LONDON'S POLICE.

Wide Territory Covered and Extensive Jurisdiction of the Force.

The Metropolitan police district embraces an area of nearly seven hundred square miles, extending from Colney Heath, in Hertfordshire, on the north, to Mogadore, Todworth Heath, on the south, and from Lark Hall Farm, in the east, to Staines Moor, Middlesex, in the west. The following constitute only a portion of the labors of the metropolitan police during the past year. They apprehended 33,414 persons, received 19,421 reports of criminal offences, recovered £21,666 worth out of £99,841 worth of property stolen, made 6,046 inquiries for Government departments and provincial and continental police, found and restored to their friends 11,540 persons out of 23,042 persons reported missing, attended 1,311 fires, summoned for various offences 226 refreshment-house-keepers, 9,091 drivers of hackney carriages, carts, etc., 14 common lodging-house-keepers, 53 offenders under the smoke nuisances acts, and 5,623 persons for miscellaneous offences, and they served 88,446 summonses applied for by private persons. The authorized strength of the force at the beginning of the present year was 15,624, of whom some are employed on duties for various Government departments, including special protection posts at public offices and buildings, dockyards and military stations, etc., leaving 13,600 available for service in the metropolis. The pay of the force during the year 1890 was £1,206,287, which appears very moderate when it is considered that the ratable value of the area for the year was over £35,000,000, the actual value of the property under the charge of the police being at least forty or fifty times that amount.—*Saturday Review.*

WANTON BRUTALITY.

A Little Girl Seized and Savagely Beaten by an Unknown Assailant.

A Chicago despatch says: With her life in the balance, her face bruised and battered almost beyond recognition, and her breast and shoulders covered with the black marks of brutal heels, beautiful little Louise Hagen lies at her home on Washington boulevard, the victim of a most daring and dastardly outrage. While returning to her home about dusk on Sunday, along Laflin street, she passed a man whose actions frightened her. She ran to within a few hundred feet of Madison street, when the man, who had pursued and passed her unobserved, sprung out of an alley and struck her a terrible blow on the back of her head with a monkey wrench. The blow would have felled the strongest man, and the fragile form of the poor girl sank limp and insensible to the sidewalk. Then throwing a handkerchief across her mouth and face, and holding it by the ends behind her head with one hand, the villain seized her at the waist with the other and dragged the senseless form into the filth and gloom of the alley. The entreaties of his victim only seemed to have the effect of increasing the savagery of the brute. With a murmured oath he struck her in the face while he stooped over her prostrate form. Then rising to his feet he stamped his heavy feet upon her breast and shoulders. Alarmed by the footsteps of a passer-by the brute fled. The bleeding and half unconscious girl was taken to her home, where physicians pronounced her condition as critical. The police are working on the case.

ORANGES VERSUS KEELEY.

The Luscious Fruit is Good for Drunkards as Well as for Beauties.

The value of oranges as an article of food is well known, says the New York *Times*. "I buy them by the box," says a mother, "and let my children eat them constantly in lieu of candy or other prized children's dainties. I consider that I save money by it." At some of the inebriate asylums oranges have proved an efficient substitute for alcohol, patients sucking the juice of them abundantly every time the thirst for liquor comes upon them. This fact is so well recognized that often at temperance coffee stands piles of luscious oranges are also kept. And now another benefit is alleged for them. Some famous French beauties of former days, it is asserted, secured and preserved their marvellous complexions by a free diet of oranges. One particular lived almost entirely upon the fruit. A dozen oranges at breakfast and luncheon made up these repasts; at dinner a dozen more, with a crust of bread and one glass of Burgundy. Doubtless an orange fad is threatening—for the pursuit of a complexion is a very absorbing one to women.

A COWARDLY CRIME.

A Paymaster Shot From Behind and His Office Robbed.

An Ishpeming, Mich., despatch says: John Gleason, paymaster for the Cleveland Cliffs Iron-Mining Company, was murdered in his office here last midnight. Most intense excitement prevails. There is no clue to the murderer. Mr. Gleason was working on his books alone and so far as known no one save the actual miscreant saw the deed done. The body lay in front of the safe, making it evident the paymaster met his death while attempting to defend the property of the company. There was a wound in the back of the head from a 32-calibre revolver. When found, very soon after the shot was fired, Mr. Gleason was still breathing, and lingered two hours longer, when he expired without having regained consciousness. He was discovered by the night-watchman. The police were notified at once, but no trace of the murderer has been found. The perpetrator of the horrible crime took a number of valuable black diamonds, used in drilling, Mr. Gleason's gold watch-chain, and about $250 in money.

KNOW THE GROUND.

The Dublin Dynamiters Know the Lay of the Castle.

A Dublin cable says: The examination of workmen at Dublin Castle, with reference to the recent explosion, was without result beyond the discharge of the suspects. The official report concludes with a distinct affirmation that the explosion was planned, and that the plotters aimed to blow down the walls supporting the Council Chamber. The explosion was timed for 2 o'clock. The Council convened at 1.30, but was postponed at the last moment in order to enable Lord Zetland to attend a Christmas fete at the poor-house. The explosive was ignorantly handled, and took the wrong direction. The inquiry left no doubt that the conspirators were in intimate touch with the work and life of the castle. Lord Zetland and his wife are thoroughly alarmed, and the double chain of guards and military detectives has been renewed around the viceregal lodge.

AN INSANE GIRL

Fires a Barn and Arming Herself Defies Her Pursuers.

A Columbus, Wis., despatch says: Lydia A. Walker, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Samuel Walker, living in Catamus, four miles from this city, was yesterday discovered in the act of setting fire to a barn belonging to Julius Venie. She sought to escape by running, but finding her pursuers gaining upon her she drew a large butcher knife and defied arrest. Two blows from a club were necessary to compel her to surrender, and when finally safe in jail at Juneau she confessed to having committed fifteen deeds of outlawry in Catamus during the past three months, including the mutilation of much valuable live stock, the burning of a school-house, and the destruction of other property. The girl is of unsound mind.

McGlynn in a Methodist Pulpit.

A New York despatch says: Dr. Edward McGlynn, the ex-Catholic priest, filled the pulpit of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington square, this afternoon. He was introduced to the large congregation present by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Stone, and was received with a round of applause as he stepped to the pulpit. He prefaced his remarks by a reference to his trouble with the Catholic Church authorities, and alluded feelingly to the number of his followers, members of the Anti-poverty Society, who were present in the Church. He then spoke for an hour on "The Crime of Poverty."

Not the Ideal Politician.

Chicago *Press*: "I don't think he will make a very successful politician."

"Why not?"

"I've been looking into his record and I find that he neither struck his grandmother when she was lying on her dying bed, turned his sick grandfather out of doors on a bitterly cold winter night, robbed the church poor box nor desecrated a graveyard."

Always "Turn the Rascals Out."

Chester (Pa.) *News*: Fifteen years ago the Government of Jamaica introduced the Egyptian ichneumon to rid the island of the cane rat. Now a prize has been issued for the successful extermination of the ichneumon.

THE KHEDIVE DEAD.

The Egyptian Monarch Succumbs to an Attack of Influenza.

HIS SON WILL SUCCEED HIM.

A Cairo cable says: The Khedive is dead. He had been suffering from influenza, which developed into congestion of the lungs. This was complicated with a cardiac affection, and this afternoon he succumbed.

The death of the Khedive was entirely unexpected. It was stated last evening that he was in no apparent danger from the attack of influenza, when suddenly the complication set in and developed with startling rapidity. Two physicians were in attendance, but they did not appear to realize that the Khedive's condition was critical until this morning, when it became generally known that the ruler of Egypt was dangerously ill. Groups of people gathered at the gates of the Heloean palace, where the Khedive was lying. At 6 o'clock this evening (Cairo time) a bulletin was issued stating that the Khedive was in a critical condition. It is believed that at that time he must have been dead. At 7 o'clock his death was announced. He will be succeeded by Prince Abbas Pasha, his eldest son who was born July 14th, 1874.

The Khedive had been ill for a week, and had been treated for simple influenza until yesterday, when an acute disease of the lungs and kidneys supervened. Three European doctors were summoned and every known remedy was administered without success. The Khedive succumbed after a long period of insensibility. The Viceroine is inconsolable over his death, and has retired to another palace. The heir to the throne, Abbas Pasha, has attained his majority under the Mohammedan law. He has displayed ability and force of character. The present Cabinet has the confidence of the country.

The funeral will take place to-morrow. The body will be placed in the mausoleum at the citadel mosque.

Mohammed Tewfik Pasha was born on Nov. 10th, 1852, being the eldest son of the Khedive Ismail. On August 8th, 1879, by a decree of the Ottoman Empire, he succeeded to the Viceroyalty of Egypt, his father being forced to abdicate. He was the sixth ruler of Egypt in the dynasty of Mohammed Ali Pasha, who was appointed Vali or Governor in 1806, and who, in 1841, prevailed upon the Sultan and the five great powers of Europe to settle the hereditary principality in his own family. He was succeeded in 1848 by his son, Ibrahim Pasha, who died two months afterward. The next in succession was Abbas Pasha, a son of Mohammed Ali's second son. He was strangled in 1854 by order of the Sultan for attempted treason. Said Pasha, a third son of Mohammed Ali Pasha, was the next ruler of Egypt. He died in 1863, and was succeeded by his nephew, Ismail Pasha, second son of Ibrahim. In 1886 an Imperial firman conferred upon Ismail the title of Khedive instead of that of Vali. At the same time the law of succession was altered from that which had been established in 1841. Instead of succession devolving as heretofore, according to the usual principles of Mohammedan law, upon the senior male descendant of the founder of the dynasty, it was to go to Ismail's eldest son, and thenceforth in the same order of primogeniture, excluding the other branches of Mohammed Ali's family. This favor was granted to Ismail by Sultan Abdul Aziz in consideration of a large money payment. The consequence of this arrangement was the accession of Tewfik in 1879, instead of Halim, the fourth son of Mohammed Ali. He is described as a loyal and honest man, neither cruel, vicious, extravagant, nor an intriguer. He was married in January, 1873, to the Princess Emineh, daughter of El Hamy Pasha. He leaves two sons and two daughters. The heir apparent is Abbas Bey, born July 14th, 1874.

The body of the Khedive was enclosed in a plain Arab coffin. The remains, guarded by an escort of soldiers and accompanied by a few body servants, were taken from the Heloean palace at 11 o'clock in the morning and were conveyed by rail to Cairo. All the Ministers and the members of the household were waiting at the station. When the train reached Cairo the coffin was removed from the funeral car, and a procession was formed. Slowly and with many manifestations of mourning the cortege proceeded to the Abdin palace. The coffin was escorted by a detachment of military. From the palace the real procession was held to the mausoleum. The route was lined with British and Egyptian troops. At the head of the procession were a number of camels loaded with gifts to be distributed among the populace. Then followed Major-General F. Walker, commander-in-chief of the British troops in Egypt. After him came a number of men bearing banners, sheikhs, dervishes, representatives of the various local bodies, the members of the ministry, Government officials, judges, clergymen, diplomats in full uniform. After these came representatives of the household and harem, and then followed the coffin, which was borne from the palace to the mausoleum by servants. Immediately behind the coffin walked bands of wailing women. Then came a number of carriages conveying the widow of the late Khedive and the members of the harem. The rear of the procession was brought up by Gen. Grenfell, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and a regiment of Egyptian troops commanded by British officers. The utmost order marked the whole ceremony. Upon the arrival of the procession at the mausoleum, the Mellalis prayed, after which the coffin was placed in the vault. Religious services will be held to-night and for several nights afterward.

ACCIDENT OR CRIME?

A Man Captured After Leaving a Heavy Plank on the Track.

A Rome, N. Y., despatch says: The passengers on the train leaving Windsor Beach on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg road at noon yesterday had a narrow escape. The train consisted of the engine, baggage car and two passenger coaches, and the coaches were crowded. Near Rattlesnake Point the road makes a sharp curve, and here the engineer saw a man a short distance ahead leave the track and run up the hill. The brakes were instantly applied and the engine came to a standstill only ten feet from a three inch plank fastened between the rails, with the evident intent of ditching the train. The engineer and fireman gave chase and captured the man. When the passengers learned what had happened there were excited cries of "Hang him," "Lynch him," and "Kill him." The prisoner was not injured, however, and was brought to Rochester and handed over to the police. He gives his name as John Able, and claims to live in the city. His story is that in carrying the plank, which he found in the Genesee river, he became alarmed at the approaching train and dropped it to prevent being run over.

A Jealous Husband's Crime.

A Newark, N. J., despatch says: C. S. Quackenbush shot his wife Annie, mortally wounding her. He then placed the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth and shot himself through the head, expiring instantly. Quackenbush took his eldest daughter to Montreal last week and the other day he wrote his wife asking her to send on the other children. He came from Montreal this morning. Quackenbush was 46 years old and a wealthy retired insurance broker. He claimed that his wife was extravagant, and she said he was insanely jealous.

He Dried the Dynamite.

A Bellaire, O., despatch says: In a stone quarry operated by Henry T. Day, on Rock Hill, the employees placed 40 sticks of dynamite around a fire to dry. It ignited, and John Walters, with a board, pitched the dynamite away. It went off with terrific force, and Walters was blown 100 feet across the road and fatally injured. John Smith and seven Italians were seriously hurt. The residence of Frank Nelson was wrecked, and other houses badly damaged.

The value of property in London has trebled since 1856.

Miss Jane Cobden, the young woman who is to marry T. Fisher Unwin, the English publisher of the *Century Magazine*, is a daughter of Richard Cobden, the free trade prophet. Three years ago Miss Cobden was elected a member of the London County Council. She is about thirty-five years old.

"Land Bill" Allen, the man who was instrumental in securing to the people of the United States the Homestead Act, thereby giving homes to the homeless and opening up the hidden treasures of the West to the hardy pioneers of the older States, himself died without a home and almost without friends a few days ago in an Ohio poor-house at the age of 83.

A race was won at Liverpool recently by a horse that had undergone the operation of tracheotomy to cure roaring. The fact that he had a silver tube in his throat did not seem to impede his speed.

HENRY IRVING'S SON

Tries to Shuffle Off this Mortal Coil, But Fails.

STRANGE REASON FOR THE ATTEMPT

A London cable says: Henry Irving had hardly finished reading in the morning newspapers to-day the critics' praise of his triumph at the Lyceum last night when he was summoned from glory to misery by the attempted suicide of his son Lawrence, the second son of the actor, who was recently a member of a Shakspearean touring company. He was a capable actor, but labored under the disadvantage of comparisons with his father, whom he does not nearly approach in ability. It is said that he sometimes complained of this, but nobody took his remarks as more than an expression of opinion, or connected therewith a deep-seated sense of wrong. The young man is known to have aspired to be a great Shakspearean actor, a rival if not a superior to his parent. He labored hard to improve himself, and in this way probably overworked his brain.

The Benson Company opened at Belfast on Monday. This afternoon young Irving attended a rehearsal of "The Merchant of Venice." He was well up in his part, and it was noticed that he put more than usual energy into his lines. But he gave no evidence whatever of disturbance of mind. After the rehearsal he went back to his lodgings, and retired to his room, closing his door. Other actors of the Benson Company were lodging at the same place, and one of them was in a room just below at the time Irving retired. The fellow-actor heard a pistol shot in the direction of Irving's room. He took little notice of the noise at first, thinking that Irving or some one else near by was going through a private rehearsal in a part that involved the discharge of a firearm. With this idea the incident passed from his mind; but in another moment his attention was arrested by a curious, horrible sound that made his cheeks blanch and his flesh creep. It was like the groan of a dying man, and there was no acting about it. The actor rushed upstairs into Irving's room. Across the bed lay Irving, twisting in agony and uttering the sound that had attracted the attention of his associate. Blood was streaming from a bullet wound in the right breast, and a pistol on the floor with the barrel still warm and a curl of smoke still floating near the ceiling told how the deed had been done. The covering of the bed was already deeply soaked with blood, and Irving was losing strength rapidly. His fellow-actor asked no questions, but hastened for relief. Surgeon Fagan speedily arrived and administered restoratives, at the same time taking care to stop the flow of blood. Prof. Sinclair was also called in, and an attempt was made to get the bullet, but the probe failed to reach it. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the apex of the lung. At last accounts Irving was in a most critical condition, but the professor and Surgeon Fagan have not given up hope of saving his life. Word was at once sent to his father in London.

Irving's friends claim that the shooting may have been accidental and not an attempt at suicide.

The young man is in no condition to give any account of the affair, and the doctors will not permit him to be questioned for fear of hastening fatal results. His friends say that if it was a case of suicide it must be attributed to over-work, as the young man is not believed to have had a bad habit or embarassing associations.

It appears that the news of his son's attempted suicide did not reach Irving until the play had already commenced at the Lyceum this evening. The actor retained his composure remarkably, but this was partly attributed to the fact that the announcement of the shooting was accompanied by a reassuring telegram from the doctors in attendance upon the young man to the effect that they hoped for his recovery. The theatre was thronged by an audience enthusiastic as that of the previous night. Irving determined to proceed. He even kept the contents of the telegram to himself, and the officials of the theatre were unaware of the terrible news that had been received. It is now said that he put more pathos than ever into the lines of the jaded and broken-hearted cardinal, and that his face bore an expression of pain that was something more than the effort of the actor in a pla

A SILENT CREW.

A Fishing Schooner Found Drifting With Ten Dead on Board.

A Halifax despatch says: The steam tug Progress went out of St. Pierre Miquelon the other day for a short cruise. Just outside the harbor the tug came across a banking schooner, bottom up, being carried to and fro by the current, and made it in tow. When taken into St. Pierre the schooner was righted and placed in a dock. It was then discovered that the ill-fated craft was a fishing schooner belonging to La Croix, of St. Pierre, which left there early last summer with a crew of seventeen men, and which disappeared while at anchor on the banks during one of the heavy gales in September last. When the water was pumped out it was a grewsome sight that met the gaze of the explorers, for in the hold lay ten bodies more or less decomposed and disfigured. The vessel left port, as stated, with seventeen souls on board, and it is supposed the other seven must have been on the watch when the vessel was overturned, and were, of course, swept into the sea and drowned. All these months the vessel has been at the mercy of wind and wave with the remains of the heads of so many households within, and it is a curious circumstance that it would drift from the Grand Banks all the way back to St. Pierre, from whence it started on its fatal voyage.

MURDER IN A SALOON.

Bloody Fracas in a Trout Lake Drinking Resort.

A Sault Ste. Marie despatch says: News has reached here of a bloody fracas, which will lead to murder, in John Navin's saloon at Trout Lake, a small station in the southwestern part of this county. The trouble was started by several roughs who became drunk, and then refused to pay for their liquor. Jack Helwig, the leader of the gang, became very noisy and belligerent, and refused either to pay his bill or leave the place. When Navin threatened to throw him out, he struck at the saloon-keeper, who immediately rushed behind the bar for a weapon. Before he could reach it, however, Helwig pulled out a revolver and fired twice at Navin. The first shot missed him, but the second pierced his back, and he fell fatally wounded. A man named Myer, who started to assist Navin, received a flesh wound in the arm from a bullet fired by one of Helwig's friends, and another man, whose name could not be learned, was also slightly injured. All the parties involved have escaped, except Navin, who is now lying under the care of physicians, with no hope of his recovery.

Robbed a Corpse.

A New York despatch says: Anna M. Dunigan, 70 years of age, fell dead this evening on the street within a few doors of her house in this city. Before her body was removed to her apartments her fingers were stripped of three valuable diamond rings, and a bracelet of gold and enamel was torn from her wrist. Mrs. Dunigan occupied rooms with her son, Charles W. Dunigan, one of the principal performers in the Lillian Russell Co., now playing here. When the woman fell several men rushed apparently to aid her, but, as the result shows, to rob her. Her gloves were torn from her hands on the pretence of chafing them, and the rings were deftly slipped from the fingers and the bracelet from her wrist. The rings and bracelet are worth about $1,500.

Queer London Advertisements.

The following queer advertisements recently appeared in an English boot and shoe journal: Wanted, a good hand-stabber; also a girl to finish off. Wanted, a girl for socking. Wanted, active youth who can cut legs. Wanted, a good skiver. Hand-crossers wanted; full, constant work. Wanted, hand-sewn men, 5s. per pair, 4 edge. Wanted, leg-cutter. Wanted, a sharp lad, to punch and eyelit. Wanted, good eccentric cutting-press, cheap. Wanted, competent crup shavers; none others need apply. Wanted, a competent pressman, used to locking up. Wanted, a good table currier. This suggests that a good dictionary of trade words and terms might be useful.

Olive Branch and Sword.

The following is the sweet and simple lullaby a 3-year-old girl of Boston was overheard singing to her sleeping brother:

Go to sleep, my little brother,
Go to sleep, Charley dear;
Go to sleep, my little brother,
Go to sleep, or I will spank you.

KILLED FOR IMPOLITENESS.

A Toronto Man's Tragic Death in Chicago.

THROWN OUT OF A WINDOW.

A Chicago despatch says: Edward Hurley, a carpenter, hailing from Toronto, Ontario, died at the hospital last night. His death was caused by the injuries he received two weeks ago in the Hudson Hotel, at No. 301 South Clark street.

Daniel Clark is a porter employed in the Hudson Hotel. He states that about two weeks ago he went into the wash-room on the second floor and saw Hurley, who had been stopping at the place for several weeks, washing his feet in a basin and using one of the face towels. He told him to stop, but Hurley took no notice of him. Clark hurried off and told Chief Porter James Carey what Hurley was doing. Hurley had been caught doing the same thing several times before and Carey became very angry. He rushed to the wash-room and told Hurley to leave the place. Hurley, with an oath, struck at him and soon the two men clinched. Over and over upon the floor they rolled, each fighting for supremacy. Finally Carey lifted Hurley up and hurled him through a window on to a shed, the roof of which was but a foot below the window. Hurley was badly cut about the face and body and several arteries were served. Dr. Carey dressed Hurley's wounds and advised those about to look out for him as his case was serious. Hurley remained at the place all night, but the next morning D. H. Loveless, the proprietor, told him to go. He went and after wandering about for several hours, hungry and penniless, found his way to the county hospital. Last night at midnight he died. Carey has been arrested on a charge of murder.

WRECKED BY A STORM.

A Revenue Cutter Runs on the Rocks and Becomes a Total Wreck.

A Manchester, Mass., despatch says: The United States revenue steamer Gallatin was wrecked off Manchester at 11.15 this morning. The accident was due to the heavy snowstorm prevailing at the time and the mistake of the pilot as to the exact position of the vessel. When the vessel struck on a sunken ledge the engine was stopped and backed, but the ship was fast. She began pounding heavily, and the captain called the men to man the boats. In the meantime the ship was rolling heavily and filling rapidly, as a heavy sea had carried away the skylights. The smokestack going by the board to starboard struck and instantly killed J. Jacobson, the carpenter, and carried the body overboard. The vessel was sinking fast, and all hands took to three boats and sighted land on the port side. They pulled in, and after attempting to land on the beach, reached a rocky cove on Eagle Head. The officers were taken to the Manchester House and the crew sent to Boston. The crew saw a small schooner capsize off Magnolia with four men clinging to her, but lost sight of her in the blinding snowstorm. At 4.30 the storm had abated sufficient to sight the Gallatin, which had broken in two, the foremast being all that was standing. The hull was submerged. The vessel is a total loss. The officers and crew lost everything, as it was less than ten minutes from the time she struck until she filled with water. The fault seems to lie with the pilot, who lost his reckoning.

SACRED TO THE GIRLS.

A Leap Year Plea for the Spinsters Who Want to Marry.

The year now commencing is sacred to maidenhood, says the Chicago *Times*. If Belinda, who has been ranging like the virgin queen

In maiden meditation fancy free,

concludes that such condition is distasteful to her it is her privilege, this being leap year, to propose to any male biped, bachelor or widower, whom she deems an eligible match.

The custom is immemorial, though it is not recorded that Belinda herself has chosen to take advantage thereof. Why not this Leap Year by year we believe more and more in the coeducation and in the equal political rights of the sexes. Year by year we regard marriage as less a sacrament and more a mere matter of contract, to be treated like any other mutual agreement. Why, then should rigid social laws, with leap year as a mitigation more honored in the breach than in the observance, confine propositions for a contract of marriage to only one of the possible high contracting parties? If Jeems feels that he cannot be happy without Belinda he is privileged to broach the matter to her ladyship with a view to a contract upon the supposition underlying all such engagements that it will be mutually advantageous. But if Belinda feels that her future happiness is wrapped up in Jeems, custom requires her to

Let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Pray upon her damask cheek.

There is no even-handed justice in such a custom. It gives tremendous advantage to the sterner, the less sentimental, the more brutal sex. If Jeems thinks kindly of Belinda, very good; he may mention the matter. But if Belinda is enamored of Jeems her lips are sealed. Out upon any such unreasoning and unreasonable sex discrimination as this. Why should beauty not have the privilege of initiating the choice of her own mate, a man and not a money-box? We must reform our social customers. If marriage is a matter of business, a contract which a chancellor may set aside in chambers, then, business being business, Belinda has equal rights with Jeems and every year is a leap year.

What was it Patrick Henry said more than a century ago? Give us liberty or give us death! Social as well as civic liberty. The right of marriage proposal from either party. We handsome fellows may be in some considerable danger in any new revision of the social code looking to the plan suggested, but what of it?

How to Carry an Umbrella.

It isn't so hard to be graceful. So many articles have been written on the subject, so many Delsarte and other theorists have lectured and talked about it, that one would imagine that to cross the room without falling over chairs, stepping on toes and smashing the bric-a-brac was impossible to the average mortal. It is chiefly a matter of dignity, unconsciousness. If your clothes fit and you respect yourself and are in love and charity with your neighbors, there is no reason why you should appear awkward in public. There, however, a few rules which, if observed, make all the difference between an absence of awkwardness and the presence of positive grace.

For instance, how do you carry your umbrella? Closed, of course, it becomes a mere engine of destruction in your small hands. Any woman knows how to carry a folded umbrella. But how many know that, open, it should be carried in the hand farthest from the sun? Thus, if the sun is shining on your left, hold the umbrella in your right hand, the stick crossing the body. Now try the opposite way and observe into what a tight awkward angle the arm is forced, and how much less easily the umbrella is managed.

A Wealthy Suicide.

A Troy, N. Y., despatch says: A well-dressed stranger was found dead this morning on the highway at Hoosic. He had shot himself in the head, a revolver being found in his hand. On the ground around him were $100 in currency, three drafts for $1,000, and one for $15,000, issued to bearer by F. S. Sargeant, cashier of the Security Trust Company, of Nashua, N. H., to the Commercial National Bank, Boston, dated January 2. The currency and drafts were torn to pieces. The body was afterwards identified as that of L. N. T. Parlin, supposed to be a jeweller living at 20 Factory street, Nashua. It is believed he wandered from home while mentally deranged.

A Poor Rule, etc.

Judge: Agitator—I tell you this eight-hour work day is going to do a lot of good to the mass of employed people. By the way, Sarah, is supper ready?

Agitator's wife—No; my eight hours was up at 5.30 to-day.

The Old, Old Story.

Troy *Times*: The preacher who merely turns the sermon barrel the other end up when a new year rolls around must not be surprised if most of his congregation consists of empty pews.

Taking It Calmly.

Buffalo *News*: Prisoner (in jail, looking at the sky through the bars of his cell)—What frightful weather! I think I won't go out to-day!

"I am at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing the silverware.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sentimental Definitions of the Place Loved by All.

Tid Bits offered a prize for the best definition of home. Here are some of the best of 5,000 answers sent in:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A grand old mirror, through which both sides of us are seen.

That source of comfort which youth does not fully appreciate, which the young men and maidens lovingly desire, which the middle-aged generally possess, which the old rightly value.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the coziest, kindliest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

An abode in which the inmate, the "superior being called man," can pay back at night with 50 per cent. interest every annoyance that has met him in business during the day.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small sometimes great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is a central telegraph office of human love, into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The centre of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man and man rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

The place where all husbands should be at night.—*London Tid Bits.*

Municipalities and Street Railways.

Out of the dissatisfaction felt by the citizens of Chicago with the inadequacies of the existing systems of street railway transportation has come a proposal for municipal ownership. A resolution has been introduced into the City Council instructing the corporation counsel to prepare an ordinance to enable the city to lay and own the street railway tracks under certain conditions, and to lease them for specified periods to individuals or corporations. This resolution, while apparently contemplating no more radical changes in the existing arrangement than have been accomplished at Liverpool and elsewhere, has been opposed, upon the ground that the city cannot lawfully go into the business of building and leasing such lines. The discussion of a rapid transit system for the city of New York, and the tendency which is to be noted in many of the larger cities of this country, of great corporations to buy up small street railway lines and to consolidate them into one system, unite to class the determination of the scope of municipal undertakings and the relations of the civic authorities and corporations conducting a quasi-public service among the most interesting questions of the day.

Our readers are aware that the action proposed in Chicago is no new thing. We have ever urged that street tramway rails should be laid and owned by the city, and utilized for the best interests of the public. This practice is in successful operation in Liverpool, and the contention of the opposition in the city of Chicago that a municipality cannot legally take this step, is not well founded, and is time that a more enlightened view of municipal relations and powers prevailed. Reforms of this nature make haste slowly, and perhaps it is wise that they should, but we look for a general recognition of municipal control of urban transportation in the line pointed out. Especial attention may also be directed to the recent action of the city government of Glasgow, Scotland, where the municipality now proposes to take over the existing street railway tracks, with the entire equipment of the present companies and to operate the roads. This, it may be pointed out, is a much more radical measure than is proposed for Chicago, and in the operation of the road is going beyond what we believe is a desirable policy for American cities. In Glasgow the main argument for municipal ownership and operation of street railways was that the entire profits, beyond interest on their cost, would be put into extensions of the service to outlying districts, thus building them up and increasing the number of cheap and accessible homes for the people. It was maintained, and with much reason, that a corporation's first business is to earn dividends, and it naturally resists furnishing increased facilities in advance to the prospect of an immediate paying return. Glasgow has successfully conducted its gas and water supply works, in which there was no opposition, but in taking over the tamways, it will meet with such competition upon a commercial basis from underground railways and cable lines as to make this experiment a municipalization worthy of attention. Municipal control, as a principle, is yearly becoming better understood in this country, as experience is gained in the operation of gas and electric lighting plants, and Chicago has already committed itself to the extent of owning and operating its electric street lighting plant. That city is in urgent need of the development of an adequate system of urban transportation before the opening of the World's Fair. We believe that the only logical conclusion to be drawn from the study of this problem is the establishment of the principle that the city, owning the street, should own, lay and maintain the lines of rails therein, with authority to determine what corporations shall be allowed to run cars over the rails and how they shall run them.—*New York Engineering Record.*

Out of the Way Cable Stations.

A glance through the code of instructions issued by one of the big cable companies shows that there are a number of places which rarely appear on the map that may be reached by wire from this country. For $2.25 per word one may communicate from New York with the hectic town of Pram Pram, upon the west coast of Africa, while connections can be established with the lively hamlet of Grand Bassam, in the same region, at $1.04 for every ten letters. For $1.17 per word you may address your long-lost relatives or business partners in Djedda, Mecca and Al Hedjas, while the rate to Bunder Abbas, Bassidore and Lingah is 64 cents in addition to the boat hire from Jask, Persia, where the message is delivered. Every word sent to New Zealand, via Northern Siberia, costs the sender just $3.74, which is the highest rate on the list. It costs 60 cents a word to reach Remanganguas and Aquada de Passageros down in Cuba, and $1.88 to let the old folks in Sungie Ujong, on the Malay Peninsula, know you're living.

They Won't Tell.

The occasion was the funeral of a prominent citizen who had been a Free Mason. A delegation of brother Masons had attended, and they had just come out of the house and were waiting to enter the carriages assigned to them. They wore part of their regalia, which attracted the attention of the ever-present small boys, to whom funerals are all one with weddings, considered as food for curiosity.

"Say, Jimmy, who are they?" asked one of an another, in an audible whisper.

Jimmy glanced at the embroidered aprons. "Why, don't you know what those are, Johnny?" he said, with the contempt of superior knowledge for ignorance.

"No; what are they?"

"Well, you are stupid! Why, them's the fellers that know something they won't tell!"

"Oh!" said Johnny, meekly.

Preferred an Axe.

Detroit *Free Press*: "Can you split wood with dexterity?" she asked of the tramp who was looking for a job.

"No'm, I allus uses an axe," was the unexpected answer.

The theatres in London regularly employ over 12,000 people.

KILLING A MAN.

A Soldier Relates His Experience and How He Felt About It.

They do not call it murder when men meet to slaughter each other in battle. They simply report so many dead, wounded and missing. When you fire into the smoke concealing the other battle line you fire in the hopes to kill or wound. It is your duty. Battles cannot be won without killing. You load and fire—load and fire; move to the right or left; advance or retreat, and when the battle is over you may have fired fifty rounds and yet you have not had a near sight of the enemy; you have simply fired at him, and you cannot vouch that a single one of your bullets has found a living target.

Here is a brigade of us in battle line across an old meadow; our right and left join other brigades. We have thrown down the rail fence, gathered logs and brush and sod, and erected a breastwork. It is only a slight one, but enough to shelter us while lying down. A division of the enemy breaks cover half a mile away and comes marching down upon us. The field pieces behind us open on their solid columns, but they are not checked. Under the smoke we cannot see the work of the shells, but they cannot halt that mass of men. The grape and cannister does awful execution, but there should be a dozen guns instead of six.

They are going to charge us. The guns can not prevent that. Orders run along the line, and we are waiting until every bullet, no matter if fired by a soldier with his eyes shut, must hit a foe. I select my man while he is yet beyond range. I have eyes for no other. He is a tall, soldierly fellow wearing the stripes of a sergeant. As he comes nearer I imagine that he is looking as firedly at me as I am at him. I admire his coolness. He looks neither to the right nor to the left. The man on his right is hit and goes down, but he does not falter. I am going to kill that man. I have a rest for my gun on the breastwork and when the order comes to fire I can not miss him. He is living his last minute on earth. We are calmly waiting until our volley shall prove a veritable flame of death. Now they close up the gaps and we can hear the shouts of their officers as they make ready to charge. My man is still opposite me. He still seems to be looking at me and no one else. I know the word is coming in a few seconds more and I aim at his chest. I could almost be sure of hitting him with a stone when we get the word to fire. There is a billow of flame—a billow of smoke—a fierce crash and 4,000 bullets are fired into the compact mass of advancing men. Not one volley alone, though that worked horrible destruction, but another and another until there was no longer a living man to fire at.

The smoke drifts slowly away—men cheer and yell—we can see the meadow beyond heaped with dead and dying men. We advance our line. As we go forward I look for my victim. He is lying on his back, eyes half shut and fingers clutching at the grass. He gasps, draws up his legs and straightens them out again and is dead as I pass on. I have killed my man! My bullet alone struck him, tearing that ghastly wound in his breast, and I am entitled to all the honors. Do I swing my cap and cheer? Do I point him out and expect to be congratulated? No! I have no cheers. I feel no elation. I feel that I murdered him, war or no war, and that his agonized face will haunt me through all the years of my life.

HOW TO KILL RATS.

Give Them Limburger Cheese and Brimstone.

Detroit *News*: In a recent issue of the *News* I saw an article headed "Poisonous Rats," wherein the long-tailed beauties are clamoring for positions under the administration. Four years ago I moved into a house in Milwaukee which was infested with rats of all sizes and as numerous as the sands of the sea. I, as did the poet-master, tried every known means to exterminate the intruders, without the desired results. We were just on the eve of moving into other quarters when an idea struck me. I purchased two bricks of limburger cheese and two pounds of brimstone. I cut the cheese into small bits and, mixed with the satanic powder, put the compound into an iron vessel and placed the same in the centre of the cellar. I then removed all eatables (which we were compelled to keep in the tin-lined boxes), then closing windows and doors, set fire to the "sinner's doom." Twenty-four hours thereafter I took a 20-foot pole, with a hook fastened to one end, and jerked the window out. After 24 hours more I ventured into the cellar, and to my great joy and surprise I gathered up seven bushels and a half of dead rats, which had been enticed into the cellar by the cheese and suffocated by the fumes of the sulphur before they could get back to their holes. I give the above recipe before the new year, as I intend turning over a new leaf on that day.

BANKS THAT HAVE FAILED.

This Should Be Put in the Pocketbook for Reference.

It may be interesting to readers to know what Canadian banks have failed and whose notes are therefore worthless. Here is the list: Colonial Bank of Canada, Toronto; Commercial Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; Consolidated Bank of Canada, Montreal; Exchange Bank of Canada, Toronto; Farmers' Joint Stock Banking Company, Toronto; International Bank of Canada, Toronto; Mechanics' Bank, Montreal; Mechanics' Bank, St. John, N. B.; Metropolitan Bank, Montreal; Provincial Bank of Canada, Stanstead; Royal Canadian Bank, Montreal; Stadiocna Bank, Montreal;