# Listowel Standard.

VOL III.—NO. 12. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH. APRIL 16, 1880. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.


### THE LIGHTHOUSE SYSTEM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The length of the entire coast line of the British Islands is not less than 9,392 nautical miles. Yet only within comparatively recent times has this enormous stretch of dangerous shore been even tolerably protected. Not one of the lights now maintained dates further back than A. D. 1636, and it was only in 1786 that four lighthouses were erected on the coasts of Scotland. In 1861, however, when a commission was appointed to inquire into the matter, the returns showed that 404 lighthouses and floating lights had been provided for the shores of Great Britain and Ireland. During the past eighteen years the number of these beacons has been increased by nearly 14 per cent. If we decompose the total of 459 now reported for the British Islands, we shall have an average of one light for every 10½ miles of English, for every 34½ miles of Scottish, and for every 26 miles of Irish coast.

Not only has the number of British lighthouses been, in recent years, materially increased, but their location has been chosen with a keen eye to the difficulties of navigation, and with scarcely any reference to the cost involved in the undertaking. Among the remarkable achievements of British engineering is the tower erected on Wolk Rock, a mere point of porphyry lying eleven miles west of Land's End, and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean. This lighthouse is more than 116 feet in height, and has a diameter near the top of 17 feet. The light here, first exhibited on January 1, 1870, and since regularly displayed, is a revolving dioptric light of the first order, showing alternate flashes of red and white at half minute interval. Still more imposing is the work of which the foundation stone has been laid by the Prince of Wales on the Eddystone rock, at a short distance from the present tower. The new light, when completed, will have an elevation of 130 feet above high water, or nearly twice the height of the present beacon. The lighthouse now building will be provided with a fog signal of maximum intensity, and with a light of the first order, whose range will reach seventeen and a quarter nautical miles, so as to overlap the circuit of the new electric lights of the Lizard. The necessity of this structure will be obvious when we call to mind that when the present Eddystone tower was examined, in 1865, the foundation was discovered to be seriously shaken, and the danger of the catastrophe foretold long ago by Stevenson was pronounced extremely menacing. In the case both of the Wolf Rock light and of that now in progress on the Eddystone, the base of the structure is a solid cylinder of masonry rising above the highest point directly assaulted by the full fury of the sea.

The increased number and improved construction of British lighthouses are not more noteworthy than the advance made in the method of producing the light. Until late in the last century, wood or coal fires were employed for the beacons of the mariner, and it was not until 1862 that sperm oil lamps were replaced on the Dungeness lighthouse by a Holmes electric light. The early experience of the Holmes machine was discouraging, and no further steps were taken, for some years, toward the introduction of the electric light. In 1870, however, a new lighthouse was completed on Souter Point, between Sunderland and Shields, and the Holmes apparatus having meanwhile been improved, the electric light was here exhibited in January, 1871. The cost of the light now turned out to be less than one-half of that incurred at Dungeness. Accordingly the South Foreland lighthouses were lighted by electricity in 1872, and those on the Lizard in 1878. It is plain that, should the views now advocated by Dr. Siemens and Sir W. Thomson as to the transmissibility of the electric current in large quantity be found practically available, the application of the electric light to coast illumination would receive an extraordinary stimulus. Inasmuch as the motor power could in that case be exerted from the land, the size of the beacon tower would no longer need to be adjusted to the amount of stores required by the occupants.

Creditable progress has been made by the authorities in charge of British lighthouses in rendering the distinction between neighboring lights as simple and easy to apprehend as possible. Much, however, remains to do in this direction, and Sir W. Thomson is now urging the necessity of a threshold reform in the lighthouse system. The use of colored screens is clearly objectionable, owing to the positive diminution of illuminating power. In the case of red flashes, particularly, this loss has been computed at more than sixty-three per cent. In connection with this consideration should be weighed the fact, that some four per cent. of the English population are affected with color blindness. It appears, too, that the movements of the revolving lights on the British coast are at present extremely irregular, although their signaling value manifestly depends on the occurrence of definite intervals between the revolutions. It is further stated, on good authority, that almost all the revolving lights of the English Channel are too slow, and that it would be an improvement of great moment if their speed would be sextupled. But the most sweeping change advocated by Sir W. Thomson is the abolition of all colored lights and of all meaningless revolutions, and a substitution of the method of indicating the initial letter of the name of every lighthouse by the Morse system of dots and dashes. He points out that the flashes of a lighthouse can be so combined by the use of 30 second or of 60-second intervals as to telegraph perpetually through the darkness the first letter of its name. Thus, an uninterrupted succession of short flashes would signal to the mariner the letter E, the initial of the Eddystone. Three short flashes, followed by a longer interval of obscuration, would denote S for Skerryvore, that frightful reef which rises directly in the track of shipping bound either for the Mersey or the Clyde. Again, a long flash, followed by three short ones, would show B for the Bell Rock, which lies precisely on the threshold of the Firth of Tay. By this method of alphabetic indication, which, as we have said, one of the most eminent of English scientists is now pressing on the authorities of Trinity House, every lighthouse in the British Islands may be made to announce not only the presence of danger but the name of the locality to the sea-faring world.

### INTERNATIONAL PARK.

**Report of the New York Survey Commissioners.**

An Albany dispatch says: The report of the State Survey Commissioners on the preservation of the scenery of Niagara Falls was transmitted to the Legislature yesterday. The examination of the region of the Falls was made by the director of the survey, Jas. T. Gardner, with whom was associated Frederick Law Olmsted. The plan suggested by these gentlemen, and approved by the Commissioners and the Canadian authorities, is simply to restore the banks of the river on either side, so that an observer standing either above or below the Falls shall see nothing but water, sky, earth, and vegetation. He will see the Falls as Father Hennepin saw them more than two centuries and a half ago, and first made known to the world the existence of this stupendous work of nature. The Commissioners also recommended that the State acquire the title to the debris slopes under the cliff from the American Falls to the railroad Suspension Bridge for the purpose of preserving and restoring the woods that border this part of the river. As the land is worthless for building, it can doubtless be obtained for little or nothing. And further, that the right be secured to plant and maintain a narrow belt of trees with a walk at least a mile in length along the edge of the cliff below Suspension Bridge. This planted belt need not be over twenty-five or thirty feet broad. The plan necessary for the changes on the Canadian side is the same in general outlines.

### LADY SO-AND-SO'S NOVEL.

(From the London Society.)

There are, I am told, some ladies and gentlemen who, not content with cutting a figure in fashionable society, aspire to the literary reputation as well, and to that end employ some clever hack to vamp up a novel or a book of travels, to which they append their names as the authors. It is but seldom that these jackdaws are stripped of their borrowed peacock's plumes and held up in their own poor draggled feathers to the ridicule which they deserve. Yet I note that when a novel or book of travel is announced as forthcoming from the pen of some considerable personage in the beau monde, there is a more general disposition than ever before to remark, with an air of confident ill-nature, "I wonder who Lady So-and-So has got to write that new novel of hers?" or, "I suppose young Thingumbob is doing that new book of travel for Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her." The latest question of this sort I have heard asked is, "Who writes the Shah's diaries for him?"

—Down East the other day they fined a man $10 for attempting to commit suicide The crime of the matter is in the failure. I the man had been successful he would no have been fined.


For Rheumatism and Nervousness use Edison's Electric Belts. They act upon the nervous system.


## "LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT."

LONDON, March 17.—Mr. Theodore Martin has finished his "Life of the Prince Consort," and although the journals are full of extracts, it is possible that a summary of the incidents contained in Mr. Martin's interesting pages may not be without value in America. The author's estimate of the Prince Consort must, of course, be understood as that of a fond and bereaved wife. Mr. Martin has written his work under the eye of the Queen and from materials placed at his disposal by Her Majesty. He opens his fifth volume with a letter addressed to the Queen, expressing his thanks for the generosity and forbearance she has shown to him for his encouragement "in accepting with approval the successive volumes in which I have endeavored to mark a prince known to the world—a prince of whom Your Majesty in the first days of supreme grief wrote to his oldest and dearest friend that he was your husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser and guide." A book written under this inspiration would naturally be a eulogium, and yet, making allowances for the temper of eulogy, there are many features in the character of the Prince Consort which justify even Mr. Martin's encomiums, and many incidents in the secret political history of England that throw fresh light upon the workings of a great constitutional government.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

I will skip through the pages and note various illustrations of the domestic life of the Queen during the last two years of her married life. The volume opens in 1860. The Princess Royal was married and living in Berlin. The Prince Consort, writing on New Year's Day to the Princess-mother far away, makes delicate allusion to an event that was afterward to give great joy to the royal house, the birth of the Queen's first granddaughter. Macaulay has just died, and we find the Prince mourning for him as "a great loss." The second anniversary of the Princess Royal's wedding was made the occasion of a pretty letter, in which the Prince Consort reminds his daughter that "it is two years to-day since the wedding ring was placed upon your finger and Fritz became your lord." "Very soon, in two days, the first birthday will be here of the dear little boy. Accept, both of you, for both dear festivals, the warmest good wishes of my heart." The twentieth anniversary of his own wedding came, and the Prince, referring to it, writes to his old friend Stockmar: "It is twenty (!!!) years to-day since our troth plight took place in St. James'." "We have gone through much since then and tried hard after much that is good. The children are giving me a surprise, which is to remain a profound secret until half-past six." To this letter of the Prince's is added a postscript in the handwriting of the Queen:—"One little word I must add on this blessed day. Words cannot express my gratitude and happiness. I wish I could think I had made one as happy as he has made me. But it is not for want of love and devotion. Victoria."

THE PRINCE'S HABITS OF LIFE.

We have glimpses of the way of life of the Prince, and learn that he was an early riser and had made good progress at his work before people were generally rising. Summer and winter he rose at seven, dressed and went to his sitting room, "where a green German lamp was ready lit." He read letters, never allowing his correspondence to fall into arrears, prepared drafts of answers to Ministers for her Majesty's consideration. "Not feeling sure," says Mr. Martin, "of his idiomatic accuracy of his English, he would continually bring his English letters to the Queen to read through, saying, "Read carefully and tell if there be any faults in these." The Queen's custom was to arrange on his table despatches or official papers for his consideration. Then came the reading of the newspapers, "reading aloud," says the Queen, "good or important articles." A good article gave him sincere pleasure, and no article coming in the leading journals of real value for its facts or arguments escaped his notice." During the shooting season he was fond of sport, but if not shooting as the morning advanced it was his custom to walk with the Queen. From his shooting parties he would return about two in the afternoon. "I," says the Queen, "treasured up everything I heard, kept every letter or dispatch to show him and was always affected and nervous if I had a foolish dispatch or draft to put before him, as I knew it was distressing and irritated him and affected his delicate stomach." "He always walked very fast when out shooting, and got very quickly through with it." He was a man of great activity, full of interesting conversation, of charming anecdotes, of droll stories, without end, of his childhood, of people of Coburg, and of our good people of Scotland, which he would repeat with a wonderful power of mimicry, and at which he would himself laugh most heartily. In these winter weeks there were comedies at Windsor Castle, "Masks and Faces," "Richelieu," "The Contested Election," with Phelps and Mathews, Buckstone and Compton as performers. It was intended to purchase Newstead Abbey as a home for the Prince of Wales, but Lord Byron's seat was taken out of the market before the Prince could carry out his purpose. Sydney Herbert was made a Peer because his failing health was no longer equal to the fatigue of the Lower House. "I am afraid death has him in his grasp," said the Prince. "To-morrow," writes the Prince, "our marriage will be twenty-one years old. How many a storm has swept over it, and still it continues green and fresh and throws out vigorous roots, from which I can, with gratitude to God, acknowledge that much good will yet be in store for the world." This twenty-first anniversary of the royal marriage, the last which the Prince was to know on the earth, was kept quietly—"the event being only marked by some sacred music performed before the royal circle by the "Queen's band." On that day Albert wrote to Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, "We have both kept our pledge for better and for worse and have only to thank God that he has vouchsafed so much happiness to us. May He have us in keeping for the days to come. You have, I trust, found good and loving children in us, and we have experienced nothing but love and kindness from you." The Queen writing to her uncle, the King of Belgium, on the same anniversary, says:—"Very few can say with me that their husbands at the end of twenty-one years are not only full of the friendship, kindness and affection with a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage."

DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S MOTHER.

Although the happiness of their domestic life was a subject of constant gratitude to the Queen and the Prince, there are indications that the Prince, although a young man, was showing signs of weakened constitution. He had toothache—"his sufferings were frightful"—inflammation of the nerves, a general lowering of the vital powers, sleepless nights and pain. "Excessive pains," he writes, "have pulled me down very much." In March the Prince found a cough giving way before the sea air. Early in March the Queen was to undergo a great sorrow in the death of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. That vener able lady had been suffering from general debility, and on the 15th the news from her physician was so alarming that the Queen and Prince went to Frogmore. "With a trembling heart," says the Queen, "I went up the staircase and entered the bedroom, and here on the sofa, supported by cushions, the room much darkened, sat leaning back my beloved mamma, breathing rather heavily, in her silk dressing gown, with her cap on, looking quite like herself." "Seeing that our presence did not disturb her I knelt before her, kissed her hand and placed it next my chest, but though she opened her eyes she did not, I think, know me. She brushed my hand off, and the dreadful reality was before me that for the first time she did not know the child she had ever received with such tender smiles. I went out sobbing." Hours passed, the Queen finally endeavoring to find "oblivion in sleep." "I lay down on the sofa on the foot of my bed." "I heard each hour strike, the cock crow, the dogs barking in the distance; every sound seemed to strike into one's inmost soul" "At four I went down again, but still there was nothing to be heard but the heavy breathing and the striking at every quarter of the old repeater—the old watch with the tortoise-shell case which had belonged to my poor father—the sound of which brought back all the recollections of my childhood, for I always used to hear it at night, but had not heard it now for twenty-three years. I remained kneeling and standing by the beloved parent, whom it seemed too awful to see hopelessly leaving me till half-past four, when, feeling faint and exhausted, I went up stairs again and lay down in silent misery, during which I went through in thought the past times and the fearful coming ones, with the awful blank which would make such an inroad into happy family life." The Duchess lingered for hours. The day came again, the Queen and the Prince hovering at her bedside. "I fell on my knees, holding her beloved hand, which was still warm and soft, though heavier, in mine. I felt the end was fast approaching as Clark went out to call Albert and Alice." "I felt as if my heart would break. It was a solemn, sacred, never to be forgotten scene. Fainter and fainter grew the breathing; at last it ceased; but there was no change of countenance—nothing—the eyes closed as they had been for the last half hour. The clock struck half-past nine at the very moment. Convulsed with sobs, I bent over her hand and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up and took me into the next room, himself entirely melted into tears, which is unusual for him, deep as his feelings are, and clasped me in his arms. I asked him if all was over, and he said "Yes." Albert said it was best to go at once into her dear sitting room, where we so constantly saw her. We did so, but oh! the agony of it! All unchanged—chairs, cushions, everything about on the tables—her very work basket, with her work; the little canary bird she was so fond of, singing. In these two dear rooms, where we had so constantly seen her, where everything spoke of life, we remained a little while and wept and prayed, I kneeling down at her chair."

SHADOWS OF THE END.

All through 1861 the Prince never seems to have been thoroughly well. In November the Queen noticed in her diary that he was "ill and sad." He had no wish to die, but did not care for living." Not long before his illness he said to the Queen, "I do not cling to life; you do; but I set no store by it." "I am sure if I have a severe illness I should give up at once. I should not struggle for life." The immediate cause of the Prince's last illness has never been ascertained. The medical authorities trace it back with some precision to a day—the 22nd of November—when the Prince Consort inspected the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst in a terrific rain. He came home from this visit "weak and tired out." Then came rheumatic pains and a "feeling of being thoroughly unwell." "Have scarcely closed my eyes at night for the last fortnight." The next day, "Still greatly out of sorts" "Am very wretched; could not join the Queen as usual in her walk," feeling that he must rest, and "very uncomfortable from pains in the back and legs." "Although able to move about he had frequently to rest himself, as he was not strong enough to go out." Then came news of the Trent affair, the capture of Mason and Slidell by the American man-of-war, which added greatly to the depression "which had been one of the most distressing symptoms of the Prince's illness." On the 22nd of November we find the Prince still ill. "He could eat no breakfast and looked very wretched."

THE SHADOWS DEEPEN.

On the 29th of November the Prince dragged himself through a review of the Eton College Volunteers, looking very unwell and walking slow. Though wrapped in a coat lined with fur he "felt as though cold water were being poured down his back." "Unhappily I must be present," he wrote in his diary, and these are the last words he ever wrote. Nights of shivering and sleeplessness, the Prince lying on the sofa and the Queen reading to him; visits from the Ministers, from foreign Ambassadors. Lord Palmerston especially became uneasy about the symptoms of the Prince's indisposition. Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner assured her Majesty on the 3rd of December that there was no cause for alarm. Still further nights of wakeful restlessness and distaste for food. "He would take nothing," says the Queen; "hardly any broth, no rusk, no bread or anything. My anxiety is great and I feel utterly lost." The Prince liked to be read to, but hardly any books suited him. They tried him with the "Dodd Family," but he did not like it. One of Sir Walter Scott's, "The Talisman," was substituted. It was read by the Princess Alice, "the Prince listening in a very uncomfortable, panting state, which frightened us." On the night of the 5th of December Dr. Jenner sat up with the Prince, who complained of his wretched condition—"weak and irritable and unlike himself." In the evening the Queen found Albert most dear and affectionate and "quite himself when I went in with little Beatrice, whom he kissed. He quite laughed at some of her new French verses which I made her repeat. Then he held her little hand in his for some time and she sat looking at him." December passed to the 6th, the Prince still looking weak and exhausted, his wife thinking it overwork and worry. "It is too much," he said. "You must speak to the Ministers." "Then he said," says the Queen, "when he lay awake there he heard the little birds and thought of those he had heard at the Rosenham in his childhood. I felt quite upset."

THE END.

Dr. Jenner on December 6 informed the Queen in "the kindest, clearest manner" that the Prince's disease had now assumed its office and was gastric or low fever, and must have its course a month, which dated from the 22nd of November. "Albert," says the Queen, "was not to know it as he had unfortunately a horror of fever! What an awful trial is this—to be deprived of my guide, my support, my all. My heart was ready to burst. But I cheered up, remembering how many people had fever." When the Prince retired for that night his pulse was good. Next morning the symptoms seemed to be improving, and the Prince desired to be removed to a larger room. "When I returned from breakfast," said the Queen, "I found him lying in the new blue room, and much pleased. The sun was shining brightly, the room was fine, large and cheerful, and he said, 'It is so fine.' For the first time since his illness he asked for some music, and said: 'I should like to hear a fine chorale played in the distance.' We had a piano brought into the next room, and Alice played "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and another, and he listened, looking upward with such sweet expression and the tears in his eyes. He then said, "*Das richte bin*" (That is enough). "It was Sunday. The Rev. Charles Kingsley preached, but I heard nothing," says the Queen. There were fits of listlessness and irritability of mind when the Queen read "Peveril of the Peak," which the Prince followed with interest. When the Queen came in from dinner one day, the Prince "was so pleased to see me, stroked my face and smiled, and called me 'Liebes fraulein!' (Dear little wife!) 'Precious love!' His tenderness this evening when he held my hand and stroked my face touched me so much and made me so grateful." On the 9th two other doctors came in, Sir Henry Holland and Sir James Watson. The symptoms seemed to be the same, the Prince's mind occasionally wandering, the strong constitution struggling with the fever. On the 11th there was no improvement, and the Prince was changed into another room. "Going through the door he turned and looked at a beautiful picture on china of the Madonna, a copy of the Madonna and child by Raphael," known as the Colonna Madonna, "which he gave me three years ago, and asked to stop and look at it, ever loving what is beautiful." "It helps me through half the day," he said. "On the 13th of December the fever developed a tendency to congestion of the lungs, a symptom which gave alarm to the physicians. It was noticed that on this day for the first time the Prince took no notice of his favorite Madonna picture on being wheeled from his room. He would not be turned as he had previously been with his back to the light, and remained with his hands clasped looking silently out of the window at the sky. The Prince of Wales was sent for by the physicians and while the doctors endeavored to reassure the Queen they all felt it was a struggle for life. Every hour, every minute was a gain, and Sir James Clark was very hopeful, only the breathing was alarming and about the face and hands was a dusky hue." Albert folded his arms and began arranging his hair just as he used to do when well and he was dressing. These were said to be bad signs. While the doctors continually reassured the Queen it was evident the life of her husband was ebbing away "At half-past five," her Majesty writes, "in the afternoon, I went in and sat down beside his bed, which had been wheeled to the middle of the room. He called me 'Guttes Fraulein' and kissed me and then gave a sort of piteous moan." Later in the day she found the Prince bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. Bending over him, she said, '*Bist kleiner fraulein*' (it is your little wife), and he bent his head and kissed her." "At this time he seemed quite calm, and only wished to be left quite alone, as he used to be when tired and not well." As evening advanced her Majesty retired to give way to her grief in the adjoining room. She had not been long gone when a rapid change set in, and the Princess Alice was requested by Sir James Clark to ask the Queen to return. The import of the summons was too plain. When the Queen entered she took the Prince's left hand, which was very cold, and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the Princess Alice, while at its foot knelt the Prince of Wales and Princess Eleanor. Not far from the foot of the bed were Prince Ernest of Leiningen and the Prince's valet, Loblein. General the Hon. Robert Bruce knelt beside the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps and General Gray were also in the room. "In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely held any deathbed. "The castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form, the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn, and that great soul had fled to seek for a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil for which he had yearned, where there is rest for the worn and weary, and the spirits of the just are made perfect."

Peace, peace! He is not dead, he doth not sleep.
He hath awakened from the dream of life!
He has outsoared the shadow of our night.
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain.
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn

### CONWAY'S CALLER.

**John O'Connor, While Walking in His Sleep in San Francisco, Falls from a Fourth-Story Window Into a Store.**

On Tuesday evening last was performed, at 695 Mission street, San Francisco, the most remarkable somnambulistic feat on record, and one whose recital seems almost incredible, considering the circumstances. The building is four stories in height, the first floor being occupied by the harness and saddle factory of M. J. Conway and the upper three by lodgers, of whom

THE CHIEF ACTOR

in the present drama was one. About a quarter to 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning Mr. Conway, who occupies a room in the rear of his store, was awakened by a thundering crash in his store, followed by a dull thub, such as would be caused by the fall of a heavy body, and the irregular jingle of falling fragments of glass. Under the impression that burglars were the cause he lighted a lamp, and opening the door could see nothing save the flicker of the street lamp opposite, while the long rows of harness in the glass cases gave forth no sound. Walking into the store he came suddenly upon the body of a man lying on his back in the middle of the floor and clad in a red flannel shirt and drawers. [illegible] were open, and he gave no sign of life. Mr. Conway excitedly demanded,

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

By the light of the lamp, from bits of the broken glass and window frame of a skylight in the ceiling of the shop, immediately over a harness-case became visible, and it flashed on Conway that the man had fallen down through and he queried, "Are you hurt?" There was still no answer. For some minutes Conway stood staring at his strange visitor, until the latter changed his expression a trifle and looking about him asked the invariable question,

"Where am I?"

Mr Conway was aided in answering it by a majority of lodgers in the house, including Mr. Manning, all of whom had been awakened by the crash. Their astonishment verged on actual disbelief of their senses when O'Connor, the cause of it all, who rapidly regained his senses, got up on his feet and declared that

HE WAS UNHURT.

He bore out his declaration by walking up stairs with Dr. Manning and getting into bed without assistance. An examination of his room revealed the fact that his escape from death was as about as near a miracle as these latter days have produced. A window of his room, which is on the fourth floor, opens on a small court about six feet by three in dimensions, which runs from the top of the saddler's store up to the roof, a skylight being constructed both at the bottom and top. The four walls of the court are plastered, and save the sills of the windows of the rooms, which open on it, there is nothing to arrest the fall or break the descent or any person unfortunate enough to tumble down the sixty-foot shaft. O'Connor, who is about 30 years old and weighs 130 pounds, stated that all he could recollect was going to his room, taking off his boots and clothes and smoking a portion of a cigar. The next thing he knew was lying on his back

THREE FLOORS BELOW,

With a lamp shining in his face and a man staring at him. The doctor examined him carefully, but found no bones broken, and O'Connor's only complaint is of pains in the abdomen and small of the back, indicating possible internal injuries, of which the doctor is somewhat afraid. An examination of the shop showed that the tumbling sleep-walker had struck square on the skylight, smashing wood and glass to little bits, struck on the top of a showcase, twelve feet high, immediately below, and bounded off to the floor, where Conway found him. The fall is a terrible one, and that the victim was not crushed to a jelly can only be accounted for by the providential theory advanced above. O'Connor is not a drinking man, and though slightly affected with somnambulistic tendencies, has never got into trouble before. While he may escape with the few scratches that his passage through the skylight gave him, yet as his injuries are internal, more serious results may possibly ensue. O'Connor is an assayer by profession, and was formerly employed in the Bonanza refinery.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

### BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

**Did She Receive an Offer of Marriage From Prince of Wellington?**

(From the London Truth.)

Any person who has had the honor of conversing with the most munificent lady in the land, must have been pleased and refreshed by her extremely sharp common sense. She does not waste words, and has no sentimental fripperies in her talk. Not even an Irishman, and St. Patrick knows how hard he tried, could ruffle the serene calm of manner which distinguished the great heiress, though she was but just entering public life, when Mr. Dunn desired to make himself happy with more gallantry and perseverence than delicacy or discretion. As for the title Baroness which this great lady has consented to adorn, she is under stood to have had no other reason for desiring it than a sense of the incongruity which attaches to a person being called "Miss" who has gone out of hail to her teens. Many a higher title has been within her reach. At one time the gossips set about an absurd story that she was going to be married to the Iron Duke of Wellington. The late Sir Robert Inglis, wondering much at such a rumor, bluntly asked the Duke if he had really offered to marry her, on which there came out a story not unlike the three black crows of the monkish legend. "I said," growled his Grace, and his Grace growled awfully in his last decade, "I said that she deserved to be a Duchess. I did not say I would make her one." "The Duke should have said "could," not "would," "remarked the Baroness, drily, when the queer story was repeated to her, and it is the only epigram attributed to her ladyship in circulation. She is not a sayer of sayings, but a somewhat taciturn woman of business

### A FLYING MACHINE.

**Professor Ritchell's Proposed Aerial Voyage to the North Pole.**

(New York Herald.)

Professor Ritchell made a flying machine about two years ago that would really fly. It went up or came down at the wish of the operator, went forward and backward, turned around, remained in one place or went to any desired point—in short, it proved that a flying machine was possible, although it fell far short of realizing what its projector hoped for, and that while navigation in the air was possible under certain conditions, there were circumstances when it was not practicable. The machine was exhibited at Philadelphia, at the Permanent Exposition, at Hartford and subsequently at Boston. Its performances excited wonder and surprise, and indicated the correctness of the principal upon which its construction was based even if it did not go further. But even flying machines lose their novelty as a showpiece, and Professor Ritchell is now in the field with a new project, suggested, perhaps, by Commander Cheyne's grand scheme of reaching the North Pole by aeronautic voyages. Professor Ritchell says:—"I will go to the North Pole in my airship, and the very reasons that will keep Captain Cheyne from reaching there will be the ones by which I will be able to succeed. In carrying out this idea he has built a working model of the airship he proposes to send to the Arctic regions. It does not materially differ from the one exhibited a few months ago. The lifting power is in a horizontally placed cylinder of gossamer cloth—fine linen coated with India rubber. It is charged with hydrogen gas, made by the usual process from iron turnings and sulphuric acid. Broad bands extend over the cylinder, which is about twenty-five feet long and thirteen feet in diameter, narrowing toward each end. The bands are fastened to a light, strong rod, from which the car is suspended. The machine is shaped something like the skeleton of a cutter sleigh, on the top of which is the operator's seat.

THE PROPELLING PROCESS.

In front of the seat in a clog edged steel wheel about ten inches in diameter, with double handles, geared to a four-bladed fan, moving horizontally beneath the operator. It can be turned 2,500 times a minute. The blades of the fan are of strong wood, and each has a superficial area of about fifty square inches. The blades are set like those of a propeller—that is, at a small angle with the screw which turns them. This constitutes part of the lifting and drawing down power. The gas raises ninety-nine pounds of every hundred to be lifted; the fan takes care of the other pound. The operator, wishing to descend, reverses the wheel. From the front of the frame reaches out two rods, carrying at their extremity a vertically working fan, revolving 2,800 times a minute. It is exactly like the propeller of a steamship, except that it can be turned by the operator's foot from right to left and *vice versa*, and thus it becomes a rudder as well. It will send the machine forward or take it backward, and also change its direction. The two fans can be worked together or separately, the machinery being simple and quite within the control of the operator. Such is the plan in the diminutive by which Professor Ritchell hopes to reach the North Pole. The machine he now has will carry one man. It has been tried, and although much like the one exhibited before it has many improvements, is more easily controlled and perfectly balanced. Instead of worsted bands around the gas cylinder the Professor proposes to have steel adjustable bands on the big ship, which will compress the gas in the bag or allow it to expand at will. This arrangement will, he says, counteract the influence of the cold weather in the high latitudes. He believes he can make headway against wind blowing at the rate of ten miles an hour. The machine has already travelled against a six-mile wind at a fair speed. Further details of his proposed pleasure trip to the Pole the Professor has not yet formulated.

### AN ASSASSIN'S DREAM.

**Strange Revelation of Henry Wise, One of the Lebanon Murderers.**

(From the Pittsburg Telegraph.)

Yesterday Gov. Hoyt, signed the death warrant of the convicted Lebanon murderers, and fixed May the 13th as the time for their execution. A day or two ago, and, of course, before the fate of the prisoners was finally fixed, Col. Soltzer, one of Wise's counsel, called upon him, and during an interview he still persisted in his innocence, and said that if Brandt and Hummel are hung first and make a fair statement from the scaffold, they cannot do otherwise than exonerate him; that he had faltered before the actual crime had been committed, and that he had advised the abandonment of the scheme to put old man Raber out of the way in the manner it was done. The Colonel then replied that if such was the case, and the men made dying statements in his favor, he would see to it that arrangements were made so that probably a reprieve at the last moment might be secured from the Governor. Wise, in a melancholy tone of voice and with a deep sigh, remarked: "It is no use, Colonel, my fate is sealed, as ever since my incarceration behind the bars of this prison an inward monitor has told me—haunted me both by day and by night—that I must hang. There is no escaping the doom—the inevitable fate of an expiation of the offense on the gallows." "Why look upon your case with such dark foreboding?" asked the Colonel; to which the prisoner replied, "Colonel, ten years ago, in my poor little dwelling in my mountain home, I dreamt a dream that has haunted me ever since, that I would end my existence in an unnatural manner. I dreamt that a large stone wall, just like these prison walls, stood before my gaze, and gradually, but by some unseen power, I was drawn to it, and when sufficiently close, all of a sudden, I was with celerity drawn up, and with this existence ceased. Such was my dream, Colonel, and I will leave it to you whether surrounding facts do not give me reason to believe that at that time I was given a look into futurity and a perfect horoscope of my life afforded me."

### GARMENTS OF MYSTERY.

**A Lady's Description of the Chemiloon—An Interesting New York Window.**

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

There is a show window on one of the avenues full of reform undergarments of mysterious shapes. Various ideas in corsets are realized, and suspenders for skirts and stockings are numerously displayed, but the general tendency of the reforms there illustrated is towards combining two articles in one. An undershirt and a corset cover become a single garment, and so do a nightgown and a nightcap. The most striking thing in the window is of white muslin and has both arms and legs. It is, to speak without equivocation, a chemise as far down as the waist, and drawers below that dividing line. The utility of it is not very apparent, though the dealer declared that it saves time and trouble, and is more comfortable. It certainly is rather a startling object, as it hangs at full length and breadth in the window; yet I imagine that it is mysterious to most of the men who throw sly glances at it as they pass by. Why women's underwear should be a delicate subject is to me, a woman, most wonderful; but so it is. Even the two girls who were looking at some reform goods as I entered the store seemed desirous of escaping. But there was a strong-mannered woman there who did not shrink; and I observed that she bought several of the curious combinations, while the comely girls went out without making any purchase. I talked with the old one for the sake of finding out her motive for decreasing the number and increasing the comprehensiveness of her undergarments, and was astonished when I heard it.

"Tisn't so much that they're handier to get on and off," she said, though that's something; but the fact is my washerwoman charges by the dozen. A shirt in one piece and a pair of drawers is another, which makes two; but shirt and drawers in one count but one. These washerwomen, bless you, are so grasping."

The garment to which she referred is called a chemiloon. I looked carelessly at the various styles, for I had no intention of buying any, and the salesgirl grew persuasive.

"You can hardly appreciate how becoming they are," she said, in reply to my remark as to their appearance, unless you see them worn. Please step this way and see a model."

She conducted me into a rear apartment—a sort of dressing room for the trying on of garments—and called out, "Lizzie! Lizzie!" In response a handsome young woman came in. Removing a loose wrapper, she unconcernedly displayed several of the establishment's devices.

"The lady wishes to see the chemiloon," the salesgirl said.

The young woman doffed her skirts of novel shapes, and stood revealed in this chemiloon. There was plenty of simplicity and nothing very interesting about the garment. Bathing dresses for children are sometimes cut in about the same fashion. Any ordinary ingenious lady could make it without a pattern. The model was well nigh faultless of figure, and so, of course, looked well in it. The cloth was fine bleached muslin; the neck was moderately low, and edged with dainty lace; the sleeves were short, showing the wearer's shapely arms nearly to the shoulder; the waist was half-fitting, and there was an inset bosom of embroidery; the legs reached to just below the knees. In putting on the chemiloon the legs are drawn on first, trousers like; then the arms are thrust through, and finally the garment fastened by its row of buttons behind.

### WHY SHE KNEW.

The other day there was a suit in Justice alley between two Wayne County farmers regarding the ownership of fourteen unmarked grain bags. Each side was prepared to stoutly swear that the bags were his, and each had witnesses to back his testimony. The complainant swore to buying the bags at a certain store on a certain time, and his hired man swore to handling them as they were taken from the wagon. The defendant swore that he purchased them at a certain place on a certain time, and his wife was called to the stand to tell what she knew about it. She was a large, fleshy woman, and very much bewildered.

"Land save me! but I was never in such a crowd before, and I feel as I should faint!" she gasped as she took the witness stand.

"Never mind fainting, Mrs. X," said the lawyer. "Tell the jury what you know about those bags."

"Oh! land! but I know all about 'em! We bought 'em on the 10th of November."

"How are you sure it was the 10th?"

"Makes alive! I know it was, for I boxed Melissa's ears that morning for leaving a spoon in the dish-water, and she was married on the 15th."

"Who asked for the bags at the store?"

"Oh! stars and garters! but I did; I remember it as plain as day."

"What did the clerk say?"

"Oh! stars! but he said, 'certainly,' and he went and got 'em."

"What else do you remember?"

"Oh, lands! but I wanted a calico dress!"

"And you didn't get it?"

"Bless granny! I didn't, and we jawed all the way home."

"And how why are you positive that these are the bags?"

"Oh! dear, oh! but while we were jawing I threw 'em out into the road. Some one lend me a fan, for I'm most dead!"

"Never mind being most dead, Mrs. X. What else about the bags?"

"My husband boxed my ears for throwing 'em out. Oh! stars! I didn't mean to tell that!"

"He did, eh? Well, what else?"

"Oh! dear! but when we got home I kicked the hired man!"

"Kicked the hired man, eh? Well, how can you be positive that these are the bags!"

"Great Canadians! aren't you done yet! Yes I am positive."

"How can you be?"

"I don't want to tell."

"But you must."

"Well, if I must I must, though I'm sure I shall faint away. That night I boxed Melissa again."

"Yes."

"And husband boxed me."

"Yes."

"And we both boxed the hired man, and we were all so mad we sot up all night in our sheers and have had chill-blains and catarrh ever since! Do you suppose we'd have made fools of ourselves over fourteen grain bags belonging to a man living three miles away!"

That settled the case with the jury, and the verdict was in favor of the defendant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A LIVELY SCENE.

**How a Lawyer Showed His Contempt for a Court of Revision.**

(St. Catharines Journal.)

The abnormal quiet of the proceedings of the Court of Revision was somewhat rudely interrupted on Wednesday night, by a stirring episode, in which Mr. Richard Miller appeared as the central figure. It seems Mr. Peter McCallum appealed against the income of Messrs. Miller & Cox, barristers, etc., as being assessed too low. Mr. McCallum, through his legal adviser, Mr. J. G. Currie, caused a subpoena to be issued for the attendance before the Court of Mr. Richard Miller, the senior member of the firm, the subpoena being accompanied by the legal fee of fifty cents. Mr. Miller presented himself, but refused to enter the witness box on the ground that he was not subpoenaed on the firm account, but on his own personal one. Mr. Currie then, on behalf of Mr. McCallum, issued another subpoena and served it upon Mr. Miller, together with the fee, but he still persisted in his refusal to enter the witness box and give evidence. The court, through Mr. McCarthy, expressed its surprise and regret at Mr. Miller's disrespect to the