OPPOSED TO RETALIATION.

Senator Sherman Delivers an Important Speech in Congress.

THE REPUBLICAN POSITION.

A Washington despatch says: In the Senate to-day Mr. Sherman's resolution, offered yesterday, instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the state of the relations of the United States with Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, and to report at the next session such measures as are expedient to promote friendly commercial and political intercourse between those countries and the United States, was taken up, and Mr. Sherman proceeded to address the Senate, delivering his remarks from manuscript. After an allusion to the President's Retaliation Message, and a justification of the rejection of the Fisheries Treaty, he asked why should Canada refuse to allow American fishing vessels to enter her ports and to ship their fish to their American market? A denial of that privilege appeared so unchristian and selfish that he wondered it had not long since led to violent retaliation. If the President had, by proclamation, withheld the like privilege from Canadian fishing vessels the evil, he believed, would have been quickly corrected, but the President, instead of exercising the powers which he had under the Act of March 3rd, 1887, had asked Congress in his Retaliation message for power to suspend a commerce which had amounted for the last six years to $270,000,000. No wonder that sudden change of base excited surprise in both countries and was regarded as a mere political movement. The President's proposition was, in other words, to suspend and embarrass the commerce of exports and imports, amounting to nearly a hundred millions a year. Such a proposition, made without warning in the midst of a popular election, had been the President's response to the earnest demand made by American fishermen that they should be secured in the enjoyment of what they believed to be their unquestionable rights. Why had the President, he said, blended the dispute about the transhipment of fish with the vast interior commerce of the country? Why connect the controversy in the water about the mouth of the St. Lawrence with commercial relations along a boundary line of four thousand miles? No good could come of such a movement unless it was desired to establish non-intercourse between the two countries. The measure of Retaliation reported by the President was far beyond the range of and out of all proportion to the complaint. He denied the position taken by the President, that Article 29 of the Treaty of 1871 had been terminated on the 1st of July, 1885. A repeal by construction, he argued, was not favored by law. Besides, all the contracting parties treated that article as being in full force. The retaliation proposed by the President was retaliation against the United States. When President Grant had asked Congress for powers like these they had been refused him, and was Congress now going to give to President Cleveland powers which it had refused to President Grant? Even if Great Britain had violated a treaty, Congress alone could prescribe the proper remedy, either by abrogation of the whole treaty or a portion of it, or by retaliation in kind. In that case Congress had furnished a remedy, simple, ample and complete, in the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1887. Congress had not undertaken to abrogate Article 29 of the Treaty of 1871, and according to his construction that article was now in full force and effect. Neither the interests of the American people nor public policy demanded its abrogation, but rather that it should be maintained in force. The discrimination against American vessels in Canadian canals, although unjust, had been seized upon as a pretence for this bill. It was neither manly nor just. He concluded, therefore, that is was not wise to give the President the additional powers of retaliation which he asked for. The time had come when the people of the United States and the people of Canada should take a broader view of the relations towards each other. The whole history of the two countries had been a continuous warning that they could not remain at peace except by political as well as Commercial Union. It would be better for all if the whole continent north of Mexico shared in the prosperity and blessings of the American Union. But the way to union with Canada was not by unfriendly legislation, but by friendly overtures. The true policy of the Government of the United States was to tender to Canada freedom of trade and intercourse and make that tender in such a fraternal way that it should be an overture to the Canadian people to become a part of the American Union. He saw in the success of that policy much that was good and nothing that was harmful to any part of the country. He was not willing to vote for any measure that was not demanded by national honor.

MR. MORGAN REPLIES.

Mr. Morgan replied to Mr. Sherman, describing a portion of his speech as a "post mortem on the Fisheries Treaty," and said Mr. Sherman's zollverein idea had seemed to be a plan for the annexation of Canada. He admired that Senator for thus grasping Canada around the waist and holding her up to a close embrace with the people of the United States. He looked forward, perhaps at the end of the next century, to something like a realization of this dream unless in the meantime the Federal party of the United States, which was so much in love with the ancient traditions of centralized power, might think it better for Canada to embrace the United States within her union and draw them back within the Imperial power of Great Britain. He was a little at a loss to know, in view of recent Presidential elections, whether the United States are not after all drifting to Imperialism. He had been surprised at the breadth of Mr. Sherman's treatment of the question and preferred to read that Senator's speech before commenting upon it. The Committee on Foreign Relations would meet to-morrow. It had had before it since the 10th of September the Retaliation Bill passed by the House, and it was with astonishment that he had heard the Senator from Ohio condemn the Bill before it had been considered by that committee. After it had been considered to-morrow, he would bring the subject to the attention of the country.

Mr. Sherman's resolution went over without action.

DOWN TO DEATH.

Heartrending etails of the Great Hurricane in Cuba — Hundreds Dead, Thousands Homeless.

A Havana despatch ys: In Caibarien the damage done to erty by the recent cyclone is enormous. T e total number of lives lost in the city and its suburbs is forty-six. The situation at Vuelta Abajo is sad indeed. The tobacco crop is a total loss, and over 3,000 houses, shanties and other small houses are totally destroyed. Then thousand people are left homeless and in great misery. The greatest damage caused on the island by the storm was at Sagua and in Isabella. Over 1,000 buildings were destroyed. The sea rose six feet. Many of those who escaped death from flying timbers were drowned. The loss of life in Sagua alone is over 400. A passenger train in Isabella running thirty miles an hour was caught by the wind. The rails were bent as if they were hairpins, the train being precipitated into a marsh which completely covered it. Seventy-two lives were lost. In Sagua the only building standing is the residence of Domingo Madariaga on the coast at a place called Higueratta. The Spanish schooners America, Anita, Segunda, Ignacia, Esperanza and Atoona are ashore and total wrecks. In Ceiba del Agua over 100 houses were destroyed. The damage caused by this terrible hurricane is estimated at over $10,000,000. Over 800 persons lost their lives. Thousands of persons are homeless and perishing from hunger. A special from Caibarien says that seventy-two bodies, victims of the late hurricane, have been recovered.

A Bride of Two Weeks Commits Suicide.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: A sad case of suicide occurred at Little Glace Bay, C. B., on Sunday evening, Mrs. McArel, of that place, a young woman only married two weeks ago, putting an end to her life by cutting her throat. Shortly after her marriage her manner towards her husband changed, and she complained of feeling uneasy as to the future of her soul. She committed the fatal deed after returning from church. The jury found that the fatal deed was committed under the influence of temporary insanity.

Solomon Asher, a Philadelphia dancing master, who has just returned from an extended trip in Europe, says that Americans are everywhere regarded as the best dancers n the world.

ROYAL WEDDING DRESSES.

The Magnificent Costumes Worn at the Great French Wedding Yesterday.

POEMS IN SILKS, SATINS AND LACE.

A cable correspondent supplies the following additional particulars of the wedding of the Duke of Aosta to Princess Letitia in Turin yesterday:

The cavalcade escorting the carriages, which was composed of officers clad in mediæval Savoy costumes and divided into four troops, were dressed respectively in blue and green. It is the first time since 1859 that a member of the Bonaparte family has made a marriage into one of the reigning families in Europe.

The wedding robe of Princess Letitia was of white silk, the style of the First Empire, adorned with rich silver embroidery and wreaths of orange flowers. She wore a splendid diadem in diamonds. The grand mantle was of white silk, and was over six and a half yards in length. Attached to the corsage, it formed an immense train. On it were embroidered in silver 360 bees and 160 eagles, the emblems of the house of Bonaparte. The three sons of the Duke of Aosta presented their future step-mother with a pearl necklace which cost $60,000.

The Queen of Italy looked well in heliotrope silk. The Queen of Portugal was dressed in a rich cream brocaded silk.

After the wedding, all the characters in the *fete* having assembled at the palace grounds, the scene presented was most brilliant and picturesque. The flower basket was now full of life and the brightness of varied colors in costumes of cavaliers standing on its outer edge gave additional animation and a black mass of at least 100,000 people collected around completed the most imposing picture. Twelve bands played together a wedding march arranged upon Mendelssohn's.

Kossuth sent the following telegram to Prince Jerome:

"An old man, an exile from my native land, divided from the past by an abyss, I yet retain deeply graven in my heart one feeling—that of gratitude. There was a time when I was entitled to speak in the name of Hungary. That time no longer exists; yet I may state that many Hungarians, like myself, are mindful of all that Prince Napoleon accomplished for the freedom of Hungary, and that they unite with me in sending their congratulations on this solemn occasion."

The two most magnificent dresses were worn by Queen Margheretta and Princess Mathilde. The former wore for church a mauve satin, brocaded with rippled lines in the same color and having a directoire coat in a pale silver gray brocade of the same pattern, made with long, square ends at the back, reaching to the skirt hem. This coat has a deep vest in mauve brocade, elaborately embroidered with steel cord and steel and crystal beads; the skirt breadths part in front over straight folds of the gray brocade, each side of the opening being edged with embroidery to match he vest; the short dolman wrap of the grap brocade is also bordered with similar embroidery and is lined throughout with plain mauve satin.

The Princess Mathilde wore a tulle of bluish pearl color, the front and sides and skirt elaborately embroidered with gold and bordered with gold lace, and the former dotted all over with spots formed of a single gray pearl and one gold spangle combined. The edge skirt front was finished with deep fringe in gray pearls and steel beads, falling over a band of gold lace. The train, over four yards in length, is in pearl gray faille brocaded with bouquets of red and pink roses, with their foliage intermixed with gold flowers. This magnificent silk was manufactured at Lyons over twenty years ago expressly for the Empress Eugenie. After the death of Napoleon III. the Empress presented it to the Princess. The sides of the train are each caught together in a single long, narrow fold, which is held in place by bow knot shaped ornaments in gold passementerie, and it is lined throughout with gold yellow satin.

The Duke of Aosta and Princess Letitia have been at the royal palace since Thursday, receiving deputations and presents. Probably the most worthy of mention is the gift of 400 ladies of Turin—a Sedan chair, richly embellished, and intended to remind her of a lost art of Turin. Also a gift from the municipality, a tapestry chest in the style of the seventeenth century, containing specimens of the richest brocades, silks and velvets of Italy.

So ended the long talked of marital *fete*. Henceforth Princess Letitia is sister-in-law to her own mother, stepmother to one set of cousins and aunt to the remainder, while the Duke becomes son-in-law to his sister, nephew to his brother and brother-in-law to his nephews.

HOOSAC TUNNEL ADVENTURE.

Workmen Overcome by Gas in a Tunnel are Rescued before the Express Ran In.

A last (Sunday) night's North Adams Mass., despatch says: A terrible disaster was narrowly averted in the Hoosac tunnel yesterday afternoon, when 69 workmen employed in the tunnel were overcome by the coal gas from a passing locomotive. The men were divided into three gangs, 39 being masons employed in repairing the brick arch, 22 in the electric light gang, and 8 in the track gang. The extra freight train No. 31 went east shortly after 9 o'clock, followed soon after by No. 49 west, filling the tunnel with smoke. When the second extra 31 came up the grade with a heavy freight, the engine had lost steam, so that when the train went into the tunnel the fire box was filled with fresh coal. The masons, working about 1,000 feet from the west end, were only slightly affected by the gas as the train passed, but shortly after the flagman towards the west shaft reported to Overseer McGrath that the trackmen in the 3,000 foot section and the electric light men in the 6,000 foot section were overcome by gas. Express No. 33 had just entered the tunnel from the west, and McGrath ordered it flagged, which proved a wise precaution. He then ordered all the men from their work to rescue the track and electric light men. Push cars were forced into the tunnel and the rescuers found the men lying all along the track, some partly and some wholly overcome. All the men were placed on the cars and brought out into the open air. Eighteen men were found unconscious in the 6,000 foot section, nearly all of them being on the east-bound track. Had the east-bound express been allowed to pass the slaughter would have been terrible. Some of the men were so badly overcome that it was several hours before they were fully restored to consciousness. It is thought that two of the men will die.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Three Stories at the Expense of His Excellency.

While Lord Stanley was here (says the Kingston *Whig*) a Lancashire lass working in the cotton mill greeted him. He shook her hand, and on learning who she was chatted familiarly about their old home. "I told the girls," she said, "that I was bound to speak to you." The Governor-General said he was glad she had, and added: "Tell the young women the next time I come here I will go and see them and you."

Mr. O'Beirne, of the Woodstock *Standard*, having married Miss Warner, a Napanee belle, the pair started on their wedding trip last Wednesday. J. B. Hanley had prepared torpedo signals at the G.T.R. station to mark his esteem and good wishes for the newly married pair. The private car of Lord Stanley was attached to the train, and as the torpedoes were set off the new Governor-General assumed that it was intended as a salute for him. He came smiling and bowing to the rear of the train only to observe his mistake.

The Governor-General is credited with the intention to build a summer chateau on the Cascapedia River.

He Deserves a Chinese Punishment.

A Long Island City despatch says: William Bohan was placed on trial to-day for gouging out one of his wife's eyes in May, 1886. Mrs. Bohan testified that she was totally bind, and that one of her eyes was plucked out by her husband at Rockaway Beach in May, 1886, and that at the time she made no complaint against Bohan. He will be tried for plucking out his wife's other eye as soon as the present case is finished. Bohan was found guilty of mayhem, though Mrs. Bohan refused to testify against him. Sentence was deferred. The penalty is from five to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Business man—Has your husband much trade in the west? Shoe manufacturer's wife—He seldom refers to business matters in any way, but I judge that he has businessconnections in Chicago. He remarked last night that he had just received a large shoe contract.—*Philadelphia Record.*

THAT CHICAGO SUICIDE.

A Young Hungarian Suicides on Account of a Pledge Given Three Years Ago.

An Omaha despatch gives another version of the suicide of Oers Barothy, a Hungarian, at Chicago, which a Chicago despatch attributed to a love affair. It says: In the reports which have come to this city of the suicide of Oers Barothy, formerly of Omaha, disappointment in love was assigned as the cause of the melancholy act. Recent disclosures, however, prove that such was not the case. The story in the local papers attracted the attention of thousands, and, among them, of two brothers of the deceased. These came to town on Friday. They were greatly excited over the shooting, and produced evidence to show that their brother had not killed himself because of an affair of the heart. The evidence came, as it were, from the grave, because it was couched in words written by deceased on the 12th inst., on the day of his death. The letter was received yesterday. It was written upon mourning paper, and enclosed in an envelope with a deep black margin. It was a long missive in the Hungarian language. It told of the intended suicide, and stated that the act was in recognition of his pledge to kill himself, given three years ago in his native land to an enemy with whom he had a personal quarrel. Young Barothy was a Hungarian. His personal honor was dearer than life. Three years ago on the 12th of this month he was mortally offended by an officer in the army at home. He challenged the soldier. The challenge was accepted with the privilege of selecting weapons to be used in satisfying wounded honor. In Hungary there are three methods allowable, the second, the pistol, or what is termed the "American plan," being adopted. This consists in each party drawing one or two balls, a white or a black. The man who draws the black ball is bound to dispose of himself, either by shooting, hanging or drowning, or any other manner which may be decided upon by the challenged party before the balls are drawn. Barothy drew the black or unlucky ball. It had been agreed that the drawer of the unlucky one should kill himself by shooting, and the third anniversary took place last Wednesday. That was the night on which Oera walked to the shore of Lake Michigan, in Chicago, and in remembrance of his word of honor, sent three bullets into his body and died.

A SORROFUL SPECTACLE.

A Young Man Finds His Bride in Her Coffin—She Fell Dead at a Dance, While He was on His Way to the Wedding.

A Detroit telegram says: A sad little cortege left 31 Twentieth street before 9 o'clock this morning for Woodmere Cemetery. All that was mortal of Mary Cowan, a good-looking girl of 21, was laid to rest in that city of the dead. Robert Crawford, who lived at Delray, was the unwelcome suitor of the girl, the latter's step-parents turning a cold shoulder upon his advances towards Mary. She was, however, determined to marry Crawford, and the wedding was set for last night. Their acquaintance had been of about a year's duration, and within the last three weeks she left her step-parents' home and went to Delray to live with Crawford's sister, Crawford himself being absent on a lake steamer. On Saturday night some of Mary's friends invited her to indulge in a last dance before her marriage, and she accepted it somewhat against her inclination. During the progress of a quadrille, towards the close of the evening's pleasure, Mary suddenly became faint and dropped limp and lifeless in her partner's arms. She was quickly given air and sprinkled with water. but she did not revive and physicians were called. By the time the latter arrived the girl was dead. The doctors made an examination and found that she had been very tightly laced. On opening the corset the flesh was found to be doubled over under the pressure of the stays. The physician's verdict was that she had expired from the bursting of a blood vessel, caused by overheating and tight lacing. Mary was always a remarkably healthy girl, and the doctors in view of that fact could arrive at no other conclusion. The corpse was brought to Detroit Sunday and was viewed by a large number of friends. Young Crawford arrived at his sister's house last night to claim his bride and was nearly prostrated with the sad intelligence. Unknown to the dead girl's step-parents he appeared at the funeral services at the house this morning. He was the picture of grief and he was too late to get a view of his affianced's face before the lid was shut down. He remained outside during the most of the ceremonies, and then, moved by a strong impulse, he made his way into the house and requested that the lid be raised. His wish was granted; he took one last, long lingering look at the loved features of the dead; then, burying his face in his hands, he, sobbing, turned away and moved sorrowfully out of the room.

A FOOLHARDY VOYAGE ENDED.

Further Particulars of Captain Andrews Venture in His Little Dory.

Captain William A. Andrews and his little vessel, the Dark Secret, arrived in New York harbor Wednesday forenoon. The Dark secret is in comparatively good condition, although its bottom has not seen water for many a day. Captain Andrews, it will be remembered, is one of those foolhardy mariners whose sole ambition seems to be to cross the Atlantic in as frail a craft as can be turned out by a boat builder. After much preparation and considerable advertising, he sailed from Point of Pines, near Boston, Monday, June 18th, 1888, for Europe, in the Dark Secret, as he christened his little boat. It is only 14 feet 9 inches long. He went alone, and did not have on board even a stray cat or a yellow dog for companionship. His larder was well stocked with jerked beef, salt pork, canned goods and hard tack. He also carries as much fresh water as his limited space would allow. Since his departure he has been hailed by several passing vessels, to whom he reported he was all right and sanguine of completing his voyage. Of late nothing has been heard of him, and by many it was though the foolhardy mariner had found a watery grave. Such would in all probability had been his fate had it not been for Capt. Bjonedss, of the Norwegian bark Nor. On Aug. 19th Capt Bjonedss of the Nor sighted something to windward during the forenoon, which, through his glass he supposed to be a portion of a shipwreck. On getting closer to, it was discovered that the object was the frail craft above mentioned. Captain Andrews had been sixty days on the water in it without tasting a warm meal, and was so weak and emaciated that he had to be assisted on board the Nor. Capt. Andrews and his brother crossed the Atlantic in a little vessel called the Nautilus, in 1878. The voyage occupied forty-five days. The Captain says he will again make the effort to cross the ocean in the Dark Secret, and will start next spring.

ECCENTRICITY OF FROST.

The Peculiar Experiences of Manitoban Farmers.

A Manitoba letter of 14th September to Mr. H. P. Dwight, of Toronto, says: "It is impossible to form any definite idea, the reports are so contradictory, from inquiries made among grain dealers and implement men who have gone through the country, but I think that a fair estimate would be, say, 25 per cent. totally damaged, not worth cutting; 35 per cent. frosted more or less, worth perhaps 75 per cent. of the value of No. 1; and 40 per cent. of first-class grain which would bring the top price. On the whole I think there will, owing to the advanced price, be, if anything, more money come in than last year, but it will not be evenly distributed. Some of the poor devils will not get back their seed, while their neighbors two or three miles away will have lots of money, the frost wave was so eccentric, just dipping down here and there, scorching up one field and not touching the next. The districts most affected are the line of the M. & N. W. R. beyond Minnedosa, Souris district, Rapid City, to the west of Deloraine, and in low spots around Manitou, Carman, Pilot Mound, Treherne, Along the main line west, the Portage Plains, Neepawa, Gretna, Morden, Glenboro', etc., are not damaged to any extent and will put out a large amount of good grain. In the Territories, wherever they have crops, they are uniformly good, the best they have ever had, and no damage to speak of, but of course the acreage is small.'

The French court has rendered a decision which, if it were to be followed in this country, might give no end of trouble to spectacle and burlesque managers. Mme. Schaeffer, an actress at Rouen, absolutely refused to wear tights in a piece for which she was cast, whereupon the manager refused to pay her salary. She sued him, and the court decided that "the obligation to show one's legs was not of necessity a part of the dramatic profession," and gave judgment for the plaintiff with costs.

A SOUTH SEA ROMACE.

The Lonely Inhabitants on the Island Ojee.

A New York telegram says: Two years ago Charles Murtagh, jun., 16 years old, the son of a well known citizen of Brooklyn, while looking over a large map of the world noticed in the South Sea a cluster of islands. The furthest was the island of Ojee. A boy's pride to write a letter to such a place seized him, and he asked his grandfather about the matter. Grandfather Murtagh had been a seafaring man in earlier days, and among his bosom friends had been a Captain Green. The latter left these shores many years ago, and had never been heard of afterwards. As a freak Murtagh told his grandson to address the letter to Green, and the letter was delivered to the captain of a vessel bound for Australia.

Last Monday the boy received a letter in answer. The edges were badly crumpled, and the missive had the appearance of having been handled over and over. The letter was opened, but no date was found therein. Further down it was seen to have been written in July, 1887. The letter young Murtagh wrote really reached a man named Green, an inhabitant on the island. The writer and a number of other white people were alone on the island.

More than thirty years ago a vessel left New York for St. Helena, and the commander was Captain Green. There was a crew of 14 men, besides two women. Everything went well until the vessel almost reached the Canary Islands, when a gale sprang up. The ship foundered, the crew took to the boats, and finally, after many months' drifting, landed on the coral reefs of the island of Ojee, 7,000 miles from their original destination. There were no signs of habitation visible. They were castaways, with no immediate prospect of hearing from home unless by the chance of passing vessels coming that way. So it continued for years. Those on the island intermarried until the population reached 54. Plenty of game was found on the island. Finally a whaling vessel came that way, and some of the survivors went on board and engaged as seamen. The original number on the island finally dwindled year by year. Many died, until now only three men and nine women remained. The writer next said that for four years there had not been a vessel in sight. The letter had been written some time, but could not be dated, as it was not known when the next vessel would pass the island. The writer declared it a lonesome spot, but now there were plenty of cows and pigs, besides other cattle. Plenty of game kept him alive for years.

Latest Northwest News.

Miss MacPherson, of immigration fame, is in the city.

Hon. Edgar Dewdney, in his speech on nomination day, says he is against prohibition being continued in the Northwest.

According to the Calgary *Herald*, over 4,000 head of cattle have already been secured for export from the Alberta ranges.

The Hudson Bay promoters had another interview with the Lieutenant-Governor to-day. They said they received a promise of a guarantee upon $2,500,000, and, withdrawing their former objections, they will accept this if they can do no better.

The Methodist delegates at present in Winnipeg have been interviewed on the question of a union of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The general opinion was that, while such a fusion was desirable, there were difficulties in the way that would prevent such an amalgamation, at least in the near future.

The Local Government have decided to bonus the Hudson Bay Railway scheme to the extent of $2,500,000 and no more, the conditions to be of a cast-iron nature and to call for a completed road. It is said that the company will accept the offer, although they wanted $4,500,000. They hoped to induce the Northwest Legislature to pass at its next session legislation calling upon the Dominion Government to hypothecate a portion of the subsidy which the Northwest Provinces yet unorganised will receive in the future and to aid the Hudson Bay Road with it.

The Methodist Board of Missions has considered the items of the schedules, showing in detail the amounts asked for the support of missionaries on various foreign fields. The total amount asked for the Japan work was $22,479. The amounts for Indian work in the several conferences were as follows: Toronto Conference, $3,300; London, $3,835; Niagara, $2,220; Guelph, $1,978; Bay of Quinte, $1,723; Montreal, $1,205; Manitoba, $16,020; British Columbia, $15,227; grand total asked for Indian work, $45,503. The amounts asked for conferences severally, for domestic missions, were as follows: Toronto Conference, $12,840; London, $11,414; Niagara, $5,014; Guelph, $12,120; Bay of Quinte, $18,564; Montreal, $24,350; British Columbia, $8,543; Newfoundland, $23,885; Nova Scotia, $14,446; New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, $15,434.

W. Bissett, farmer, of Mineota, was killed by falling from a load of grain, the wheels passing over his head.

David Ogilvie, hotelkeeper, of East Selkirk, while duck-shooting yesterday, accidentally discharged the contents of his gun through the calf of his leg. He died last night from loss of blood.

The Methodist Mission Board has adjourned. Much time was spent in discussing the British Columbia report. Rev. Mr. Starr presented the case and pointed out, that while the Methodists had a great hold among the Indians on the coast, their work was being discredited by the reports of the Government agents and others that the Methodist missionaries were sewing the seeds of sedition, inciting the Indians to rebellion, and, in addition, were guilty of immoral practices with the squaws. These representations were made to the Government, and it was charged that the removal of the Metlakahtla Indians to Alaska was due to missionary persuasion. The Board regarded the question as a most serious one and a long time was spent in discussing the various aspects of it. It was felt that the honor of the Church demanded an immediate investigation. A commission of three fathers was proposed, a start to be made at once. It is most probable that this proposal will be adopted and that an immediate start will be made.

WHAT YELLOW FEVER FEELS LIKE

The Remarkable Sensations Experienced by a Victim.

Chief City Accountant Sanger, of Detroit, who caught yellow fever down in New Orleans during a fever epidemic, replies to the question "What does it feel like:"

"Feel, like! Young man, if you can imagine what it would feel like to have every bone in your body broken into inch lengths, you will have some idea of what it feels like. I felt as though I had been crushed and jammed into small pieces. Then combined with that pleasant sensation was a splitting pain in the head and back, and all the nauseous symptoms of a bilious fever, if you ever had that."

"Any other 'pleasant sensations,' as you call them?"

"Well, not until the invalid canvalesces. He is too sick and numb to have any sensations for a while, but as he gets better, he is seized with an inordinate appetite, and there is the greatest danger. If a yellow fever convalescent saw a half a chicken, or anything else he could chew, and knew it would kill him to eat it, he'd say 'gimme the chicken.' Why, a man's so hungry that he'd make a meal off his shoes if they were left in the room. If he gratifies that appetite he's lost, for a relapse will follow, and then comes the black vomit. That's all day with him. A recovery from black vomit is almost unknown."

"I thought yellow fever was almost always fatal?'

"Oh, no. It was formerly much more fatal than it is now, and had I not come north and got a change of air and climate I probably would not be talking to you here now. The percentage of death before this year has been enormous, but medical science has worked wonders down at Jacksonville this season. I have kept a close watch, and only about one death occurs to eight cases of the fever. An alkali is given them now, I believe, and it is a wonderful cure."

How the World Changes.

The *Scottish Leader* says: "How different the world will be in a century may be gathered from two or three inventions that are just now being critically examined. An electrical carriage was tried the other night in St. James' street, and proved a complete success, running up and down the road as rapidly as though pulled by a team of horses, and absolutely under control. And now an enterprising inventor purposes to build rowing boats wholly of aluminium, the lightest known of all metals, and one of the toughest. A third invention promises a chemical substitute for silk."

"Christopher" is the name just given to the little new Greek prince.

PERCY'S PERILOUS PERFORMANCE.

Miraculous Escape of a Foolhardy Voyageur Through the Rapids—A Swim for Dear Life.

A last (Sunday) night's Niagara Falls despatch says: Chas. A. Percy came very near making a failure this afternoon of his trip from the Niagara Maid of the Mist landing to Toronto by way of the whirlpool and Niagara Rapids. Percy got only as far as Lewiston and had an unexpected experience which nearly cost him his life. Miss Nellie Delworth, the Pittsburg actress who was to accompany him in the lifeboat, became wearied by the repeated postponements and left Suspension Bridge last night. The boat did not reach here until late yesterday afternoon. Percy had driven to Lewiston with some friends and the truckman started back for Buffalo with the craft. Percy hunted up a justice of the peace and obtained authority to take his boat. The truckman wanted double pay, and while Percy was looking for help drove rapidly off towards Buffalo. Percy and his friends overtook the driver at Tonawanda, ten miles away, and recovered the boat after a hard fight, in which the truckman was badly clubbed.

The boat was somewhat damaged in the fight, and when it was brought back this morning had to be repaired. It was taken to the Maid of the Mist landing and launched at 3.26. The forward air compartment had been punctured and partly filled with water. This was bailed out, the oars fixed and at 4.15 George Cheshire, Henry G. Richardson and Wm. Lahey shoved the boat out into the river. It contained 300 pounds of ballast and a 70-pound iron weight was used as a drag. Percy rowed to the centre of the stream and at 4.20 fastened his oars and crawled into a hammock in the rear compartment of the boat. At 4.26 the craft passed under the cantilever and railway suspension bridges, going very rapidly and turning around in the eddies in a dizzy way. A few seconds later it struck the first great wave of the rapids. A cry of horror went up from the spectators on the lower bank when the craft spun around in the waves and continued submerged. When it came to the surface it floated keel uppermost for quite a distance. After a terrible tossing, which lasted four minutes, the boat went into the big maelstrom and floated easily around. The water was several feet lower than usual and the boat grazed the rocks in a dangerous fashion, threatening every second to dash itself to pieces and thus end Percy's career, for he could not have survived the passage, considering the increased danger. The craft eddied in the whirlpool until 6.30, when Dan Elsheimer and W. Adams got it in comparatively still water and towed it around a point into a current that would carry it into the Devil's Rapids. They narrowly escaped going along. Percy's boat grazed rock after rock and was capsized repeatedly. He had gone but a little distance when the manhole cover was crushed to pieces by a rock and the air chamber filled with water. Percy crawled out and clung to the craft for dear life. When near the Devil's hole he became partly exhausted and could no longer stand the strain, as the waves threw the boat about. Then he swam three miles further down stream, where at 7.30 to-night fisherman John Gillett picked him up nearer dead than alive. He was rowed rapidly to Wagoner's hotel, at Lewiston, and with great difficulty revived. When able to speak he told the story of his battle for life. In the upper rapids he was terribly tossed about, but the lower ones were hideous. Most of the trip was made in the dark. "I seemed to be in a grave of foam," said Percy, "and I can't see how I escaped with my life. It would have been bad enough if my boat had not been wrecked in the breakers, but that swim in the dark was terrible." The boat has not been recovered.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.

The Temperance Colonization Company

On Saturday Chief Justice Sir Thomas Galt delivered judgment in the case of the Temperance Colonization Company vs. Fairfield. It involved the validity of the company's contracts made with the shareholders for the sale of lands which, by their advertisement, they claim were assigned to them by the Federal Government. His Lordship said that he believed the contract was induced through fraud, misrepresentation and deceit, and that the plaintiffs in their announcements made statements that were positively false. Instead of being allotted two millions of acres they could not have obtained more than one-half that amount. In fact they had only been promised 213,760 acres. The company had not been given any special powers as to prohibition by the Government. His Lordship therefore ordered that the contract be set aside, and that the defendant receive back the amount he paid, together with all costs. Mr. Justice Rose and Mr. Justice MacMahon concurred in the judgment. The company asked leave to appeal, which was reserved.

Late Scottish News.

The Clyde shipbuilding trade was very active during August. Nineteen vessels, principally steamers, were launched, aggregating 29,339 tons. The output is larger than in any previous month this year and has only been exceeded three or four times during the past four years.

The Earl of Seafield, who has resided in New Zealand for many years, has determined to settle there permanently, notwithstanding his succession to the peerage. It will be remembered that when his father succeeded to the title the present Earl was employed as a bailiff. He is now on his way to Scotland to settle some law matters and is to return to the colony, where his wife and children remain, as soon as possible.

Some interesting relics have been discovered by workmen excavating in Albert Place, Perth. They are supposed to have belonged to the Carthusian Monastery founded by King James I. in 1429 and demolished in 1559.

At a meeting of the Lovat Land League in Beauly on the 31st ult., Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, Hon. President of the League, intimated his intention of becoming a candidate for the county of Inverness at the next general election.

A Phenomenal Sprinter.

What Maud S. is to the trotting track and Proctor Knott to the two-year-olds of America, Harry Hutchins was to the footrunners of all England. The Britishers used to look on 'Arry 'Utchins as a world-beater. One had only to mention the name of a runner to a Briton to get the rejoinder: "Oh, he's nothing; 'Utchins can give him yards and a licking." Well, their great ideal of a runner has fallen just as John L. Sullivan has gone down in the eyes of pugilistically-inclined Americans. A new star has appeared on the horizon. He is a colored man and his home is in Australia. Samuels is his name and he is an aboriginal. He beat the heretofore unconquered Hutchins in two different races. He made a show of the Englishman, and people who had been trained to believe him a world-beater could not believe their eyes. The first defeat was looked upon as a fluke, but when the colored man beat Hutchins a second time rather handily, and his backer offered to put up $5,000 that he could beat any man in the world, they awoke to the fact that Samuels was something of a sprinter. Tom Cannon, the wrestler, was in Australia when the races were run, and he pronounced Samuels a wonder. He says he does not believe he has ever yet been fully extended.

A Lovely Woman

Overheard one say of her, "By heaven! she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she, indignantly, "and by heaven *only!*" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, enthroned on the rose and lily. Yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, with a dry hacking cough, night-sweats, and slight spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; her improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again, the picture of health and strength.

Misunderstood.

Minister (who has just driven his horse to a wedding in the country)—Can I hitch out here?

Prospective Bridegroom—Wall, no. Guess Sal and the folks'd rather have the hitchin' done in the house.

Where Ignorance is not Bliss.

Emily—"Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor worm wriggle!"

Arthur—"That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

WAYS THAT ARE DARK.

The Terrible Traffic in Young Chinese Girls in Canada.

KIDNAPPED AND TORTURED.

Christian People in Victoria Rescue Them by Strategy.

A Winnipeg letter says: Rev. J. Starr, who has spent a year and a half in Victoria, B. C., is here attending the Methodist Missions' Board. In view of the prominent part that he has played in fighting the immoral traffic in girls the reverend gentleman was questioned about it. The women are captured in China and smuggled out to America, where they are sold to keepers of houses of prostitution. The ages of females stolen in this way ranged from 9 and 10 years to 20. The younger the female the more valuable is she deemed. Although most of them are kidnapped in China, some are heartlessly sold by their parents for the traffic. They are smuggled into the country under the guise of being wives to Chinamen. Once in the country they are practically slaves, being the property of the keepers, who paint them up and set them in the doorway of their dens, to solicit men as they pass.

BARBAROUSLY TORTURED.

If they do not comply they are terribly abused, sometimes being burned and bruised. One little girl, who had been rescued through his instrumentality, had one ear partially burned off, besides many burns and bruises about her body. When they enter the country a blackmail tax of $100 a head is extracted by a secret society known as "Highbinders." This is a society which is very powerful in China and every town where the traffic in girls is carried on. It is formed of Chinamen usually very wealthy. In consideration of the tax being paid the society gives the person buying the "slave" a guarantee that they will resist all efforts to rescue the person, and pay all legal expenses in connection therewith. So that in rescuing these poor unfortunates they had to fight this wealthy society, which had plenty of money and did not scruple to use it. At one time, Mr. Starr said, he had $11,500 worth of "slaves" in his possession, so that it was not to be wondered at that his efforts to rescue would be resisted. He found it very difficult work, as the people of Victoria, and the police in particular, were very apathetic and seemed to take no interest in the matter. Fortunately there were two or three who gave noble assistance in the effort to stamp out the evil. A little home was established next to the parsonage where those who were rescued were taken and educated and taught the way of life. At first a few of them had to give the money to keep the institution going, but the Women's Missionary Society had taken it over and were now conducting it. Quite a number of poor unfortunates had been rescued; four had been sent back to China to their parents, and there were now six or seven in the home. The poor things were so abused and injured that they abhorred the business which their cruel keepers compelled them to follow. If one of the rescued did anything wrong in the home, all that was necessary to make them do right was to threaten to send them back to Chinatown. They would just as soon, said Mr. Starr,

BE SENT TO HELL.

as back to Chinatown. He told some interesting stories about the capture of these poor unfortunates. There were decent Chinamen who abhorred the traffic, and who assisted in stamping it out. It did not take long till the establishment of the home was known. Then some well-disposed Chinaman or woman would give information about a certain girl in a certain house who wanted to escape. A cab was procured, and a few of them would start for the place. The cab would be left a block away, then a Chinaman would go carelessly to the house where the girl was, ask to see her, and the moment he got his hands on her would rush out, when the others would join him, and a rush would be made for the cab. In a moment or two the whole neighborhood would be roused and a big chase made, but they usually managed to get off.

THE VICTORIA POLICE.

The chief of police was on one occasion applied to for assistance to rescue an unfortunate. He refused to send an officer along. One policeman, however, volunteered to go, and the rescuing party started. To their disgust, however, they found that intelligence of their intention had preceded them, and the girl they were after had been spirited away. Several hundred Chinese, most of them "Highbinders," were on hand to resist them if necessary. They did not carry any weapons, save a heavy cane. The Chinese were naturally cowards, and not likely to fight. The next morning a telegram was received from Nanaimo, stating that the girl they were after had been captured there and would be brought down. About 150 "Highbinders" were at the station to rescue her by force, but fortunately the provincial police had been telegraphed to, and were on hand to prevent a rescue. When the poor girl was finally got to the home, she was quite stupid from the effect of some hellish drug administered to her. She afterwards stated that she had

BEEN DRUGGED FOR DAYS.

It was with great difficulty that her life was saved, as the drug had taken a deep effect upon her system. So effective had been the campaign against the immoral traffic that for the past six months Mr. Starr did not think there had been a single prostitute landed. A Mr. Gardner, of the Customs department, who was an excellent man in every sense of the word, had been so vigilant and earnest in watching the ships that no subjects had escaped his notice. Thus to this gentleman alone much was due for the excellent results so far attained. So earnest was he for the salvation of the souls of the poor Chinese that he had resolved to go to China as a missionary, and he would shortly leave for that purpose. He had been born and educated in China and spoke the language fluently.

SOME GOOD CHINESE.

Mr. Starr said he would not like it to be understood that there were no good Chinese in Victoria. Although the scum of Chinese society usually find their way to this continent, still there were many Chinamen in Victoria whose word is as good as their bond to almost any amount of money at the custom house and banks. There are many decent men who have large establishments and who do a large business. The great objection on the coast to the Chinamen is that they never become citizens to the country. Even their bones must be sent back to China for burial. As laborers he had to bear testimony to their faithfulness and reliability. If they promised to do a certain job it would be done; if they were engaged to be on hand at a certain hour they would be there. They were sober, industrious and faithful, and if they were driven out of Victoria he really could not see what the town would do. They were the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They were the cooks, the domestics and the scavengers of the place.

How to Get Him to Church.

A New York politician is so fond of being "deadheaded" everywhere that when some of his friends were debating how to get him to attend church one of them said: "Charge an admission fee and he'll be after a pass before breakfast."—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Why the Parson Beat a Retreat.

A pastor some time since sought financial help for an important charity. Among those whom he asked to give something was a lady who, unfortunately, bore a vinegary face. She declined to give money, but promised to "lend her countenance," to the cause. He retired in dismay.

A Reader of Character.

Mendicant—Please help [illegible] nd man?

Kind Old Lady—Blind? Why, bless me, yes; there's a dime for you.

Mendicant—Thank ye, heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minnit I see ye comin' ye was a kind-hearted ole 'oman.

Quite Safe.

She—Be careful, the man in the moon is looking.

He—That's all right, dear, he's full and won't notice us.

The Washington weather and crop report indicates that the corn crop is pretty safe from frost, though some damage was done by the cold snap of last week.

Dr. Tanner, of fasting fame, who has been investigating the question of suspended animation, believes that large numbers of persons are annually buried alive.

There is a time when the laziest man can hurry. It is when the train stops 10 minutes for refreshments.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Best Remain.

The bridesmaid and the usher, says the New York *World*, have gone out of fashion for the present. That is well enough. This country can get along without bridesmaids and ushers, but not without brides and bridegrooms.

The latter have not gone out of fashion and we don't believe they ever will. Their state, it is true, is an ephemeral one. They do not remain brides and grooms very long, but that stage, however brief, is an essential one in their progress from courtship to settled married life.

The wedding and the honeymoon—what a glorious parenthesis of sunshine and moonlight, of music and flowers, of tenderness and hope, of beauty and affection they are! Go to! Let the bridesmaids become brides and the ushers bridegrooms. As maids and ushers they are secondary and unimportant, but when they join hands in earnest at the altar they become for the hour at least the most important personages in all the round world. A true love wedding is greater than senate hall or the courts of kings. It is the beginning of the family and the home which lie at the foundation of society and states.

Oatmeal vs. Bakers' Bread.

A little more than twenty years ago I made my first visit to Scotland. During my stay in that country I noticed that among the peasants good health was the rule; fine, clear complexions, even among the middle aged; rosy cheeks, teeth exceptionally good, and withal a degree of bodily vigor that was in strange contrast to our own people. These were conspicuous features all through the country. The habits of the working classes were simple in every respect. Plain oatmeal porridge was still a staple on their tables; so were the oat cakes, and to some extent the peas-and-barley bread. A change, however, was at hand; the condition of the laboring man had been improved; better times had come to these honest toilers, and they began to regard the "halesome parritch" as poor man's diet. The result was that the children, as they grew up, shoved back the oatmeal and milk, and took white loaf and tea instead. Very soon the parents followed the example, and to-day there is scarcely a trace of the famous national diet to be seen on private tables. Two years ago I saw Scotland again; twenty years had wrought results that it was painful to witness—though the causes were all too obvious. An impoverished and innutritious diet of bakers' bread and tea, even with a bit of meat or fish added, is not the material out of which to build up splendid bodies; there is not the wherewith to work on; relatively speaking, it is starvation diet. Hence the pinched features, the sallow skins and decaying teeth. Ailments were common—headaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia; doctors were in demand; and so were their nostrums. Truly there had been a change, but not for the better.—*Susanna W. Dodds, M. D., in Demorest's Monthly.*

Poplins in Favor.

Poplins seem to be gaining ground in fashionable favor but slowly in America, though they have been "revived" in very beautiful styles. On the contrary, abroad they are extremely firm in favor. This seems a little strange, as they are the most durable of all corded fabrics and at the same time have a most beautiful sheen on their surface. The late makes of them also have the desirable quality of softness now so much needed with the present styles of falling draperies. They come in all the handsomest novel and artistic shades, and it would seem that so admirable a texture would find friends everywhere. White Irish poplin is worn abroad for bridal robes, especially united with moire silk.

A Parcel for Ladies.

The large fortune which the new Duchess of Marlborough has brought with her from New York will soon be gone if all her plans of restoring the glories of Blenheim Palace are as costly as the first one. The new Duchess wants to give big entertainments at Blenheim next winter, and recently began to make repairs. She sent for a builder to mend the leaky roof, but was startled when the estimated cost of making it water-tight and presentable was $150,000. This gives some idea of the magnificent dimensions of the palace.

The town crier of Millport, New Brunswick, was employed to announce the fact that "a young man of fair means wishes to communicate with a young lady of good figure with a view to matrimony."

Queen Christine of Spain is said to be one of the finest women swimmers in the world. She recently swam across the Bay of St. Sebastian, followed for security by a boat. The passage took three quarters of an hour. Four ladies tried to swim along with the Queen, but gave up after a quarter of an hour and were taken into the boat and dried.

Monogram stockings are said to command as much as $250 a pair! "If," exclaims the New Haven *News*, waggishly, "we bought our hosiery at that price we would expect our name to be spelled out in full."

The handsomest silk imported this fall is the brocaded peau de soie, or pult de soie, an old favorite of our great-grandmothers, slightly improved and given a new name. They called it "padusoy."

"Every woman wants the earth!" exclaims an old bachelor cynic. Not if you bring it into the house on your boots.

Cloth-finished flannels are the preferred wear of women of taste but limited means.

The white petticoat is a thing of the past.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room, are excellent deodorizers.

For nose bleed, get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostrils.

Sandpaper applied to the yellow keys of the piano will restore the color.

The best thing to clean tinware is common soda; rub it on briskly with a damp cloth, after which wipe dry.

To insure paste from molding, put into it a proportion of alum and resin. A few drops of any essential oil will preserve leather from mold, and a single clove put into a bottle of ink will have the same effect upon it.

For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and washing it out with lukewarm water. For raspberry stains weak ammonia and water is the best.

To remove clinkers from stoves, place a few oyster shells in the grate while the fire is burning, and the clinkers will at once become loosened and may be readily removed without injuring the lining.

Lemons can be kept in good condition for a long time by putting them in a tight cask and covering with water. They must be kept in a cool place, and the water should be changed every other day.

To make glue waterproof, soak for twenty-four hours in water until reduced to a stiff jelly, pour on a dessert spoonful of dry linseed oil, and mix well with the jelly before boiling. It will then be impervious to damp; and woodwork, if previously mended with the above, will remain sound throughout the winter.

To clean decanters take some soft brown or blotting paper, wet and soap it and roll it up in small pieces and put it into the decanter with some warm water. Shake well and then rinse with clear cold water; wipe the outside with a dry cloth and let the decanter drain.

Stains of fruit on good table linen can be removed without injury by using the following with care: Pour boiling water on chloride of lime, in the proportion of one gallon to a quarter of a pound, bottle it, cork it well, and in using be careful not to stir it. Lay the stain in this for a moment, then apply white vinegar and boil the table linen.

The washwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who do up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. They save in soap nearly half. For laces, cambrics and lawns, an extra quantity of powder is used, and for crinolines requiring to be made stiff, a strong solution is necessary. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water.

To make apple water, cut the apples in small pieces and pour over them boiling water. Strain in three hours and sweeten. This makes a refreshing drink for an invalid.

Children, who have been cautioned not to tease their little brother Elmer, as he was cutting a tooth, waited expectantly a few minutes. Then Ned spoke up; "I say, auntie, has he cut it yet?"

Marian.

A Provencal Folk Song.
Mount as passa la Matinado, Mourbiou Marioun."

O where have you spent your morning, tell,
Yes you, Marian?
Why drawing water, down at the well,
'Ti true, good man.
Who met you and whispered in your ear,
Yes you, Marian?
'Twas one of the village girls, oh hear,
'Tis true. good man
Ain't a girl in breeches a novel sight,
Say you, Marian?
Well, perhaps her skirt was a trifle tight,
'Tis true, good man
A girl with a sword! I've ne'er seen one,
Have you, Marian?
Well, her distaff hung down as she spun,
'Tis true good man.
Has a girl a moustache? Come, that's a good joke,
For you, Marian!
She was eating mulberries as she spoke,
'Tis true, good man,
I never knew mulberries ripen in May,
Did you, Marian?
A bunch might be left from last year, I dare say,
'Tis true, good man.
Go gather a basketful then for me,
Yes you, Marian!
But the birds may have eaten them since, you see,
'Tis true, good man.
Come say your prayers now, I'll cut off your head,
Yes you, Marian!
But what will you do with the body when dead,
Tell true, good man?
Oh, out of the window I'll fling it, you beast,
Yes you, Marian,
That the cats and dogs may all come to the feast,
Tell true, good man.
I'll do for you this time, though for it I'll swing
Yes you, Marian.
But a rope around one's neck is an unpleasant thing,
'Tis true, good man.
You bad, lying scratch cat, I'll blacken your eye,
Yes you, Marian.
'Twas my cousin, the conscript, who bade me good-bye,
What, Jean? Then why couldn't you say so at once,
Yes you, Marian,
Cause I like to tease a bit you old dunce,
'Tis true, good man.
You tease me too much, 'tis a shame and a crime,
Yes you, Marian.
Well, just keep your temper another time,
I'm true, good man.
—*M. R. Weld in the Academy.*

A Confession.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue,
That speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then:
How, simply passing in the hall,
We'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat—
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh, we rejoiced when they were married.

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlet new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
So glad that we were married too.

Ah me, 'twas years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now—oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You'll hide your blushes? I'll not. Well—
We're ten times worse than we were then.
W. J. HENDERSON, *in the September Century.*

REAL IRISH STORY.

"Where Has My Sweetheart Gone?" Answered in Time.

This from the London *Globe* sounds romantic, but the writer vows that he is telling Cupid's truth:

Just eight years ago a young Dublin engineer and the daughter of a wealthy rmer, who was also engaged in the Dublin provision trade, were married. The bride had managed the provision business for her family and was described as an amiable and lovely girl. After marriage the wedding party went to Glendalough and a most enjoyable day almost up to the hour of returning was spent, the company being a large one, when some misunderstanding occurred between the newly wedded pair. The bridegroom left the company in anger and walked the eight miles back to the city in time to catch an evening steamer to Liverpool; from that period until Thursday in last week he was never heard of. The bride felt her desertion keenly, but she stuck to her business. Her father meantime died and she was left in charge of great responsibilities. The wanderer was forgotten or believed to have died and some time since another succeeded in obtaining her affections. The wedding was arranged for an early day and invitations had been issued when the long missing husband put in an appearance in the city. He had been all these years in New Zealand and he had made money, which he had come home to share with his wife who, "strangely enough" adds the correspondent, "felt all her old love for him revive. He was very nearly being late, but his timely arrival saved a vast amount of after misery to all concerned."

A Sad, Sad Tale.

A stranger with a sad, tired look and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came wearily into a little western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near to quaff of the cooling water. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yes—stranger now, but I used to live 'round here."

"No—did you? Lately?"

"No; its nigh on to ten years since I left."

"And you ain't been back since?"

"No. There's been a good many changes, I see, since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I useter know."

"Mebbe not; who'd you know!"

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I useter to know—Sally Watts."

"Did you know Sally Watts? asked the denizen of the town.

"Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?"

"Yes, I——"

"Dou you know Sally Watts?"

"Yes—I—I——"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice and said cautiously:

"See here, mister, I've a favor to sk. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' to Sally Watts that a stranger was 'round astin' fer her? She'd know it was me, an'I'd ruther have a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy I never see one. Lookee here stranger; you've got a sympathetic kind of a face and I b'leave you know how to feel fer a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I useter be married to Sally Watts?"

The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying with deep fervor:

"Pity me, man, I'm marrid to her now!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

The St. Clair River Tunnel.

The shaft at the Michigan side of the river is down nearly to the tunnel. It will not be carried to bed rock, but will be bottomed with a floor, prepared by removing the clay for some distance round and below the foot of the shaft, and pouring in concrete. On the Sarnia side it has been decided to abandon the shaft, and begin the tunnel directly from the portal. No work is now being done, except the unloading of machinery and supplies, but when operations are resumed the eastern cut will be opened on grade to the level of the portal, the shield and other appliances placed in position there, and the work of direct tunnel construction begun from that point. The floor of the tunnel at the portal will be about sixty feet below the surface, so that a cut of sixty feet in depth will be necessary to open it.—*Port Huron Times.*

La Bourgogne's Rough Passage.

A New York despatch says: The steamer La Bourgogne, of the French line, which arrived to-day from Havre, had a rough voyage. She encountered a gale off the banks and was forced to lay too while the waves buffeted her. One wave smashed the bridge, carrying down Capt. Frangeul and two officers, who were upon it at the time, and injuring several seamen. The officers were bruised but not badly hurt.