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M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Man with the Washing Machine—Human Prey.

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Our village of Glendale had a population of about 600, and for many years it was the boast of the people that they went to bed at night without locking a door or window. Sometimes, when two old pioneers got together and exchanged reminiscences, they would recall the arrest of a man for drunkenness or relate the particulars of a theft, but those things were all legendary. Nothing whatever in the criminal line had happened for years and years. The tavern was strictly "temperance," no saloons were allowed in the place, and the justice of the peace and constable had nothing to do outside of a lawsuit at long intervals.

An epoch in the history of our town was the arrival of a man with a washing machine. The excitement was general, but more subdued. Our people had heard and read of washing machines, but none had ever seen one. The man gave his name as John White, and when he gave out that he had secured the best room at the tavern and might remain four weeks at four dollars per week, it was whispered that he must be both rich and reckless. He was a fat, smooth faced man, with a hearty way about him. He was jolly, sympathetic, temperate and religious. Our people couldn't have reasonably demanded those qualities in a stranger whose sole object was to lighten the burdens of American women on washdays, but his having them was duly appreciated by one and all. About the first move Mr. White made after establishing himself in Glendale was to deliver a temperance lecture, and the next was to attend church service and drop a whole dollar into the contribution box. From and after that date he was solid. He might have driven a horse "faster than a walk" across the bridge over Rocky river and no one would have entered complaint. Other things occurred to place Mr. White on a pedestal to be looked at and talked about and admired. He could "pitch the tune" and lead the singing; he could exhort; he donated five dollars to a minister's salary; he could talk to Sunday school children; he was one of the first converts baptized by Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. White brought his own horse and wagon and rode about the country to exhibit his washing machine. He didn't want to sell single machines, but to dispose of county rights. It was afterward remembered that whenever any one was ready to buy Mr. White himself blocked the sale by waiting for certain legal papers to arrive from Boston. It is time to tell you now that I was a son of the man who owned and conducted the inn or tavern. It was such a house as you will find to-day in any village off the railroad—a homelike place with good beds and family fare. Mr. White had a room next to mine, and though he made extra efforts to win my friendship I was shy of him from the first. There are people you distrust at first sight without being able to tell why, and I felt that way toward Mr. White. He probably suspected it and did all he could to win me over, but the more he did the greater was my distrust. I hadn't the slightest suspicion that he was anything but what he claimed to be, but within a week after his arrival I was watching him. There was a door between our rooms which had been nailed up for years. I bored a hole in this so as to observe his movements at night.

Mr. White hadn't "the best" room in the house. He had taken No. 12 of his own choice. The back window in it opened on the roof of the inn kitchen, the same as the back window in mine. One night about two weeks after Mr. White's arrival I was awakened about midnight by some noise, and I looked through the hole in the door to find his candle slight and him moving about. While I watched I saw him put on a set of false whiskers, which instantly produced a great change in his looks. He also put on a hat I had never seen him wear before, and after some other preparations to complete his disguise he blew out his light and left his room by way of the back window. From my window I saw him carefully descend the roof in his stocking feet and drop off the lower corner into a lane never used except to go and return from the tavern barn. You can imagine my surprise and mystification. I was but a lad and knew nothing of the wicked ways of the world, but I instinctively realized that Mr. White was up to some deviltry. Perhaps I was a bit queer in my ways. It never occurred to me to rouse up father and tell him what I had seen. I simply decided to wait and watch further. It was half past 2 o'clock before Mr. White returned, and he came up the roof as carefully as he had gone down. I also made out that he had some sort of a bundle with him. He did not light his candle on his return, but I heard him unlock and relock his trunk and get into bed.

There was great excitement in Glendale next morning, or rather about 8 o'clock that morning. The principal dry goods store had been robbed during the previous night—the first real robbery known in the annals of the village. The robber had got in by a back window. There was a private bank in town and so he had secured only a few dollars in cash, but he had taken about $300 worth of silks. Business was practically suspended for half a day. Six funerals, two circuses and Fourth of July all coming at once could not have upset the public more. I ought to have instantly connected Mr. White with that robbery as a matter of course, but the idea never occurred to me. I was mystified, but not suspicious. He was a prominent figure that day. In his bygone days he had been a detective, he said. He assisted the county sheriff and town constable with his advice; he helped them to find clews; he had theories and plans, he would add ten dollars to any reward which might be offered. It was concluded that the robbery was the work of a traveling gang, and the sheriff spent a week riding about the country and then gave up the chase. Three days after the burglary a tin peddler put up at the inn for the night. He was a stranger to all, but made himself perfectly at home with everybody. He took a deep interest in Mr. White's washing machine, and about 10 o'clock in the evening was invited up to the latter's room to inspect some legal papers connected with it. I went to my post at once, and during the next hour I saw a bundle taken out of Mr. White's trunk, some money counted down and the peddler and the bundle slip down the roof into the darkness. What astonished me more than anything else was to see the pair drink from a bottle in possession of the peddler—a bottle which I believed to contain whisky. Mr. White not only drank but smacked his lips and seemed to find great satisfaction in it.

I now felt that there was something wrong with the man, but was not sharp enough to grasp the situation. If I went to father with what I had seen he would scarcely believe it, and would also be highly indignant at my having played the spy on a guest of the house. After debating the matter for a day or two I concluded to keep quiet, the more especially as the man with the washing machine was now talking of buying a home, joining the church and bringing on his family from Ohio. It was about a week after the coming and going of the tin peddler before I made any new discovery. Then one dark and rainy evening, at about 10 o'clock, I saw Mr. White put on his disguise and make off down the kitchen roof. I at once set out to follow him, but owing to the storm and the darkness lost sight of him after dogging his footsteps for a couple of squares. I then returned and went to bed, but kept awake until he returned, which was at 2 o'clock in the morning. He went to bed in the dark, and I did not hear him open his trunk. Next morning Glendale was upset again. The bank and postoffice had been robbed. The banker was the postmaster, and both institutions were in the same building. The safe door had been drilled, and the robber got about $2,000 in cash, a hundred dollars' worth of stamps and a dozen registered letters. He had gained access to the building by means of a false key. Mr. White was sent for before he was out of bed, and it was the same thing over again. He practically took charge of the case, and under his direction a dozen or more men were sent out to pick up clews. There was talk of getting a detective from Boston, but he discouraged it and kept up the hunt until the banker was satisfied that the robber had made good his escape.

I was now perfectly satisfied in my own mind that Mr. White was the robber in both instances, but I dared not lisp my suspicions. I argued that I would be put in prison if I could not prove him guilty, and that some of his friends would kill me if he was punished on my evidence. The thing was such a mental burden to me that I went about looking as if I had not long to live. One day when the hunt had begun to grow slack I was sent by father on an errand to a farmer's three miles away. By taking a cut through woods and fields I could save half the distance. On a creek in the woods was an old abandoned sawmill, which I had visited a score of times before. I took it in on this trip of course. I was close to it, but still sheltered from sight by the bushes, when I heard some one moving about. Creeping forward on hands and knees I discovered Mr. White just as he was leaving the place. When he had come down the old "log way" he stopped and listened and looked about, and when he finally started off he acted as crafty as an Indian. Waiting until he had been out of sight ten minutes I rose up and entered the old ruin. I expected to find something there, but I went climbing about for a quarter of an hour before anything turned up. Then it was a parcel wrapped in brown paper and hidden behind a beam. I nearly jumped out of my jacket when I saw the contents. There was a great package of greenbacks and nine registered letters, which had been opened. There was also a big envelope with a lot of postage stamps. I replaced the parcel, left the mill, and went straight to father and told him everything. About the time I was telling my story the man with the washing machine was attending a funeral in the outskirts of the town and showing as much emotion as any one of the bereaved. Father was as pale as a ghost and all of a tremble when I had finished. He knew I must be telling the truth, and yet he replied to me:

"Sam, you want to be mighty careful! If you've been dreaming all this I'll give you the awfulest licking a boy ever got!"

I convinced him that I had been very wide awake all the time, and he was more frightened than I was. He was afraid of the law, afraid of Mr. White and afraid that he would somehow be blamed for the affair. I don't know what course would have been pursued but for mother. He had just commanded me not to lisp a word to her when she came into the room and demanded to know what was going on. She got the story, and father tried to make her promise to keep quiet until he could see his way clear, but she replied:

"George, you don't want to have anything to do with this case. You are half scared to death already, and you will betray yourself and let that scoundrel escape. Just leave everything to me and I'll warrant you I land him in state prison."

Mother was the "better man," as the saying is, and father had to give way. That afternoon she drove over to the county seat and gave the sheriff all the particulars. He put a couple of his best deputies to watch the mill day and night, and mother, a third deputy and myself agreed to watch Mr. White's movements about the inn. Nothing occurred to disturb him in the slightest. Four or five days after I discovered him at the mill he delivered an evening lecture on the subject of temperance and morality, and dozens of our citizens congratulated themselves on the fact that he was to become a resident among us. It was full three weeks after the bank robbery before he made another move. Then he left his room by night and in disguise. The deputy and I tried to trail him, but he was too "fly" for us, though he did not know we were after him. Believing he would make for the mill to bring in his plunder we hastened to the locality and gave the alarm to the watchers.

It was his intention to call at the mill, but he had other business first. He entered the house of a justice of the peace by way of a window, ransacked it from top to bottom without disturbing anybody, and secured $200 in cash, a gold watch, and some articles of jewelry. It was midnight when he arrived at the mill, and not a move was made until he was leaving it. Then he was nabbed with all the plunder. He had, as we subsequently discovered, made a hiding place in the chimney of his room at the inn, and was going to deposit everything there.

Mr. White made no resistance when the men sprang out upon him. On the contrary, he was very passive. He sat down on an old saw log and expressed his deep sorrow and lasting grief that he should be suspected of anything. He quoted Scripture; he exhorted; he forgave. Then he made a break for liberty, and had he not fallen over me as I tried to get out of his way he might have got clean off. When roped and handcuffed he betrayed his true character, and his blasphemy was something appalling. He was so neatly trapped that it was a clear case from the start, and the jury which tried him did not leave their seats. He got twenty years in prison, and it is still remembered in the town how he cursed judge and jury and vowed to get even. The inn still stands, with its sign swinging in the winds, and in the attic is the washing machine which played such an important part in introducing Mr. White to the people of Glendale. The merchant and the banker both rewarded me. The first named presented me with a shilling straw hat, the second with two bunches of firecrackers for Fourth of July.

HUMAN PREY.

It is rare that you hear a soldier of the war boast of a shot which laid an enemy low. There were instances when he could not help but realize that his bullet carried death, but the reflection is not a pleasant one. He was in battle line to hold the ground—to load and fire—to help win a victory. If he killed it was legalized murder. He had the spirit of a warrior instead of a hunter. There was no premeditation; no cool, calm waiting and manœuvering to send a fellow-being into eternity.

Beyond the earthwork the ditch. Beyond the ditch the murderous tangle called the abatis. Beyond the abatis those lairs called rifle pits. They were deep enough and broad enough for graves. Sometimes they were long enough for the corpse to lie at full length. At other times the body was found half doubled up, and the stiffened limbs caught at earth and stone and root as the body was lifted out. The rifle pit was the lair—the occupant a sharp-shooter—a human tiger thirsting for blood. He was not ordered to the work. He volunteered for it. His rifle at home had brought down deer and turkey and bear—perhaps a panther. He had brought down squirrels as they chattered at him from the highest limbs. He now creeps forward to a rifle pit under cover of darkness to try his skill on human prey.

From this cover we can use the glass and bring the pit almost at our feet as the sun comes up. The hunter has been patiently waiting. He has eaten his breakfast of pork and hardtack, washed it down with a sip from his canteen, and his rifle has been cleaned and loaded. Rifles are used here—long, heavy rifles with sights nicely adjusted. The pit has been dug so as to leave a sort of shelf for the hunter to sit on. In front of him the dirt has been heaped up into a breastwork. The pits of the enemy are opposite and only half shot away. Behind the hunters are earthworks mounting heavy guns. Three or four of the guns on either side cannot be worked because of these hunters.

Now watch our human tiger. The morning has been quiet thus far. He desires to locate the man opposite him—test his promptness and skill and to judge of the weapon he is armed with. He lays aside his own rifle and withdraws the ramrod. He then drops his hat over it and carefully raises it into view above the heaped up dirt. It is lifted inch by inch, as if the owner was straightening himself up to get a view. Crack! Crack! The reports were from the rifle pits to his right and left. The hunter directly opposite was not on the alert. The hat is dropped for a moment. Firing has now begun all along the line. Not that the hunters can see each other, but as a sort of challenge or defiance. Now the hat is lifted again. It is a trick played every hour in the day. The hunter opposite waits until the brim is almost in view before he fires. Had there been a head under the hat his bullet would have crashed into it.

Now begins the watching and waiting. Our hunter carefully digs at the earth before him until he has made a trench for his rifle barrel to rest in. The muzzle has been stained with mud, and neither barrel nor trimmings glisten in the bright sunshine. The hammer is raised, finger on trigger and the hunter's eye glancing along the sights. There is human prey over there behind the other dirt pile. If the hunter is flushed with pride because his bullet reached the heart of a panther in its spring, how will he feel when he knows that the leaden messenger has plowed its way to the brain of a fellow being? There is no excitement, no trembling, no hope rising up that the man opposite may lie close and escape death.

Watch! Wait! Watch! If a hunter can watch and wait for an hour or two beside a deer trail he should not complain of half a day here, where his expected prey is human.

An hour goes by. Our hunter removes his finger from the trigger and his eye from the trigger and his eye from the sights and leans back to rest for a moment. He mutters his disappointment. He even curses the obstinacy of his expected victim. Five minutes later, with hope renewed, he resumes his vigil. The minutes creep slowly by and another half hour drags away. Ah, there is a speck of encouragement—a flitting, fleeting, shadowy something at the left of the dirt pile opposite. Our hunter's eyes brighten, a grim smile covers his face and his heart beats a little faster. The game is in sight, as it were.

One minute—two—three—four—five. There is not the quiver of an eyelash as he looks through the sights—the finger on the trigger seems made of iron. The shadowy something is seen again, and now it is identified. It is a faded, dirt stained and ragged old cap rising out of the rifle pit and above the little earthwork. The hunter opposite is wondering if the pit is occupied by living or dead. He is making a movement fraught with peril, but perhaps this is his first man hunt.

Up—up—up rises the cap. There is a human head under it. Crack! It is the report of our hunter's rifle, and he sinks down with a chuckle of satisfaction. He had caught sight of a sunbrowned forehead, bushy hair and a pair of eyes gleaming like those of a wild beast, and he knows that his bullet sped surely. As he sinks down the other rises to his feet, throws up his hands and falls in a heap, sounding his deathcry as he falls.

Killed! Shot through the head! One less enemy! And our hunter has drawn a bead on a man—surely hurried a soul into eternity—and he smiles and chuckles and feels that men must look upon him with awe and admiration! M. QUAD.

MINING DISASTERS.

Eighty Austrian Miners Killed and Scores Injured by an Explosion of Gas.

The Dead Men's Wives Attempt to Mob the Officials, but Are Prevented.

VIENNA, Jan. 24.—The accident in the Fort Schritt mine was far more serious than at first reported. Dispatches from Dux tonight say that eighty miners were killed and scores injured. The explosion occurred this morning when the shifts were changing. A cage full of miners had been lowered half way down the shaft when the ground trembled, a loud rumbling report was heard and the cable attached to the cage gave such a lurch that the lowering machinery broke. A rush of air and dust from the pit's mouth, the sounds of crushing timbers and the cries of men in the cage gave warning to the men above of the extent of the disaster. Help was summoned, the machinery was repaired after a delay of half an hour, and the cage was lowered. Ten of the occupants had been killed instantly by the shock. Ten had suffered fracture from which they cannot recover, five who had broken limbs and internal injuries will live. They had been half suffocated by the gas rising in the shaft and said that no man could live below.

An hour later the superintendent of the mines and five miners from the night shift went down in the cage. They were unable to go more than a hundred yards from the shaft into the gallery; but they found fourteen dead bodies. Of the fifty men who were waiting for the cage, ten had been killed and forty had been partially crushed by the falling timbers or half suffocated by the foul air. A short distance from the shaft the superintendent found four bodies, which had been crushed beyond recognition by a falling beam. The bodies and the injured were taken to the top, where the whole mining settlement had gathered to watch the work of rescue. The men who had been brought up from the bottom said that a few minutes after the explosions they heard cries and groans from the mouth of the gallery, about 300 yards from the shaft. There was heavy timber work at this place, and they believed that the men in this gallery had been imprisoned by falling beams. They believed that some forty men had been at work there. Shortly before the cage came down, they said, the cries ceased.

Another rescue party went down at once and after three of them had been carried back to the shaft unconscious, proceeded to the entrance of the gallery, which was completely blocked by the wrecked woodwork. The rescue party could see several dead bodies along the other side of the timbers, but were unable to get at them and returned empty handed. It is believed all the men in the gallery were suffocated or killed by the shock of the explosion. Twelve men who worked at the extremity of the mine on the night shift and had not started for the shaft so soon as their companions are also believed to be dead. Despite the apparent hopelessness of the situation, a rescue party is still in the mine and thousands gathered at the pit mouth. When the extent of the disaster became evident the women of the dead men's families attempted to mob the mine officials, accusing them of carelessness in the management of the mine and indifference to the fate of their husbands and brothers below. The mine officials sent to Dux for police, and three companies of soldiers are camped in the fields around the pit's mouth to-night. The miners' families are still on watch and will probably remain in the fields all night despite the weather.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 24.—Martin Kellogg was elected President of the University of California to-day. Mr. Kellogg, who has been acting president since the resignation of Mr. H Davis, several years ago, has been Professor of Latin at the University for many years.

CABLE NEWS.

The Pope Offers to Assist Mr. Gladstone in Carrying Out Home Rule.

His Highness the Khedive Denies That He Desires to Ignore the British.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—Isadore Wertheimer, the well-known London character who figured in the Dunlo divorce case, is dead. [Isadore Wertheimer was the son of a London art dealer. Belle Bilton, the concert hall singer, now Duchess of Clancarty, was at one time his mistress, and he was the father of several of her children. He took Belle to Trouville at one time and introduced her to Leopold Rothschild's family, causing a lively scene. After Lord Dunlo's marriage to Belle Bilton Wertheimer remained on good terms with both. Lord Clancarty tried to get a divorce from Belle Bilton for his son. Some of her former paramours went back on Belle, but Isadore was true blue, and after the reconciliation the count, the countess and Wertheimer continued their intimacy.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The Rome correspondent of the Daily Chronicle says: It is expected that Archbishop Corrigan of New York will receive a severe admonition from the Pope in regard to his opposition to Archbishop Satolli and Archbishop Ireland. It has been decided that the papal delegate will reside in Washington.

VIENNA, Jan. 23.—Prof. Arminius Vambrey, the well-known Oriental traveler, is of the opinion that the visit to St. Petersburg of the Ameer of Bokhara and the Khan of Khiva is a prelude to the Czar's assuming the title of Emperor of Asia, as an offset to Queen Victoria's title of Empress of India. It is stated that a new coat of arms for the Czar has just been completed, the design consisting of a double eagle flying over the sun's disk.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—Home Secretary Asquith has announced a plan of Home Rule for Ireland to be on large and liberal lines. Ireland would by it obtain general autonomy, although the ultimate ascendency of the Imperial Parliament would be effectually maintained. Corrupt Practices Act would be made more stringent and the period of residence required to qualify for voting would be reduced.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—James Francis Egan, convicted and sentenced to twenty years imprisonment for participation in the dynamite plot at Birmingham in 1884, has been released from prison on the ground of ill-health. The general opinion is that Egan's release is but a prelude to further clemency by the Government toward Irishmen.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—T. B. Curran, M.P. for Kilkenny, has been privately married at the Registry office in Manchester to an Australian danseuse of the name of Marie Brooks, who is playing the principal part, that of a boy, in a local pantomime.

BELGRADE, Jan. 22.—Gen. Belimarkocitch, a member of the Regency, has been committed to the asylum for lunatics. Gen. Belimarkocitch was one of the three Regents of Servia, appointed to rule the state during the minority of King Alexander. Gen. Probitch, another of the Regents, died on June 17 last. His associate, Ristitch, remains.

BERLIN, Jan. 22.—The outbreak of cholera in the Neitleben lunatic asylum shows no signs of decreasing in violence. Yesterday seventeen new cases and one death were reported. The total number of cases since the outbreak is sixty-three. Of those attacked nineteen died.

PARIS, Jan. 22.—The one hundredth anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI was appropriately observed yesterday by the Royalists.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—It is stated that the Earl of Aberdeen will succeed to the governorship of Canada next June.

WARSAW, Jan. 22.—Seventy persons were frozen to death in Russian Poland during the last week.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The wall of a shaft in a colliery at Ponty-Pridd, near Aberdare, collapsed late this afternoon as the shifts were changing. Fifteen men were on their way up, six of whom were killed instantly, and the others were injured severely. Some ten men at the bottom of the shaft were injured also.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The reinforcements to be sent to Egypt are not likely to exceed 1,000 troops and two warships for Alexandria and Port Said and one warship for Suez.

VIENNA, Jan. 23.—Herman Horowitz, a conspicuous financier in this city, went mad suddenly to-day and killed himself.

CAIRO, Jan. 23.—The Khedive denies any intention to dismiss British officials from the Egyptian service.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—The correspondent of the Standard says that the Pope has intimated indirectly his desire to aid Mr. Gladstone in passing the Home Rule Bill, in the hope that with Mr. Gladstone's assistance he will subsequently be able to re-establish diplomatic relations with England.

BERLIN, Jan. 23.—Despite the remonstrances of the Government the Budget Commission of the Reichstag has reduced the naval budget by 1,140,000 marks.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—In compliance with pressing requests, Hon. Edward Blake has promised to speak at Hudderfield on Wednesday, on behalf of Mr. Woodhall, the Liberal candidate, who is fighting a tough battle for the seat held by Mr. Summers, deceased.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—In connection with the recent action of the Scotch importers and breeders respecting the cattle trade, Canada will formally apply to the Board of Agriculture, before the opening of the season, for a withdrawal of the prohibition. A strong hope is cherished that President Gardner will act in accordance with the tenor of these statements, and admit that Canada's freedom from disease has been established by the failure to discover any further cases whatever in the large number of beasts most closely examined since the outbreak in Dundee last October.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—The labor programme of the Gladstonian Government includes the appointment of two female factory inspectors, whose special business it will be to inquire into the sanitary needs of women employed in factories, and of fifteen new sub inspectors; also the establishment of central offices for inspectors in the three largest cities of England, these offices to be acceptable both to employer and employed; a large extension of the existing work of the labor department of the Board of Trade; and the publication of a monthly workingmen's gazette, which will be sent gratuitously to Trades unions and workingmen's clubs.

BERLIN, Jan. 23.—There have been six new cases of cholera and one death in the Nietleben Insane Asylum to-day.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—Egan is obliged to report to the police periodically, but he believes that his license will be replaced shortly with a pardon. He suggests that John Redmond demand an official statement of the number of ordinary criminals released within a decade, in order that the contrast between the treatment of them and that of the political prisoners be made apparent.

KINGSTON, Jan. 23.—Samples of gold ore taken from Marmora mines, Hastings county, will be exhibited at the World's Fair, and the owners of the mines expect great results to follow when the richness of the ore from Canada becomes known in this way. Mr. McC. Crawford has purchased the mines from F. R. Lingham, of Belleville.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—Latest letters from Samoa state that Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, is in good health. His friends here discredit the adverse reports regarding his condition.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—Lady Lilian Fitz-Clarence, daughter of the Earl of Munster, was married privately in Brighton, to-day, to Captain Boyd. Lady Lilian is but 19 years old, while Captain Boyd is well over 50. The whole affair is mysterious, and when explained is expected to cause a sensation in London society.

PRAGUE, Jan. 24.—Adolph Sonnenthat, the actor, is dying here of Bright's disease.

TILTON, Jan. 24.—The one year old daughter of Joshua Annable, of Russell township, was scalded to death yesterday, through the upsetting of a stove.

BELLEVILLE, Jan. 24.—Norman McWilliams and David Hubble, sons of respectable parents residing in the township of Tyendinaga, have been arrested, charged with assaulting Miss Cinderella Cole, daughter of the postmaster at Blessington.

BERLIN, Jan. 24.—The North German Gazette says that Lord Dufferin and Count Muenster supported Count Hoyes in his protest to the French Government against the attacks of the Paris press upon ambassadors.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—Baron Sratheden is dead. He was born in 1824. His father, named Campbell, was the first to bear the title.

CANADIAN NEWS.

(Special to the COLONIST.)

HAMILTON, Jan. 23.—The Hamilton Bridge Company has secured a contract for the erection of a $75,000 steel arch bridge for the Canadian Pacific Railway, to be placed across the canyon in the Selkirk range of the Rockies. The bridge will be one of the largest of its kind on the continent, being 465 feet long and 300 feet above the bed level of the canyon. The span of the arch is 336 feet with a rise at the centre arch of 10 feet. The work will be completed by August 15.

MONTREAL, Jan. 23. — The Protestant Ministerial Association this morning declared that the influence of the theatre was decidedly adverse to morality, and, further, that it had always been so.

MONTREAL, Jan. 23.—Under instructions from Hon. J. S. Hall, provincial treasurer, two weeks ago, the Canadian Secret Service had orders to investigate the supposed leaks in the issue of law stamps that were attached to papers. Detectives Gross and Carpenter at once went to work and discovered that there were more cases before the Courts than before, and fewer stamps were being purchased. A notary was arrested on Saturday, charged with the forgery of the stamps.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C. Jan. 23.—(Special.)—The city fire brigade was called out at 10 p.m. to a fire in a Chinamen's shack in close proximity to the Brunnette saw-mills, Sapperton, but their services were not required as the Sapperton brigade had succeeded in subduing the incipient blaze before their arrival. The damage was very slight.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 23.—Wheat prices were advanced two cents to-day by the Lake of the Woods Milling Co.

TORONTO, Jan. 23.—The Liberal organization meeting for Ontario, which will be held here to-morrow, will be largely attended by delegates from all over the province. It promises to be the best Liberal convention held in recent years.

TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 23.—A scheme is on foot to bring water to the city from Lake Simcoe by gravitation. It is stated that it is being backed by English capitalists. The cost of the undertaking is placed at $5,000,000.

TORONTO, Jan. 23.—Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, will challenge the winner of the Bubear-Hosmer race for the championship of England for from £200 to £500, and will take or give £50 for expenses. The race is to be rowed next April over the Thames championship course. Hanlan has deposited a forfeit of £250 with the London Sportsman.

WALLACEBURG, Jan. 23.—The Sydenham Valley Canning Company's factory was burned this morning. Loss $13,000; insurance $9,000.

BARRIE, Jan. 23.—Henry Purkis, an old and prominent resident of Innisfil township, is dead, aged 74. He was a veteran of 1837, having been a member of the York militia in that stirring year.

CORNWALL, Jan. 23.—Through the fall of a scaffold in the Canada Cotton mill, John McDonald, a brother of Reeve McDonald, of Cornwall township, was killed. Thomas Cummings had one of his legs broken and John Mariner received a bad cut in the leg. Several other employes received a bad shaking up.

TORONTO, Jan 23.—Manufacturers' Life Insurance company has taken proceedings to recover $20,000 damages for slander from John Elliott, of Stouffeville, bank manager and agent of the New York Mutual Life Insurance company.

MANITOWANING, Jan. 23.—A fire yesterday caused the loss of $13,000, with insurance of $3,700. The principal losers are McPhail & Peaker, W. H. Price, J. Reynolds, general store, Tuik's estate, and the Reynolds building.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 23.—Albert Knight is dead from the effects of injuries received from a street car.

MONTREAL, Jan. 23.—Sister Choquette, founder of the convent of the Precious Blood of Ste. Hyacinthe, has been appointed superior-general of her order by the Pope, the induction being made by Bishop Moreau a few days ago.

Glossy Sheen

And vigorous growth, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for keeping the scalp clean, cool and healthy. It restores to faded and gray hair the original color and beauty, prevents baldness, and imparts to the hair a silky texture and a lasting and delicate fragrance. The most elegant and economical dressing in the market; no toilet is complete without Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"My wife believes that the money spent for Ayer's Hair Vigor was the best investment she ever made. It imparts a soft

And Silky Texture

to the hair, and gives much satisfaction."—J. A. Adams, St. Augustine, Texas.

"After using a number of other preparations without any satisfactory result, I find that Ayer's Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—A. J. Cement, General Merchant, Indian Head, N. W. T.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only preparation I could ever find to remove dandruff, cure itching humors, and prevent loss of hair. I confidently recommend it."—J. C. Butler, Spencer, Mass.

Result From Using

"Ayer's Hair Vigor WILL PREVENT premature loss of hair and when so lost will stimulate a new growth. I have used the preparation for those purposes and know whereof I affirm."—A. Lacombe, Opelousas, La.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

If You Think

any kind of a crop will do, then any kind of seeds will do; but for the best results you should plant

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Always the best, they are recognized as the standard everywhere.

Ferry's Seed Annual is the most important book of the kind published. It is invaluable to the planter. We send it free.

D. M. FERRY & CO.
WINDSOR, Ont.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 24th day of February next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails on proposed contracts for four years in each case, between

Ashcroft and Ashcroft Station.
Cloverdale and Railway Station
Duck and Pringles and Grand Prairie.
Glenwood and Langley Prairie.
Golden and Railway Station.
Hazelton and Hazelton Prairie,

from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the above Post Offices, and at this office.

E. H. FLETCHER.
P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Victoria, B. C., 13th January, 1893. ja27-3i

NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Reid & Johnston, of Quesnelle Mouth, district of Cariboo, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm are to be paid to James Reid, who will assume all liabilities of the same.

JAMES REID.
W. A. JOHNSTON.

Witness, GEO. B. CLARKE. ja20-1m-d&w

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in Packets, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England. ja6 t-t-sa

LYON & HEALY,
154 to 166 State St., Chicago.
Will Mail Free their newly enlarged Catalogue of Band Instruments, Uniforms and Equipments, 400 Fine Illustrations, describing every article required by Bands or Drum Corps. Contains Instructions for Amateur Bands, Exercises and Drum Major's Tactics, By-Laws and a Selected List of Band Music.
wed-d&w

HAGYARD'S

"YELLOW OIL"

Cures Rheumatism.

Freeman's Worm Powders

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the shareholders of the Victoria and Sidney Railway Company, in pursuance of the Victoria Sidney Railway Act, 1892, will be held at Company's office, at No. 28½ Broad street, on Friday, the 27th day of January, 1893, at the hour of 2.30 p. m., for the purpose (among others) of authorizing the Directors of the Company to issue bonds of the Company for $300,000 and authorizing the execution of a trust deed in connection therewith, and all other acts and things in the premises.

By order.

ROBERT IRVING,
Secretary.

jan8-td-d and wkly

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION.

A successful Medicine used over 30 years in thousands of cases. Cures all diseases caused by abuse, indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages GUARANTEED to CURE when all others fail. Ask your Druggist for the Great English Prescription, take no substitute. One package $1. Six $5, by mail. Write for Pamphlet. Address EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

For sale and mailed by LANGLEY & CO., Victoria, B. C. jy17-d&w-eod

THIRTY-F

SEATTLE'S SE

Big Will Contest—The Late H. L. Ye rested.

Suicide, With Others, is Forgery and Atte fraud Seat

SEATTLE, Jan. 26.—(Spe most sensational cases ev history of the city of Seat yesterday afternoon. Mr widow of the late Henry J. Eugene Jordan and Van Buren, a silent partn were arrested early this serious charge of forgery. the destruction of the la ment of Henry L. Yesler, time ago. The complaint by one Joseph F. Brown the Peace Burt J. Hum afternoon. The judge at onc of arrest and placed the of Constable Van Horn from the East, whose na been learned. He went apartments at 4 o'clock t rousing him out of bed arrest. The doctor was but accompanied his capto Jail without offering any was locked in the steel tan inals. When he had of, Van Horn and went to the apartment Buren in the Russell street, and awoke him sleep. He, also, was plac and taken to the town j was placed under arrest, b from her home. Her at White, demanded that she der arrest and that bail be was done in $1,000, Mr. M Drs. Jordan and Van Bure later in the day in $5,000 The prosecution allege cember 14, the defendants tain possession of th by the old man, D. Newman, his confide adviser, and to the o large amounts and his wi sum, but not nearly half t they have a witness who the day of his death on Dece the will, but they cannot p mediately, as he is out o warrants were sworn out a Newman's legal advisers are highly indignant M been sick in bed ever since husband. Mr. Jordan says and conspiracy and propo the people who caused th Yesler cannot be seen. Dr. Jordan came in the st charges entered are withd The city government w parties to take in hand the terests were prejudiced. be filed a petition to have produced on the evidence o been in existence being add

YATES'S LET

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.— cable says: An astounding made on Wednesday evenin of Arts in the course of a p H. Broughton on "The M of South Africa." He said when the diamond fields w ered, there have been exp Colony more than 50,000,0 monds, the value of whic £70,000,000. Their weight tons, and the heap of the pyramid with a base nine six feet high.

I hear that Prince Henry Lord Lorne and Prince Lou are likely to visit the Chi and it is just possible that t naught may go also for a fl he leaves Portsmouth in A ton and Lady Sykes leave L row on the Teutonic for N way to Mexico, intending t land by the 2d of April.

The Radicals below the to move an amendment to Uganda. The question, brought for