Listowel Standard.

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THE PRAIRIE PATH.

Upon the brown and frozen sod
The wind's wet fingers shake the rain:
The bare shrubs shiver in the blast
Against the dripping window-pane.
Inside, strange shadows haunt the room,
The flickering fire-lights rise and fall,
And make I know not what strange shapes
Upon the pale gray parlor wall.

I feel but do not see these things—
My soul stands under other skies;
There is a wondrous radiance comes
Between my eyelids and my eyes.
I seem to pull down on my feet
God's gentian flowers, as on I pass
Through a green prairie still and sweet
With blowing vines and blowing grass.

And then—ah! whence can he have come?—
I feel a small hand touching mine;
ur voices first are like the breath
That sways the grass and scented vine.
But clearer grow the childish words,
Of Egypt and of Hindostan;
And Archie's telling me again
Where he will go when he's a man.

The smell of pine is strangely blent
With sandle-wood and broken spice
And cores of calamus; the flowers
Grow into gems of wondrous price.
We sit down in the grass and dream;
His face grows strangely bright and fair;
I think it is the amber gleam
Of sunset in his pale gold hair.

But while I look I see a path
Across the prairie to the light;
And Archie with his small bare feet
Has almost passed beyond my sight.
Upon my heart there falls a smile,
Upon my ears a soft adieu;
I see the glory in his face,
And know *his* dreams have all come true.

Some day I shall go hence and home—
We shall hence, I mean to say,
And as we pass the shoals of Time,
"My brother," I shall, pleading, say.
"There was upon the prairie wide
A spot so dear to thee and me,
I fain would see it, ere we walk
The fields of Immortality."

CONTEMPORANEOUS FUN.

—Floating fun—Boat riding.

—The German Mormons now have an organ in Salt Lake City.

—'Tis easier to rush into print than into office.—*New York News.*

—Said he: "Let us be one." And she was won.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A strain of music—tightening the strings of a violin.—*N. Y. News.*

—A "squeeze in grain"—Treading on a man's corns.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—The pay school is the place of hire education.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—A hollow mockery—A mismatched stove pipe.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—"Mine, miner, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

—A square man deserves to have a large circle of acquaintance.—*N. Y. News.*

—The smallest kind of a yellow dog is a terrier to evil doers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Comets are wearing as long trains this season as usual.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

—Form of telegram to your shoemaker—Make me another pair exactly like my last.—*Punch.*

—Kisses sweeten a farewell. They are the cream of ta ta, as it were.—*Brooklyn Union Argus.*

—"Anty, vat makes the little baby cry so? Do it want its mudder?" "Yes, dear, and its fodder, too!"

—Coal is so black that it is wonderful how a dealer can make a ton so light.—*New Orleans Gazette.*

—The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bangs her husband's.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

—The young man who was kicked out of his girl's house very properly styled her father a free booter.

—Pressed corned beef, in a cultured family, goes a deal further than autumn leaves.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—When a Boston man invites you to dinnet, and heads a postscript N. B., he means "no beans."—*New York Commercial.*

—A determination to be honest is an appropriation for the improvement of the river of life.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—Have you hunted up your ulster?—*Boston Post.* Can't find the ticket, say nothing abott the ulster.—*New Haven Register.*

—Every printer is a galley slave.—*Yonkers Gazette.* Yes, and his wife is the gal he slaves for.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"What does a woman want to put on gloves in hot weather for?" asks a male subscriber. Why to keep her hand in, stupid. —*Boston Post.*

—"Oh, dear! I wish I was dead," exclaimed a neglected maiden. She had heard that matches are made in heaven.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Never mistake prespiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young pastor just being ordained.—*Boston Herald.*

—A printer's wife always puts the baby in "small caps."—*New York News.* Does it not depend upon the "capital?"—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

—This paper is down on all rings.—*Ex.* What is the matter with the engagement ring? Or the ring of the dinner bell?—*Norristown Herald.*

—Money can't hire the Chinaman to talk through the telephone.—*Free Press.* It can't hire anybody to talk through ours, when he's wanted.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—Consoling: Poor author—"Heavens, what a pain there is in my head!" His wife—"Complaining of that! You ought to be thankful there is anything in it."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

—An exchange contains an article headed "A Newspaper Man's Sad Fate." It is pretty sad when a newspaper man loses his railroad pass when he is 200 miles from home.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I tell you," says a rabid free thinker, "the idea that there is a God never comes into my head." "Ah, precisely like my dog. But there is this difference—he doesn't go ronnd howling about it."

—Somebody in New Milford has found an umbrella, and announces that the owner can have it by calling, which shows quite conclusively what sort of an umbrella it is.—*Danbury News.*

—Editors never publish false statements; they are all proved before they are printed.—*Port Hope Guide.* True; but they never fail to get the lye rubbed into them afterwards.—*Belleville Intelligeneer.*

—Peter Quinlan, bell boy, Kirby House, Brantford, fell over a stairway railing and was revived by a glass of brandy. Peter liked the medicine so well that he now takes a tumble three times a day. Takes a tumble—then a tumbler, as it were.

—The man who died game was never known to quail.—*Boston Transcript.* No; but he woodcock his gun at the wrong time, and now he is an angel without a shooting jacket.—*New Haven Register.*

—The fall of poets should chip in and erect a monument to the man who invented the names of the month. Where would they be if he had not put in September to rhyme with remember?—*Norristown Herald.*

—We see by the Milwaukee Sentinel that Daniel Webster died twenty-eight years ago. The Milwaukee papers are constantly hunting up some fresh sensational item like this, and springing it upon an unprepared public.

—Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment, with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.—*Boston Post.*

IS "DAMN" AN OATH.

"Damn," as a noun substantive, is an old regular word, used frequently by English writers down to the first part of the seventeenth century. We do not see why so ponderous a word has been dropped by lexicographers. In some places, as, if we speak of how original sin lies heavy on us, it seemes a most appropriate word. "We inherit with Adam's nature, the damn cleaving to it!" This use of the word came down to our American grandfathers, and lasted even to the time when the "continental currency" was a dead "loss." So came the expression "not worth a continental damn," "dead loss." And for short: "Not worth a damn"—or bit of paper that was a dead loss! It is not to the credit of our American lexicographers that they have not recognized this origin of a phaase peculiarly American, and that if "slang" at first having a basis in fact, like a countless number of other words, it has been enrolled as a factor in our accepted language—as "gerrymandering" has been. The people did better than their writers of primers, grammers and dictionaries. Damn means [a] loss (in American parlance, as above a worthless scrip). Damnable, for its general meaning signifies "worthy of severe censure." Only when used in a theological connection does it imply what puritans suppose. It, most certainly, is not "swearing?" And, except by the imposition of the Puritan signification, is not crushing! And yet we remember hearing people, using a phrase whose history they knew not say "I do not care a cuss" meaning a curse.—*Freeman's Journal.*

AROUND THE WORLD.

—It transpired in a Keokuk lawsuit that the defendant had sent his wife to the poor. house and married his father's divorced wife.

—On the tombs of the "Pretenders" at Rome they are styled respectively James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., Kings of England.

—A People's Church has been organized in Chicago by the Rev. Dr. Thomas, who was turned out of a Methodist pulpit for unorthodox preaching.

—There are at present published in Russia 417 newspapers in the Russian language, 54 in Polish, 40 in German, 10 in French, 11 in Lettish, 7 in Esthonian, 2 in Finnish, 4 in Hebrew, 7 in Armenian, 3 in Georgian, and 4 in Tartar.

—The judges at the Boston baby show, possibly mindful of the fury of a woman whose infant has been scorned, declared that they could not decide which exhibits were best, and left the prizes to be awarded by the voters of the visitors.

—The practice obtains in England of calling trains by a specific name, as "The Wild Irishman" or "The Flying Scotchman." The third class train from London to Lancashire still arrives daily at Preston, and after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century bears the name of "The Polka."

—In Russia, all the sons and daughters of princes inherit their title. They are, consequently as plentiful as sparrows. It is said that there is a village where every inhabitant is a Prince or Princess Gallitzen. The title of Prince in Russia is about equivalent to that of Esquire in England.

—The London *Telegraph* says that in consequence of the advance in value of many securities held by the Glasgow Bank, the liquidation is likely to show much better results than were at one time anticipated, and those shareholders who have met their calls in full will be handsomely remunerated.

—President Eliot has sent to the parents of Harvard undergraduates an inquiry whether their sons have been accustomed to attend prayers at home, and requesting opinions on compulsory attendance in the chapel. This is a possible preliminary to making religious worship voluntary at Harvard.

—Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, wished to test a certain railroad brake. He had one adjusted to a car, and started off for a trial trip. The engineer soon saw what seemed to be a big rock on the track ahead, and applied the brake, stopping the train within a few feet of the obstacle, which proved to be of pasteboard.

—Seventy-five Harvard students interrupted a performance in the Boston Theater by their noise. Their leader had a little bell, which he rang as a signal for the applause to begin or end, and between the acts they sang college songs. The audience at length hissed them soundly, and they were quieted by a threat to call in the police.

—The well-known Russian millionaire, Warschawski, has been arrested by order of the Russian Government in Odessa and brought to St. Petersburg. It is stated that evidence is forthcoming to show that he defrauded the authorities to the extent of not less than 22,000,000 roubles by army contracts during the late war.

—The pretty sweetheart of a Peoria pugilist was the Goddess of Liberty in a political procession. He set out to walk on the sidewalk abreast of the car in which she rode and whip everyone who made any disrespectful comment on her. He knocked down five offenders in the course of as many blocks, and then, attempting to chastise a party of four, got a sound drubbing.

—The finest and most renowned of the arches in Rome is the arch of Titus, which that Emperor built to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. No Jew ever passed under it except forcibly, and at the present day, when the Jews are uppermost in official influence at Rome, they are in favor of its destruction, as being a memento of cruelty and humiliation to their race.

—The recent sentence on the man Perry the London Underground Railway robber got somewhat "mixed" in its translation into the Russian papers. Instead of announcing that he had received twenty years' penal servitude and thirty strokes with the cat, the provincial journals of Russia stated that he had been sentenced to "twenty years' imprisonment with thirty cats."

—A burglar who had stolen a large sum of money from a house on the Boulevard Voltaire, Paris, was watched by the police, after the expiration of a two years' imprisonment, and 14,000f. in coin, which he had buried under the root of a tree in a public park, were recovered. He was arrested with the treasure in his hand just after he had dug it out from its place of concealment.

—Some Galveston boys were impressed by reading of the martyrdom of saints by death at the stake, and they decided to burn a pet dog in the same manner. The leader in the movement had a theory that the poor brute's sufferings would result in immortal joys, and so be a good thing for it. A post was driven into the ground the dog chained fast, and a roaring fire built. The boys sang hymns while their victim was roasting to death.

—When we read the statistics of education in Russia we get a new cause of the discontent of the people, and find another justification of the hatred of the despotic Government. A Russian journal of education shows that if all the Russian people are to be educated, there will be 1,000 new schools wanted in the St. Petersburg district, 2,900 in that of Novgorod, and, not to mention other instances, as many as 5,000 in that of Charkow.

—Apropos of woman's rights M. Ernest d'Hervilly remarks that women have never chosen the sea as a career. There were no women on board the Argo, in spite of the attractions of the golden fleece. No women accompanied Columbus, although the discovery of a new continent ought to have awakened their curiosity. On land women have shown themselves brave soldiers, from the time of the Amazons, but they do not love the sea.

—The Russians nourish a special grievance against Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. He does not speak one word of Russ, and he will not be at pains to learn it. Bulgarian he is rapidly acquiring, and already possesses a vocabulary of little phrases that touch the heart of the simple minded Bulgar. In his intercourse with the officials of state and the numerous Russian officials commanding his army he uses either French or German, or even a little English.

—The Parisians have been laughing over an "incident" at the recent sitting of the Academy of Medicine, when a violent altercation took place between MM. Jules Guerin and Pasteur. The first is 59 years old and partially paralyzed. The last is in his 80th year, but still, it appears, retains so much vivacity that he defied the ruling of the President, accused his opponent of falsehood, and had to be forcibly restrained by his friends from actual violence.

—Frank W. Richardson, aged 35, and described as an accountant and son of a veterinary surgeon, has married Charlotte Gordon, aged 45, at the Register Office, Yarmouth, England. The aforesaid Frank is the lad who figured as co-respondent in the Newman Hall divorce case, and the aforesaid Charlotte is the respondent in that case, where counsel described her as twenty years older than Frank, whom she was in the habit kissing in a "motherly sort of way."

—Justice Smith said, on opening his court at Connorsville, Tenn.: "William Henry Smith is arraigned for assaulting his father." The Magistrate had on a previous day knocked his father down with a club, and it was himself that he was now arraigning. He continued: "The evidence is conclusive, and I'm not sure but I ought to send myself to jail for ten days. But as this is my first offence, and I certainly had a good deal of provocation, I will simply impose a fine of ten dollars."

—Russia is going to imitate the good example of the Prince of Wales in sending his sons to sea. The Grand Duke Constantine has had his second son, Constantine, appointed Lieutenant of the frigate Duke of Edinburgh, now fitting out at Constadt for the Pacific. All the sons of the High Admiral of Russia have had a semi-nautical training, ranking as midshipmen in the Baltic fleet, and occasionally taking a trip to Revel or Sveaborg during the summer manœuvres.

—Mary Pyatt rejected John K. Amold's offers of marriage for a long time, at Kimberly, Pa., but he was persistent, and at length she consented. There was a great wedding, and the couple went off on a tour. After a week the bride returned to her home, declaring that she had no recollection of anything between her last refusal of Amold and her awakening to find, to her great surprise and displeasure, that she was his wife. She insists that she was out of her mind during the interval, and declines to even see her husband.

—Apropos of French military discipline we read: "A sentry placed before the powder magazine sees his colonel approaching, smoking an imported Havana cigar. He presents arms, and says firmly but respectfully, 'Pardon me, Colonel, but smoking is not allowed here.' The Colonel with a superb gesture, flings away the cigar and gives the faithful sentinel a louis d'or. As soon as he has got around the corner the faithful sentinel, with proud tears on his rugged countenance, picks up the cigar and finishes it with every manifestation of delight."

—A curious computation has been made on the rapidity of Basque *beolari* or *improvisatori* in recent contests at Vera and San Sebastian. Including pauses for rest and giving out of themes and metre, they reached from fourteen to twenty lines a minute. The highest number recited by one individual was 410 lines, out of a total of 1,610. The contests lasted about an hour and a half, and the rapidity of utterance was such that the reporters were completely distanced. The talent seems in some cases to be hereditary, as one of the competitors at San Sebastian who was unable to appear sent his son to represent him, and with full success.

—A *cause celebre* has come up at Chota Oodepoor, in the Bombay Presidency. Chandia Sing, second son of the Rajah of that little East Indian State, is accused of murdering his wife. It appears that he suspected her fidelity, and, watching her movements, caught her descending a rope ladder to meet her lover. She was seized, and, it is said, tortured in a most fearful manner for three days before she died, when it was given out that her death was caused by a snake bite. The Political Agent is holding an inquiry, and, should his report be unfavorable, the accused will probably be tried, as was the late Gaikwar of Baroda.

—Dr. Talbot was mysteriously murdered at Marysville, Mo. Some members of the family had a suspicion that his son Albert was the assassin, because he was known to have waited very impatiently to inherit the property; but, in the absence of proof, nobody dared make an accusation. So a detective was hired. He went to live in a house close by, pretending to be a farmer, and instructed his pretty wife, whom he introduced as a sister, to gain Albert's affection. This she was quickly successful in doing, and within a month she had promised to marry him. Then she set about inculpating him, and he eventually confessed his guilt to her. His arrest followed.

—"The O'Dowd," Mr. Boucicault last production at the Adelphi, which seems to have excited a good deal of political passion in London, is an amended and enlarged edition of a drama in three acts, "Daddy O'Dowd," produced at Booth's Theater in the spring of 1873, in which Mr. Boucicault gave an exquisite companion picture to "Kerry," in the representation of an old Irish merchant, who sacrifices his hardly acquired property to protect the honor of a dissolute but subsequently repentant and reformed son. The scene is laid in Galway, and some of the hustings speeches are said to palliate, if not justify, the recent assassination there of Lord Mountmorres.

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler says, in the *Congregationalist* that a vital question is the small attendance at religious services. "It requires but half an eye to discover the alarming fact that this attendance is steadily falling off, both in the cities and in the country, both in the East and in the West. Forty years ago it was claimed that one-half of the population of the city of New York were either wholly or partially connected with some Protestant congregation. Now only one-fourth of the population are ever seen in any Protestant place of worship." Dr. Cuyler adds that, on the first Sunday in October, the fifteen most popular churches in the city, capable of seating 20,000 persons, held only 10,500.

—George Wheeler, the San Francisco murderer of his sister-in-law, who said that she submitted willingly to being choked to death, maintains a wonderful composure. His wife visited him in prison, and he offered to kiss her, but she repelled him, exclaiming, "Oh, you villain!" He asked her what she had come for, if not to be friendly. "I want you to tell me truth," she replied: "how did you kill her? Don't deceive me, now. Tell me just how you did it." "Do you want to know?" he asked, carelessly. "Yes; I want you to tell me before God just how you did it." "Oh, I'll tell you. Just hold my hat a moment, will you?" said he to a bystander, as he stretched his left hand toward the tearful wife. She instinctively drew back. "Don't be scared," said he; "I won't hurt you. This is how I did it;" and he placed his left hand on her mouth and grasped her throat with his right. In a moment he released her and she asked, "Didn't she struggle?" "Oh, yes; of course she kicked a little; but she had made up her mind to die."

—Another story illustrative of the eccentricities for which Russian military officers of late years have rendered themselves notorious comes from St. Petersburg. Recently a lady of rank was traveling on the Fastovo line of railway in a first-class compartment, the only other occupant of which was an elderly cavalry captain, with whom she casually entered into conversation. Arrived at the Ustinovka station, she summoned a gendarme to the window of her carriage and informed him that she missed a hundred and sixty roubles from her hand-bag, and suspected her traveling companion of having stolen them. A few minutes previously she had requested him to take her ticket out of the bag, which he had done; and since that time she had discovered her loss. Search was forthwith instituted upon the captain's person for the missing money, and a hundred-rouble note was found thrust into one of his boots. No sooner had this evidence of his guilt been brought to light than he produced a small parcel of bank notes from his pocket, with the remark, "As you have got the hundred roubles, I may as well give you the other sixty." Directly after he had spoken these words he drew a revolver from the breast pocket of his coat, set its muzzle against his right temple, and blew his brains out. Insensible to the dishonor of theft, that of detection seemed to him so insupportable that, rather than endure it, he killed himself.

OFFICIAL CRUELTY.

I never heard of a more abominable case of cruelty than that disclosed at a recent inquest held by Mr. John Humphreys, the coroner, upon a poor woman who was found dead upon the steps of the Poplar Union. At 9 o'clock at night she first applied for admission, telling the porter that if he did not let her in she should die. He answered that without an order from the relieving officer, which she had tried in vain to procure, "she must remain out all night." Again she begged him to let her in, saying: "I cannot move further—I shall die," whereupon the porter replied: "Then you must die." At about 1 o'clock the poor creature again repeatedly importuned the Cerberus for shelter, but all to no effect. Between 3 and 4 o'clock—six hours after application for admission—the poor outcast died, and was removed by the police to the mortuary. The night watchman, who did not deny the main facts of the case, admitted that he occasionally absented himself, and left an aged pauper in charge of the gate. The Coroner, of course, "animadverted in strong language," and the jury exhibited the customary "indignation;" but this revolting case must not be allowed to end here.—*London Truth*

—The Berlin *News*, alluding to the fact that October had five Sundays, says: "The first Sunday began on the 3rd;" but leaves its readers in a terrible state of suspense in respect to the date of the termination of the first Sunday.

—The world will come to an end in less than two months—or Mother Shipton was no better than Vennor.

PITTING CORN FODDER.

(From the American Agriculturist.)

The good result which many persons obtained last year in pitting corn fodder, leads this year to the making of many pits, or *silos*, for this purpose, all over the country. So that if there is the least question as to the utility of the process it will be soon set at rest by a thousand experimenters.

We were much interested in witnessing the filling of the pits built by the Messrs. Buckley Brothers, of Port Jervis, N. Y., whom we visited about the middle of September. It has been their habit for many years to put in a large area of sowed corn, which was cut and put up for curing in stooks, and afterwards housed or stacked near the barns. This year they have a larger area than usual, a large part of which they put down in pits for winter feeding. This matter of pitting or *ensilaging* corn fodder has been carefully investigated by them, and they have made, this year, two pits under the cow barn floor. These pits are 22 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 15½ feet deep, side by side, with a two-foot wall between them. They are walled all around and cemented water-tight. They would answer well as cisterns. These two are just built, but there is an old one, 10 feet wide, 50 feet long, and 7 feet deep, which is under the feeding floor. The cow-barn is 120 feet long, by 30 feet wide. The feeding floor is 10 feet wide, and the standing space for the cows is the same width on each side. There is room for 36 cows in this stable, up to the barn floor. The floor, the stalls and all from side to side, was taken up for the filling of the pits, but it will be relaid.

At the time we were there the work of filling was going on in full blast. A pair of powerful mules were at work in the horse power. The feed cutter stood directly behind them, and cut the stalks in half-inch pieces, at the rate of two tons an hour. It required three men to tend the cutter, taking the corn from the wagon, feeding it to the cutter, and seeing that it was properly shunted off into the pits, where one man spread it as evenly as possible, and tramped it down. At noon and evening half a dozen men got into the tanks, and tramped the fodder down as firmly as they could. One man and one team were required to haul the fodder from the field. As soon as a wagon load was brought into the bar, the team was ungeared and hitched to the empty wagon. In the field the teamster assisted in the loading. There were three men in the field cutting up the corn and loading the wagon. Thus the labor required was as follows: Two teams and one driver, four men in the barn and three in the field—eight men in all. With this force they were putting in about twenty tons a day.

The stalks were rather dry; the juice did not squirt out of them when they went through the cutter, and the chaflings were not even moist to the touch. When packed in the pits, a strong fermentation sets in very soon. The corn that had been packed the day before was standing hot, no doubt having a temperature of 110° to 120° Fahrenheit. It had a vinous odor which was very sweet and pleasant. Mr. Charles Buckley gave us the figures of the cost of these two pits, which is as follows:

Digging, 112 days work at $1	$112 00
Masons bill	94 44
Men to assist the masons, 12 days work	12 00
Bill for lime and cement	78 10
Total outlay	$296 54

This does not include anything for stone, for the stones taken out of the pit were sufficient for the walls, and more too. Neither is any charge made for the superintendence, and no doubt it would be fair to fully ten per cent. for the supervision and actual labor, which at one time or another the farmer himself gave, or say $325 in all. There were 50 barrels of cement used, and about half as much lime, part of which, 8 bbls., was very good, and the rest, 50 bushels, cheap and of a low grade. The proportion of sand to cement and lime in the mortar with which the walls were laid up, was about two-thirds, but for the coating over the surface to make the whole water-tight, nearly pure cement was used. Thus the pits were filled, each one receiving its quota of ten tons, more or less, being well trodden down allowed to settle over night and again trodden down in the morning before work, all hands being engaged in the tramping. When full as possible, settled and tramped, and beginning to heat in the top layers, it is covered with six inches of long rye straw—any other straw will answer—and this, with a layer of planks, cut to fit crossways, but not so long as to bind. Stones are piled or rather laid upon the planks so that fully one hundred pounds to the square foot rests upon the fodder. Thus it is left for winter use. Filled full, one of these pits will hold sixty tons. That is, containing as they do over 3,000 cubic feet, or 2,400 bushels—at fifty pounds to the bushel, which the compressed moist, and almost solid fodder will weigh—this is equal to 120,000 lbs., or 60 tons.

As to the keeping, there can be no question if the work is properly done. A brisk fermentation comes on, as we have seen—as it does in a tub of apple pulp for making cider. If the air has very slight success it will go on to ultimate decay; but if it is kept out, the little air at first present is driven off by the carbonic acid gas which is formed, and the mass ceases to ferment, and remains as if it were in an air tight case. There is, however, a slight ascess of air upon the surface and its action upon the juices in the straw and upper layer of fodder is just enough to maintain an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas over the mass—and in the straw which is like a rubber blanket, confined as it is beneath the planks. The stable will be replaced over the pits, and when the time comes for feeding there will be no going out in storms and "slush" and ice to haul in the fodder from out-of-door pits, but the floor will be taken up over a sufficient space, and enough feed removed from one end for two days, when it will be packed down again and covered closely. We think rubber blankets, tarpaulins, canvas, or any coarse cloth painted with boiled oil, would be excellent to pack close down upon the fodder to exclude the air. One thing strikes us as very important, and that is, to know for a certainty that there is no settling of carbonic acid gas in the pit, after a considerable opening made, A man going into a place filled with this gas—as often in deep wells—is over-powered before he knows it, falls and drowns as surely as if he were under water, and is even less likely to be resuscitated. The way to know whether a man can enter with safety, is it to lower a lantern, which, if it burns freely, it shows that there is not a dangerous proportion of gas in the air of the pit.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

The Great Historical Procession at its Dedication.

(Correspondence of the New York Herald.)

Mounted trumpeters opened the procession, clad in costumes of the thirteenth century. Then followed a standard bearer of the Empire, a city herald, a standard bearer of the city of Cologne, horsemen, burgomaster and ancient city fathers, with their insignia and attributes of office. They were followed by Cologne patricians and citizens, with their families and pretty children, and then eight goldsmith's apprentices bore a fac-simile of the golden Shrine of the Three Kings—the acquisition of which was one of the most important events of the history of Cologne. Archbishop Reinald von Dassel did especial service to King Frederick Barbarossa on one of his Italian campaigns, and as a reward the Emperor presented him with the sacred relics of the Three Kings, which he took from Milan. In 1164 the relics were brought to Cologne, where they were received with great rejoicings by the clergy and citizens and placed in the old Dom with great pomp and ceremony. The possession brought much wealth to the ancient city, in fact Cologne's wealth and power in the Middle Ages were attracted in the first place by these relics. In these days there came pilgrims from all parts of the world to worship at the shrine. The effect which its possession had upon the Church and the city was marvellous. The Three Kings were the patron saints for all the travelers and pilgrims to the Holy Land, and from these relics Cologne received the name of the Holy City. At that time the whole Christian world was seized with an irresistible desire to visit the places made sacred by the Saviour of the world. They trusted that, as the Three Kings had been led by a star to the place of the Saviour's birth so would they also be led to the Saviour's tomb. Thus the pilgrims came to Cologne in large numbers and the Cathedral Church of Hildebold was daily filled with devout worshippers at the sacred shrine to strengthen themselves for the journey and to make their offerings. Thus it was that the Holy City on the Rhine increased in wealth and splendor. People came from all parts of Europe—German Emperors, Kings of England, Portugal, Denmark, Cyprus; Dukes of Lethringia, Burgundy, and each royal visitor, left much wealth behind him. A beautiful shrine was constructed for the relies, and a very successful copy of it that was to-day borne on the shoulders of the goldsmith's apprentices. Fifty years after the arrival of the sacred relics the present Cathedral was commenced, which was to be a worthy temple for the beautiful shrine. And after other groups of Cologne patricians came a noteworthy figure—Archbishop Konrad Von Hochssaden, who 15th of August, 1248, laid the foundation stone of the Cathedral, the temple for the shrine, which after 600 years has at last been architecturally completed. To the right and left of the Archbishop rode the Dukes of Limburg and Brabant, followed by a crowd of vassals of the archbishopiscopal see. Then came a triumphal car drawn by four horses bearing dames and damsels and the first architect of the Dom, Gerhard von Riehl, with some of his workmen holding the plan of the building. Master Gerhard died in 1279. To him is due the plan of the Cathedral as has it been carried out to the present day. His genius is shown in the beauty of the present structure and in the fact that his successors have never deviated even in the smallest degree from the original plan of the Cathedral as he left it at his death. It was a grand ceremony at which these ancients assisted at the time. The whole space on which the Cathedral now stands was covered by a vast multitude. There were present hosts of lords, dukes, princes, who stood around the Emperor William. There was a long procession of priests and bishops, headed by the Pope's special legate and the Archbishop, Conrad von Hochstaden. After solemn prayers had been offered the Archbishop received from Master Gerhard the hammer and the trowel and struck the corner stone and cast lime upon it. Then the Archbishop gave the hammer to the Emperor, who stepped forward and struck the stone three times. The Papal legate did the same. And so in like manner all the bishops, princes and dukes. The hammer was then handed back to Master Gerhard, who then began to work with his assistants, while the vast assembly sang the psalm: "She is founded upon the holy mountain. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God." While this psalm was sung the Archbishop, followed by the bishops and clergy, the Emperor, princess and people, marched in solemn procession three times around the foundations, the Archbishop blessing and consecrating them. Such was the ceremony as performed six hundred years ago, and participated in by the originals of the knighty figures who passed before us in the grand historical procession of Saturday. The groups of this division of the procession, it should be added, were designed by the artists, Fritz and Ernest Roeber, of Dusseldorf.

ORCHARD AND NURSERY.

Fall Pruning.—Late October and early November are often very favorable to the planting of trees. The soil is still warm from the accumulated heat of summer; it is rarely too dry, and if properly drained not too wet. If in planting we cut, as we should, every broken root back to a sound place, in a short time these roots will have overcome the bad effects of the removal, and will be ready for vigorous growth in the spring. South of 40°, in most years, planting may be done during the greater part of the year without any injury to the newly set trees.

Young Trees planted this fall, or even last spring, should have earth drawn up around them, making a mound 12 to 18 inches high. This mound of earth should be free from sods and weeds, and will serve the double purpose of a support to the trees against the winds, and prevent the mice from gnawing them.

Draining.—Water should not be allowed to collect on the surface; a few furrows in the right place will cary it away rapidly. Underdraining, to be the best and most economical, should be all finished up before hard freezing weather sets in.

Cions may be cut as soon as the leaves fall, and should be packed in sawdust or sand, and kept in a cool place. Select only from thrifty trees of the best varieties. If you do not have them it is better to buy than to use secondrate stock.

Labels upon trees should be looked to, that they do not get lost or become illegible. The old kind of pine label, marked with lead pencil while a coat of white is fresh upon it, is about the best. Zinc strips are used and preferred by some.

Seeds of Trees for planting in the spring are best preserved in boxes of sand, the boxes being kept in a cool and dry place, out of the reach of mice.

Stocks for Root Grafting.—The grafting of roots is done during the winter and the stocks should be in a handy place. Take up the stocks before the ground freezes, assort and tie them in bundles, afterwards put in boxes, and place them in the cellar.

Rabbits if left to themselves can do much harm. A protection of the trees may be made of lath, or tarred paper may be tied about the trunk with fine wire. Smearing the trees with blood will keep away the rabbits, as meat is very distasteful to them. A fat rabbit in November is good eating, and a small bounty will induce the boys to trap and otherwise secure many of these injurious animals.

Manuring.—The orchard needs to be fed as well as any other field when a yearly crop is removed. Circumstances will determine the kind of manure to use. That from the stable is always in order; ground bone, ashes, green crops turned under, are all of great value, and one or more should be used.

Keeping Fruit.—The cellar of the house, if possible, should not be used for storing large quantities of fruit, but if used there should be ample ventilation to carry off the carbonic acid produced by the ripening fruit. A uniform temperature of about 40°, or just safely above freezing, accompanied with a dry atmosphere, is the best. Pears should be stored in drawers where they can be inspected occasionally. Apples, if properly picked and packed in barrels, ought to keep undisturbed.

Make all Snug for Winter.—Clear up all rubbish in the orchard. Pick up the refuse fruit and feed to the pigs, that the contained insects may be destroyed. Fences and gates, especially of young orchards, need to be cattle proof at all seasons.—*American Agriculturalist.*

HOW TO DRESS A TURKEY.

There is much practical wisdom among the poultry men, that does not get into the papers or books. A turkey raiser who prides himself on sending to market the handsomest lot of turkeys in his town, for the Christmas market, tells us how he dresses his birds. The turkeys are fed as usual the night before butchering, and in the morning are driven in upon the barn floor, as soon as they come from the roost, and are made secure. Their crops are empty, and they can be caught as they are wanted. Make a slip noose of strong cord for each turkey's legs into the noose, and with a small pointed knife stick the bird as near the head as possible. As soon as the bird is dead, strip off the feathers, pinfeathers and all. Cut the neck off as near the head as possible, remove the wings and draw the entrails, before taking the bird down. The turkey is hung up alive, and taken down ready for market. Lay the bird on his breast upon a clean board to cool. Turkeys should be carefully handled in dressing, to avoid breaking the skin, for it rubs off very easily when they are warm. Remove all the pinfeathers and pack the birds when sent to market, in clean straw, so that there will be no marks of blood upon them. Handsome, clean dressing will add a cent a pound, and often more, to the market price of all kinds of poultry.

—James Langmaid of Pembroke, N. H., the father of Josie Langmaid, who was murdered by the Canadian La Page, some years ago, became involved in a dispute with Robert McConnell last Saturday, and was fatally beaten and injured by him, a heavy pair of wheels being also driven over his body.

SUICIDE AND PHILOSOPHY.

A Talk with One Who Has Made Nin Attempts to Kill Himself.

[From the New York Sun.]

T. Julius Jones, who attempted to kill himself on Wednesday morning in the house of Edward Nivison, at 316 West Thirty-second street, by shooting himself in the head with a revolver, is still alive in Roosevelt Hospital. The physicians say that he may recover.

When Mr. Nivison entered Jones' room, having heard the pistol shots, he found his lodger lying on the floor, but entirely conscious. The wounded man said to him: "Nivison, you'll find copious directions among my effects in regard to the disposal of my remains. In the meantime run for a policeman and bring an ambulance with you, as I am perfectly well assured that I have again failed in my attempt to make away with myself, and I can recuperate much more rapidly in a hospital than here. The sooner I get well the sooner I'll renew my efforts at self-destruction."

After assistance had been summoned from the Thirty-seventh street police station Jones suddenly sprang from the floor as though in full bodily vigor, and, seizing an open pocket knife that was lying upon the table, made a desperate attempt to stab himself. The policemen sprang at him, and after a struggle disarmed him.

A reporter called at the Roosevelt Hospital and was admitted to the presence of the wounded man. He is a handsome man, with a straight nose, fine gray eyes and a closely clipped stylish brown beard. He said: "Well, I've failed again. It seems that fate has been against me from my birth. You will hardly credit it, but I made four attempts by revolver while living in Pennsylvania to end my life, and while in Boston I took laudanum twice and arsenic once, and yet in spite of the most determined efforts I invariably fail. I don't want to live. I am heartsick of life, and only wish to pass away. My relations with my family are not happy; indeed they are most unhappy, and I am estranged from all my connections in consequence and am obliged to live alone. God help the man who must live in New York alone in some hired apartment, with only servants or strangers to speak to at long intervals!"

Speaking of his attempted suicide the man said: "When I awoke, about 8 o'clock, I lay on my back in bed and mused upon my condition and prospects. I checked off the advantages of life and death, and found that a great preponderance was on the side of the latter. I saw that I would have to struggle on to make my living all the rest of my life. I knew that I would never marry. I was also convinced that I could never repair the rupture with family. I decided on death. Then I arose and wrote the directions for the disposal of my remains, and, dressing myself slowly, proceeded to a pawnbroker's shop and purchased a revolver and cartridges for $3.18. I returned to my room and hung up my outer garments to prevent them from getting bloody, which I was afraid from long experience—it seems strange for a man to talk about long experience in suicide, doesn't it?—would fly around in, to say the least, an unpleasant manner. Then I carfully loaded the weapon, and, placing the muzzle against my right temple, pulled the trigger. I admit that it required an effort to pull the trigger, and that I had a momentary chill as I did so. I felt the ball crash against my skull but knew it was not fatal. So I pulled the trigger again, but it missed fire, and I cocked it and tried again and again, but it would not go off. In the meantime the blood running from the first hole in my head had wet the revolver, and I took it down from my head and examined it, brushing the blood from my eyes with the other hand. I raised the hammer, and, looking closely at the chamber, saw that one of the cartridges was away, and fixed it with my teeth. Then the pistol went off and sent a bullet through my hand. After this I became impatient and fired twice at my head, both taking effect. Then, hearing the proprietor coming, I became a little bewildered, and, throwing the revolver into the wash basin, I fell to the floor."

JUPITER.

[The following is the editorial of the New York *Sun* on the late election.]

Have you noticed the wonderful brilliancy and beauty of Jupiter?

To the naked eye, and without the aid of a telescope, it looks like a torch in the sky.

A few evenings since a party of people in the country espied the planet just as it was making its appearance above the eastern horizon, and, thinking it must be a large meteoric light of some kind, dispatched two of their number in its direction, through the woods, to ascertain what it could be. Then it was thought to be an illuminated ascending balloon.

The reason Jupiter has shone with such remarkable brilliancy of late is because it has been nearing the point when it appears largest to observers on our planet—a point it will not reach again until about twenty years hence, which will be quite as soon as the Democratic party can reasonably expect to attain to power under its present leadership.

The most sublime of all studies is astronomy. It turns the thoughts of mortals from terrestrial troubles heavenward.

"I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shades
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world."

We recall to memory a conversation with Daniel Webster, at Marshfield, in which the subject of astronomy came up. Mr. Webster remarked: "In the winter season I can tell the time of night, within fifteen minutes, by the position of the constellations—I have observed them so much. I am often reminded of the plain but sublime poetry of Dr. Watts:

"Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode."

Thus was Mr. Webster's soul lifted on high when he was contemplating the heavenly bodies; but when he looked earthward, and the White House fixed his gaze, he longed for that. Then came a blight over his hopes; a terrible disappointment pierced and broke his great heart, and he died!

Democrats, study astronomy!

Jupiter and the other planets—except this earth of ours—are just about as bright as they were before election.

A GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

In one of the novels of M. Dumas pere it is related how an inveterate gambler, having staked and lost everything belonging to him, staked his valet. This fictitious incident has just been reproduced in real life, the gambler being a French rag-gatherer, whose passion for the game of piquet has led to most unhappy consequences for himself. A few evenings ago he was engaged at his favorite pastime with a friend whose luck at cards was continual. The rag-gatherer's limited resources were quickly drained; he staked successively, when his purse was emptied, his watch, then the little articles he had in his pocket, and his hat. There remained seemingly nothing left to gamble for, when a rather original idea struck him. The young woman who lived with him as his mistress was looking on at the game. His affection for the girl was great; but the temptation proved even stronger than his love, and he offered his adversary to play for the young woman. This offer was accepted cheerfully, the girl being pretty, and ten minutes later this last stake was lost. The rag-gatherer, who had his notions about honor, made no attempt to hinder the exit of his successful opponent with the young woman on his arm, but when the two were gone he went sadly home, borrowed a knife from a neighbor, and plunged it into his heart. He was conveyed to the hospital, still breathing, but lies in such a state as to preclude any hope of his recovery.—*Evening Standard.*

—The late Lord Clifford, a Roman Catholic peer, provided in his will that should the younger sons, to whom he left $150,000, take holy orders their portions are to be reduced to $15,000. In like manner the portions of his daughters are to be reduced from $60,000 to $22,500 should they become nuns. Another Roman Catholic gentleman of high position made a similar provision a year or two ago.

DISASTERS AND CRIMES.

London, Ont., Nov. 3.—Alfred Jones, aged 29, who went to work yesterday as miller at Saunby's mill, met with a serious accident last evening. His arm was caught between the cogs of the machinery and dreadfully crushed. He was taken to the hospital, where, at a late hour, a consultation of doctors was held, and the amputation of the injured limb decided upon.

Napanee, Nov. 3.—A full grown child was found dead at Yarker this morning. Foul play is suspected. Mr. Shipley, J. P., of the village, notified the Crown Attorney by telegraph of the fact and Coroner Huffman was sent out to hold an inquest.

Trenton, Nov. 3.—A man named A. Ried was struck by a car in Gilmour & Co.'s lumber yard, this evening, and fatally injured. He has since died.

Toronto, Nov. 3.—A sad drowning accident took place on the bay this afternoon, the victims being Mrs. Longhead, a widow lately residing on Richmond street, and a man named Arthur Muldoon, a cooper, with whom she was intimate. The two went out in a small boat and in making an attempt to change seats Mrs. Longhead fell out and both were drowned. The bodies were soon recovered. The victims had their arms tightly clasped around each other. It was not till about eight o'clock that the bodies were identified. At that hour Mrs. Longhead's two children came to the police station, inquiring for their mother and from the description they gave it was at once seen that the body at the morgue was hers. Muldoon's brother also turned up at the same time and he confirmed the identity. Mrs. Longhead is said to have been *enceinte*. Dr. Riddell has taken a warrant and will hold an inquest to-morrow.

A special from Lexington, Miss., reports the killing of J. W. Ashcraft by T. J. Lockhart, the mortal wounding of Lockhart, and the painful wounding of C. M. Hull, editor of the Holmes County *Times*, in an election row on Tuesday.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 3.—On the Fall River Railway, about three o'clock this afternoon, as the train for New Bedford was crossing the bridge the boiler of the engine exploded, blowing out the top and one side and shivering the cab into a thousand splinters. Engineer F. G. White was killed and the fireman badly scalded. The cause of the explosion is unknown. The engineer was an old and trusted man.

Cleveland, Nov. 3.—Yesterday a bright boy, four years of age, was found lying near the railway track, on the Lake Shore, with his head between two stones and a heavy railway tie across his neck, holding him down. When discovered he was black in the face, and unable to walk or talk, and nearly dead, but subsequently he was revived and told a remarkable story. He was induced by a woman to go to the lake on the promise of some candy on the way. She took his hoop, saying he would never roll his hoop again. At the lake the woman endeavored to persuade him to get into a boat, but he refused. The woman then took him to the place where he was found, threw him on the ground, and placed the tie accross his neck and left him to perish. It is proved that the woman is insane, and had escaped from her home.

St. John, N. B., Nov. 2.—John McFarlane was shot and killed in Portland this noon by Policeman Malone while attempting to avoid arrest by running away. Malone says he only intended to frighten the man.

A shocking accident occurred on the New Brunswick & Canada Railway at McAdam Junction. While a brakeman named Morris Orr was roping a car out on a side track he was caught by the switch rope and thrown under the wheels of the car, which cut one of his legs off below the knee.

Amherstburg, Nov. 2.—John Ryan, of Colchester, while intoxicated yesterday laid down on the C. S. R. track and was struck by the express. He died this morning.

Dunnville, Nov. 2.—This afternoon the village of Dunnville was thrown into a state of excitement through a sad accident which occurred to Mr. W. J. Booth, a young man well known in this vicinity. He was attending a circular saw in the township of Dunn, when through a defect it suddenly flew to pieces, one piece striking him on the nose and sinking into his brain, causing death in a few minutes. He leaves a young wife to mourn his untimely end.

Cincinnati, Nov. 4.—Last night, while Policeman Karsh was trying to disperse a noisy crowd of colored men and whites, he took hold of Chas. Marshall, colored, who shot the policeman fatally. Marshall was severely beaten by Karsh's partner.

Stratford, Nov. 3.—A girl by the name of Mary Ann Attig, living at Brunner, 15 miles from here, gave birth to an illegitimate child a few days ago. Its disappearance caused an inquiry, and after a search the body was found near the house covered with about two inches of earth, the body bearing marks of violence. The authorities ordered an inquest to be held to-day, which resulted in the coroner's jury finding a verdict of willful murder against the mother. The girl, however, has absconded and cannot be found. The police have the case in hand, however, and expect to effect an arrest shortly.

Toronto, Nov. 4.—Three men fell off the roof of a house at the corner of Wood and Church streets this morning. One of them, a carpenter named Love, had one of his legs broken.

Mons, Belgium, Nov. 4.—Thirteen men were precipitated to the bottom of a colliery shaft and killed, by the breaking of the hoisting apparatus to-day.

St. Catharines, Nov. 4.—A serious accident happened the other evening to an old man named McLaren, who is employed in Messrs. Taylor & Bates' brewery. He was returning home to his residence on George street, after dark, when he was attacked by a strange dog which jumped upon him, seized him in the abdomen and inflicted a terrible wound. The services of a surgeon were secured as soon as possible and the wound sewed up.

Malton, Nov. 4.—Dr. Stewart, of Woodhill, while on his way from visiting a patient at Castlemore to-day, fell out, or was thrown out, of his buggy and killed. For some time past his practice has been so large that he had been working night and day, and it is supposed that he fell asleep in his buggy and fell out. When found life was extinct. He leaves a wife and one son.

London, Nov. 4.—Frederick Pooke, porter in the store of J. Smith & Co., shot himself in the palm of the hand one evening recently while cleaning a six-shooter. A surgeon being called in found that the ball had glanced upwards and lodged in the wrist in a very dangerous place. Up to the present the ball has not been extracted from the fear of causing lock jaw.

The grain store of George Phillips, King street, was entered to-day during the temporary absence of the clerks in the yard and the sum of $100 stolen. The money drawer had been forced open with a "jimmy." The money taken was bills, a lot of silver being left in the drawer. It is supposed that two persons was concerned in the robbery, one to watch and the other to do the job. The same place has been robbed before one or twice. The police were early informed of the case, but so far no clew has been obtained of the robbery.

New York, Nov. 4.—A servant girl was found dead in bed this morning on Henry street. She had blown out the gas.

Boston, Nov. 4.—A train from Portland on the Eastern railroad collided with the Saugus branch train at Lynn, about 2.45 this afternoon. Both trains were wrecked, one person only being killed, E. N. Winters, shoemaker, of Lynn. The Saugus train was without passengers or the fatality would have been terrible. The passengers on the Portland train, of whom there were about 150, were badly shaken up, but none injured.

Patterson, N. J., Nov. 4.—A portion of Laflin & Rand's powder works, at the Mountain View, was blown up yesterday. Two men were fatally injured and the building was demolished.

This morning, as Mary Warnock, aged 15, at the Barbour flax spinning mill, was oiling a shaft, her long hair caught in the machinery and the scalp was torn completely off. Both ears were also torn loose. She will probably die.

New York, Nov. 4.—H. Putnam, the son of a clergyman, was arrested to-day on a charge of forgery preferred by his employer.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 4.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck the market train on the Reading railroad, five miles south of this city, to-day. The train was stopped, and the train hands captured a boy, George Levan, who gave the names of two accomplices who escaped. There were about forty passengers on the train.

New York, Nov. 5.—Warner Gottberg, a well known citizen of Passaic, N. J., committed suicide by taking Paris green. It is alleged that his wife persuaded him to vote the Republican ticket, and he killed himself in remorse for having contributed to the supposed Democratic defeat in New Jersey.

Port Hope, Nov. 5.—A man named Walter Scott, of Millbrook, fell off the Grand Trunk viaduct last night and was killed. It is supposed he was stepping from some train which had stopped, thinking it had arrived at the depot.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 5.—A fight took place between two sailors on board the British bark Hollinside to-day, during which Peter Huentyes stabbed James Hutton through the right lung. The wounded man may live, but the chances are against him. His assailant was arrested.

Kingston, Nov. 5.—A fisherman named Dariaw was shot at Simcoe Island last evening, by John Breden, jr. The ball entered near the heart and lodged in the back. Dariaw was still alive at 7 o'clock this morning. Particulars not yet received.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 5.—In consequence of a misplaced switch this morning on the Erie Railroad, at Penn Hora Creek, a passenger train ran into a freight train, killing David Quackenbush, engineer of the passenger train and freight train Conductor Garrett. Vookes, the fireman of the passenger train, was fatally injured. No passengers were hurt. Clark Bogert, the switchman, promptly fled.

Kingston, Nov. 5.—Yesterday evening as the freight train on the K. & P. R. was coming along this side of Sharbott Lake a cow on the track was run over, and the whole train was thrown off the rails, but no damage resulted beyond the road being obstructed for twelve hours.

Pittston, Pa., Nov. 5.—A cave-in occurred at Sebaspol, near here, yesterday. Much property was destroyed, and a number of dwellings were abandoned by the terror-stricken inhabitants. The earth settled six feet. Mining in the vicinity has been suspended.

St. Thomas, Ont., Nov. 5.—The branch office of Molson's Bank, situated in St. Thomas East, was robbed of $1,500 this afternoon. It appears that two strangers drove up to the bank. One of them remained in the buggy, while the other came into the bank and stated that the man in the buggy desired to make a deposit, but was unable to come into the bank. The bank clerk politely offered to go out and get the deposit, and while doing so the one inside helped himself to the cash. The robbery was not discovered until some time after, and it is supposed that the robbers took the C. S. R. train for the west. The police have the matter in hand.

Amherstburg, Nov. 5.—Last night, while the Detroit & Cleveland Company's steamer, Northwest, was on her return trip to Cleveland, she collided with the mammoth barge Progress and the wrecking tug McArthur, nearly abreast of Bois Blanc Island light, tearing the McArthur pretty badly along the side, above water. The McArthur is engaged in wrecking. The Progress was lashed to her but, when struck by the Northwest, she was knocked about fifty feet from the side of the barge. Both the McArthur and the Progres had lights burning when struck, and both blame the Northwest, as she had run out of her course.

New York, Nov. 5.—A disconsolate-looking young woman named Eliza Leblanc, formerly of Montreal, was found on the stoop of 21 University place last night. A policeman took her into custody. She was comely-looking, but showed traces of misfortune and suffering. She said she was a native of Montreal. Two years ago she left her home and journeyed to Boston. Her parents, she claimed, are well-to-do, and she had received a liberal education. In Boston she was betrayed and deserted. Her baby was born in this city, and finding she could not care for her offspring, she surrendered it to the care of the Children's Nursery at 21 University place. Her maternal instincts were retained, and she had come back to return to her babe, but was driven away. She was sent to the work-house.

New York, Nov. 8.—The ship Samarang, sunk in the harbor here by the steamship, was valued at $83,000.

Thomas Hughes' secretary was injured in a railroad accident near Williamstown, Ohio, yesterday.

Clifton, Nov. 8.—The general provision store of J. N. Burns was burglarized last night, and the safe blown open with dynamite, and not securing any money, through spite, they threw some rolls of butter which were on the counter into it. Before leaving they supplied themselves with a silk umbrella, some cigars, etc. Entrance was gained by prying open the back door. The bars, etc., for this job were stolen from the blacksmith shop of Hawkins & Mitchell, as some of their tools were found on the premises this morning, and their shop was found broken open.

Brooklyn, Nov. 8.—The body of a woman found in the river off Hunter's Point on Saturday has been identified as that of Mrs. Parish, daughter of a once well known clergyman of Long Island. It is stated that the woman drowned herself as a result of her unfortunate marriage.

Clifford, Nov. 8.—Willie Beck, 12 years old, son of F. Beck, tanner, had three fingers torn off his hand while working an edging saw to day.

Queenston, Nov. 8.—A man named Jackson, teamster for Archibald Thompson, Stamford, received a severe fraction of the leg this morning while moving a pile of stone at a trestle work on the Canada Southern, between Stamford and Clifton.

Guelph, Nov. 8.—J. H. Dickson, a carpenter, was seriously injured to-day by falling from a house in course of erection. He fell 35 feet, and when picked up it was found he had his left wrist fractured and four ribs broken, piercing the left lung, and otherwise badly cutting and bruising him. Recovery is doubtful.

Brantford, Nov. 8.—On Saturday evening, while Mr. Harry Lowes, of Brantford Township, was getting into his wagon to go home, the horse made a sudden start, which caused Mr. Lowes to fall to the ground. He still held on to the reins, and was dragged a considerable distance and badly injured.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 8.—An engine and a part of a coal train jumped the track here to-day. The engineer was killed and the fireman severely injured. The damage to property was $50,000.

Minouk, Ill., Nov. 9.—Yesterday John Aden, his wife and niece on attempting to cross the track in a wagon were struck by the engine. The two women were killed instantly and the man died soon after.

Chicago, Nov. 9.—Early this morning two women, who had rented a room in a house on State street, were preparing to retire when they noticed a stench coming from the closet in the room. The door being forced open they discovered the corpse of a woman partially decomposed. The body was identified as that of Dora Clarence, a low woman. The woman Lloyd, who formerly occupied the room, was committed to prison last week. She has been identified as a well known New York thief. She was heard quarrelling in her room the other night with a strange woman, now supposed to have been Dora.

Paris, Nov. 9.—A young man, named Thomas Thompson, about 18 years of age, son of Robert Thompson, bricklayer, of this town, with other companions, went out shooting this morning, and on his return, while walking along the road, the stock of his gun struck the ground, causing the gun to discharge its contents into the front of his neck, killing him almost instantly.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 9.—Hon. Fayette McMullen was last night struck by an express train and died to-day. Deceased was aged 77 years. Forty-five years ago he was a member of the Virginia Legislature for a number of years, and was the first Governor of Washington Territory and was a member of the Confederate Congress.

London, Nov. 9.—A robbery took place on the Canada Southern Railway under the following circumstances: An elderly gentleman on his way to Texas chanced to show a roll of bills and appears to have attracted the notice of two men, who are now supposed to have been the persons who robbed Molson's Bank at St. Thomas, who were fleeing from justice. They engaged the old man in conversation, and as they were leaving one clapped him on the back, wishing him success, while the other, as if by accident, bunted against him. The old farmer afterwards found himself out of pocket some $1,200. Mr. E. W. Hutchings, of New York, while transferring his baggage at Detroit, was also relieved of his pocket-book, containing $200 in cash, a draft for $1,000, and a railway ticket for Omaha, doubtless by the same parties, as they paid their fare from Slocum's Junction to Detroit to the conductor, who received a telegram for their arrest too late. On Saturday morning it was discovered that, in addition to the $1,500 taken from the bank at St. Thomas, $100 in Dominion Bank bills had also been taken, making $1,600 in all, of which there was $1,000 in Molson's Bank bills, including two of $50 each, $100 of Dominion Bank, and $500 in currency.