BRITAIN'S INTEREST IN MOROCCO.

Tangier Tribes in Open Revolt Against the Sultan.

WAR VESSELS FOR CAPE JUBY.

A Gibraltar cable says: Advices received here from Tangier, the diplomatic capital of Morocco, report a serious state of affairs in the vicinity of that city. No explanation is given of the trouble, but it is said that the tribes in the neighborhood of Tangier are in open rebellion against Mulai El Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco. Matters in Morocco have been in a turbulent condition for some time past. In November last news reached Tangier from Fez, the principal city of the country and its real capital, that all the Moroccan Ministers and court had been dismissed in disgrace. Among the fallen was Mulai Ismain, the Sultan's favorite brother. He for several years held the Khalifaish of his brother, that is to say, that he formed a sort of Supreme Court of Appeal, to whom all cases already decided by the local Government could be referred. Excepting the Sultan and the various heads of the Sherecfian families, the Khalifa was the only man from whom the nobility thought they could accept judgment without derogation. No reason was known for his disgrace, but it was the result of a court intrigue. He had many friends among the upper classes and among the tribesmen, and it may be that his dismissal is the cause of the present trouble. It was said by some of the natives at the time of his exile from Fez that Mulai Ismain was the instigator of a plot to depose his brother and to take the throne himself. This affords basis for a conjecture that the rebellion now in progress in the vicinity of Tangier may perhaps be an attempt to carry out the plans of the alleged conspirators.

However the case may be, the fact remains that the British authorities are taking prompt and energetic steps to protect British interests in Morocco. One of the important points in that country in possession of the British is Cape Juby. It was reported some time since that the British had determined to abandon this place, but it was later stated that they had no intention of doing so. On the contrary, it was declared that they were actively engaged in fortifying the station and were about to establish a governor's residence, with the object of improving the trade relations with the desert tribes. It was added, moreover, that when the French occupied the Touat Oasis, the possession of which is disputed by the Sultan, the trade of Insaleh would be transferred to Cape Juby. A British gunboat has already started from Gibraltar to protect the British residents at that place, and the battleship Thunderer is preparing to follow the gunboat. The Thunderer is a twin-screw, iron-turret ship, armor-plated, of 9,300 tons and 7,000 horse-power. She mounts four guns.

A CRASH IN THE NIGHT.

A Pilot's Story of the Collision of the Noordland and Childwell.

A London cable says: Pilot Laming, of the barque Childwell, which was run down last night by the steamer Noordland, says: "The night was clear, and a strong wind was blowing. I saw the steamer's lights fifteen minutes before the collision. Suddenly the steamer starboarded her helm, apparently intending to cross our bows. I saw that a collision was inevitable, and with the captain shouted a warning to the crew. Before they got up the steamer struck us between the mainmast and the foremast, on the port side, and cut through to within six feet of the starboard side. She struck with such force that the Childwell was heeled completely over. It was an awful crash, and the sight was a fearful one. The masts and rigging fell on the steamer's deck, and she backed astern, carrying the masts with her. The Childwell quickly filled and sank within two minutes after the collision. The sea was high at the time, and there was no chance to lower the boats. It was low tide, but only part of the mizzen-mast and the end of the bowsprit were above the water. Nine of us climbed into the mizzen rigging. Of the fifteen drowned twelve perished on the ship, as they could hardly have had time to come to the deck. The three others clung to the end of the bowsprit for two hours until the rising water washed them off. It was dreadful to hear their cries for assistance, knowing that we were unable to assist them. It is not true that the steamer departed. She stood by for an hour and lowered two boats, which, however, failed to reach us owing to the rough sea. It must have been heartrending to the men on the bowsprit to see the boats return and the steamer depart. I think they at least might have been reached. We then had little hope of rescue, fearing that the rising tide would cover us. After being four hours lashed to the mizzen-mast in the bitter cold, we were overjoyed to see the lights of the steamer Ipswich. We shouted our hardest, and succeeded in attracting attention. We suffered much from exposure.'

'TWAS A PUT-UP-JOB.

The Chicago Man and the Barber Who Didn't Talk.

The barber had cut the hair of the man in the chair without saying a word and looked as if he were about to call out "Next!" when the man said:

"I'll take a shave."

The barber shaved him in silence, and when he had finished the operation the customer spoke again.

"Sea-foam."

For the next five or ten minutes the barber was occupied in applying and removing the sea-foam, and he preserved the same stony silence.

"Now I'll have my whiskers trimmed." This operation was performed, and still the operator spoke not.

"You may curl my mustache."

This was done, but not a word passed the lips of the artist.

"Don you pull teeth?" inquired the customer.

The barber shook his head.

Then the customer got out of his chair. As he paid the bill—70 cents—to the man behind the cigar case he remarked in a casual way that that barber talked less than any barber he had ever seen.

"Talk?" said the man behind the cigar case; "he talk? He's a mute. He lost his speech when he was a boy. He hasn't spoken a word for 16 years."

"All I've got to say about it," groaned the man, as he put his pocketbook back where it belonged, "is that it'll be 16 years before I make another bet with the clerk of that hotel round the corner. I don't care so much for the $5 he's beat me out of, but I say it's a darned shame to make a man waste 70 cents besides when you've got a dead cinch on him."

And he put on his hat and overcoat and walked with heavy, dragging step out of the shop.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Quills.

Owing to the substitution of steel pens for quill pens, other uses have had to be found for the goose quill, and now they are converted into bristles for brushes, toothpicks, fishing floats, fuses for guns, and hair-pencil holders. The last year in which the Board of Trade made any record of the import of quills was 1870, when 27,500,000 goose quills, valued at £20,591, and 30,000 swan quills, of the value of £376, were received. The quills of the swan and turkey were used for engrossing pens, those of the goose for ordinary writing, and those of the crow and wild duck for fine descriptions of writing. The classifications of the goose quills were numerous, according to their position in the wing pinion.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Perished in the Snow.

A Carson, Nev., despatch says: Snow at the Summit is from 6 to 14 feet deep on a level. Two Italians left Bijou a week ago for a wood camp, a distance of six miles. They have not been heard of since and are supposed to be lost. A heavy storm is raging and search for them is prevented. Richard Herz and John Slougtess left last Monday in search of the Kline party, supposed to be lost in snow between Placerville and Lake Valley. Nothing has been heard from them since. This makes nine men lost in the snow, with the storm still raging.

Funny Folks: At Monte Carlo—Young English lady (to Mr. Coiney, who is staying at the same hotel)—Do you know I must put a 5-franc piece on the number of my age, just for fun? (Puts one on No. 25, No. 33 wins). Little Sister—Oh, I say, Ethel, what a pity! Now, if you had really put it on your right age you would have won, wouldn't you?

William II. loves homely fare. He insists on having on his table every Thursday a dish of mashed peas, smoked beef and sauerkraut to be eaten together.

Armour, the Chicago tinned-meat king, is said to be worth $50,000.

Du Maurier, the London artist, is blind in one eye.

ALARM AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

The Financial Office Wrecked by a Dynamite Explosion.

WAS IT DONE BY FENIANS?

A Dublin cable says: The financial office of Dublin Castle has been wrecked by an explosion. The disaster is said to have been caused by dynamite, and the Fenian party, as usual, is credited with bringing about the explosion. The authorities and others who know the facts display much reticence in furnishing information regarding the explosion; but the latest details that can be learned show that the affair has every appearance of being the act of some miscreant or miscreants seeking revenge or personal or political reasons. It is known now that the explosion occurred in the cellar. It has not as yet been ascertained what the explosive was, but it is believed that the police have knowledge that it was either dynamite or nitro-glycerine. The damage to the castle is very great. The ceilings of the two floors above the cellar were blown to pieces, the heavy beams in some places being torn into splinters. The furniture in the office beneath the Privy Council Chamber was completely smashed and destroyed. It was a fortunate thing that the workmen employed in making the improvements had quit work and were away to their dinner. The clerk in charge of the office was also absent at the time the explosion occurred. Had it been otherwise there is no doubt there would have been serious loss of life. The affair has created consternation among the people living in and employed about the castle. The Earl of Zetland late in the afternoon visited the scene and expressed surprise at the terrific energy of the explosion. He also expressed pleasure that nobody had lost his life. As soon as the authorities were satisfied that the explosion was not an accident, they telegraphed to London summoning to their assistance Col. V. D. Majendie, her Majesty's chief inspector of explosives, Sir Charles Alexander Cameron, inspector of explosives in this city, declares from his investigation that the explosion was caused by a large quantity of gun cotton. It is evident that it was the intention of the author or authors of the explosion to destroy the Privy Council chamber.

A meeting of the Privy Council was to have been held to-night, and it is supposed that the miscreants made some miscalculation in their arrangements for fixing the explosion. This was a very fortunate matter for the Privy Council, for if the explosion had taken place when the body was in session it would have resulted in widespread loss of life. Of course there are no means of determining how the explosion was fixed, as everything in the cellar was blown to atoms, but it is hoped Col. Majendie will be able to determine what articles were used. This once decided beyond doubt might furnish to the police a clue as to the perpetrators of the outrage. Frederick J. Cullinan, one of the principal clerks in the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, had a narrow escape from meeting instant death by the explosion.

The castle officials state that after the first feeling of alarm had passed away the consequences of the explosion were found to be less serious than they had feared. An expenditure of a few pounds, they say, will repair the damage. The Privy Council met as usual after the explosion. Chief of Police Mallon says the force of the explosion was exerted chiefly in an outward direction, and that it was probably an explosion of gas.

RAILWAY MEN FIGHT.

Strikers Attack and Beat Non-Union Competitors.

A Little Rock, Ark., despatch says: A car-load composed of some forty telegraph operators, machinists and brakesmen was attacked this morning by several hundred men, mostly railway employees, at Argenta. The men were en route from Indianapolis and Louisville to relieve the strike of the San Antonio & Arkansas Pass Railway. At 10.30 this morning a crowd of several hundred men, chiefly railway employees, were at the Fort Smith and Around Mountain crossing when the "Cannon Ball" from St. Louis steamed in. No sooner had the train arrived when a burly man cried out to the crowd, "Cut the hose and we'll drop the car out." A hundred men rushed to do his bidding, the hose was cut, and the car containing the "scabs" with another sleeper in the rear were cut out. When the train started for Little Rock, the mob having neglected to cut the bell-cord, the engineer's bell rang and he stopped the train. By this time all the engine whistles in the yard began to blow, and it seemed that bedlam had broken loose. A hundred men rushed into the fatal sleeper, driving the occupants from the car and into the swamps a hundred feet beyond. Most of them were driven into a pond, through which they floundered, followed by their infuriated pursuers. The sleepers were recoupled to the train and it crossed the river into Little Rock, where another crowd of men boarded the car, and with knives cut to pieces all the baggage of the unfortunate "scabs," tossing it through the car window into the yards.

J. C. Littlefield, who was in charge of the party of scabs, and several of his companions who escaped the mob, having taken refuge in the rear sleeper, took the train for Texas, while the other members of the party are hidden in the swamps awaiting an opportunity to escape. The railroad authorities are enraged at this action of their employees. The various labor railroad unions are strong in their sympathy for their striking brothers in Texas, and it is fortunate that none of the partysent to take their places received any serious injury.

A BRUTAL MURDER.

Toughs Rob and Murder a Man and Throw the Body into a River.

A New York despatch says: A brutal murder, the sole incentive to which was robbery, was committed in Harlem this morning. The victim, evidently a laborer, still remains unidentified. About two o'clock the murdered man was standing on the corner of Second avenue and 129th street, intoxicated. Two men, John Reilly, alias "Pop" Reilly, aged 26 years, and Edward Dooley, aged 23, known thieves, were seen to speak to the murdered man. Dooley accosted him, but the man made no reply, and the former struck him on the face, knocking him down. Reilly lent a hand in the assault, and both pounded their victim. The victim managed to regain his feet and staggered across the street. His assailants followed and again beat him. Reilly made a systematic search of the man's pockets in response to Dooley's command to "go through him." Then they led their victim to the river front and placed him where he would fall into the water. One Harry C. Turner witnessed the murder and notified an officer. The body was found floating in the river. The murderers were arrested.

IT LOOKS LIKE MURDER.

A Child Shot Lest She Might Expose a Gang of Criminals.

A Cincinnati despatch says: On December 16th Minnie Curtis, aged 4 years, was shot and killed at the house of her mother, near Williamsburg, Clermont county, Ohio. It was then supposed to be a case of accidental shooting. On Friday old Mrs. Graves, who lived alone in Williamsburg, was found dead in her bed, her body having been gnawed by rats. Yesterday George Snyder and O. Palyman, hucksters, who lived in Williamsburg, were arrested. Both confessed the guilt of several burglaries in that vicinity. Their relations with Mrs. Graves and the Curtis family have given rise to the suspicion that little Minnie Curtis and Mrs. Graves were murdered, and that they were the murderers. The supposed motive is that the child spoke innocently about goods they had stolen, and that Mrs. Graves knew too much about their crimes for personal safety.

MURDER CONFESSED.

He Surrenders, Claims Half the Reward and Becomes a Maniac.

A Denver, Col., despatch says: A man named Damarcipt surrendered himself to the police here on Friday, saying that two years ago he had killed Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, at Colfax, Cal., for the purpose of robbery. He said there was a $5,000 reward offered for his arrest, and requested that the police give his son William half the amount, as he was in great want. After his surrender the man went violently insane. A telegram to the chief of police at San Francisco elicited the reply that the man's story was correct, and that he is wanted in California for the murder.

—Teachers who have failed at the recent examinations at the School of Pedagogy, and who were teaching on a permit, cannot be employed as legally qualified High School assistant masters.

A Bank of England £5 note weighs one-twenty-third of an ounce.

GRAVES, THE WHISKEY POISONER.

The Jury Find Him Guilty of Killing Mrs. Barnaby.

THE VERDICT A SURPRISE.

A Denver, Col., despatch says: Yesterday morning in the Graves case Judge Furman resumed. He said: "I appreciate the anxiety of the court and yourself to get through with the case, and will condense my remarks as closely as possible. I am going to refresh your memory, not from my memory, but from the record. Conrad denied positively that he had said to Dr. Graves that if he could go back to his family and explain everything would be all right. Hanscomb admitted that he did say this. Conrad denied that he and Graves had quarrelled. Hanscomb admitted that he thought Graves had loud and stormy words with Conrad on one of the nights. Does not this sustain Dr. Graves? I would like to talk about thirty minutes on the guardian letter, but I have not time. If Dr. Graves did misrepresent about the guardian letter, it was not to hang anyone, but to curb Mrs. Barnaby's extravagance. they say that Dr. Graves' motive was to be made executor without bonds. They prove by John Conrad that Dr. Graves told him that he said he thought Mr. Barnaby had remembered Mr. Conrad's children in the will, but he did not know what amount he was left himself. Yet they say he had a motive because he had himself made sole executor. He did not know he was made sole executor until John Conrad told him."

When Judge Furman concluded his argument Prosecuting Attorney Stevens began the closing speech in the case. Mr. Stevens showed by testimony given by the doctor that Graves was aware some time before Mrs. Barnaby's death that he had been appointed sole executor, without bonds, of her will. Stevens said that although the defence had brought forward witnesses to prove that the contents of the bottle had been tampered with while it was in the buggy in the livery stable over night, none of the counsel on the other side had referred to this in the speeches. The defence was based entirely on the fact that the contents of the bottle had been changed, however.

It was 4 o'clock when Attorney Stevens closed his argument, and the jury were then allowed to retire to prepare their verdict.

Dr. Graves during the trial had been out on bonds, but as soon as the jury retired he was taken into custody.

At 10.15 p. m. the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

VINDICTIVE TO THE LAST.

A Condemned Murderer Tries to Kill His Jailer—His Execution.

A Chattanooga despatch says: Jesse Frierson was hanged yesterday afternoon for the murder of Officer Musgrove. Frierson was tractable until Friday night, when he made a desperate attempt to take the life of his jailer. Jailer Holt was passing through the apartment in which Frierson was located. He had gone after him to remove him to a place where the death watch could guard him, when the murderer, who was a powerful negro, grasped the officer by the throat and a terrible struggle followed. The murderer was aiming to get the jailer's revolver. When assistance finally reached the jailer, his face was livid and he was almost [illegible] strangled Frier-

[illegible] said to have fainted when it reached her.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Human Fiends Compel a Husband to See His Wife Outraged.

A New York despatch says: Seldom within the annals of a New York Police Court has there been such a revolting case heard as in the Yorkville court to-day. Wm. Parell, 21 years old, who lives with his newly-wedded wife Mary, aged 19, at 608 West 54th street, told the court that they were awakened at 2 o'clock this morning by some one breaking into their apartments. On the instant seven young toughs rushed into their bedroom, pulled him out of bed, and threatened him with death if he made an outcry. He broke away from them, however, and ran out into the street in his night-dress, shouting for help. Hearing screams from his wife's room, he rushed back to her assistance, only to find her struggling in the embrace of the thugs. Before he could reach her side, however, he was seized by several of the others, who held him and compelled him to witness a sight that cannot be described in words, as one after another of the young scoundrels ravished his wife. The poor young woman fought desperately, but her assailants beat her into insensibility and accomplished their purpose. Policeman Grinnon, of the West 47th street station, now entered the house, when the ruffians fled, all escaping but one, whom the officer succeeded in capturing. He proved to be Richard Kane, twenty years old, of No. 760 11th avenue. The officer then rang for an ambulance from the Presbyterian Hospital. On its arrival the surgeon who accompanied it said the young woman was very badly injured, besides suffering greatly from nervous prostration. She declined to go to the hospital and was attended at her home. She has been in an exceedingly critical condition all day.

Justice Ryan committed Kane for examination on Wednesday next. His six accomplices are not yet known, but the police are actively engaged in hunting for them, and express the belief that all of them will be under arrest before the day set for Kane's examination.

BURGLARS' DIABOLICAL WORK.

An Old Man Murdered and a Little Girl's Head Crushed.

A Bay City, Mich., despatch says: Another awful murder has been added to the black list of this county. Last night Joseph Lomnitz was found in his house on Fifteenth street with his head crushed in, and other marks of violence about his body. In the adjoining room was found his 5-year-old child with the side of her face crushed by some blunt weapon, evidently a hammer. The dead man's wife left home about 6 o'clock and went down town. She returned shortly after 9 and found the doors of the house all open. She went into the kitchen, lighted a lamp, and a horrible sight met her eyes. On the floor in a pool of blood lay the dead body of her husband. A search revealed the little girl in the adjoining room on the bed unconscious, blood streaming from a ghastly wound on the face. In another room was found another child sleeping. Evidences of a fearful struggle were visible in the kitchen, chairs overturned and other furniture displaced. In the front room was a bureau with one drawer pried open, from which $85 had been taken. The murderer evidently entered at the front door, and was detected while trying to open the bureau.

A RELIGIOUS MANIAC

Slashes His Wife's Throat With a Keen Razor.

A Greenville, Mich., despatch says: James Taylor, a resident of this city, while in a fit of insanity yesterday attempted to murder his wife by slashing her throat with a razor. He cut a deep gash in the back of her neck at the base of her skull. The chances of her recovery are slight. Sixteen years ago Taylor went insane upon the subject of religion and was confined in an asylum for three months. Since his release he has shown no signs of insanity until about a week ago, when he purchased a religious book entitled "Millenium Dawn," a perusal of which worked him into a frenzy, with the above result.

Damages for an Injured Back.

A Bethlehem, Pa., despatch says: Four years ago George Herstine, of Bethlehem, received injuries on a Lehigh Valley passenger train, which developed into "railway spine." He sued the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company and secured a verdict giving him $19,800 damages. Counsel for the company asked for a new trial this morning, and the court stated that unless Herstine accepts $13,000 in lieu of the verdict giving him $19,800 a new trial will be granted. The railroad company is greatly opposed to paying the damages rendered, as it would establish a precedent in like cases.

SHE WAS A PRETTY PIRATE

And She Took the Roubles of the Russian.

A CHICAGO WOMAN'S EMBRACE.

A Chicago despatch says: Vice-Admiral Paul de Nezienoff, of the royal Russian navy, friend of the Czar and commander of the Russian fleet in Chinese waters, will remember his present visit to Chicago for some time. Notwithstanding Admiral Nezienoff's known skill and ability as a strategist, some trim, clipper-built Clark street craft hauled up close under his port quarter about 11 o'clock last night, and lightered his cargo of valuables in artistic style. This is in the vernacular of the sea. In other words, the doughty sea warrior had his pockets picked, and every rouble he owned was taken. His watch, purse, letter of credit, letters of introduction, official credentials, railroad and steamship ticket to Paris, and even the checks for his luggage were deftly abstracted by a girl in white, who leaned half fondly against him in the throng emerging from the Chicago Opera House.

In consequence the admiral and his flag officer, Count Klador, are "marooned" at the Palmer House till they can obtain a fresh supply of cash from Russia. Admiral Paul de Nezienoff and Flag Officer Count Klador are on their way home to Russia. For the last three years the admiral has been in command of the Russian squadron in Chinese waters. The admiral lost over $2,000, not counting the letter of credit, on which payment has been stopped. The railroad companies have been notified to arrest any person presenting the baggage checks.

The admiral's story is that after leaving the theatre a fine-looking woman crowded up against him several times. He took hold of her to protect her from the pushing throng, and she clung to him with an affection that somewhat surprised and at the same time flattered him. A bright glance and a winning smile thanked the tall, portly gentleman for extending his strong right arm and holding the crowd at bay. By mere chance he put his hand in his trousers pocket and found it empty and flat, whereas before it had swelled outward like the sail of his own flagship before a spanking breeze. He had been robbed, that was plain, but by whom? Then he remembered the woman whosecemed to be trying to make progress through the jostling mass. He swore a mighty Muscovite oath, borrowed a few kopecks from his flag officer and called in the police.

VINDICTIVE TO THE LAST.

A Condemned Murderer Tries to Kill His Jailer—His Execution.

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[illegible] says: Lin- [illegible] from here, is [illegible] ment caused by the [illegible] dozen negroes, led by a [illegible] furrier. It appears that [illegible] been terrorizing the town for [illegible] Its members have been circulating petitions for the removal of the railway station some distance south of its present location, but they were strongly opposed by Dr. Bryan, a well-to-do citizen. To revenge the desperadoes visited the doctor's gin and set it on fire, burning it to the ground. They then fired the depot, and proceeded through the streets, firing their Winchesters in the houses as they passed along with a view to keeping the villagers indoors. The depot was totally destroyed. The sheriff immediately organized a posse, and at last accounts had lodged Purrier and three of his gang in jail.

A PURSE FOR DR. McGLYNN.

His Old Parishioners Make a Substantial Christmas Gift.

A New York despatch says: It is the custom each Christmas for the Rev. Dr. McGlynn's former parishioners to present him with a purse. On Christmas Eve Dr. McGlynn met Mr. Henry Carey by appointment, and Dr. Carey presented to Dr. McGlynn this year's offering, amounting to $1,989.60. This is larger by several hundred dollars than any purse presented to him in former years.

A Horrible Business.

A Chicago despatch says: Mrs. Annie Hanson has been arrested on a charge of manslaughter, it having been discovered that she keeps a baby farm on Calumet avenue. Six babies are known to have been taken to her house during the last five months, while five dead little ones have been found within a half mile of her place. The police claim to have a chain of evidence that will be sufficient to convict her of many crimes.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 75c. bottles by leading druggists.

—"They say that Dandie ill-uses his wife." "She might have expected it." "Why?" "He had the reputation of being a lady-killer when she married him."

—Sir Edwin Arnold has dedicated a volume of poems "To America," with these inscriptive lines:

Thou new Great Britain! famous, free and bright!
West of thy West, sleepeth my ancient East
Our sunsets make thy noons; daytime and night
Meet in sweet morning-promise on thy breast.

Fulfil the promise, Lady of Wide Lands!
Where, as shine own, an English singer ranks,
I, who found favor at thy sovereign hands,
Kiss them, and at thy feet lay these, for thanks.

There are about 1,100 men employed in the Bank of England, and their united salaries, including pensions, amount to about $1,500,000 per annum.

Miss Leftover—How did you like young Lieutenant Eligible? Miss Hunter—Oh, immensely! There's a ring in his voice that's very taking.

During the exhibition in Edinburgh Scotland, there were over 100,000 person carried in electric launches along the canal from the city to the exhibition.

—The "400" in Paris, Mo., is composed mostly of Virginians.

—What a young man who has a beat girl wants is to hold his own.

—England has 9,000 mounted yeomanry, costing 450,000 per year.

—Whittier wrote his first published poem when he was 17 years old.

—The municipal reapers are hard at work. What will the harvest be?

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

Ye editor sat on a cracker box,
His head between his hands;
He dreamed of the present, he dreamed of the past,
And dreamed of many lands:
But of all the dreams he had that day,
The most wonderful is to relate,
He dreamed that his subscription list
Was all paid up to date.

These are the days when resolutions
Are made like pie-crusts, to be broke,
Shaking many constitutions
Like a pig within a pock.
In fact many constitutions
Cannot stand these resolutions.

—Shoplifters are thieves when poor and kleptomaniacs when rich.

—Wool—Is your mother-in-law still with you? Van Pelt—No; still again me.

Between the years 1590 and 1680 no less than 3,400 women were burned in Scotland for witchcraft.

Herbert Spencer is described as a man at whom one would look a second time on the street. He is tall and in his attire is careful.

—When wild young men start out for fun they are going to have it if they have to fight for it.

Humanity appears to be very unequally divided between those who can't stand prosperity and those who can't get any to stand.

LESSON ON SAVINGS BANKS.

One Bank With Deposits of Forty-Seven Millions of Labor's Money.

Among the good resolutions that are forming in the minds of many people as the present year draws to a close, says the Boston *Globe*, is the resolution to begin with 1892 and lay up something for a rainy day. A writer who has been strolling around among the old savings banks of New York gives some interesting facts touching the power of money to accumulate, even at the modest but prudent and reliable rates paid by savings banks to the depositors. The laborer is, after all, the heaviest capitalist in society, although he does not manipulate the funds which he saves, like the capitalist proper. A single savings bank in New York has on deposit $47,191,052, mostly the savings of labor. That this is the case is indicated by the fact that it has 107,440 depositors. Compound interest is a powerful accumulator. Taking even the modest rate of 4 per cent. interest on deposits, and probably no institution on earth could exist for a century paying compound interest all the while, if any considerable number of depositors and their heirs should leave their deposits untouched. It is for this reason that savings banks prudently stipulate that no deposits left untouched for 20 years shall draw interest after that time. In this fact lies concealed a great lesson in self-denial. A man in Dutchess county, New York, upon the birth of his baby boy, went and put $100 in a New York savings bank, entailing principal and interest until the child was 21. The boy died, and he and the matter almost forgotten until recently, when, upon proving his claim, he received from the bank over $2,000. An old Irish woman recently went to the Bowery bank to draw out $5 which she had placed on deposit 25 years ago, quite unconscious of the power of compound interest, and created a very amusing scene when the cashier insisted upon paying her $200. For the average laboring man the task of saving is not an easy one. But every savings bank that offers compound interest offers a square winning game to whoever has the nerve to practice self denial and keep any considerable sum undisturbed for a number of years.

HE WANTED PAINT.

An Excited Man Creates Consternation in an Art Store.

A well-dressed man, with his hat tilted back on his ruffled hair, and an excited look in his eyes, entered Devoe's art store at 101 Fulton street on Wednesday afternoon, and stalked up to the counter, behind which several clerks were standing. The man slapped his hand imperatively on the counter. "I want a quarter 'v' million," and I want it quick."

The clerks turned pale and stared at the stranger. A porter slid quietly to the door to get a policeman. The well-dressed but excited stranger stared at the clerks in astonishment.

"What the dickens is the matter with you fellows, anyhow?" he cried. "Can't I get a quarter 'v' million without all of you having fits?"

"Pray, sir, don't get excited," said a clerk, patting the man on the arm. "The porter has just gone after it. We can't get so much money in a second, you know."

The stranger looked thoughtful a moment, then laughed and the laugh gave the [illegible] stranger. "I see, [illegible] d. I merly want [illegible] A quart of vermil-

[illegible] red their self-possession. [illegible] don," said one, "but you [illegible] that is sounded as if you had [illegible] quarter of a million. We thought you meant dollars."

The stranger got his paint and the clerks went out and treated themselves.—*Albany Sun.*

Burdette's New Year Resolutions.

Unless you have resolved not to make resolutions for the new year, you cannot do better (if you are a family man) than subscribe to the following suggestions by Bob Burdette:

I will get up and dress when the breakfast bell rings.

I will not complain when everything goes to suit me.

I will treat my wife as politely as though she were a perfect stranger.

I will strive to be more thoughtful for my own comfort, that others, seeing me happy, may also endeavor to be contented.

I will not spend so much money this year on the useless frivolities of life.

I will remember the poor if I have to make a memorandum to that effect every morning.

I will endeavor to impress upon my family the duty of greeting, with cheerful voices and laughing faces, the father on a family when he returns home weary and worn with the depressing cares and labors of a long business day.

I will go out by myself oftener, in order that my family may enjoy the tranquil and improving pleasure of a long, uninterrupted evening in the quiet sanctity of a happy home.

I must be more unselfish, and take better care of myself, that I may long be spared to be the joy and light of the home which it has pleased an appreciative Providence to bestow upon me.

I will pay my pew rent this year, if I have to deny myself a new overcoat, and my children have to go without shoes. I feel that we have not heretofore sufficiently denied ourselves in little luxuries for the sake of maintaining a good appearance at church.

I will be, in all things, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a good provider; and I will rear up a family that will love towns, when I told them I could do as I have stated. They immediately accepted the bet, and each posted $50 as a forfeit, the balance to be deposited by March 1st. They came back the next day to give me a chance to withdraw my bet, but I would not accept of it. I will carry out my agreement or lose my theatre."

Most Extraordinary Coincidence on Record.

According to a little work on coincidence, which has just been issued, the following is quite the most extraordinary coincidence recorded:

More than 200 years ago, on Dec. 5th, 1664, a boat crossing the Menai Strait, with 81 passengers sank.

The only man who escaped death was a Mr. Hugh Williams.

More than 100 years later, on Dec. 5th, 1780, another vessel with a large number of passengers sank under the same circumstances and in the same place. All the passengers were drowned except one (and the facts are proved to the hilt), a certain Hugh Williams.

Again, on Dec. 5th, 1820, a boat laden with nearly 30 souls also sank in the same spot. The only escaping passenger was a Hugh Williams.

These coincidences are well known to Welsh antiquarians, and are all recorded by good authorities.

She was Not His Wife.

The Master in Chambers has settled, so far as he is concerned, the dispute between the administrators of the late Joseph Leah and Miss Roddy, the young lady to whom Leah was engaged at the time of his death, by directing that the $1,000 in the hands of the Home Circle Society be paid to the administrator. It will be remembered that the benefit certificate was drawn up in favor of and payable to Leah's wife, but he died unmarried. Miss Roddy had the certificate and Leah had told the authorities of the order that the certificate was for her, and the name of wife was inserted, as he expected to be married shortly. The master holds that the administrator is entitled to the money, no one being in existence who answers the description of wife. Miss Roddy will appeal from this decision.

He Wanted to Know It All.

Husband—You say you expected to pay $15 for the shawl and got it for $12, and thereby saved $3.

Wife—Yes, dear; that's it.

Husband—Then what did you buy with the $3?

Perhaps That Is It.

Philadelphia *Press*:—"McCorkle, doesn't the city water disagree with you?"

"Oh, no, McCrackle; I drink it with impunity."

"Perhaps that is why it doesn't suit me. I drink whiskey with mine.

—The frog, owing to its peculiar construction, cannot breathe with the mouth open, and would die from suffocation if it were kept open forcibly.

—A child's first awakening to the fact that this is the world of humbug and sham comes with the knowledge that there is no Santa Claus.—*Elmira Gazette.*

Rosa Bonheur has finished the largest animal picture ever painted. It is called "Le Depiquage," and represents ten horses large as life trotting over the threshing floor still used in parts of southern Europe

WHAT OARSMEN WILL DO.

O'Connor Issues a Challenge—Teemer's Intentions—Hanlan Home.

TURF AND OTHER SPORTS.

The Turf.

The Ottawa Winter Trot Club has decided to give $1,500 in premiums at the meeting, which opens on the 13th February next and continues on the 16th, 17th 18th and 19th. The programme is an exceptionally good one.

Mr. Magee, of Ottawa, has had the misfortune to lose his stallion Neighbor Ups, by Thorndale, the horse dying on Thursday night from lung fever. He had a mark of 2.34. He was imported by R. Stewart, of Aylmer, in 1885, and in the winter of 1886 won the stallion stakes on the ice here, beating Thorndale Prince and Moneymaker, who had two heats in. His best get in training are Matthew W. and Ups Medium, who will go fast.

Senator Stanford has appointed James Dunstin trainer for his Palo Alto stables, to succeed Charles Marvin, who has accepted a position in the east.

The Oar.

There was a jovial gathering last night in the rooms of a well-known local oarsman to see the old year out and the new year in. Among the guests were champion William O'Connor and Edward Plaisted, "the champion of China," who accompanied Mr. O'Connor from New York. Mr. Edward Hanlan, "the boy in blue," just returned from the Pacific coast yesterday, was another of the guests. Neil is a bit sore at the scurvy treatment he received from the San Francisco newspapers, but he was treated as any Toronto rowing man will be in that city. Hanlan will probably go back to San Francisco next spring and beat Peterson, who is the pride of the 'Frisco rowing fancy.—*Globe of Friday.*

O'CONNOR TO OARSMEN.

Champion Oarsman O'Connor has issued the following challenge in New York papers:

Having read numerous challenges from John Teemer, George H. Hosmer, Jake Gaudaur, etc., who professes that he is eager to row, I wish to inform them that I hold the challenge cup, which represents the championship of America, and I stand ready to defend it against all comers. I will row any man in either hemisphere three miles, either straight away or with a turn, for $2,500 to $5,000 a side, the trophy and the championship of the world.

To prove that I am in earnest I have deposited $500 with Richard K. Fox. Now, if Teemer, Gaudaur or any other oarsman is eager for a match, all he will have to do is cover my deposit and forward articles of agreement. I shall be ready to row any time in June or July. First comes, first served.

JOHN TEEMER'S INTENTIONS.

John Teemer will declare himself early in the spring. His splendid condition makes him feel that the present season will be a prosperous one for him. He will challenge his old rival, Jake Gaudaur, and later, with George Hosmer as partner, will issue a challenge to the champion double-scull crew, O'Connon and Hanlan.

The Ring.

Fred Cain, of Hamilton, and Charlie McDole, of Toronto, will likely engage in a six-round sparring match at an early date.

Billy Hawkins, who knocked Sailor Brown out in three rounds in Montreal a short time ago, is in Toronto looking for a match with some of the local middleweights.

Mitchell and Slavin are hardly likely to starve in America when they can get $1,500 for a week's sparring. The proprietor of the People's Theatre, Chicago, offered them $1,250 for a week, but they held out for $1,500 and are to get it.

Superintendent Murray having declared that he would arrest both men if a hard blow were struck, the proposed sparring match between Maher and Dempsey in Madison Square Garden, New York, on January 14th has been declared off.

Chess.

The annual meeting and tournament of the Canadian Chess Association will this season be held in Toronto for the first time in many years. The prizes to be competed for are Association trophy, value $100; the MacLeod cup and three cash prizes, aggregating about $50. Play will commence on the afternoon of Monday, January 25th, and last about three days. The tournament is open to all chess players in the Dominion.

WILL TRAMP TO CHICAGO.

A Variety Company That Will Walk the Distance in 100 Days on a Wager.

William Leary, owner of the Gem Theatre, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., has made a strange and wonderful bet. He has wagered his theatre against $2,000 that he can organize a "Tramp Variety Show," consisting of five men and five women, who will walk from New York to Chicago in 100 days (Sundays excepted) and give shows on the way. One of the men he is wagering against is M. Whalen, of the White Elephant Hotel, of Suspension Bridge.

According to the articles of agreement which have been drawn up, Leary and his company must start from the *Police Gazette* office in New York on June 1st, 1892, without a cent of money in their pockets, and they are to use no money except what is earned by the show; also, they have the privilege of showing one night in New York City. A press correspondent will accompany the party to see that everything is carried out exactly as agreed. In case any of the actors get lame a stretcher will be provided and the rest will have to carry him or her, as the case may be.

Mr. Leary, when asked how this novel bet came about, said:

"A party of four gentlemen were talking about the show business generally, shows bursting up on the road and getting left in towns, when I told them I could do as I have stated. They immediately accepted the bet, and each posted $50 as a forfeit, the balance to be deposited by March 1st. They came back the next day to give me a chance to withdraw my bet, but I would not accept of it. I will carry out my agreement or lose my theatre."

Two Good Ways of Cooking Bananas.

Have you ever eaten cooked bananas? Here is a way of preparing them which may not have been known to you: Place eight bananas, peeled (not over-ripe), in a silver or enamelled pan, and pour over them half a pint of good claret or burgundy, with three ounces of sifted sugar and the juice of half a lemon. Stew very gently for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Serve cold, with whipped cream.

Another way of cooking bananas is the following: Six bananas, one well-beaten egg, four dessertspoonfuls of flour and two dessertspoonfuls of s