GLADSTONIANS ENJOY IT.

Mr. Goschen's Budget Causes a Somewhat Lively Debate.

HE HAS SOMETHING TO LEARN.

A London cable says: Thursday's proceedings in the House of Commons were highly interesting and important. For the moment they have changed the whole face of politics. The Government, having introduced a clause into its budget appropriating the revenue from new taxation to the formation of a fund for the extinction of licenses to public houses, it follows that in some measure they have pledged their very existence to the success of the enterprise upon which they have embarked. These clauses in the budget could not now be withdrawn without a heavy blow being inflicted upon the Ministry, and consequently the debate on the bill which is to affirm the principle of compensation must carry with it an issue not originally contemplated. Should there by any chance be a majority against the bill the budget would have to be reconstructed. The proposed extra duty on spirits would fall through, and the superannuation fund for the police would have to be provided in some other way. Considering the agitation which exists in the country on the compensation question it can scarcely be doubted that it was somewhat rash to involve the budget in this issue.

As matters stand the Unionist party generally will have to support compensation, for the defeat of the Government would necessarily occasion serious results. This would not have been the case if the question had been kept clear of the budget altogether. The Budget Bill proves to be fertile in surprises. On the clause imposing increased duty on spirits, Mr. Storey began to discuss the chief objects to which the money was to be devoted. He had not proceeded very far before the chairman ruled that the purposes of the tax could not then be debated. This produced vigorous cheers from the Gladstonians. It was speedily seen that the chairman's decision had landed the committee and Government in a very awkward predicament; for if a totally new principle of taxation was to be introduced without the House of Commons assenting to that principle, a great departure from all sound rules and precedent would be established.

Sir Vernon Harcourt was enforcing this point, when the Chairman interfered with the explanation that he had not forbidden "allusion to the fact" that the new taxation was to be applied in a certain way. Upon this modified ruling, Sir Vernon Harcourt pounced down in a somewhat venomous way. They did not discuss new taxes, he said, by alluding to them. It was somewhat new to have an allusive discussion of the budget. It became pretty clear by this time that the Ministry would have to postpone the objectionable clauses.

Mr. Gladstone drove all the points home in one of his incisive and masterly little speeches. Here was a new taxation to be imposed for a totally new purpose. Did the Government mean to say that the House must vote the money before it had time even to consider the method of its application?

Mr. Goschen attempted an explanation, but of necessity it fell far short of the requirements of the occasion. The judicious leader of the House rose and consented to postpone the clauses. The Opposition scored the first victory on the great compensation dispute. This will put new life into the agitation, and by next Monday the heather will indeed be on fire.

THAT POOR HOUSE FIRE.

The Loss of Life Much Greater Than at First Supposed.

A Utica, N. Y., despatch says: The number of bodies found in the ruins of the poorhouse in Preston, Chenango county, already number thirteen. The impression is growing that the loss of life far exceeds the first estimate. In the building were many aged men and women, some of whom had not left their beds for months, and others who from weakness of mind were incapable of finding their way out of the building in the midst of the confusion and excitement which prevailed. It is believed that a number of these perished, and this belief is strengthened by the discovery of a body this morning at some distance from the department occupied by the imbeciles. There are several feet of ashes and debris in the cellar, and the probabilities are that when they are removed a number of bodies will be found. Many of the old people had no relatives, and they are only brought to mind by the recollection of the keeper and their companions. So it is impossible yet to say who and how many are missing. The building burned very rapidly, as it pitched and tarred, and with great fierceness. The fire was intensely hot, and the belif exists that some of the bodies were so completely burned that no trace of them can be found.

On Monday the coroner's jury will begin the taking of testimony, and it is not expected that the full number of those missing will be known till then, as the officials are very reticent. The insane paupers will be brought to Utica to-morrow, and preparations are being made in the State hospital to receive them.

MURDERED BY SAVAGES.

A Schooner Driven on the New Hebrides—Inhospitable Reception.

A San Francisco despatch says: News was received last night by the steamer Zealandia that in a great storm on March 4th the schooner Eliza Mary was driven on the reefs at Mallicolo, in the New Hebrides. It was impossible to see anything through the blinding rain till just before the ship struck. There were on board a crew of 18, 2 passengers, 44 recruits, and 15 returning laborers, making a total of 79. The first boat which was lowered was manned by four white men and several of the black crew. The boat was dashed to pieces while going on shore, and the four white men were drowned. Those who remained on board the ship were saved. Several of the recruits swam for shore, and were either drowned or killed after landing. One toy had to fight his way from the shore to the mission station, a distance of 10 miles. He, with 20 of his companions, went with some natives to a village near the coast. They were given food, but while eating the savages set upon them and began toma hawking the castaways. The boy ran and escaped. In all four white men and 47 blacks were lost.

Evidences of a Horrible Crime.

A Kansas City despatch of Sunday says: The evidences of a ghastly crime were discovered at the Union station yesterday morning. In a pine box two feet long was found the horribly mutilated body of a woman. Nearly all the flesh had been cut from the bones, and the head and face were mutilated beyond recognition. The body was packed in charcoal, and from all appearances life could not have been extinct more than 24 hours. The box was checked through over the Wabash road from St. Louis on Friday night and arrived here early yesterday morning.

Two Ways of Raising It.

Rev. Mr. Choker—Has your congregation raised your salary lately, Brother Thirdly.

Brother Thirdly (from the country)—No, sir; it seldom raises more than half of it any given year.

Sir George Elliot, the wealthy English coal operator and baronet, is of quite humble origin. In his youth he was a colliery hand in the Durham coal pits, of which he successively became overseer, manager and owner.

A man never gets married so many times that he will not hold his breath at that part of the ceremony where those who have bjections are invited to come forward.

Few men sow their wild oats without getting more or less rye mixed in with them.

It is the man who is too full for utterance who never knows when he's loaded.

An omelette with strawberries in the heart, and sugar over it all, is the latest crudity.

The frock coat will reign again during the London season. It is "worn open, made of very rough cloth, oftenest very wooly dark gray, and silk lined. The waistcoat is double-breasted and cut low."

The new Marquis of Normandy, who has just come into possession of his title and estates, is Rev. Lord Mulgrave, one of the hardest workers and most popular men of the clergy, in the North of England.

Be careful of the horse's mouth. Men who jerk the reins because they are too mad to be sensible and humane, should have a bit placed in their own mouths and have it jerked by some brutal fellow who would enjoy giving pain.

A DREADFUL FATE.

Two Railway Men Hurled to Death by a Boiler Explosion.

AWFUL SIGHT AT BUFFALO.

A last (Monday) night's Buffalo despatch says: Locomotive explosions are not common, and it is not now remembered that more than one such terrible disaster has occurred in Buffalo during the past 15 or 20 years; but yesterday furnished an event of that character that in its terrible effect, horrifying results and harrowing details has had few parallels.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon Lehigh Valley engine No. 261, George Pearl, engineer, and Henry J. O'Connor, fireman, started for East Buffalo from the yards of the Tifft farm with a string of 27 cars, some of which were loaded with freight. The train was moving slowly and had crossed the Lake Shore tracks at the Buffalo creek junction, where the crossing signalman was just changing the semaphore. The engine at that time had reached that point where the tracks of the Lehigh Valley and Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg intersect each other adjacent to those of the Nickel Plate and the Western New York & Pennsylvania, when it exploded.

A roar was heard like the discharge of a battery of heavy artillery, the earth trembled and shook as though seized with the tremor of an earthquake, and the air was filled with flying fragments of iron, steel, brass and timber, accompanied by a cloud of mingled steam and dust. The hearts of people in the vicinity were struck with terror. Engine No. 261 had disappeared and all that remained of its ponderous mass of sixty tons of mechanism were the six driving wheels, the truck and wheels at the forward end and the disabled tender at the rear.

The rails were ripped from the ties and bent out of shape, the ground was torn up for some distance, and broken telegraph and electric light wires dangled from their posts a tangled mass. It was an awful scene. Desolation and ruin had been wrought in the twinkling of an eye, and two precious lives had been sacrificed like the snuffing of a candle for there was no trace of either engineer or fireman.

What was apparently a human body was seen flying through the air at an elevation of perhaps 100 feet, and descending was observed to fall on the line of the Lake Shore Railroad at least 1,000 feet to the west of the place where the explosion occurred. Another object, believed to be the body of the other unfortunate man, took a northeasterly course at a high elevation and dropped into the creek about 400 or 500 feet away.

In the ditch to the west was the shattered 25 ton boiler; on the other side, 100 feet distant, was the crown sheet, battered and twisted out of shape, and across the adjacent slip the dome and a huge fragment of the boiler lay upon the coal dumping pier of the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg road, 400 feet away. In striking it had crashed into the timbers and sent great splinters in all directions. A switch shanty alongside the track was badly wrecked.

As soon as the train hands and others had recovered from the shock, a search for the missing engineer and fireman was begun. The body of Pearl was found in creek. It was brought to the surface by a young man named Daniel Murphy, and with the assistance of Patrolman Wheeler, of the ninth precinct, and Dillon, of the seventh, who had arrived upon the scene of the accident, the mangled corpse was hoisted to the coal dock before mentioned. Its condition was shocking. Apparently every bone was broken, the head and face were frightfully mutilated, as was also the trunk, nearly the entire abdomen being torn away.

O'Connor's body was found between the gnarled stumps of two trees alongside the Lake Shore tracks, where it had been seen to fall. The head was crushed, the face disfigured beyond recognition, and in the left side was a great gaping hole. The man's shoes had been wrenched from his feet and carried no one could say where, and his garments, like those of Pearl, were reduced to mere shreds. The legs and arms were apparently fractured.

The companions of the dead man shuddered as they looked for a moment upon his gashed and bleeding corpse, and it was reverently covered with a coat to await the arrival of a coroner.

THE RAILWAY SUBSIDIES.

List of the Lucky Companies to Receive Government Aid—The Niagara Central Subsidy—The T., H. & B. Left Out in the Cold.

An Ottawa despatch says: Sir John Macdonald gave notice last night of the following resolutions granting or renewing railway subsidies: Vaudreuil & Ottawa Railway, additional, $96,000; Waterloo Ontario Junction Railway, $35,200; for a railway from Woodstock, Ont., to Chatham, $256 000; St. Catharines & Niagara Railway, $44,800; Morrisburg & Ottawa Railway, $166,400; Erie & Huron Railway, $70,400; Brockville & Westport Railway, $83,000; Manitoulin & North Shore Railway, $96,000; Port Arthur, Duluth & Western, $16,000; Lake Erie & Detroit River Road, $16,000; Lindsay, Ontario & Bobcaygeon Railway, $51,200; Kingston & Ottawa Railway, $115,200; Ottawa and Parry Sound Road, $96,000; Bay of Quinte & Lake Nipissing Railway, $96,000; Cobourg & Pacific Railway, $96,000; St Stephen, N.B., and Milltown Railway, $11,200, and Woodstock, N. B., & Centreville Railway (re-vote), $19,200; Fredericton to Westfield station, 80 miles, 96,000, and New Brunswick Central Railway, for four miles, $14,400; railway from Shelburne, N.S., to Annapolis, via Liverpool, $290,000; Inverness & Richmond Railway, 50 miles, from Hawkesbury to Broadlove, $50,000 ($1,000 per mile); International Railway Company (additional), $3,840; Montreal & Sorel Railway, $40,000; Pontiac & Pacific Railway, $24,000; Montreal & Lake Maskinonge Railway, $10,200; Great Eastern Railway, for bridges near Nicolet, P Q, $37,500; Drummond County, P Q, $76,800; Joliette, P Q, & St. Felix Railway, $48,000; Lake Temiscamingue Railway, $64,000; Mount Oxford, Ontario & Kingsville Railway, $67,200; Maskinonge, P Q, & Nipissing Railway, $48,000; Jacques Cartier Union Railway, $48,000; Valleyfield, P Q, & Huntingdon Railway, $36,000; Quebec Central Railway, $288,000; Lake St. John, P Q, Railway, $68,400; for a railway from Summerside, P. E. I., to Richmond Bay, $9,600; Stewiacke Valley Railway (renewal), $80,000; railway from Fredericton, N. B., towards Prince William, $70,400; St. John Valley Railway, from Prince William towards Woodstock, $70,000; Kootenay Valley (B. C.) Railway, $150,000; St. John Valley & Riviere du Loup, $70,400.

The railway subsidies brought down tonight will be supplemented by a few others next week. The disappointed members are bringing great pressure to bear on the Government, and some are "kicking" so vigorously that the Government will take to-morrow to consider the situation in Council. The Hudson Bay Railway is left in the cold so far, and the Temiscouta is not included, though it is likely the latter will be.

Safe For the Night.

The winter palace, 10 p.m.

The Czar—Have you looked well under the bedovitch?

The Czarina—Yes.

The Czar—And in the closets?

The Czarina—Yes, dear.

The Czar—Then give me my steel linen night-gown, set the man trapsky, give me the double-barreled pistilovitch and turn the gas off. I shall seek pleasant dreams wherein I may see that black-and-tanavich rascal, Georgeoff Kennanski, breathing the sweet air of the Kara prison.

Satisfied With His Few.

"There's only one fault I have to find with Dr. Pulpit's sermons," said Mrs. Poots, whose pew is in the back part of a large and fashionable church.

"What's that?" asked Mr. P.

"I can't hear one word he says."

"Humph! That's just what I like about 'em," grunted Poots.

A Cry Against Injustice.

Bobby—Say, papa, I wish you would help me with my lesson.

Mr. Poet—I can't Bobby; what you earn you should learn for yourself.

Bobby (disgustedly)—And there you sit with your newspaper, picking up your opinions from the editor!

It is thought that the bill of the Imperial Parliament regulating merchant shipping will not apply to Canadian vessels, provided Canada satisfies the Home Government that she will legislate on the loadline herself.

ALL ABOUT A SEIZURE.

A Yankee Skipper Lays His Case Before Uncle Sam.

HE DEMANDS SATISFACTION.

A Washington despatch says: Capt White, of the United States fishery vessel Rapid Transit, of Gloucester, Mass., part of whose cargo was recently thrown overboard by the Newfoundland authorities under the new Bait Act, has made his official statement to the Secretary of State. The following are some of the vital parts of it: I was adjudged to pay $1 per ton for the measurement of my vessel and to take one barrel of bait only per ton. My vessel measured 80 tons. I was also to sign a bond that 80 barrels only would be landed in the United States, and that the remainder of the cargo should be given to them. In default of this I was to pay a fine of $500 and to have the whole cargo confiscated, and in default of the fine I was to go to prison for three months. He said, "Which option will you take?"

I said, "I will do neither one thing nor the other." I demanded time to consult counsel and to communicate with my partner and the other owner in the vessel.

He said, "I will give you thirty minutes to decide." He said to the commander, "See that my orders are executed."

They were getting up steam, and were about to start with me to jail. I sought to communicate with somebody and to secure counsel.

He said, "You cannot leave here until you decide which option you will take." There was an officer at the door. I found that I could not do any better, so I decided to take the first option, to pay the $80 and to give to them the residue of the cargo and to sign a bond that these 80 barrels would be delivered in the United States.

THE BOSTON HARBOR ACT.

As soon as I did so he ordered me to heave over my cargo. I said, "I will do no such thing, I will not throw my property overboard."

In an instant Commander McGraw, of the Fionia, said, "We will do it them."

I said, "If you do this, you will do it entirely on your own responsibility."

He said, "We will take all these chances," or something to that effect. He ordered two boat loads of men to go to work and to heave over my cargo, and finally I got in a boat with him. He came alongside of my vessel, ordered his men into the hold, and they shovelled out the herring with their large coal shovels. It took them from 9 o'clock in the morning until half past 10 in the evening, steady work, to do this. He wished me to go down and see whether there were eighty barrels left. I told him that I did not care whether there were eighty barrels left or not, as they were shen no good to me. Finally I went down and said that there seemed to be eighty barrels there, but that they were all worth less to me. The fish were all tramped upon and cut up by the boots and the shovels of the men.

He said, "All we care about is to leave you eighty barrels."

RATHER SHABBY IN TRUE.

I said, "I demand that you put this vessel in a seaworthy condition. She was in a good condition this morning. Now she has no ballast. You have thrown over my cargo. I have no conveniences for securing ballast. I have only an old dory, which leaks."

He said, "It is too bad. I am sorry. I have only done my duty and can do no more."

Within an hour's time he had left. The next day it was blowing a gale of wind. The wind increased. I feared that Without ballast we should go ashore. The next day the wind had moderated somewhat. We left about 1 p.m. We made a harbor about four miles distant in order to procure ballast. This was the 18th or 19th. We left there and proceeded to St. Jacques. In Port Miquelon I cleared my vessel with the 80 barrels on board for a home port in the United States. We left St. Jacques and arrived at St. Pierre that same evening. We went to St. Pierre because that was the nearest port where there was a United States consul. The next morning I entered a protest with the United States consul there and left soon after for home. The judge convicted me under the Bait Act of 1889, but he imposed the penalty of the new Act of 1890. I had loaded my vessel with this herring before this new Bait Act took effect. I had bought the herring on the 5th, and loaded it on the 7th. The Act was passed April 2nd, 1890, took affect on the 8th, consequently my herring was bought and loaded, and on board before that Act when into effect. And I never heard anything about this Act until April 13th, when the steamer came in. I asked throughout all these proceedings for counsel and for time, and both were refused me.

KEMMLER'S LAST CHANCE.

The Courts Agree to the Most Expeditious Manner of Settling It.

An Auburn despatch of Saturday night says: The case of Kemmler came before County Judge Underwood in Chambers this morning on a writ of habeas corpus granted by Judge Corlett at Buffalo. The writ was issued to dispose of the question as to whether the warden of Auburn prison can legally execute Kemmler, Counsellor Hatch arguing that nobody but the sheriff of Erie county can legally put his client to death.

Mr. Cochrane stated that his application was made, not for delay, but in good faith, and because it was firmly believed that a constitutional provision was infringed; that in order to come to a final and speedy decision of this question, with the consent of the Attorney-General a pro forma order should be granted now overruling his demurrer and remanding the prisoner, and that an appeal should be taken at once to the general term of the Supreme Court, where the order now made should, without argument, be affirmed immediately upon the meeting of that Court in June, and an appeal from that decision taken at once to the Court of Appeals, where the matter might be argued and finally decided some time in June.

The Attorney-General stated that he would interpose no objection to the steps proposed tending to expedite matters. It was then ordered by Judge Underwood, in accordance with this understanding, that the demurrer to the return be overruled, and the prisoner be remanded to the custody of the warden.

Alleged Terrorism in Mississippi.

A Brook Haven, Miss., special says: Ten men who were arrested in Lawrence for beating an old negro, Jere Bass, and murdering his son, were placed on preliminary trial here on Friday. The witnesses relied upon to convict them were so terrorized as to be afraid to testify, and the prosecution fell to the ground, though there is hardly any doubt of the guilt of the accused. The best citizens in the vicinity of where the crime was committed are afraid to take active steps to bring the guilty parties to justice for fear of assassination or having their property burned.

Twin Brothers Fight Savagely.

A Vincennes, Ind, despatch of Sunday says: On Friday night at Edwardsport a tragedy was enacted, in which John and Amos Lamson, twin brothers, were the actors. At the election last April John, who is a Republican, offered his brother, a Democrat, $1 to vote the Republican ticket. Amos declined, and there was ill-feeling between the men afterwards. On Friday night Amos was standing on the steps of a store, when John approached. Hot words passed between them, when Amos, suddenly leaping upon his brother, plunged a knife into his side. John's wound is fatal. Amos is in jail.

Prohibition for New York.

Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor is to be submitted to the test of a popular vote in the State of New York. It will be presented in the form of a question of placing a prohibitory enactment in the constitution of the State. This question will be decided by a special election to be held next April, when the ballot will be for or against prohibition.

Not Dismayed.

Aramantha (to her lover, who has just proposed)—Before I give you an answer I have a secret to impart.

Lover—What is it, dearest?

Aramantha (blushing and stammering)—My—my teeth are false.

Lover (heroically)—No matter; I'll marry you in spite of your teeth!

Lotte is said to be by all odds the richest actress in America. Her fortune is estimated at $1,000,000, $400,000 of which is in Government bonds.

HE WRUNG HER NECK.

The Revolting Deed of a French Teamster.

HE WILL BE GUILLOTINED.

A Paris cable says: A meek, inoffensive-looking man, of middle age, at the Paris Assizes to-day, was tried and condemned to death for a double crime almost unparalleled in atrocious savagery. This monster is Jean Vodable, a Paris carter. Vodable used to live with a scavenger named Malfelatre, who after three years' experience wearied of her lover's brutal usage and showed him the door. Breathing threats of vengeance Vodable went away and remained absent about a month. On the morning of November 30th Mme. Malfelatre found Vodable in her apartment. He urged her to resume her former relations, emphasizing his entreaties by showing a rope with which he said he had hung himself in case of refusal. Mme. Malfelatre compromised matters by agreeing to spend the day with Vodable. She had a daughter, Alexandrine, 12 years old, whom she supposed to be at school as usual. When midday came Alexandrine did not return at luncheon time. Her mother grew anxious, but Vodable quieted her by saying that he had given Alexandrine three sous to get her meal at school. The afternoon was passed by Vodable and Mme. Malfelatre in quaffing bottles of wine. As twilight gathered and Alexandrine still did not return, her mother's anxiety revived. Accompanied by Vodable, she went to the school, where she learned that Alexandrine had noe attended. Thence she went to the police station, and an inquiry was set on foot, but nothing could be learned of the missing child. Finally, tired and disconsolate, Mme. Malfelatre went home, still in company with Vodable, who passed the night at her house. Vodable took his leave early in the morning, and Mme. Malfelatre set about tidying the room. While thus engaged she noticed a bit of red cloth peeping out from under the bed. The woman staggered back in terrible fear, then she stooped and pulled the cloth towards her. It was her child's dress. Alexandrine was found a last. A shriek rang through the house, and when the alarmed neighbors entered the room they found the hapless mother lying insensible upon the corpse of the child. A medical examination showed that a brutal assault had been committed upon the girl. Suspicion was at once directed to Vodable who, after keeping the police at bay for a couple of days, gave himself up of his own accord, confessing that he was guilty of the crime of murder.

His counsel at the opening of the trial begged a remand, in order that Vodable might undergo a medical examination. This was refused by the presiding judge, who forthwith began his cross questioning. Vodable answered composedly, almost carelessly, and kept looking round the packed court as if he was a spectator, and the persons present were there for his amusement. Vodable had suffered severable condemnations for wounding with a knife or revolver women with whom he had lived. He lightly acknowledged that he had shot one woman and stabbed another in moments of exasperation, but strenuously maintained that he had been an industrious and temperate workman, adding, "I was a good fool to bear with her as long as I did." Coming to the murder, the judge asked the prisoner to relate the details. "I found," said Vodable, "Alexandrine getting ready to go to school, and asked her about the visits paid to her mother. She said she could tell me nothing, as it was not her business. I said, "If you don't tell me I'll wring your neck." I took her and wrung her neck." A shudder ran through the audience. Vodable had told the tale without a tremor in his voice, leaning the while unconcernedly over the rail of the dock. When silence, broken by a murmur of loathing from the public, had been restored, he resumed without waiting for the judge. "Then I pushed her under the bed. As she moved a bit I took a stick and pushed her further under." Vodable's counsel made strenuous efforts to save his client's neck, depicting him a jealous lover whom passion had maddened, but the jury, admirably pitiless, returned a verdict of guilty. "J'y suis," remarked Vodable after listening impassively to the sentence which consigned him to the guillotine.

Schmidt Escapes the Mines.

A London cable says: Capt Schmidt, formerly of the Russian service, but henceforth, it is to be presumed, a German pensioner, may thank the inflexibility of the German Ambassador to Russia that he is not now on his way to Siberia. No one doubts that the plans of the Cronstadt fortifications found in his possession were intended for the use of the Berlin War-office and no member of the numerous family of Schmidt ever had a narrower escape from a fate worse than death than the officer in question. The German Government—this much may be said to its credit—would not abandon him, and no more striking proof of the Czar's unwillingness or unreadiness to go to war with Germany can be given than the reluctant release of Schmidt, who was undoubtedly guilty of treason of the worst kind.

Suing for a Wife.

A somewhat novel suit, in which a member of the Dominion Parliament will appear as the defendant, is likely to be heard at next Toronto Assizes. In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice Wednesday Messrs. Ritchie, Leeming & Ludwig, acting on behalf of John Becker, applied for an injunction to restrain James Livingston, M. P., South Waterloo, from keeping Becker, who married Mr. Livingstone's daughter, apart from his wife. Becker has also commenced an action against Mr. Livingston for $20,000 damages for alienating the affections of his wife and for depriving him of her society. The story goes that Becker was a cutter in Mr. Livingstone's store at Baden, Ont., and he formed an attachment with his master's daughter Rose. The young couple were married on the sly, and the match was distasteful to Mr. Livingstone, who separated the couple and refuses to allow his daughter to see her husband.

Bloody Fight Between Italians.

Pasquale Marrescola, aged 32, Francisco Michaeli, the same age, and three other Italans drank and played cards together until midnight Saturday night in an Italian resort in James street, New York. Marrescola and Michaeli then scarted for home, but got into a quarrel. A few minutes later Marrescola, with blood streaming from a terrible gash across his face, ran up to a policeman and soon fell from weakness. The policeman a short distance away found Michaeli laying on the sidewalk senseless and bleeding from five wounds in the chest and abdomen. Bothmen were taken to an hospital. Michaeli had been wounded with a stiletto and Marrescola with a razor. Marrescola had cuts on his arm and shoulder as well as on his face. Michaeli died yesterday afternoon without making a statement. No one saw the affray, and Marrescola's conviction as a murderer is extremely doubtful.

The Explanation.

Mr. Newwed (with suppressed emotion)—The last time I went to the club and came home late I found you asleep and in your sleep you murmured: "Come to-morrow night, as usual, my darling; my husband will be away." Now, madam, I have remained at home every night since, but have been unable to identify my rival, and I demand an explanation.

Pretty wife (fondly)—I wasn't asleep.

They Sang "God Save the Queen."

St. George's Day was celebrated yesterday afternoon by St. George's Society, of the city of New York, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, at Fifth avenue and Forty-fifth street. About three hundred members of the society attended and the Rev. Dr. Morgan, chaplain, conducted the services, which followed the Episcopal ritual, in addition to the singing of "God Save the Queen" by the choir and congregation. —*New York Herald.*

The Earth.

"Do you want the earth?" inquired the haughty hotel clerk of a meekly complaining guest.

"No," was the reply, "you can keep it awhile longer till I ask for it."

It is singular that Great Britain is the only country in Europe where the doctrines of Mormonism can be promulgated in the public streets.

New York hosiers say that a special style of stockings is made abroad for American women. It is small in the foot and full in the leg. The same kind of stocking is made for the Spanish trade.

THE FRISKY CYCLONE.

Creates a Commotion in Ohio, Kansas and Missouri.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IS ITS WAKE.

A special from Akron, O., says: At 5.30 this evening, in the midst of a most terrific cloud-burst, this city was struck by the worst tornado, beyond comparison, which has ever been known hereabouts, excepting, perhaps, the Sharon cyclone of just a month ago. The storm struck the southern part of the city and tore through the fifth, fourth and second wards, doing damage which cannot be estimated at this writing, but fully 100 buildings are completely demolished. The house of Dominick Greader, at Cross and Washington streets, was unroofed, and Mrs. Greader was slightly injured. John Heller's house, a few doors north, was almost demolished, as were Joseph Bigger's and Louis Shaffler's houses. Passing along Brown, Kline and Wheeler streets a dozen or more houses were more or less damaged, some being moved bodily from their foundations and others completely unroofed. Thomas Gilligan's house on Kling street was smashed. Tony Mennett's house on Grant street was turned topsy-turvy and practically ruined. The wind struck Gebert Herman's house. The family of nine had just sat down to supper in the lean-to kitchen. The tornado struck the house and hurled the dining-room like a flying top, landing it fifty feet away. All the occupants were more or less bruised. Mr. Herman was pinned down in the debris, and only the energy of despair when he smelt the odor of the fire near him enabled him to extricate himself. Recovering, he found his little girl burning by the overturned stove, and before the flames could be extinguished she was frightfully burned about the back and limbs.

A BREWERY WRECKED.

The hurricane then struck the Burkhardt brewery squarely, wrecking it utterly. The loss will probably reach $20,000. The house of A. C. Miller was completely obliterated. The corner of Brown and Exchange streets, O. C. Baker's grocery, was torn to pieces. His wife and daughters were in the building, but they escaped to the cellar and were saved. Baker is missing, and it is feared he is dead in the ruins.

E. S. Harrington's house was crushed in upon his four children, but luckily all escaped. Thos. Thompson's house was lifted over their heads and landed upside down many feet away. Mrs. Nash's house was utterly demolished. Philip Webber's and John Spicer's houses were smashed. The Gibbs pottery, a brick block 150 by 60 feet in size, was levelled to the earth. Just across the street was the large barn owned by Frank Kapp's big stable, which was smashed. His pottery across the street was also badly damaged. James Whittle's barn and orchard, worth $1,000, was destroyed, he nimself narrowly escaping.

FATAL DELAY.

Melvin Irish and family had just seated themselves at supper when Mrs. Irish cried: "Run to the cellar, a cyclone is coming." She and her two children managed to reach the cellar before the crash, but Mr. Irish was caught by a heavy timber and his spine was seriously injured. Mr. Irish was probably fatally injured. Passing on, the storm demolished the houses of Alvin Alexander and Mrs. Kate O'Connell. Then having levelled a large orchard in its path, it expended its force on Robert Waits' house and Mrs. Eliza Baker's home, and passed into the open beyond.

The extent of the tornado is at this time unexplored, and the damage in dollars cannot be stated. It is, however, large, as it falls on the laborers whose all is in their homes. All descriptions of the storm show that it was rotary in its motion, and this is shown by the skewing of the buildings it struck and the twisting off of the big trees in its path. The track was between 50 and 100 feet wide.

Kansas Visited.

A Ferdonia, Kas., despatch says: Yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, a heavy wind storm passed through this county in a northeasterly direction, destroying J. Anderson's barn two miles from here. The storm again struck the ground two miles further on, destroying much property and killing Mrs. Frank Glidden, and dangerously injuring Mr. Glidden and child, and killing Harvey Kittse, aged 16.

Other persons in the same vicinity who wer hurt were Mrs. Sloat, Mrs. Peterson, Philip Starr and a Mr. Wood. It is feared that the injuries of the women named will prove fatal. Quite a number of other farm houses were destroyed, and great damage done.

It Reaches Into Missouri.

A Blythdale, Mo., despatch says: A tornado passed north of this city last night completely wrecking a dozen houses, and as many barns and outbuildings. The family of Henry Young were all injured, Mrs. Young fatally.

A Woman's Pocketbook.

I read in to-day's paper that a pocketbook had been left here by some one who had found it, and I called to ask about it; I have lost mine," said a New York woman in a newspaper office the other day.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk in attendance. "Will you please describe the contents of the pocketbook you lost?"

"Well, now—let me see. I think I can name everything that was in my purse. There was a dollar bill, two ten-cent pieces, one or two nickels, two or three coppers, some postage stamps, some silk samples, a small sample of yellow floss, a pearl-handled glove buttoner, a little poem entitled 'Baby's Bath,' a recipe for sweet pickles, a lock of baby's hair, a car ticket, a sample of torchon lace, a memorandum of things I wanted to get, a row of pins, a funny little joke cut from a newspaper, a small pearl button, a brass tag, several addresses, a tiny lead pencil, a Canadian dime with a hole in it, a small rubber eraser, a railroad time-card, an advertisement of a bargain sale of handkerchiefs, a pressed violet in a bit of tissue paper, a sample of dress braid and five or six other little things that I can't—Oh, thank you yes, that's my pocketbook."

And the pocketbook he handed her was just 3½ inches long by 2½ wide, and half an inch thick.—*Z. D., in Pack.*

Gentleness in the Family.

Opposite to my summer home is a pretty cottage where a young couple with their children—two boys—come for their holidays; the children, aged 1 should say, 4 and 6 years. Every morning the father, when he leaves the gate, whither he is escorted by his boys, turns and lifts his hat gravely and courteously; the broad sun hats of the babies are promptly lifted in return, and "Good-bye, papa," "Good-bye, my boys," rings out on the soft air, making melody for all who care to hear. I often wonder if they know how much cordiality these truly gentle exchanges carry to their unknown neighbors across the way, or what pleasant pictures they suggest to my fancy.—*Cor. Ladies' Home Journal*

Something Like a Bridge Span.

A Needles, Cal., despatch of yesterday says: The connection of the Arizona and California wings of the great cantilever bridge will be finished to-day. The bridge is said to have the longest unsupported span of any cantilever bridge in the world—360 feet—and the total length of the bridge is 960 feet. Nearly 40,000,000 pounds of iron and steel were used in the construction. Three men were killed and twenty-five injured during the work. By the 10th inst. trains will be running regularly on the bridge.

Charming dresses can be made of 30 cent gennis striped flannels. One of these towns is worth half a dozen cotton dresses.

The latest verbal monstrosity suggested is the word "manuprint," to be used as a verb, adjective or noun for work done with the typewriting machine.

—Preserved violets are a dainty confectionery, but they are indigestible.

A hairdresser says: "Every girl should choose a style that suits her face, and then stick to it."

Each member of Congress gets about 5,000 envelopes full of seeds every year, and the bill Uncle Sam pays for them amounts to about $100,000.

"Style is the dress of thoughts," said Chesterfield. He would stare at the decolletee fashion in which thought goes about now days.

The influenza in a acute form has reappeared in Poland, and London physicians are discussing the question whether the international curse is about to start on a new round.

News has reached Ottawa that the Imperial Government has, or is about to, disallow the Canadian Copyright Act of last session.

A BAD FOUNDATION.

An Economic System that Corners Our Natural Opportunities.

THE LORD'S OR THE LANDLORDS'?

The Essentials to Existence—Have Not All a Right to Them?—A Question of Title—Discovery and Ownership—Some Facts of History.

FIFTH PAPER.

The topics treated of in preceding papers have doubtless great interest in any consideration of the pressing question of sociological reform, but they all pale into insignificance before the root evil with which we have to deal—the land question. Of course there are people who are ready to cry out, "Land question! Isn't there land and to spare in this great country for unborn millions?" Now, with all due respect to these people such a query in no way touches the vital question. It is, in the first place, an avoidance of the issue as to the righteousness of the existing land system; in the second place it assumes that, because there yet remains land in other parts open to settlement and appropriation, no evil results from the system in use, which I deny; and in the third place it is, in a degree, an admission that were there not unappropriated land the subject would at least be a debatable one. Now we have evidences all around us—particularly where the population is dense—that the effects of our land system differ only in degree from those in Britain, in France and in Germany; and the difference in our favor is due, not to any superiority in our people or country, but to the fact that the large areas of new territory have served as a safety-valve to relieve the pressure. The principles we proceed upon are practically those which have produced in the old lands an aristocracy of landed barons and a population of savagely competing serfs who remain in the country by their landedness' permission and live on the ragged margin of subsistence rent day leaves to them. The order of progress will not be different; and as most economic movements, whether good or evil, progress more rapidly than in past times, we will, considering our conditions, reach the period of pressure more rapidly than our European ancestors did. Wise men look ahead and profit by the experience of others. Why should we wait until the evil is an oppressive one and people are in no humor to reason or to adopt the gradual methods so advisable in bringing about great economic changes? Why not consider well what we are doing and steer clear of the rocks ahead? Why should we do wrong at great cost to ourselves and inflict an evil on posterity, when it is easier to do right and when peace and prosperity are to be promoted by a proper course? Why, indeed!

Three conditions are essential to life on this planet—access to earth, air and water. Without these life cannot be supported. In the economy of creation these are so well balanced to fit our requirements that life is fairly enjoyable in most parts of the globe. Water and air become matters of proprietary interest only under special circumstances involving peculiar personal exertion in supplying them. When a diver is at work the supply of a sufficient air pressure by artificial means becomes an object of purchase. When a village (as some villages do) suffers from extreme drought water-haulers sell water, but, as in the case of the air furnished the diver, the recompense is for the labor involved—the artificiality employed (if I may use the term) rather than for the natural gift of water itself. I have no doubt, however, that were some means discovered to corner the air and water of the world we would soon see these elementary gifts of nature monopolized "by private owners," and by the tribute derived from the sale of rights to breathe and drink, a race of plutocrats rivalling the Westminsters and Rockefellers would soon aggrandize all the wealth of the world.

To speak of "owning" a certain given proportion of the water that flows down our rivers, rises in vapor and descends in rain, and charging mankind for using it; or to claim a title to a cubic mile of atmosphere with the right to tax those who breathe it, would be to court suspicions of insanity. Can anyone tell me why the other element necessary to existence should be placed by human enactment on a different basis? Can anyone tell me why—apart from the fact that conditions have rendered it possible to fence it in, and the mighty have done so and by the laws they have enforced—land long possession have asserted a right to it—a man should own, and be entitle to exclude others from, the earth any more than from the air or the water?

Bought and paid for it? Whom did they buy it from? No man can sell what he does not own. A cannot sell a lot that is owned by B and give me a good title to it. Whose is the earth, anyway? Is the earth the Lord's, or the landlords'? I only recall one instance in which the owner of the planet gave any specific instructions to a people in regard to their dealings with each other in land and the record saith: "The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine." The system in vogue did not therefore come from Him. He who planned a universal brotherhood of man no more calculated that one man or one million men should own the earth and thus be empowered to treat the rest of mankind as slaves, than He ordained that universal peace and industrial happiness should be achieved by Krupp guns, smokeless powder and a war of tariffs. The professing Christian who advocates them is either an ignoramus or a hypocrite; he either fails to appreciate the meaning of facts coming under his own observation, or, appreciating it, is satisfied with a mere profession of a religion to which the course he approves is a disgrace.

I think that anyone who takes the trouble to trace back these titles to absolute ownership of the earth will find that they rest in force and fraud to which long ages of possession and the laws made and enforced by the beneficiaries of that force and fraud and their devises and assigns, have given a certain kind of sanctity. I say "sanctity," because without that feeling on the part of the people who paid tribute to these men for the right of remaining on the earth, these laws could not