountains; he roamed with his alpins horn over the wide mountain plains, at be berries, caught fish, set traps and was happy. He hardly thought once of the little girl down in the valley.

One day late in the summer she came up to the dairy with her mother. She was carried up on horseback in a basket. When she saw him she flung herself down upon the grass and soreamed with delight.

But when her mother had reached the hut she ran up to him and hugged him. While the cattle were being milked he went to look after his things. She followed him, proud in the thought that he tolerated her.

"Look here," he cried, lifting up a brown hare, "isn't that a big fellow?"

"What is it?" she saked.

"It is a hare."

"No, it isn't a hare. A hare is white."

"It is brown in summer. It changes its skim."

"Has he two skins, one inside the other?"

go."
"Say it.'
"I wish—I wish she stammered, while
a quick blush sprang to her cheeks. "No,
I think I won't say it after all," she finished Yes, say 10," he extreated seizing her

"Yes, say 15," he extreated, seizing her hand, "Well, I—I wish you could do as the bare, change your skin."
She drew her hand away from his and ran down the hillside, so that the stones and dry leaves flew about her.
That night he picked a quarrel with Thorger Sletten, who was said to be attentive to Birgit, and he thrashed him. All the following winter he kept watch of her from afar, and picked quarrels with everybody whom she seemed to favor.
"Change my skin," he pondered. "Change my skin, like the hare. How, oh, how can I do it?"
This thought followed him dayand night.

This thought followed him dayand night. One day, in the spring, an emigrant ship bound for America appeared at the mouth of the river.

Ola packed together his few traps and went up to Oestruo's to say good-by. He met Birgit in the birch grore behind the barn. It was the time when the buds were bursting and the swallows had just returned.

"" Well, Ols, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him coming with bundle and staff in hand.
"To America."
"America!" she cried. "America!"
The answer seemed to frighten her. She The answer seemed to frighten her. She irned pale and caught hold of a birch se for support. He watched her nar-

tree for support. He waters are rowly.

"What are you going to do in America, Ola?" she asked softly.

"Change my akin," he replied with a vigor that startled her. "And if I come back within five years with a changed akin will you promise to wait for me?"

"I promise," she whispered, weeping quietly upon his shoulder.

quietly upon his shoulder.

Five years from that day a young man was seen haetening up the hillside to Oestrue. He had a big slouch hat on his head, and he was well dressed.

His face was strong, square and determined, his eyes danced with joy, for in his pocket he had a royal marriage license, with which he meant to surprise some-body up at Oestruc's farm. It was five years to-day since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.

years to-day since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.

For this hour he had toiled, saved and suffered for five long weary years. He had been a silver miner in Leadville when the place was yet new, and he had sold his claim for \$50,000.

As he was hurrying along an old woman, who was sitting by the roadside, hailed him. "Gentlefolks out walking to-day?" she said, holding out her hand for a penny. "Gentlefolks?" he cried, with a happy laugh. "Why, Gurid, I'm Ola who used to herd cattle at Oestruo's dairy."

"You, Ola! who was on the parish? Then you must have changed your skis."

"That was what I went to America for," he answered laughing.

The church lay half way up the hillside. There Ola sat down to rest, for he had walked far and was tired. Presently be heard music up under the ledge of the forest; there was one clarichet and severs fiddles.

A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with a silver crown upon her head and shining brooches upon her bosom.

The procession came nearer. Now the master of the ceremonies opened the church down what and severs on the came is a strange. Ola sat still like a rock; but a strange.

master of the ceremonies opened the church doors wide and went to meet the bride and groom.

Ola sat still like a rock; but a strange numbness came over him. As the party drew near to the gate of the churchyard he arose and stood, tall and grave, in the middle of the read. Then came Birgit Oestruc and Thorger Sletten. She looked pale and sad, he defiant.

"Yeu didn't expect me to your wedding. Birgit Oestruc ?" he said, and stared hard at her. She gave a scream; the crown fell from her head; she rushed forward and flung her arms about his neck.

"Now come," he cried, "wheever dares, and I'll make a merry bridal."
Seus Oestruc stepped forward and spoke. His voice shock with wrath and the veins swelled upon his brow.

"Here Lam," he said. "If you want the girl you shall fight for her."

"Not with you, old man," retorted Ola; but with Thorger I'll fight. Let him come forward.

"Hard lnok," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day."

Fight? Birgit, who in her happiness had been blind and deaf, woke up with a start. She unwound her arms from Ola's neck and stepped up between the two men.

"Oh, do not fight, do not fight?" she entreated, holding out her hands first to one claimant and then to the other.

"You know father, for whem I have waited for these five years. You know waited for these five years.

an "o."

There is a vancy in the English vocabulary which these words fill. The typewriting industry has sprung up within a comparatively short time, but no words have come into general use to meet the requirements of the new situation. A general movement would quickly establish them.

Hugh Fay is not dead. Charles Coghlan will star. Kate Claxton "has retired." Janauschek will again try tragedy. The Dre-aritone, Scheidemantel, i

Many companies will not play until after he election. the election.

The St. Petersburg Director of Theatres has prohibited hissing.

Haworth will produce "On 'Change," by a Chicago young woman.

Grace Harper, whose father is a millionaire, has joined the Dixey Company.

"The Face in the Moonlight," Mantell's new play, is a story of Scottish border life.

New York ballet girls get \$18 and \$25 a week for summer and winter work respec-The Carleton Club, of Chicago, offers a prize of \$500 for the best three or four act omedy. Chevalier, the star card at London music halls, makes \$350 a week, appearing at several halls nightly.

A play by Miss Chapin, sister of ex-mayor Chapin, of Brooklyn, has been denied production in London for being "indecent, indelieate, gloss and coarse." Cumulative Praise.

In the month of March, 1815, the Paris Moniteur announced the unexpected return of the Emperor Napoleon Am Eiba. The first announcement of the Moniteur was far from polite, but as the little Corsican approached Paris a gradual change took place in its tone:

proached Paris a gradual change took place in its tone:

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

noble."
"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."
"The usurper has been seen within fifty
miles of Paris."
"Bonaparte is advancing with great
rapidity, but he will not put his foot inside
the walls of Paris."
"To-morrow Napoleon will be at our
gates." gates."
"The Emperor has arrived at Fontaingates."
"His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon, entered Paris yesterday surrounded by his loyal subjects."—Texas Siftings.

London's Recognition of Women.

Women are fast obtaining substantial recognition in the governing of London. There are women members of the Board of Education and various other impertant bodies, and if women choose there may now be women Dock Commissioners. In a bill before Parliament dealing with the election of Dock Commissioners Mr. Courtney, chairman of the committee, took a novel and, as the newspapers describe it, "praise-worthy" step by striking out the words "male persons," so that the franchise might be conferred on women. The promoters of the bill said if ladies may vote they might also become commissioners. "And why not," asked Mr. Courtney, " if they are good business women?"

After a Hard Bay's Work.

Wash the head, especially the back part London's Recognition of Women.

Wash the head, especially the back part in water just as hot as can be borne. Take a sponge or towel, soak it in the hot water, and put it on the back of the neck, holding the head down and letting the hot water run over it. Repeat this for four or five minutes and the face will look like a boiled lobster. Then take a dash of cold water, wips the head dry, lie down for fifteen minutes and one will feel like a new man or woman. Moreover, this is for the ladies—it's the best thing in the world to give a good, clear complexion.

Some children were lately overheard

Some children were lately overheard iscussing the Sunday service in the fash-onable church at which the family woronable character as which the series is shipped.

"Well, now," said the 7-year-old boy,
I should like to know what the sermon is

I should like to know what the sermon is for, anyway?'

"Why, Harry, don't you know?" answered his 5-year-old sister. "It's to give the singers a rest, of course."—Hebrew Standard.

Brewned Art.

Lady Guest—Why is it that we don't hear the boom of the waves here?

Landlord—It has been investigated and it is supposed to be on account of the bathing suits being so loud."

A lady had just been calling on Katie's mamma. Katie liked to sit near the caller, whose dress was well-perfumed. Katie had always been very fond of cologae, and when the lady was gone, she said to mammas:

"How nice her dress breathes?"

ble, for there are no forests to roar, no while the short grasse While the cattle were being milked he went to look ster his things. Bhe followed him, proud in the thought that he tolerated her.

"Look here," be cried, lifting up brown here, "lim't that a hig fellow ""

"No, it isn't has a high fellow ""

"Intend of answering he took his knill ad out the hard's exist."

"Intend of answering he took his knill ad out the hard's exist."

"No, he said, "he hasa't got more so the said."

"No, he said, "he hasa't got more so the said."

"No, he said, "he hasa't got more so to said the said."

"No, he said, "he hasa't got more so the said."

"The health of answering he took his knill ad out the hard's exist.

"No, he said, "he hasa't got more so the said."

"No, he said, "he hasa't got more so the said."

"The health of the health of the said." he hasa't got more so the said. "he hasa't got more so the said." he hasa't got more so the said. "he hasa't got more so the said." he hasa't got more so the said. "he hasa't got more so the said." he hasa't got more so the said. "he hasa't got more so the said." "he had to

fire brands from the camp-fire may be thrown up with some hope of success. No one can know, until he has experienced it, the longing which takes possession of one who has been for weeks practically separated from speaking men, once more to hear the sounds of common life, the rear of the city streets, the sound of bells, and come the crowing of the cock in the carry dawn.

The Summer Bearder.

As ignorance is bliss, den't try to find out where the farmer gets his fresh provisions.

The only one of the boarders who doesn't get tamed enough is the misohievous small box.

get tanned enough is the misohievous small boy.

When it is all over you are sorry you didn't treat the pretty boarder to country store candy instead of sending to the city for bon-bons.

You are more apt to find the running water in your room when it is raining.

Just because the farmer's pretty daughter waits on you, don't think that she will lest you wait on her.

you wait on her.
You find that most things around the farm house are home-made, except the butter.

batter.

It is hard to be polite to the pretty boarder's aunt, who has a habit of getting you into a corner of the veranda and speaking for hours upon the condition of her liver.

The nervous man who goes into the country for rest is always made to room with the fiend who has brought his flute and cornet along.

for the boarder than climbing the mountains.

You musta't think that the air agrees with you and that your appetite is improving just because you are always still hungry sfeet dinner is over.

The mysterious boarder generally turns out to be the foolish woman who seeks seclusion while her hair is undergoing the process of bleaching.

The farmer never takes you for a drive when he goes down to the station after his fresh milk and butter.

If the country boys come and stars at you in wonder when you're fishing in the creek, don't you be surprised that you never get a bite, for that's a sure sign there are no fish there.

The farmer treats his city cousin as one of the family, and soon breaks him into doing chores around the house.—New York Evening Sun.

The Sultan's Harem, The Saltan's Harem.

It is the ambition of every Turkish official to get his daughter into the Sultan's harem each occupant of which receives the title of Princess, together with a large dewer, a staff of ten servants, a carriage and four, and last, but not least, the possibility of gaining influence over the Sultan and so raising her family in rank and power.

The maintenance of the Sultan's harem, cost Turkey 30,000,000 gold routles yearly (£3,000,000). charitableness. When one of the ladies leaves the harem to marry, and about 100 of them leave every year, ahe receives a dower of £7,500. The vacant places, however, are quickly filled up, so that the number of odalisques never falls below 300.

The Fashionable Sleeve.

The most fashionable sleeve of the hour is formed of two full puffs, the first one cessing midway between the shoulder and elbow, the second finishing at the elbow itself. Herefrom depends a deep flounce of old lace, shirred finely and forming an exaggerated "sabot." Some dresses have a globe or empire puff sleeve and a tight-fitting under "manche." With this the lace flounce depends from the puff. Velvet sleeves, plain, beaded, glace or shaded, are also among the fads of the hour. They seem a trifle inappropriate with gowns of muslin, silk crepon and the like, but that does not in the least hinder them from being worn. The Fashionable Sleeve

Spinning is New the Fad.

Spinning is the latest fashionable occupation. A number of women are learning the art, and the antique spinning wheel is no longer a mere ornament. A square of linem of the spinning wheel is no longer about or to use as a gift. But mademoiselle particularly likes to be seen at her spinning wheel. It is a graceful, womanly pose. One never thinks of a man weaving a web of that sort, and one which shows off a pretty figure and well-moulded hands and arms to great advantage.

A Sweet Breath. A "Gallic Hibernicism." The following notice was found posted at the gate of a rural cemetery—not in Irehand, but near Dieppe, in France;

"Owing to the ortwided condition of this cometery only those living in the commune will hereafter be buried in it."—Youth's Com-

panion.

A tiny scrap of cucumber rind left in the salad adds a peculiar pungency to its flavor. Men on pension rolls live to be very old. The pension roll beats the baker's roll as a