# Huron Signal.

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## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S DEATH.

Letter from Captain Carey's Mother to a Relative in Canada.

The Brussels *Post* publishes the following extract from a letter written by the mother of Captain Carey to a relative living in that part of Ontario:

We went down to Southsea to await the arrival of the *Junna*. Owing to the great kindness of those in authority we were the first to go on board, and found our dear boy, looking well and bearing himself with his usual bearing and calm self-possession, taking a cheerful view of everything, and so steadfast and resolute that the very sight of him cheered and comforted us, though, I must say, the last half hour of suspense, while he was with Prince Edward, of Saxe Weimar, was the most trying of all. Even now he is far from satisfied. He wanted a full, searching investigation into the whole affair, that it might be distinctly seen by everybody that he never was, nor could have been, in command of the escort. Had he been so, he says, the sketch-book and pencil would have been laid aside and his whole attention would have been lent, as a mounted officer, on his outpost and possible ambuscade. Never would he have consented to off saddle near a kraal. But he was only allowed to be attached to the expedition, just availing himself of its protection while verifying a disputed point in his plan, and having no responsibility, he was completely occupied with his sketch; and although he did remonstrate against the camping ground, still he did not feel called upon or justified in persisting in opposition. At the time of the alarm the kraal was between him and the Prince, and they rode away nearly at right angles from each other to take the donga at different spots. The grass being eight feet high they could not see each other. He believed the Prince to be much in advance of him, as he was splendidly mounted, an admirable horseman and a light weight, while Bernie's (Captain Carey's) horse was a poor, worn out old creature, the only one he could pick up in camp and quite unequal to his weight. It stumbled and nearly threw him as with much difficulty he got it over the donga. On getting his men together he found the Prince and three others were missing, but still hoped they had gone another way to camp. The Zulus covered the ground where they had parked, and to return was impossible, and he had to carefully guide the four remaining troopers back to warn the camp, by a path he only knew, to avoid the quicksands in the river they had to cross. The Zulus were trying to cut them off upon the left. It is not generally known that he was employed upon the staff several times under very heavy fire after the 1st of June, and that Lord Chelmsford sent to ask him as a favor to suppress some very important points that would have told in his favor and against Lord Chelmsford. We had to remain at Southsea till arrangements could be made by the General with the Adjutant-General, and then we came home. Bernie (Captain Carey) was so nicely received by our people. They took the horses out of the carriage, dragged the vehicle for a mile and a half, and they hung the streets with flags and presented him with a beautiful silver inkstand."

### A Journalistic Medley.

In the early part of this the *Nineteenth Century* of the *Christian Era*" a *Citizen of the World* strolled at night along *Pall Mall* on his way from *Belgravia* to *Whitehall*, accompanied only by the *Echo* of his footsteps. An old *Engineer* and soldier of the *Queen*, he had traversed by *Land and Water* the greater part of the *Globe*, and had, since his *Broad Arrow* days, fought under more than one *Standard*. Taking out his *Tablet* he stood and wrote as follows: "The study of *Public Opinion* offers a wide *Field* for the intelligent *Spectator* and *Examiner* of the *Times*." At this moment a *Watchman*, who had been a close *Observer* of his movements, approached and said, "Come, my noble *Sportsman*, you must move on!" "And what if I refuse?" demanded the other, standing like a *Rock* with his back against a *Post*, immovable as *Temple Bar*; "to be *Brief* with you, my friend, I shall in *Truth* stay here a *Week* if I think proper." "Well," rejoined the *Civilian*, "I am the appointed *Guardian* of this thoroughfare *All the Year Round*, and I protest against your making any *Sketch* or *Record* here! Are you a *Builder?*" Instantly a grasp of *Iron* was laid on his arm. "Do you wish me to *Punch* your head?" asked the *Traveller*.† "Oh, no," replied the other, all in a *Quiver*, "pray don't, I was only in *Fun*."

N.B.—These are two papers, viz., the *Christian* and the *Era*. †The *Globe* and "*Traveller*."

The Tower of London is locked up every night at nine o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour the yeoman porter, clothed in a long, red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out "Escort Keys." The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with "Who goes there?" the answer being, "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before. Arrived once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's keys and all's well." The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria." To which the guard responds "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings.

Winter in Cabul, says a foreign journal, is a period of easy idleness. The inhabitants live upon the dried fruits of the previous summer, and sit round a sandull, where they eat, sleep and exist in a hibernal state. Something like the dormouse. The sandull is a vessel to hold fire; with the poorer it is simply a hole in the ground, and charcoal is generally used as fuel. Over this is placed a table, on which food or other refreshments can be laid at meal times. Quilts, loungkie, or anything approaching the size of a sheet is placed on the table, and extended over the knees of those sitting round, and thus the heat of the sandull is preserved. When they wish to sleep they do not "retire for the night," as we put it, but simply recline where they are, and draw the sheets over them, and thus where they have sat all day, and eaten and drank, they use the same spot for their beds. It may be remembered that Mir Akbar died last winter from being burnt one night at a fire of this sort.

Some interesting experiments of ploughing by electricity took place the other day at Noisiel, in France, in the park of the well-known Deputy and chocolate maker, M. Menier. The motive power was supplied to the plough by a Gramme machine, itself set in motion by water power, which is abundant on M. Menier's estate. The plough did about the same work as if drawn by four oxen. It was a Fowler plough, with six shares. The motive power was supplied to it by a wire at a distance of nearly half a mile. To a profane looker-on it was amazing to see a plough propelled by an unseen agency without beasts or steam. The Gramme machine employed was the same that supplies M. Menier's manufactory with electric light.

The late Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, is proved to have been a much richer man than he was supposed to be. Since the first appraisal of his estate the appraisers have discovered $5,000,000 in Government bonds, and $300,000 in gold coin, which at the beginning of their labors was not known to them or any of their heirs. The original appraisement showed a valuation of $18,000,000. The recent discovery increases it to $23,300,000, which is one of the largest estates that has yet gone to probate in this country.

Would it not be as well to have a post card of this kind in Canada? The new U.S. postal card to be issued Nov. 1st, is of a very pretty design, and can be sent to all parts of Europe, China, Japan and Brazil. At the top of the card are the words, "Universal Postal Union," which are repeated in French in smaller type. Then come the words "United States of America," which are also repeated in French. The stamp is a well-designed head of Liberty, having on each side the figure "2" and the words "U. S. Postal Card."

From the London *Telegraph*: Most readers remember the story of Dr. Martin Luther, who, discovering a theological student concealed under his table and diligently taking notes of the doctor's "table talk" with his wife, dragged forth the offender, poured a porringer of gruel down his neck, administered to him a sound kick, and dismissed him with the recommendation "not to forget to put that down in his book."

At Hamilton (says a funny contemporary), if a young man takes his girl to a concert and it begins to rain just as it lets out, in order to save hack hire he offers to walk her home, go-as you please, for the champion belt and what they can get at the gate—and she always accepts.

### Until Next Summer.

Fold up the robes which the summer has kissed,
Lay them away, they will not be missed;
Crumple the furbelows, flossy and light,
Crush down the gossamer floating and white;
Fold them up softly, sweet maiden, to-day,
For the sunshine of summer has melted away.

The roses and lilies so fair and so frail,
Have gone from the garden and died in the vale,
And pansies and gentian and sweet mignonette,
With the taste of October are drooping and wet;
So, fair little maiden, the light tresses bind
Ere the sun of November shines wintry and cold.

Yet dream not to wear them again, as to day,
When the weeds of the year crush the blossoms of May;
For ah! the gay bodice may clasp in the breast
A heart full of sorrow and weary unrest;
And sombre-hued sackcloth the spirit may shroud
While the form bears the colors it flaunted unbowed.

So folding thy vesture to lay out of sight
With sweet-smelling posies, with heart bounding light,
Yet fold in a prayer for the strength you may need—
A prayer which He grants to the storm-beaten reed
For strength in its weakness—a stay evermore
Until winters and summers on earth shall be o'er

## INDIAN SNAKE STORIES.

I was a passenger on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer Medina, one among several young fellows who had started in various capacities on our "trial trip" to India. We had encountered some rather rough weather after quitting the Red Sea, but that was all over; we had had a fortnight's calm for several days and were now within twenty four hours or so of Bombay. Our promised land was almost in view; we were full of its many and varied attractions; all the dark colors had vanished from our picture, and our imaginations were kindled by the recollection of all we had read and heard; and we longed to realize for ourselves the new and strange experiences which we hoped were in store for us. India and Indian matters were now the staple topics of conversation; those going out for the first time were eagerly seeking information on many points from the "old stagers" among their fellow-passengers; and some of these worthies were a little inclined to improve the opportunity and treat the "griffins"—as the new-comers are usually called—to not a few travellers' tales. For my own part, I had made several good friends among the old Anglo-Indians on board, had learned much from them of practical importance to myself, and had listened to many a capital anecdote on matters relating to social life, and to hunting and travelling experiences.

It was our last evening but one in the Medina, and a group of us were sitting on deck after dinner, enjoying the pleasant light breeze that was blowing, chatting over the various incidents of the voyage, and discussing the probabilities and possibilities that awaited some among us in our new home. Elephant hunting and tiger shooting were passed in review, and some anecdotes of rather a thrilling nature were related.

"The big game are getting very much shot down," remarked an old judge, who had been many years out. "Tigers are quite scarce now, compared with what they used to be. In fact, it is becoming rather difficult to find them."

"All the better, too," replied a fat good-natured little man, Dr. Beamish. "The existence of tigers is only desirable to a parcel of idle sportsmen, and it is to be hoped they will gradually be exterminated, or nearly so. The rewards offered by Government have done much to effect this; and I hope the time is not far off when one may take an evening stroll without the risk of being carried off to form the supper of a family of hungry cubs."

"I don't think tigers are the chief objection to an evening stroll," said Mr. Barry, a civilian of some standing in the Bombay Presidency. "I can't say I ever encountered one myself, unless I went specially to look for it. Except those horrid brutes the man-eaters, which stick at nothing, a tiger will generally keep out of your way if you keep out of his. The snakes are the real obstacles to a comfortable walk. There is something peculiarly disagreeable in the idea of kicking what looks like a bit of wood out of your way, and getting in return a small prick from a cobra, which leaves you a dead man an hour or two afterward."

"Ay, a good deal sooner than that, sometimes," observed Dr. Beamish, nodding his head. "A few years ago our regiment was going from one station to another, and one morning we were marching before daylight, when a native servant, who was very near me, uttered an exclamation of pain and put his hand down to his foot. I asked him what was amiss, and he replied that a thorn had gone into his foot, and was hurting him badly, and making him feel sick. He staggered as he spoke; and bidding him sit down, I called for a light, and bent down to examine the place and try to extract the thorn. Not many minutes had elapsed, but the man was now very faint and unable to support himself, so I strongly suspected it was something more than he fancied. A moment's inspection showed me two tiny punctures like stings; a small livid ring was already forming round the place, and I became seriously alarmed for the poor fellow, for what he had imagined to be the prick of a thorn was the bite of a deadly snake. Excision of the part, and brandy and other restoratives were immediately administered; but all to no purpose; the poor man was a corpse in less than an hour from the time he had been bitten."

"It must be a most deadly poison to act so rapidly," said a gentleman who stood near the doctor. "Has no antidote never been discovered to counteract it?"

"None that can be relied on," replied Dr. Beamish. "The bite of the cobra da capello is certain death to the unfortunate victim, and that within a very short space of time. I have known many instances of individuals having been bitten, and heard of many more; but I never encountered a case in which the sufferer recovered from the effects of the poison, though I have heard of such a thing having occurred among the natives."

"You mean by the application of the snake-stone?" suggested the judge.

"Yes, I have certainly heard of some apparently well-authenticated cases of cures having been effected by them; but never having witnessed one, I cannot say what amount of reliance may be placed on such statements."

"Snake-stones—what are they? Where are they found?" enquired one or two of the listeners around.

"They are manufactured in various places," said the doctor; "and I have seen them, though I never happened to see them employed. Their native name is Pambookaloo; and they are small dark substances, very light and porous in texture, their power of absorption being very remarkable. In calling them stones we merely use the customary expression, for they are not really stones, but are in reality small pieces of charred bone."

"Do the natives carry them about as charms, or how do they apply them?" asked a young assistant surgeon, who had been listening very attentively.

"They do not seem to have any power of *averting* snake bites, so are not considered as charms in the ordinary sense," replied Dr. Beamish. "When a native has been bitten and a snake-stone is at hand, the limb is bandaged very tightly above the place, and the stone is applied to the wound, to which it first adheres closely, and then drops off of its own accord. It has then apparently drawn out all the poison and the patient is supposed to be cured. This, at least, is what I have been told; but the efficacy of the so-called cure is quite another matter."

"It is what I have often been told, too," observed the judge; "and I remember seeing a man in my district who was said to have been bitten by a cobra and had been cured by the application of one of these so-called stones. But I am inclined to think there is a good deal of chance in the matter. Perfect faith in the virtue of the stone may go a long way in assisting the cure; and of course we only hear of the successful cases, never of the failures."

"That is true," replied the doctor; "and there is, besides, no special quality in the 'stone' itself that can be ascertained, for they have been frequently subjected to very careful analysis, and, as I said, have turned out to be nothing more mysterious than a piece of charred bone, afterward shaped and polished. At least that is all we can tell about them; and they certainly hold no place among the remedies employed by medical men."

"In fact, doctor, there is no remedy for the bite of a snake no good as keeping out of its way; prevention better than cure, eh?" remarked a cheery old merchant on his way back to the North-west Provinces.

"No doubt of that, Mr. Roberts; but unluckily we can't always manage to keep out of the way of snakes; I only wish we could. Why, I could tell you a dozen instances of their being found in the most unlikely places, and of several most providential escapes from being bitten. A brother officer of mine, who was with his regiment on the line of march, slept every night on a low *charpoy*, or camp bed, in a corner of his tent, which was curtained round, but of course rather loose in its construction. His servant's entrance one morning disturbed a snake, which rapidly slipped from the bed, and made off through an aperture in the tent. Another servant on the outside perceived it, and killed it instantly by a blow from a switch which he chanced to have in his hand. It proved to be a cobra, three and a half feet long; and my friend's thankfulness for his escape may be imagined when he discovered on an examination of his bed that the deadly reptile had been lying coiled up within a few inches of his head, the round indentation on the pillow being plainly visible; who he recollected having felt a slight sensation of movement once or twice, which luckily for himself he had been too drowsy to notice further."

"Come, now, doctor, is that a fact?" said old Mr. Roberts, shaking his head doubtfully. "They say misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, but a cobra would tax per most people."

"It's a fact all the same," rejoined the doctor oracularly. "Bless you! it that surprise you, I'll tell you one or two more; and then I'll call on the judge, who I know has one at least of a nature to make your hair curl, for I've heard him tell it. Well, then, I was assisting once at a *burra khana* or big dinner party, and we had all been extremely vivacious. At last the ladies rose to depart, when just past the muslin skirts of a very pretty girl, who had been my partner, my neighbor, there glided a cobra, which forthwith made for the open window behind us, but was attacked and killed before it could escape. The young lady, not unnaturally, got rather hysterical; but she soon came round, and then told us what, considering all the circumstances, there was not the slightest reason to disbelieve, that during the progress of the dinner her foot had on several different occasions touched a soft object, which once or twice moved slightly, but which she concluded to be a pet dog belonging to the master of the house, which she was the perfectly quiet and good-tempered. The dog, however, had not been in the room at all; and the object she had touched had undoubtedly been the coiled-up snake, whose bite would have been speedily fatal to the poor girl, who little guessed the awful risk she had so narrowly escaped.

"Now for one other anecdote, and then perhaps the judge will kindly follow suit. One of our sergeant's wives had a little boy of about a year old. The child was asleep one day in a wicker cradle, over which the mother had spread a light chintz quilt, to protect the infant from the flies. She was engaged in some household matters in the next room, quite assured of the boy's safety, as she was close at hand, and could hear his slightest movement. Some cause or other took her into the apartment where the child lay, and, glancing at the cradle, she beheld a terrible sight. The infant lay in deep and tranquil slumber; but at the foot of the cradle, coiled up on the quilt, was a snake, which the least motion of the child might at any moment disturb and irritate, when the most frightful result would probably follow. Knowing herself to be powerless for good, the poor mother cast an agonized look on her sleeping babe and with trembling limbs slipped from the room and rushed to the place where she knew she should find her husband. In a moment he had decided what to do; and seizing some implement with a locked extremity, he followed his wife back to the house. Stepping softly up to the cradle, with one swift movement he dexterously twitched the deadly reptile from the spot where it lay, and with a well-aimed blow killed it on the ground where it fell. Nothing like presence of mind on such occasions; no time for deliberation with cobras. Now I think I have pretty well done my share of the talking and harrowed your feelings up to the proper pitch for the judge's story."

"Well, well," said the judge, "I suppose I must try. Once upon a time, then—to begin like the old fairy tales—I was a smart young fellow, like a good many of you here; and I was lucky enough to obtain a civil appointment, which was a very good thing in those days, and isn't a bad thing now, let me tell you. My father had an old friend, a civilian, who lived in Bombay; and when I landed I found a very cordial invitation awaiting me to go to this gentleman's house and stay as long as suited my convenience. A more hearty, kind, and hospitable old gentleman he was; nobody could be more in a more sinecure friend; he would have gone miles to do any one he liked a service. He had one special fault, however, or weakness we may rather call it—he was very fond of practical joking."

"A most excitable vice, if you'll excuse bad language," interpolated the doctor.

"It is indeed," resumed the judge, "and I trust none of our young friends here will ever be guilty of it, for it is neither clever nor gentlemanly. My friend Mr. Gordon was a thorough Indian, who had lived in the good latitude in manners was permitted; such things would not be tolerated now. In addition to various foolish little tricks which Mr. Gordon was fond of playing off upon his guests, especially upon the 'griffs,' he had one favorite joke, which had become a constant habit with him, so that he rarely encountered a new-comer without perpetrating it, if the opportunity offered. This was to pick up a stick, bit of matting, or rope, or anything that came handy, and throw it against the person he wished to startle, at the same time exclaiming, 'A snake!' Some of them merely smiled and took no further notice, others perhaps started and looked uneasy for a moment, and this delighted the old gentleman, while a few were found who were visibly annoyed, and did not see the joke at all. It was certainly a very weak one. However, he seemed to find it entertaining, for he constantly perpetrated it, till his one day received a lesson which undoubtedly cured him of that trick, and I think of a good many others.

"He was walking in his compound, or garden, one afternoon with two or three friends. I was there, too, and with me was one of the young men who had come out at the same time as myself, and who had called that day to see me, and had been hospitably invited to remain to tiffin. He and I were strolling about by ourselves, when the course of our walk brought us close to the spot where Mr. Gordon and his friends were chatting. In a moment the old gentleman stooped down to a little tuft of herbage beside him, seized what looked like a small stick or bit of branch, and flung it against my friend, Mr. Ashley, saying, quickly, 'There's a snake!' I had heard this so often now that I did not even smile, but just glanced at Ashley with a look meant to say, 'Never mind it's only his little joke.' My eye fell on his bent arm, where the object thrown by Mr. Gordon had alighted; it had not fallen off, but had remained there. That moment it began to move; and with a sensation of horror, which to my dying day I can never forget, I saw the reared head and small bright eyes of a krait, one of the most poisonous snakes in India! Its bite was all but certain death, and that in a very short time. 'Stand still!' I cried, in an agony. 'Do not stir, Ashley, as you value your life!' One glance, and the brave young fellow comprehended the situation. The snake was now slowly curling itself about his shoulder. If he shuddered, I never saw it; indeed, my eyes were riveted upon the horrid spectacle, and I prayed as I had never done before that this most terrible fate might be averted from my poor friend. Just one glance I ventured at Mr. Gordon, who with his friends had turned round on hearing my exclamations, and stood silently by, still as the grave, hardly daring to breathe. The poor old gentleman was piteous to see. His face was pale as death, his eyes almost starting from his head, great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. 'Mercy! O God! mercy!' I heard him once faintly murmur.

"You must remember that all this occurred in less than a minute—in far less time than I have taken to tell it. But what an age it seemed! And if it felt so to me, what must it have been to the poor fellow who knew that his only chance was to remain perfectly still! He did so. He stood as if he were made of stone, never moving even a muscle. The snake crawled round his neck and shoulders, reared itself for a moment against his head, and again I saw its horrid glittering eyes. Once more it curled itself round his arm, and then, after a moment's pause, it glided down his leg to the ground, and rapidly made off in the direction of a hedge not far off, where we did not attempt to pursue it, being only too relieved by its disappearance. 'Thank God! you're safe. Oh, thank God for it!' said Mr. Gordon, rushing up to young Ashley, and seizing him warmly by the hand. 'My dear young fellow, can you ever forgive me? for I never, never can forgive myself! One thing, however, I am cured. Never from this day forward shall I do such a senseless, idiotic thing again—never, never!' 'Perhaps' will be as well, sir,' replied Ashley, with a faint attempt at a smile; but the next instant he fainted. The strain had been tremendous, and it was a good while before he came round. He was not ultimately the worse for his fright, however, and the incident proved to be a slight advantage; for he found a stanch friend in Mr. Gordon, who never forgot the peril to which he had exposed the young man, and did all in his power to assist him in his profession, of which he afterwards became a very successful and leading member. And no article of contribution to the evening's entertainment," Whereupon the worthy judge leaned back in his deck chair with an expression of considerable relief, and waved his hand in a deprecating manner, in reply to the thanks he received from the circle who had been listening to his narrative.

"Story-telling is like eating; it only wants a beginning," observed Dr. Beamish, cheerfully. "I know the judge would come nobly out of the difficulty; and I see Mr. Barry there has an anecdote at the tip of his tongue. Let us have it, me dear sir, by all means."

"Curiously enough," said Mr. Barry, "that story of the judge's reminded me of a case that happened many years ago in my district. I did not see the occurrence myself, and a native who did told me about it and, in fact, the thing was perfectly well known. It took place at a dinner party or social gathering of some kind. A lady sat down to a piano and had just begun to play, when someone chanced to look at the leg of the music stool she was sitting on, and it was about the time when the judge, the doctor and some of the others were in the habit of turning in for a nightly rubber of whist. An adjournment was made, therefore, by most of the party to the cabin, Dr. Beamish bringing up the rear with the chaplain.

"Very curious incident that you have just related, Mr. Lane," I heard him say, as he descended the stairs; "I must really make a note of it."

"Yes," calmly replied the chaplain, "but nevertheless terribly true."

### FEROCIOUS FELINES.

A Glanford Boy Attacked by Cats and Receives Serious Injury.

We have it on pretty good authority that several mornings ago a boy about fifteen years old, a nephew of Mr. James Harrison (of Glanford), an inmate of his family, went out to the barn to feed the horses. When he mounted the loft he discovered two large cats lying on the straw asleep. Boy like, he took up a bundle of fodder and, creeping up, struck both of them at one blow. There was something of a disappointment in the result. The cats, instead of running away, sprang at the boy with a fury that startled him. Having nothing with which to defend himself, the boy tumbled around, while the cats squalled clawed and bit him unmercifully. The boy's cries did not bring any assistance, and, of course, realizing the fact that it might prove fatal to delay desperate efforts, the boy sprang toward the ladder leaning against the rafters and ascended to the roof of the house. The cats followed him, and, despite his efforts to keep them away, bit and clawed him frightfully. Realizing his ladder folly, he jumped down on the hay. The cats followed him. By this time he was bleeding very freely, and his coat was almost torn into threads. Seeing one of the cats by the hind legs, he attempted to beat it to death against the wall, but the animal turned around and began tearing his arm. Shaking the feline off, he ran to the ladder leading down. The animals followed him. Just as he reached the ladder, he discovered a monkey wrench lying on the floor. Seizing it, he turned, dealt the foremost cat a blow between the eyes, and before it could recover, meshed its head. The other animal was not rendered less ferocious by the death of its companion, but fought with fury. With a heavy blow the boy stretched out the remaining feline and beat out its brains. Catching them by the tails, he marched to the house to give an account of his battle. When he entered the house, ragged and bleeding from almost every inch of his body, holding two large cats by the tails, the astonishment of the uncle and terror of the aunt were what you might call boundless.

The boy has been confined to his bed since the encounter, and his physicians say that it will be a long time before he will be able to be about again. In fact the injuries may result fatally.—*Hamilton Times.*

Diphtheria is still very prevalent at Newbury. Seventeen deaths are reported.

## EIGHT DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

### A Woman Becomes Fast in a Swamp and Nearly Dies of Starvation.

Port Jervis, New York.—The particulars of a fearful adventure in Pike County, Pa., reached here this morning. Mrs. Mary Avery, who resides near Homesdale, Wayne County, started out to visit relatives at Rowland's, Pike County, Pa. She concluded to walk, and night overtook her while she was passing through "Link" Swamp, in Lackawaxen township, Pike county. Mrs. Avery lost her way and got fast in the mire. She struggled to get out of the bog but in vain, for the more she struggled the deeper she sank. She finally ceased attempting to extricate herself, and prayed for help to arrive; but none came. She remained in this mire up to her knees for eight days. She kept alive by continually moving her hands and keeping up a motion of the body. No food passed her lips in 194 hours, save some birch bark that grew on the bushes within reach. She was compelled to quench her thirst by drinking the dirty water in which she stood. She was rescued from her perilous position on the eighth day after her first imprisonment in the bog by Mr. John Baisden, who passed through the swamp while on a hunting expedition. Mr. Avery was found in a semi-unconscious condition. The doctors say that in all probability her mind will be seriously impaired, the mental strain while in the bog for eight days having been terrible. Mrs. Avery is of a very respectable family and is quite wealthy.

### POLITICAL LIBEL.

Pembroke, Ontario.—The Fall Assizes for the County of Renfrew opened here yesterday before Mr. Justice Cameron. There were thirteen cases on the civil docket, and five or six criminal charges, among which are charges of stabbing with intent to kill, rape, concealment of birth and perjury.

The case of the Rev. Jas. McCormac vs. the Pembroke *Observer* was partially heard to-day, and created a good deal of interest. The plaintiff is a Roman Catholic priest, who has taken a very active part in the election of Conservative candidates for the South Riding of Renfrew, and he brought an action against the above-mentioned newspaper for a libellous article published in its columns against him. The article appeared on the 27th June last, and was to the effect that Mr. Bannerman, M.P., had lost a fortune of some $100,000 in wine, tomfoolery, and that there was a common rumor that a well-known clerical gentleman of the Opeongo district had received about a fourth part of it.

No evidence was called by the defendant to justify the article, except to show that the rumor to which they gave publicity was actually current at the time, and that the article was published upon that rumor.

The Court was adjourned after defendant's counsel had addressed the jury.

### FATAL MINE EXPLOSION.

Scranton, Pa.—At six o'clock on Saturday morning the mine boss in charge of the Mill Creek Colliery of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., at Mill Creek, fifteen miles from this city, entered the mine and fired a blast in the pillars of coal which are always left to support the roof in the mines giving way. He sent for a force of men to prop up the crumbling pillar, and at ten o'clock George Forsey, Daniel Rupp, Wm. Kinney, Zach. Thomas and D. Jenkins entered the mine. About eleven o'clock an explosion was heard by people in the vicinity of the mouth of the mines. The news that an accident had occurred spread like wild fire, and a large excited crowd speedily gathered at the colliery. As soon as it was deemed safe the mine boss, with two companions, descended the mine. Proceeding to No. 8 lift they came across the charred bodies of Thomas and D. Jenkins. Further on, in No. 9 lift, they found the remains of Forsey, Kinney and Rupp. The bodies of the latter three were fearfully mangled and partly covered by a mass of splinters, timbers and broken coal. Forsey's leg was blown off and Kinney's head smashed. The men were all dead when found. The clothing was burned almost entirely off the bodies of Jenkins and Thomas. The bodies were hoisted to the surface amidst weeping and lamentations of the friends and relatives of the unfortunate miners. As the five men who first entered the mine were all killed, it cannot be definitely ascertained how the catastrophe occurred. It is thought, however, that the flame from one of the miner's lamps came in contact with some gas and caused the explosion.

### LYNCH LAW IN MISSOURI.

Konosa, Missouri.—The trial of Bill Young, for the murder of Louis Spencer and four children, resulted in his acquittal. Although Young was acquitted the belief in his guilt was very decided among the citizens and they determined to lynch him. On Sunday Young was married. As the train passed through Kahoka this morning Young and his wife alighted, and a mob of 200 to 300 followed them on horseback and in wagons, and surrounding his house demanded a surrender. Young opened fire on the mob, and shots were exchanged until he was wounded. Eight men then forced their way into the house, cut down Young and hanged him. The excitement was intense.

### HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

A Dog Partly Devours an Infant.

Port Hope, Ontario.—On Friday afternoon as Mr. Portingas, who lives on the 8th Concession of Hope, near Rice Lake, was passing along the road he saw a large dog coming out of the woods with something in its mouth. He chased the animal and found it to be the body of a well developed infant. It had been partly eaten by the dog. He took the body into the house and notified Coroner Maxwell, who is holding an inquest this afternoon.

### UNRULY STUDENTS.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.—Several hundred students came here last night to clean out the citizens in retaliation for the arrest of several of their number the evening previous. They posted upon the officers who attempted to quiet them. The Mayor had the alarm bells rung. The citizens came by hundreds with clubs and overpowered the unruly students. Ten of the leaders were arrested. The military were called out. No further trouble.

Mrs. Annabell Plummer, of Woodstock, N. B., is not disposed to accept silently her husband's advertisement "forbidding" all persons to trust her, etc. In a counter advertisement in the *Sentinel* she remarks—"I would inform the readers of your paper that Wm. Plummer is wrong in advertising his wife's leaving his bed and board without any just cause, as the bed is her own, both before and since. The board, she had none for sometime before leaving, only as neighbors brought it in, as she lay on a sick bed, not able to care for herself. In leaving his tender care she did it to save herself from death."

There may be a long, sweet summer and a gentle, meditative autumn, but the cold, bleak winds of winter are sure to come sooner or later. And be life ever so peaceful and prosperous, even down through a serene old age, the time will come when the pleasing warmth of vitality will be felt no longer, and the three score years and ten will have as effectively vanished as if they had never been.

As a proof of the economy practised by the new Government of Egypt, the Austrian journal *Bombe* gives the following illustration: Criminals of a certain grade are entitled to one hundred lashes with the bamboo cane; but a superior court has reduced the number to fifty, on the ground that the Government is obliged to spend too much for bamboo canes, when the lashes are too lavishly administered.

The Japanese Government has in its service eighty Englishmen, thirty-one Americans, thirty Frenchmen, eighteen Germans, seven Dutchmen, four Italians, three Swiss, three Chinese, two Austrians, two Portuguese and one Russian, making 181 foreigners out.

### STRANGE CASE.

A Farmer Accuses Himself of Murder in Order to Move an Ugly Rumor Cleared Away.

Mr. James Nagle, of Usborne, near Woolham, was in Exeter on Wednesday, and in conversation with the proprietor of the Wingham *Times* stated that he is the person accused of shooting the man at Woodham about two weeks ago. He says he is determined to lie under that suspicion no longer. And after what has appeared in the papers he feels it an absolute necessity to lay a charge against himself, which he has done before Mr. Walker, J. P., of Usborne. Mr. Nagle has taken a proper step. If he can clear this ugly affair up, the investigation which he seeks will be the best thing he could do.

### More About the Medicine Man's Fizzle.

We take the following from the New York *Spirit of the Times* of a late date:

If the Rochester firm which invented the Chautauqua Lake fizzle have employed Courtney as their advertising agent, if he is working solely in their interest, and if it would be cheaper for them to pay him $1,000 than $3,000 thinking to have Hanlan win the whole $6,000 by beating Courtney in a race; if these things be true, then Courtney's conduct is easily explained; if not true, the mystery is still unsolved. A member of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen writes to the Editor of the *Spirit*, under date of Oct. 25, as follows: "Have just been reading yours on the Hanlan Courtney fizzle, and must say that it meets my views exactly, except that I had made up my mind that Courtney did not personally know of it. The explanation of Lawson and Hanlan is the thinnest I ever saw, and I believe if they did not do it they certainly knew of it. I told Brown in presence of James Jetts, of Gettysburgh, that I could fix one of the boats in two hours, and he stated what I said at the time was in confidence at the hotel. It goes on to say the American public are just now forced, whether they will or no, to attend the representation of a new drama called "The Mystery of Mayville; or, the Sculling Scoundrels." No one can deny that this is a most original and attractive play not borrowed from any other nation, nor adopted from any French comedy. It seems to be what playwrights classify as a composite farce. The first act was a rousing old-fashioned Bowery melo drama, with plenty of villain and red fire. The second act, now in progress, is a circus pantomime, where the two clowns belabor each other with bladders, and the rest of the stock company egg on their favorite champions. It is evident that in the third act the manager could, owing to the questionable nature of this powerful company, play "The Forty Thieves" or forty thieves, and the long suffering public fervently hope that the scene will be laid in the penitentiary.

### Another Remarkable Verdict.

The jury is a wonderful institution. In a case tried at Ottawa a few days ago a jury finds a man guilty and then innocent; in the celebrated Mousseau-*Witness* case the prosecutor is found not guilty, and now, in Belleville, a representative jury in the case of O'Hearne against the Lanesboro Insurance Company found a verdict for the defendant, and after their discharge unanimously signed a protest against their verdict as given, stating that they had intended to find for the plaintiff for five hundred dollars. They lay the cause of their mistake on their failing to understand the question as it had before them by the judge. This being the case, they must have been brought to a proper knowledge of the question by some person after they had left the box, in which they had heard all the evidence for and against. This opens another feature in trials which is seldom considered in this matter, the effect of the advocates in a case. Two men are pitted against each other, each endeavoring to obtain a verdict, very often by any means, fair or foul. The witnesses, generally unused to such experiences, are badgered to death, and made to contradict themselves, and are usually so confused that on leaving the box they are entirely oblivious of what they have been made to say. Occasionally the judge or the advocate in whose favor the witness is supposed to testify steps in to save him, which leads to a wrangle more confusing than the badgering. Then his duty commences to deliver a peculiar of more or less length, and—as they often do not understand the case themselves—generally with the result of darkening counsel more than ever. Then the judge winds up the whole proceeding by a charge which should be clear and judicial. He sometimes has become as befogged as the jury or even the prisoner himself, but generally the charge is fair and clear. By this time, however, the jurymen, if the case be a long one, have forgotten half or perhaps the whole of the evidence, and the judge's summary is new matter to them, and they retire to consider the case. The result, if unsatisfactory, cannot always be wondered at. When the jury was first instituted it is safe to say that the present system of advocacy was unthought of, and the misfortune of our time is that a question at issue became more complicated and procedure more entangled, the composition of juries becomes less and less intelligent relatively to the mass of the people.—*Montreal Witness.*

Agricultural Implement Manufacturers' Association.—The meeting of agricultural implement manufacturers was continued yesterday at the Rossin House, Toronto. It was agreed that the name of the new organization should be "The Agricultural Implement Manufacturers' Association." The objects of the Association were stated to be as follows—"By friendly intercourse, to promote good feeling amongst manufacturers by advice and consultation as to approved methods of manufacture; to improve the quality and reduce the cost of producing farming implements, and of systematizing the business of manufacturing and selling to supply the consumer with goods at the lowest possible price." The meeting elected the following officers—James Noxon, Ingersoll, President; Peter Patterson, M. P. P., Vice-President; Francis T. Frost, Smith's Falls, Secretary-Treasurer; Executive Committee—John Haggart, Brampton; Mr. Lee, Toronto; Mr. Coburn, Hamilton; Mr. Mahon, London; John Abell, Woodbridge; and John Watson, Ayr.

A murder that for coolness and deliberation is not often surpassed is reported from Breitenbach, Germany. A married couple having quarrelled, the wife left the house, and for several days stayed away, sleeping at night in barns wherever she found it convenient. Meanwhile the husband remained calmly at home. This indifference exasperated the wife to a pitch of diabolical hatred, and about eleven o'clock one night she returned to the house, and while her husband lay asleep in an adjoining room went into the kitchen, started a fire, filled a kettle with water, and put it on the stove, waited patiently until it steamed, and then, taking it to her husband's bedside, poured the contents over him, scalding him so badly that he lived only a few hours.

Sad Fate of an Old Man.—An old man named Gibson Grey, of Fonthill, was fatally burned on Saturday night last. He was carrying a lamp in his hand, when he stumbled and fell, the lamp breaking and the oil catching fire. He was soon enveloped in flames, and so severely burned that his recovery was from the first quite hopeless. From 1853 up to the time of the removal of the office to Welland in 1872, he held the position of Deputy-Registrar. Mr. Grey was 79 years of age, and much respected by all who knew him.

Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss, in 1404. They were first manufactured in London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time, both men and women in England commonly wore close knitted woolen caps.

The Ontario Cabinet members in the Dominion House are said to have complained against the large number of positions bestowed on young Tories from the Maritime Provinces.

An old gentleman, on his return from a fashionable tour, being asked who carried off the palm at watering place "hops," laconically answered: "Frogs."

It now looks as if the new French cable scheme would collapse and not be carried out.

## Condensed Telegraphic News

London, Eng.—Two large land meetings were held in the County of Galway, Ireland, on Saturday. Messrs. Parnell, Mitchell and Henry, Home Rule members for the House of Commons, were present.

The German admiralty have agreed to extend a contract, time to the end of the year, for raising the iron-clad Grosser Kur