THE FIRST KISS.

The Novel Idea of the Betrothal as Found in Works of Fiction.

From Passionate Exuberance Down to the Tone Which Inquires the Price of a Peck of Potatoes.

"The Portrait of a Lady."—Yes, like you.

They walked to the chimney piece, where the big odd empire clock was perched; they were well within the room beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it for a moment. Then he raised it to his lips.—Henry James.

"Young Mrs. Jardine."—Silence shrank back for one moment, trembling violently, dropped her face all scarlet, and then lifted it up with a strange pathos of entreaty, almost appeal, as if she had but him in the whole world.

"Your mother," he whispered. "Your mother knows it all."

"Then."—"Yes." Roderick drew her back again, close into his very heart, and pressed his lips upon hers. In that long, silent, solemn troth plight the two became one forever.—Miss Mulock.

"The Mill on the Floss."—"Yes, Philip; I should like never to part; I should like to make your life very happy."

"I am waiting for something else—I wonder whether it will come."

Maggie smiled with glistening tears, and then stooped her tall head to kiss the pale face that was full of pleading, timid love—like a woman's. She had a moment of real happiness then—a moment of belief, that if there were sacrifice in this love it was all the richer and more satisfying.—George Eliot.

"The Broadwinners."—"Come," she said, "I know what you are trying to remember, an' I will make you remember it."

He was not greatly surprised, for love is a dream, and dreams have their own probabilities. She led him to a sofa and seated him beside her. She put her arms around his neck and pressed his head to her beating heart, and said in a voice as soft as a mother's to an ailing child, "My beloved, if you will live, I will be so good to you." She kissed him and said gently: "Now do you remember?"—Alton.

"The wreck of the Grosvenor."—"Do you give me the life I have saved?" I asked, wondering at my own breathless voice as I questioned her.

"I give it to you because I love you" she answered, extending her hand.

I drew her toward me and kissed her forehead.—"God bless you, Mary, darling, for your faith in me! God bless you for your priceless gift of your love to me Living or dead, dearest, we are one!"

And she, as though to seal these words, which our danger invested with an entrancing mysteriousness, raised my hand to her spotless lips, and then held it for some moments to her heart.—W. Clark Russell.

"The Register."—"Received from Miss Ethel Reed in full for 25 lessons in oil paintings ($125) and her hand, heart and dearest love forever." He looks up at her. "Ethel!" She smiling, "Sign it, sign it!" Reaching her in his arms and kissing her: "Oh, yes—here"

"Helen's Babies."—I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead; then she raised her head slightly, and I saw in spite of the darkness and shadows that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion.—John Habberton.

"But Yet a Woman."—"Renee, there is nothing in all this wide world which can keep you from me—if you love me."

She did not answer; he bent over and took her hand. She did not resist him; then he took her in his arms. She lay there quietly, her eyes closed. He drew her closer to him and kissed her lips. She opened her eyes and smiled

Then suddenly springing to her feet, her hand still in his, she cried:

"Kneel down and pray with me!"—A. S. Hardy.

"Dust."—I love you, Philip, Oh, Philip, can this be happiness that makes my heart ache so? If I did not know there was so much sorrow in the world, I could hardly live! Can Philip Lancaster belong to me and I to him! I am afraid to have you know how much I love you. I am afraid to know myself. No, I will not be afraid. Take me, Philip! "Kiss me" It was with reverence that Philip kissed her first; but then love overcame him. There was no one like her in the world. He would be a hero and a saint for her sake.—Julian Hawthorne.

"Valentine Strange."—And it was wonderful and strange—if nature ever saw wonderful and strange—to see how she stronger male nature triumphed; for, caught in this unexpected snare, wooed for once like a woman, by a man who loved her, in place of being talked to by an automaton, as though she were an elegant wax-work, she answered "Yes," and in one bewildered moment her head lay on Gerald's shoulder, and she first kiss that love had ever planted there was warm on her lips.—D. Christie Murray.

"Vanity Fair." "Had you come a few months sooner perhaps you might have spared me that—that dreadful parting. Oh, it nearly killed me, William—but you didn't come, then. I wished and prayed for you to come, and they took him, too, away from me. Isn't he a noble boy, William? Be his friend still and mine," and here her voice broke, and she hid her face on his shoulder

The major folded his arms around her, held her to him as if she were a child, and kissed her head. "I will not change, dear Amelia," he said. "I ask for no more than your love. I think I would not have it otherwise. Only let me stay near you.—W. M. Thackeray

"Nurse Crampet's story."—He had taken her about the waist with one arm, and with the other he lifted gently upward her fair face, as doth a gardener a rain-beaten flower, while his eyes looked down into hers, and slowly, slowly, almost as rose leaves unfurl in the sun, her white lids curled upward, and her blue eyes peered softly from her yellow locks, like corn flowers through the ripe corn, there being a tear in each, as when a rain bead doth tremble i' th' real corn flowers. And to be more like nature, there ran big waves throughout her loosened tresses, like as when the wind doth steal across a field of grain in summer waves. Then he bended down his tall head and their lips met. God alone knows what their first words would 'a been, for ere the kiss was well ended, down falls the poor little rogue off the hound's back, and lifts up his voice loud enow to be heard across the sea by the red men 'i th' new continent.—*Amelie Rives.*

TROUBLE AMONG THE FORESTERS

A Michigan Officer Declared a Traitor—A Fight in Prospect.

A Saginaw, Mich., despatch says: There are internal dissentions in the Independent Order of Foresters in Michigan, which threaten its peace and stability. The Order is incorporated by laws of Canada, then has High or State Courts in all parts United States. Michigan has a membership of 3,500. At the last annual meeting in the State George H. House, of Saginaw, was elected High Chief Ranger, and J. G. McCall chosen Secretary. The constitution of the Foresters provides when any State has a membership of 2,000 it shall be entitled to all rights and privileges of separate jurisdiction. Mr. House not long ago called a meeting of representatives of the High Court of Michigan to discuss the question, and with others high in the order were of opinion that incorporation under the laws of Michigan would be preferable and safer to the large membership. Dr. Oronhyatekha, of Toronto, who is at the head of the order, considered this action treasonable. Accordingly he court-martialled High Chief Ranger House, declared his office vacant, and expelled him from the order. The office of the High Secretary he declared vacant at the same time.

Saturday men appointed to fill the vacant offices arrived here and endeavored to obtain all books and papers of the order, but House and McCall refused to give them up. Thereupon the machinery of the law was set in motion, and the sheriff has the documents in charge for House as the result of a replevin suit. House says he will not surrender. An interesting fight is looked for.

J. H. Fawell, a member of the Toronto Bicycle Club, who has been spending a holiday in Cincinnati, has sent for his bicycle, and intends riding via Chicago home, in all nearly 1,000 miles.

Word comes from British Columbia that cases of leprosy are being discovered among the Chinese there, and that the loathsome disease is being communicated to the Indians. A Government investigation asked for.

EX-EMPRESS FREDERICK'S

Visit to Paris Drives the French Newspapers Wild.

BERLIN PAPERS ALSO ANGRY.

A Paris cable says: De Rouledа and ten other members of the Patriotic League send a letter to the press in which they say: Our object has been achieved. The check to the Prussian is complete and French dignity is saved. The further demonstration which we judged to be necessary would now only detract from the great spirit of patriotic pride that has just united all Frenchmen. It therefore behooves us to abstain from such demonstration. In an interview, D. E. Rouledа declared the whole agitation against Empress Frederick was due to the fact that the Empress had abandoned her incognito to receive foreign ambassadors and visit Versailles. M. Renoch, one of the few journalists who have courage to resist the De Rouledаist torrent, writes in the *Republique Francaise* in admiration of the forbearance, courtesy and tact of the Parisians under the painful ordeal of the prolongation of the visit of ex-Empress Frederick. He says: "The fact that on no single occasion have we departed from the old law of politeness, amply compensates for the bitterness of the memories cruelly forced on us during the last few days. Thus far the behavior of the public justifies Renoch's eulogy, but the newspapers are running riot in their remarks. Clemenceau's paper, *La Justice*, is the most violent. *De Jour* says: "Our army is ready, our armament is complete, and our reserves are thoroughly trained."

Regret has been expressed in many quarters that the Prince of Wales did not also come to Paris, as his well-known tact would have been useful in avoiding unpleasantness. Empress Frederick herself has remained very calm and has expressed herself as pleased with the courtesy that has been invariably accorded her by the public The ex-Kaiserin has no fear of an untoward incident marring her visit, and has thus far made no change in her intentions or movements.

BERLIN, Feb. 27.—The *Post* declares that the refusal of the French artists to exhibit their works in the Art Exhibition to be held in this city, must have other than temporary consequences. Germany, the paper says, will maintain a reserved attitude, but the incident will evidently bring the necessity for a struggle nearer. The French Chuvinists muss follow up their victory in order not to lose its fruit, as it is impossible to compel the nation to keep the sword drawn always. The weapon would have been lowered long ago but for Russia.

The *Tagblatt* declares that Count Von Munster, the German Ambassador at Paris, is a long conference with M. Ribot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave notice that this would be Germany's final attempt to conciliate France.

PARIS, — Empress Frederick of Germany left Paris this morning. No unpleasant incident marked her departure. The gravity of the situation, however, can be judged from the fact that, acting under advice from high quarters, the Empress changed the line of her route for fear of being insulted by that portion of the populace which had gradually worked itself into a fever heat of rage over the presence of the Imperial visitor in Paris. It was publicly announced yesterday evening and again this morning that the Empress Frederick intended to leave this city for Calais at 11 30 a.m., but on the suggestions referred to she left the German Embassy two hours earlier, and entering a carriage was driven rapidly to the Gar Du Nord, where she entered the train, which left that depot for Bologne. The Empress, however, will not embark for England at that port, but will proceed from there to Calais, where a royal yacht is awiting her arrival. In spite of the precautions taken several hundred people gathered about the Gar Du Nord and watched the movements of the Empress with considerable interest. The crowd, contrary to general expectation, was civil and quiet, the majority of the men present taking off their hats as the Empress passed. There were no insulting cries of any description.

A CRANK'S WILL.

A Dead Hotel Keeper's Ashes Scattered From Liberty's Torch.

A New York despatch says: A committee of four from the Staten Island Schultzen corps, appointed to carry out the request of Henry Meyer, proprietor of the Puck Hotel at Pt. Richmond, that his ashes be scattered to the winds from the top of the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, fulfilled their mission to day When the top of the pedestal was reached by the committee the metal urn containing the ashes of Meyer was opened, and each committeeman put a portion of the contents, which weighed about four pounds, into a paper bag. The delegation then climbed the staircase leading to the crown of the statue, where a brief address was made by the master of ceremonies, after which the four committeeman, each holding one of the bags containing the ashes in his right hand, pronounced these words together: "Here goes the last of Puck Meyer. Happy days," and then scattered the ashes to the winds. The ceremony was concluded by the opening of two bottles of champagne, and the drinking to the memory of "Puck" Meyer.

TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

A Young Italian Girl Puts Two Bullets Into Her Betrayer.

A New York despatch says: A probable murder took place this morning in front of No 70 Spring street. Pasqualina Robertelli, an Italian girl, sent two pistol balls crashing into the body of her lover, Nicola Piero. Pasqualina is 20 years old, and supported her little brother and sister by working on trousers. About four months ago Piero and she became lovers. One day when she was alone in the house Piero took advantage of her. He swore he would marry her, and gave her a revolver, telling her that if he failed to keep his promise she should shoot him. Pasqualina took the weapon and this morning kept her word. She learned that Piero intended to desert her and sail for Italy without making her his wife. Piero was taken to the hospital, where it was said he would die. Pasqualina was locked up.

Four Killed in a Railway Wreck.

A Richmond, Ind., despatch says: On the Richmond division of the Pan Handle railway, at Hagerstown, this afternoon, a train was coming down a steep grade when the framework of the engine in charge of W. W. Barlett, engineer, and Noah Dunn, fireman, broke and rail road every car. The cars caught fire, but the fire was quickly extinguished. The day coach and parlor car Eugenia, the smoking compartment of which contained all the killed, rolled over twice down a sixteen foot embankment. The engine held the rails. The accident resulted in the death of four persons, two more being probatally injured, and twenty others more or less severely hurt.

A Woman on Women.

Miss Willard, of the Women's Convention in Washington, criticized the present style of dress worn by society women, maintaining that it prevented physical development. "Woman," she said, "is a creature born to the beauty and freedom of Diana, but she is swathed by her skirts, splintered by her stays, bandaged by her tight waist and pinioned by her sleeves, until—alas that I should live to say it—a trussed turkey or a spitted goose is her most appropriate emblem." She criticized ex-President Cleveland for the use of the word "female," by him in a recent speech, as being obnoxious to women, who, she said, were women, and wished to be designated as such.

A Diabolical Act.

A Berlin cable says: Great excitement prevails in Nuremburg over a military outrage. A sergeant of the German army named Brunfeldt compelled a private soldier, whom he accused of neglecting to keep himself clean, to stand in a semi-nude condition under a pump. The man was not in robust health, and exposure to the chilly torrent of water caused his death almost immediately. The people who witnessed the outrage loudly denounced it, and a riot for some time appeared imminent. The affair is being investigated by Brunfeldt's superiors.

Mrs. Fred. Nuhansmyer, of Lima, Ohio, aged 30, went suddenly insane on Monday over the continued illness of her babe, and in all of desperation grabbed the babe from its bed and, rushing to an open cistern, jumped in. Both were drowned.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is lying in Rome at the point of death.

EIGHTEEN DAYS ENTOMBED.

Terrible Sufferings of Miners—Subsisting on Rats.

A Wilkesbarre despatch says: The five miners who were entombed in the mine at Jeanesville for eighteen days were brought to the surface yesterday morning. All were unconscious with the exception of Matuscowicz, who, by the aid of an interpreter, was interviewed by a reporter. He said: "I never gave up hope that we would all be rescued alive, although my companions did. They recalled similar disasters in which men perished. I said, 'Let us pray to God; He will help us,' and we did so. For the first eight days we lived on the contents of our dinner pails. We had them pretty well filled with pork, bread and cheese. The first day I said, 'Now, as there is hope of being rescued, we will ration our food.' It was agreed, and we got together in the corner of the breast. The cold was intense; we had to keep crowded and hug each other to keep warm. At first we could not drink the sulphur water, but necessity compelled us, and in the course of time we liked it. On the ninth day our last food was gone. We were surrounded by water and debris. I thought I would go on a little exploring expedition. I was mighty lucky. I found a dinner pail. There was not much in it, but what there was we lived on for two days. Then I was almost too weak to go on a foraging expedition. As a last resort we had to kill the rats, and they, like ourselves, were half starved and desperate. They would attack us boldly, and we had to fight them off. I killed three or four a day. We had no hesitancy in eating their legs. It was good food. We would certainly have starved had we not had the rats. We resolved to die together rather than eat each other."

Dr. Doolittle says the men will all recover their usual health.

A CHILIAN BATTLE.

Hard Fighting on Southern Pampas—Foreigners Safe.

An Iquique despatch says: On the 15th inst. a battle was fought on the Pampa at Dolores. The Government was defeated the loss of about 500 men. On the 16th Iquique surrendered to the fleet. A riot, the same night, caused by an incendiary mob, was quelled by the fleet and the foreign residents. One hundred and seventy-five of the mob were killed and wounded. On the 17 h the opposition party suffered a check on the Pampa, near Huara. On the 19 h Iquique was surprised by the remnant of the Government troops defeated on the Pampa. There was hard fighting from morning till evening in the town, the opposition holding the Intendencia and firing from the fleet to protect the Intendencia and to cover the landing of the marines. The business part of the town was fired by the incendiaries the same evening Caps. Lamblon, of the Warspite, landed under fire to arrange an armistice and to take on board any of the remaining women and children from the town. An armistice was declared till noon of the 20th, and was arranged by the mediation of Admiral Hotham. On the afternoon of the 20 h the Government troops were surrendered to the fleet by Col. Soto, who had fought gallantly. The town is now in possession of the fleet. No foreign residents were killed. The women and children are mostly living in the ships in the harbor, all the men remaining at their offices. The hospital is full. It is probable there will be a decisive battle north of Pisagua soon. Much loss of life and damage to property has been avoided by the action taken by the English Admiral on the 21st. All is quiet to-day.

THORNER IN THE COILS.

The Bigamist Who Impersonated Millionaire Hamlin in Jail.

A Buffalo despatch says: Harry J. Thorner, who is the son of well-to-do parents residing here, is confronted with the double charge of grand larceny and bigamy. Last fall a sensation was created here by the story that Harry Hamlin, son of the horse owner, C. J. Hamlin, had eloped with a shop girl. The story was denied, and later it was learned that a young man named Thorner had been impersonating Mr. Hamlin, and had induced a pretty, black-eyed Maude Wescott to marry him. They went to Niagara Falls, where they were secretly married. The following morning the young girl's mother appeared on the scene, and subsequently the real facts in the case leak out. Thorner fled to Canada where he has been ever since. Miss Wescott obtained a divorce, and since then the officers have been looking for Thorner. He is a common sneak thief and a clever one. He obtained hotel board, clothing, and ran several bar wounds while he impersonated Mr. Hamlin here. He resembles young Hamlin and passed for him in many places. Thorner is a married man, and an action for bigamy has been brought against him. Last night he ventured to leave Canadian soil and was arrested here to-day.

MRS. WOOD'S MONEY.

The Court Refuses to Order Kitty O'Shea to Produce Diaries.

A London cable says: It was announced on February 24th that an attempt would be made to break the will of the late Mrs. Wood, the aunt of Mrs. O'Shea, who bequeathed the latter a large fortune. Public allusions to Mr. Parnell's possible interest in this fortune induced Mrs. O'Shea's brothers to bring the action to have the will declared invalid on the ground of undue influence, and on the day mentioned application was made to Justice Jeune for an order to see documents which Mrs. O'Shea does not want to produce. These documents included diaries of Mrs. Wood, which, it was thought, would show that lady's mental condition to be such as to render her incapable of making a will. The application, which was made in the name of Charles and Sir Evelyn Wood, was to day refused by the court.

A Wonderful Discovery.

A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored light falls upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all.

Odds in Spoons.

Spoons are no longer alike. That is to say the treatment is the same, but the designs run to sets and heads, claws, flowers, hand and devices of various kinds adorn the handles. The apostle spoons have many admirers, the heads of the twelve disciples ornamenting the handles, which are supposed to be copied from authentic portraits. Then there are Tennysonian, Shakespearian and Dickens spoons in sets of twelve, representing male and female characters. The royal spoons are copied from kings and queens of the eighteen century, and the salon spoons, which are made to order, portray the wise and beauties of the French noblesse.—*New York World.*

Another Campaign Lie.

Winnipeg *Free Press*: "John, where have you been till this time of night," said a Boss street woman to her husband as he strayed in about 2 p. m. on Sunday morning."

"Oh, I've been at the political meeting,' said John.

"That's another campaign lie," said Mrs. John, "for I know you've been down town shooting craps since dark. You can't fool me with your political meeting yarn."

Mrs. Tinkle—We ought to deny ourselves something in this penitential season. What sacrifice will you make, John? Mr. T.—You know how I love to go to church? Well, I have resolved to give it up.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien are still the prison infirmary, but not confined bed.

At the International League meeting at Buffalo to-morrow it will be decided whether Jersey City or Worcester gets the vacancy. Jersey City is the favored town.

Yesterday morning the leg and arm of a woman were found in an archway of the Regent's Canal and the Cambridge Heath road, London, England. The limbs were wrapped in coarse cloth and had the appearance of having been in the water several days. No other parts of the body were found.

SCANDAL MONGERS LYNCHED.

Terrible Result of School Officers' Quarrels in an Ohio Town.

A Defiance, O., despatch says: Business was largely suspended here yesterday and last night. The streets were alive with excited people. Last Saturday Superintendent Butler, of the public schools, detected J. H. Mull, janitor of the Central building, watching him through a hole in the ceiling. A war of words ensued, and Mull went before the School Board on Monday and made charges against Butler and three of the lady teachers. He named a time at which he had seen Butler caress these teachers during one afternoon. Wm. Wyant, the assistant janitor, corroborated the story. The testimony at first looked so strong that the superintendent narrowly escaped violence, and the ladies were outraged. On Monday night and Tuesday an investigation was made and it was discovered that at the time named by the janitors Butler was several miles away. The indignant citizens warned Mull and Wyant to leave town, but they did not, and on Tuesday night an armed mob went to Mull's house. They claim they did not see Mull, but yesterday morning his body was found between the tracks in the Wabash Railroad yard. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and two deep cuts entered the breast. He had been horribly mangled by the cars. A knife was found by the body. Wyant is also missing, and there is a rumor that his body is in the canal. The discovery has created the wildest excitement. Mull had many friends, and they declare they will have Butler's life. Friends of all parties are armed.

THE MINE VICTIMS.

Another Death—Subscriptions to Aid the Sufferers Coming in.

A Spring Hill, N. S., despatch says: The death of H. Nash, another of the Spring Hill victims, adds a widow and three more children to the list, making a total of 58 widows and 164 orphans.

The subscription book for the sufferers from the Spring Hill disaster was opened in Montreal yesterday, and in the course of a few minutes the sum of $8,400 was subscribed.

The subscriptions to the relief fund are spontaneous and timely. Many think that instead of $70,000 the sum of $100,000 should have been asked for to provide against the destitution and hardship which must follow. The amount now subscribed is only $19,000.

The victims of the disaster who came out of No. 2 slope unconscious from the effects of after-damp remember nothing. They did not hear the explosion, and the only thing they know is waking up in their homes after being restored to consciousness.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: The directors of the Protestant Orphan Asylum here met yesterday and agreed to take into the institution as many children of the Spring Hill sufferers as could be accommodated. They will be able to take 20, and a letter to that effect was forwarded to Mayor Hall.

A GALLOWS HORROR.

A Dying Murderer Tortured to Death by Bungling Executioners.

A Washington, Pa., despatch says: West, colored, condemned to be hanged to-day for the murder of the Orcoch family, attempted to commit suicide this morning by cutting his throat with a piece of rusty iron, while his death watches were changing. He became unconscious from the loss of blood. Physicians were unable to restore consciousness, and it was decided when he was hanged, his condition had not greatly changed. He was strapped to a board and carried to the scaffold. At 2 33 the trap was sprung and the rope broke. The murderer was in terrible distress, and it took five men to hold him, though manacled. At 2 40 the rope was strung up again, and this time it was successful. At 2 48 West was pronounced dead. The hanging and the horrible occurrences connected with it created great excitement.

ASYLUM FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

A Safe Harbor for Ladies Whose Daughters Are Wed.

A wealthy Austrian woman has just founded in Vienna an asylum for mothers-in law. The building, not yet completed, is to be big enough to accommodate 500 guests, and the institution will serve as a pleasant refuge for ladies whose company is not agreeable to the ungrateful men who have walked off with their daughters More than one-half of the number of apartments in the asylum have already been bespoken.

A German professor has written a brochure, showing that inability to agree with one's mother-in-law is a certain proof of intellectual progress.—*Chicago News.*

CAN YOU DO IT?

How to Test Your Eyes and Have a Little Fun.

A trick that is going the rounds out now is to measure by the eye the distance to which you must push away the central one of three silver dollars side by side, their circumferences touching, so that the distance from the lower edge of the central coin, so removed, shall be equal to the distance apart of the outer edges of the two other coins. You will probably do as every one else does—put the coins side by side and push the middle one upward along the table until you think you have done a rash thing by pushing it so far. When you measure you will find out. It's an old perversity of the eye.—*Lewiston (Me) Journal.*

Confessed to Child Murder.

On Saturday afternoon Coroner Johnson, of Toronto, held an inquest at the morgue on the body of the female infant found strangled in the yard in rear of Dr. Richardson's residence, St. Joseph street. After several witnesses had been examined the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some party unknown. Later in the evening Detective Black arrested an English girl, 20 years of age, named Sarah Fox, whose parents reside in Davisville She acknowledged that she was the mother of the dead child, and also confessed to having strangled it. She gave the detective the name of her seducer, and he was taken to police headquarters, but was not detained, there being no criminal charge that could be brought against him. The girl has been employed as a servant on Teraulay street, but gave birth to her child at the Lying in hospital. The little one was nearly three weeks old when the unnatural mother, to hide her shame, strangled it She is held on a charge of infanticide.

Women's Unhappy Lot.

Miss Willard is right. So long as a father can will to another his child, born or unborn, without its mother's consent—can give it away to a Chinaman, to a brothel-keeper, or one living in a foreign land, as is the cause in some states—so long as a child of seven is in some states at the absolute mercy of the brutal ravisher so far as legal protection is concerned, and so long as women are sold into the most damnable slavery and kept there by force it is certainly fit that good women should get together and say what they think about it. There are a good many women who don't know how bad the laws are affecting them. There are some iniquities—Miss Willard has referred to three of them—which only need the fullest exposure to be swept away.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Unfair to Women.

Troy *Press*: Preaching, as well as praying and paying, will not be denied to the Methodist women of the near future. God has given many of them piety, learning and eloquence, and there is no reason why they should be arbitrarily excluded from the pulpit.

President Kramer, of the American Association, was in conference all Saturday with Frank Eliot, of the Athletics; Ed. Sullivan, of the Washington, and Von der Ahe, of St. Louis, revising the association's constitution so as to omit all reference to the National agreement.

The Select Committee on Colonization appointed by the British House of Commons find that it is impossible for them to submit a unanimous report, as many of the members are satisfied that Manitoba is the only British colony which deserves immigrants.

Frank Watson, an Alabama farmer, and Dick Sibley, constable of Kemper county, were matching dollars Saturday, when a dispute arose, and Watson called Sibley a liar Sibley struck him in the face, and Watson shot Sibley. The wounds proved fatal. As Sibley lay on the ground he called Watson and said: "It was a cowardly act, Frank, but I forgive you." Watson escaped. Whiskey caused the quarrel.

Ex-King Milan is a resident of Paris, having taken a house on the avenue of the Bois de Boulogne. He is very unpopular n Paris society.

MAXIMS OF TALLEYRAND.

Compiled from the Papers of M. Colmache, Private Secretary to the Prince.

Prudence in a woman should be an instinct, not a virtue.

What I have been taught I have forgotten; what I know I have guessed.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

Theologians resemble dogs, that gnaw large bones for the sake of very little meat.

A rich man displeases those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

Life, to a young man, is like a new acquaintance, of whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years.

If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by Government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow—gigantic when it precedes him, and pigmy in its proportions when it follows.

There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow-men.

There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any.

The errors of great men and the good deeds of reprobates should not be reckoned in our estimates of their respective characters.

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love. Let a woman beware of the man who owns that he loves no one but herself.

To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.

The bold defiance of a woman is the certain sign of her shame. When she has once ceased to blush, it is because she has too much to blush for.

It is sometimes quite enough for a man to feign ignorance of what which he knows, to gain the reputation of knowing that of which he is ignorant.

A great capitalist is like a vast lake, upon whose bosom ships can navigate, but which is useless to the country, because no stream issues thence to fertilize the land

That sovereign has a little mind who seeks to go down to posterity by means of great public buildings. It is to confess to masons and bricklayers the task of writing history.

Human life is like a game of chess—each piece holds its place upon the chess-board—king, queen, bishop and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown, without distinction, pell mell into the same bag.

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

Baroness Roque Striving to Secure a Rehearing for Mrs Maybrick.

A London cable says: The grounds upon which the Baroness Roque, mother of Mrs. Maybrick, seeks to reopen the case of her unfortunate daughter, with a view to her release from imprisonment, are mainly furnished by the alleged mental unsoundness of Justice Stephens, who tried the case. In addition to this reason for requesting a rehearing of the case, the Baroness is said to be in possession of new and important evidence showing her daughter to be innocent of the crime of which the scathing charge of Justice Stephens did much to convict her. The Baroness, who is preserving a strict *incognito* while in London, is interviewing prominent persons in her daughter's behalf. It is believed that she is meeting with considerable success in her endeavours to enlist sympathy and assistance.

DRIVEN TO IT.

A Young Lady's Foolish Attempt at Suicide.

A Buffalo despatch says: An attempted suicide, with sensational features, has just occurred here. Late on Saturday night Clara E. Bowen, a young lady, took a large dose of morphine with suicidal intent. Her heavy and unnatural breathing aroused a member of the household, and medical aid was immediately summoned. Two physicians labored over her for fifteen hours, and at present she is in a fair way to recover. Miss Bowen says the cause for her rash act was the persecution of a jealous woman, who has been sending anonymous letters to her and annoying her in other ways. On Saturday night she received a note of a highly libelous and foul character, and after reading it Miss Bowen took poison. She has friends in Toronto and Boston, Mass.

A MANIAC IN A TRAIN.

He Wounds Five Passengers and Then Jumps From the Car.

A Dublin cable says: While the Dublin mail train was nearing Castlerea yesterday a passenger named Gaven suddenly drew a knife and commenced slashing those about him, at the same time yelling at the top of his voice. The car was loaded with passengers and all were thrown into a panic. Gaven badly wounded five fellow-passengers, and only desisted from his bloody work when both blades of his knife were broken and the weapon was harmless. He then jumped from the train while it was going at full speed, ran to a wood near by, and hid himself. The wounded passengers were taken to the railroad station and several physicians attended to their injuries. The police afterward captured Gaven, who is undoubtedly insane.

A BURNT OFFERING.

An Insane Man's Torturous Method of Self-Immolation.

An Angelica, N. Y., despatch says: A terrible suicide occurred here this morning. Charles d'Antriment, of this village, has been in ill health for some time, his mind being affected. He was taken to New York for treatment and returned much improved. This morning he slipped away from his attendants and went across the fields to a barn filled with hay. Making a pile of this combustible material on the floor, he set fire to it and laid himself upon the burning mass, and was burned to death. Charles d'Antriment, a son of the deceased, is a prominent lawyer in Duluth, and was at one time a prominent member of the bar in Elmira.

How to Keep Warm and Avoid Colds.

Some people may not know that when exposed to severe cold a feeling of warmth is really created by repeatedly filling the lungs in this manner: Throw the shoulders well back, and hold the head well up. Inflate the lungs slowly, the air entering entirely through the nose. When the lungs are completely filled, hold the breath for ten seconds or longer, and then expire it quickly through the mouth.

After repeating this exercise when one is "chilly," a feeling of warmth will be felt over the entire body, and even to the feet and hands. It is important for all to practise this exercise many times each day, and especially when in the open air. If the habit ever becomes universal, then consumption and many other diseases will rarely, if ever be heard of.

Not only while practising the "breathing exercise" must the clothing be loose over the chest, but beginners will do well to remember, in having their clothing fitted, to allow for the permanent expansion of the chest of one, two and even three inches, which will eventually follow.

One might with propriety say that too many people choke or stuff the skin by an excess of clothing, and, as a consequence, take cold easily. Some impurities are thrown out of the system by the skin, as others are by the lungs, the bowels and the kidneys.

It is absolutely essential to health that the emanations from the skin pass easily through the clothing. This—which is called "transpiration"—may be interfered with by an excess of clothing, or by clothing of a very close texture. All who wear India-rubber coats know how uncomfortable they cause them to feel after they have been on a short time.

Ordinary clothing will not, of course, prevent transpiration, but an excess will interfere with it; and where too much clothing is worn the same soon becomes foul, unless the outside air can freely mingle with the gases from the body and so dilute them.

Some wear the thickest and heaviest undervests which they can buy, and such people are very generally the victims of frequent colds.

Following the rule of light clothing they would be much safer from the dangers of exposure were they to wear two light undervests instead of one very thick and heavy.—*Selected.*

Mr. James C. Flynn, M. P., for North Cork, has challenged Mr. Parnell to contest any division of Cork that he may choose, and a McCarthyite would resign the seat for a purpose of the fight.

EASY JINGLES

Which Learn the Young Idea to Shoot Pitilessly Conspicuous to the Public—But the Propriety of Some of the Whoppers is Questioned.

It isn't at all likely that when Popewrote the couplet—

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—

he entertained the slightest impression that it was wrong for the child to have a rattlebox. For centuries a rattlebox was thought to be almost a necessity in every fully appointed nursery, but there are indications that it has passed the age of its greatest popularity, and that its noisy reign is soon to be ended. The advanced thought of the present is looking more closely than has ever been done before into the influences of the nursery—

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Froebel, the famous German educationist and founder of the kindergarten system, taught that the training of the child's life-work should begin the nursery. There should be blocks for the child to build with, clay with which to model, materials for painting, and music and song, and exercises in measured and rhythmical motion. The nursery surroundings should teach the first lesson in the child's education. It has been discovered that in this important work the noisy, discordant rattle can be of no benefit, and it should be discarded along with the harmony destroying drum and shrill whistle. The wish that nothing may interfere with the true development of the child's sense of music and art should be subordinate to the wish that the child may have high and scrupulously correct impressions of truth.

Beauty is truth, truth is beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know,

wish this thought in mind let us glance into the well-thumbed volume of "Mother Goose's Melodies," to be found in any nursery, and see if we can find therein the early and lasting associations responsible for much of the world's exaggeration and untruth, says a writer in the Chicago *Herald*. Here is the well known story of Mother Goose herself:

There was an old woman who went up in basket
Seventy times as high as the moon
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman!" quoth I,
"Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs from the sky;
And if I will come back again by and by."

And wholesale hyperbole! Any child would deserve and no doubt receive punishment if it attempted such a misrepresentation of facts of its own invention. Yet children are encouraged to repeat this ready made whopper of a story. The child that is taught to believe the old woman went up "seventy times as high as the moon" in after years no doubt becomes the fisherman who almost lands the fish that weigh all the way from 40 to 400 pounds and sees the sea serpents many hundred feet in length. There is a grave suspicion that many of the newspaper reporters of to-day discovered how to make a column article out of a ten line item by a close perusal of Mother Goose's melodies in the nursery days. Then there is another jingle that doesn't adhere closely to facts:

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon

These lines abound in improbabilities and impossibilities, as do the following:

There was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched 'em in again.

Dickery, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes eight and sometimes ten,
Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen.

If such a hen ever really existed she is now simply a thing of history, as the hen of the present age doesn't lay ten eggs in one day. She prefers rather to lay one egg in ten days. The story of old Mother Hubbard and her wonderful dog, though very dear to juvenile minds, will hardly bear the calcium light of truth. A dog that could laugh, stand on his head, smoke a pipe, feed a cat, dance a jig, spin, read the news, ride a goat, etc., deserves much more than the bone which he did not get, because "the cupboard was bare." Why did not his mistress secure an engagement for him to perform at the museum or with the circus? Here is a piece of short-sightedness that can scarcely be explained away, except on the hypothesis that the dog could not perform the tricks as advertised, and the old woman knew it. Then there is the story of Little Bo-Peep, who found that her sheep had "left their tails behind 'em," and later on spied the tails "side by side, all hung on a tree to dry." The child with sufficient gullibility to believe all that will grow up to be the victim of green goods men and agents of patent potato-bug exterminators Add to the untruthfulness of "Mother Goose's Melodies" such tales as "Jack, the Giant-Killer," "Little Red Riding-hood," and others of similar character found in many nurseries, and you have an infant's library of fiction wrapped in make a romancer of a child that even may have had a natural predisposition to tell the truth.

The Way to Their Hearts.

Broil everything, that all men may live and glorify your name.

Two kinds of sugar will be convenient—powdered for dishes like cereals, sauces, fruits, etc., and loaf sugar for tea and coffee.

It is a good plan, too, to put the coffee service within reach and let the man help himself, for until he has had his coffee he is absolutely worthless.

Tumblers as thin as eggshell can be had for $1.50 a dozen, and although they won't stand a great deal of dropping, they will be very acceptable wedding gifts.

It is a good idea to have a supply of hot and cold water on every table for drinking purposes and also to give the coffee cups a hot plunge if the weather is cold.

The fruit may be served first or last, but it never should be omitted. Just now, when fresh fruit is gold, the frugal cook may have to depend upon canned or dried goods.

It has been stated as a fact that many a bear would prove himself a