A NAVY OF FORTY-TWO VESSELS

Secretary Tracy's Report to President Harrison—He Recommends a Force of 100 Ships in the Proportion of Three Cruisers to One Battle-ship.

In his annual report to the President Secretary of the Navy Tracy says the effective force of the United States Navy, when all the ships now authorized are completed, excluding those which by the process of decay and the operation of law will by that date have been condemned, will comprise eleven armored vessels, of which only three are designed for fighting at sea, and thirty-one unarmored vessels, making a total of forty-two. He makes a comparison with the number of armored and unarmored vessels of the navies of eleven foreign Powers to show that even when the present building programme is completed the United States cannot take rank as a navy Power, and adds: "If the country is to have a navy at all it should have one that is sufficient for the complete and ample protection of its coast in time of war. If we are to stop short of this we might better stop where we are, and abandon all claim to influence and control upon the sea. It is idle to spend our money in building small, slow-going steamers, that are unnecessary in peace and useless for war. It is little better than a repetition of the mistaken policy that prevailed in our early history of building gun-boats that were laid up or sold as soon as war broke out. The country needs a navy that will exempt it from war, but the only navy that will accomplish this is a navy that can wage war.

"The cost of building a navy casts no perceptible burden upon a country of our vast resources. It is the premium paid by the United States for the insurance of its acquired wealth and its growing industries. Compared with the interests that are secured the rate is low. It is a cheap price to pay for safety. We collect in duties in six months at a single port a greater sum than we could spend in building a new navy in six years. For the past two years the Government has paid its creditors for the privilege of discounting its debt before it was due twice the sum we have spent in reconstruction. And the fact must be remembered that of the amount which we spend for the construction of a ship, only a small fraction, perhaps one-tenth, goes for absolutely raw material, while the remaining nine-tenths represent, in one form or another, the earnings of American labor.

"In looking back at the work of naval reconstruction, begun seven years ago, the country has reason to be congratulated on the success of the undertaking. The assaults made with more audacity than judgment, upon the four experimental cruisers of 1882 have been met successfully by the performance of the vessels, and all doubts of their efficiency, if such doubts ever really existed, are laid at rest forever; while the four cruisers of 1886, assuming that the *Petrel* will eventually come up to the mark, in their advance over their predecessors, prove that both designers and constructors have kept themselves abreast of the extraordinary development in ship-building since the earlier cruisers were laid down.

"In reference to fast cruisers all modern experience goes to show that they are essential adjuncts of an armored fleet, and the proportion of three cruisers to one battle-ship is believed to be sound and reasonable. This would make the future navy consist of 20 battle ships, 20 coast-defence ships and 60 cruisers, or 100 vessels in all, which is believed to be a moderate estimate of the proper strength of the fleet. Of the sixty cruisers required thirty-one are now built or authorized. For an increase in the number of cruisers, considered simply as auxiliaries to the fighting force of battle-ships, we may wisely wait until the latter are in process of construction.

"The necessities of our vulnerable position demand the immediate creation of two fleets of battle-ships, of which eight should be assigned to the Pacific and twelve to the Atlantic and Gulf. They must be the best of their class in four leading characteristics: armament, armor, structural strength and speed. In addition to the battle ships the situation of the country requires at least twenty vessels for coast and harbor defence. At the present time eight vessels of this type are under construction, five of which are reconstructed monitors.

"The one problem now before the Government, in the matter of a naval policy, is to get these forty vessels built at the earliest possible moment.

"It is therefore recommended that the construction of eight armored vessels be authorized at the coming session, and that they be of the type of battle ships rather than coast-defence ships; the former being more generally serviceable, and there being only three of them now in process of construction as against eight of the latter.

"To insure the thorough efficiency of the corps of enlisted men in the navy, three things are necessary: First, that it should be composed of American citizens or of those who have declared their intention to become citizens; secondly, that they should have adequate training for their work, and thirdly, that the system of enlistment and discharge should be so regulated as to secure the retention of good men in the service."

The Secretary recommends that the time of enlistment for naval apprentices be extended until they are 24 years of age, and approves the suggestions that the Marine Corps and the Revenue Marine be united, that a naval reserve be provided for, and that League Island Navy Yard be put in good condition.

THE CARE OF A PIANO.

It is Well to Keep a Growing Plant in the Room.

"It is a popular notion that pianos ought to be kept very dry, says a musical man in the *Mail and Express*. Nothing could be more fallacious. Pianos are not nearly so much affected by heat or cold as they are by dryness, and reversely, by dampness. It is not generally known that the sounding-board, the life of a piano, is forced into the case when it is made so tightly that it bulges up in the centre, on the same principle as a violin. The wood is supposed to be as dry as possible, but, of course, it contains some moisture, and gathers more on damp days and in handling. Now, when a piano is put into an overheated, dry room all this moisture is dried out, and the board loses its shape and gets flabby and cracks. Even if it doesn't crack the tone loses its resonance and grows thin and tinny, the felt cloth and leather used in the action dry up, and the whole machine rattles.

"How will you prevent this?"

"Keep a growing plant in your room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or else there is something wrong with it. It should be noted how much more water will have to be poured into the flower-pot in the room where the piano is than in any other room."

Killed While on Duty.

A Thursday night's Windsor despatch says: Policeman Geo. W. Hunt met a horrible death to-day at Walkerville. He was crossing the Grand Trunk tracks opposite the watch house, near Walker's store, just as two freight trains approached from opposite directions. In endeavoring to dodge the train going west the east-bound train struck him, knocked him down and ground his head into a horrible mess. Officer Hunt was on duty at the time and met his death within two blocks of his house. The unfortunate man was formerly a member of the Windsor Fire Department. He moved to Walkerville a short time ago and became a member of the police force. He was about 45 years of age and had been married only three months.

Asphyxiated in the Hold.

A San Francisco despatch of Friday says: Fire broke out in the hold of the British ship Durham here a few days ago, but was extinguished after slight damage. Heavy rain for the past few days made it necessary to cover the hatches, and gas accumulated. This afternoon Surveyor Freeman, of Lloyds, and Grain Inspector Cotton and Capt. Gove went into the hold to ascertain the damage to the grain cargo. A few minutes later Gove came up exhausted. Freeman and Cotton were soon drawn up, but both died in a few minutes.

Had the Best of Them.

A bankrupt banker had just made out his schedule of assets.

"But what will you say when you meet your creditors?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I shan't meet them; they travel on foot, while I always take a cab."

—Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show are at Barcelona, Spain. His Indians are learning to talk Spanish.

—English cutlers who used to pay $3,000 a ton for ivory have recently had to pay as high as $10,000.

—Truth is like cheese. Truth is mighty.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

Henry M. Stanley's Singular Career—A Great Explorer and a Brilliant Writer Combined.

The recently received news of Mr. Stanley has revived interest in the life of that intrepid traveller. It is not generally known that "Henry M. Stanley" is by birth a Welshman, and by name John Rowlands. His childhood was sad, and his earlier years spent in an almshouse, to which the poverty of his parents consigned him. The spirit of adventure and roving developed itself very early in his disposition, and as soon as he obtained any freedom at all he embarked as cabin boy on a ship which carried him to New Orleans. He was at that time 15 years old, and is now 49. While in this southern city his chances cast him in the way of an English merchant doing business there, and who befriended the waif in many ways. Gratitude caused the boy later on to take the name of this gentleman, Henry Morton Stanley. But he could not bring himself to live as ordinary people did, but disappeared suddenly from New Orleans, went off into the Southwest and made himself at home among the Indians. What he learned there has stood him in rich stead since, for all savages have traits in common. To be more exact, the limitations to their mental processes are so great that there is not room for much difference between them, whether they are Sioux Indians, Manyema Arabs or

CONGO MAN-EATERS.

After a time he wandered back to New Orleans, and soon afterward his adopted father died. He left no will and Stanley was poor again. The war broke out and he became an ensign in the Union Navy, but did not greatly distinguish himself. Having to assume some occupation by which to earn his living, Stanley turned to journalism, a somewhat facile pen aiding him in obtaining distinction as a writer. Employed by the New York *Herald*, in the Cretan Rebellion, the Abyssian War and the Spanish Revolution, he was engaged in the last enterprise when in 1869 he was sent to find Livingstone. At that time the fate of Livingstone was in doubt. For three years nothing had been heard of him, and it was feared he had perished among the tribes of Central Africa. On the 4th of February Stanley was sent out from Zanzibar, intending to follow up the explorer by whatever route he had made. The relief caravan was a big one, divided into five sections and composed of 190 persons, of whom 150 were carriers. The second in command was a white sailor named Farquhar, the mate of the vessel in which Stanley had come to Zanzibar. The third was also a white man named Shaw and a sailor. Enough Arab soldiers were enlisted to protect the Caravan, which bore supplies likely to be needed by Livingstone, and a vast amount of cloth and beads, the currency of interior Africa. Stanley had

NO VERY DEFINITE IDEA

where he was going, except that, unless for some particular reason he should change his mind, he would move due west until he reached the Ujiji country on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. The distance thus contemplated was less than 600 miles. Progress was slow and it was found that the officers chosen were inefficient and insubordinate, one of them, the man Shaw, even attempting the life of his leader. Desertions and conspiracies within the camp enlivened what part of Stanley's time was not occupied in battle, and all the while he and at least half his men were being consumed by fevers. At one time they seemed to be lost in pestilence, another to be swallowed by great armies of opposing negroes. At no time, however, was there any question in Stanley's mind of going on. As troubles multiplied and dangers with each trouble, his purpose grew firmer and more uncompromising. Deserters were captured and chained, and once his rifle's angry barrel threw terror into a camp of mutineers. The people he met with morally and physically were of all possible tribal varieties. Stanley soon began to

HEAR OF LIVINGSTONE

and came upon him, as he from the first anticipated, at Ujiji on the Tanganyika. He had been six months on the way. Their meeting was quite formal at first, but they became devoted friends, and Stanley to-day reveres Livingstone as he reveres no other man. The effect of this singular acquaintance upon Stanley's subsequent career was lasting and profound. Livingstone refused point-blank to return with Stanley. He was then sick—dying. But he felt that he had a work to do in preaching to the negroes and in hunting for the Nile's sources, and he had determined to be diverted from this by no other hand that that of Death himself. Stanley stopped with Livingstone for about four months, and received from the old man a full account of his last five years' work. It was of vast importance in making over the map of Lower Africa. Next Stanley returned to Africa to explore the Victoria Nyanza region and found the place where the Blue Nile starts forth upon its long journey to the Mediterranean. This journey was full of perils and was accompanied by much fighting. The recent journeys of the explorer have been abundantly described during the past few days.

ABUSE OF THE WHIP.

The Effects of Good and Bad Treatment on Horses.

The whip is the parent of stubbornness. This is especially true of high-spirited animals, remarks an exchange; while kindness and gentleness will win obedience and at the same time attach the horse to his driver. It is the easiest thing in the world to win the affections of an animal, and this is especially true of a horse. An apple, a potato or a lump of sugar given from the hand now and then will cause a horse to prick up his ears at the sound of his owner's footsteps, not with fear and trembling, but with a whinnying note of pleasure. And the confidence of the noble beast thus gained will lead him to obey the slightest intelligent tone of the voice or indication of the bit. There is no such thing as balkiness in the horse treated from the first with uniform kindness. He rapidly shows a desire to obey, whereas a few blows of the whip smartly applied, if he be a horse worth having, will at once arouse in him a spirit of retaliation and stubbornness that may cause the owner hours of trouble, and perhaps endanger life and limb. There is no doubt that horses are made gentle by kindness; thousands of examples go to prove it, while the reverse of this is equally well established. The horse has faith in the master he loves, and his voice, when heard in gentle tones, will soothe his fears when he has been frightened, or cause him to struggle onward with a load which he would utterly refuse to carry if whipped. No one knows the true value of his horse until he has won his regard by kind treatment. The whip can never accomplish this, but will have the opposite effect. A kind hand and gentle voice act like magic. These facts especially apply to the breaking of colts, something which the Arab of the desert understands better than we, and might give the best of us a lesson. An Arab would as soon strike his wife or daughter as his horse, and an Arab steed is the model of gentleness and docility as well as endurance.

Cleaning White Kids.

Some of the finest kid and satin shoes for ladies sold in the big apartment houses of New York are made by Allioncius, a French shoemaker. He was asked how he cleaned the delicate white and suede goods he was showing to the writer.

"With benzine and bread crumbs," was the reply. "There is nothing that will do it so nicely, but care must be taken in doing this. A woollen rag is the best for the purpose. It is dipped in benzine and then allowed to become almost dry. When it is simply damp it is just right. With the aid of bread crumbs you can now take off almost any stain or dirt on these shoes, except, of course, ink marks."—*Boots and Shoes Weekly.*

Information Freely Given.

Mrs. Fangle (who is reading the paper)—What are these Caledonian sports, dear?

Fangle—Caledonian sports are Scotch dudes.

It takes a good deal of sand to perpetrate some sugar frauds.

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Going to Sunday school, she said.
Have you been of late, my pretty maid?
Not for about a year, she said.
Then why do you go, my pretty maid?
Christmas is coming, sir, she said.

Mrs. Langtry's first appearance at the St James, London, will now, it is decided, take place in a piece of Haddon Chambers, the present title of which, "The Bouquet," will be changed.

"Any startling news in the paper this morning, Mr. Homerun?" asked his wife at the breakfast table. "Startling? Well, I should say so!" exclaimed her husband, excitedly. "Here is an article headed, 'Mulvey Signs with the Brotherhood.'"

CRONIN TRIAL ECHOES.

Juror Culver an Object of Contempt—Congratulations Showered Upon the State's Attorney.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday night says: The convicted murderers of Dr. Cronin had plenty of visitors during the short time allowed for visits at the jail. The first priest to visit the men since their arrest was Father McGinnity, of Monroe, Wis., who was O'Sullivan's pastor when the prisoner lived in that part of the State. The words of cheer and consolation which were spoken by the reverend visitor helped to raise the prisoner's spirits to an unusual degree. Burke has few friends in this world and is left a good deal to himself, but his brute courage and cheerfulness never desert him.

Lawyer Forrest held a mysteriously secret interview with Burke, Coughlin and O'Sullivan in the morning. He brought a document, which each prisoner signed without hesitation as soon as it was read to them. Except that the document had reference to future moves to be taken on behalf of the prisoners Mr. Forrest would say nothing about it.

All the lawyers for the defence and prosecution intend to take a well-earned rest during the holidays, but none of them will say where they are going.

Mr. W. A. Foster's mail continues to be filled with congratulatory letters from old friends. Judge H. C. Henderson, of Marshalltown, Iowa, Mr. Foster's old home, wrote: "I believe that Beggs was the guiltiest of the lot, and my belief is strengthened by the fact that you did not put him on the stand. But I am glad for your sake that he was acquitted."

Mr. John Culver, the notorious juror, who saved three of the murderers from the scaffold, called on the State Attorney to-day in company with Banker S. A. Kean, a Sunday school superintendent and friend of the religious juror. The object of the visit was to explain his attitude in the jury room and justify his unfavorable view of the State's case; but the attempt to "square" himself was a dismal failure. Judge Longenecker expressed his opinion in vigorous language, and resented Mr. Culver's familiarity in addressing him as "Brother Longenecker."

The Clan-na-Gael element in the police force is being weeded out, the future motto of the authorities being, "No Clan-na-Gael need apply." Chief of Police Hubbard is to be reduced to the rank of captain, and ex-United States Marshal Marsh given command of the department.

ELEVEN TO ONE.

The Cronin Jurors Will Make a Public Statement.

A Chicago despatch of last (Friday) night says: "Will O'Sullivan make a confession?" was asked of Lawyer Hines to-day.

"Well, O'Sullivan's face always looked repentant, and I don't think he will live long. He wore a kind of pained expression, but I have always been in doubt whether it was his conscience or his stomach which troubled him. He will confess if any of them do."

A complete statement of all that transpired in the jury-room will be signed by eleven jurors in a few days, and given out for publication, so that the world may know how the verdict was reached.

"I am thoroughly disgusted with the jury system of this State, said Juror Bontecou. "The system compelling a unanimous verdict is simply rotten."

"Will anything be said about bribery in the public statement?"

"I can't tell you. I know I wasn't bribed. We knew all about the attempt to bribe Juror Dix soon after the attempt was made. It was just about the time that the exposure of the jury bribing conspiracy was made. Dix got the letter and the necktie he was to wear, and it was turned over to the bailiff, who opened it. The bailiffs kept pretty close to us all the time, but occasionally things happened that should not. For instance, I was allowed to go home and see my wife several times. On one of these occasions a very prominent man managed to get close enough to me to say, without the bailiff hearing it, 'Now, do your duty, and hang every one of 'em. One time another friend of a juror who got close enough said to him 'If you don't hang 'em all, we'll give it to you.' Now, of course, we ought not to have heard that, but it didn't make any difference or influence us one way or another; but it gave us an idea of the feeling outside."

"Why will not Culver be asked to sign the agreement?"

"Only eleven men are in this, and there will be only eleven signatures. Culver can make his own statement, as he stands alone"

This dereliction of duty on the part of the bailiffs will be startling news to the authorities.

LORD CECIL'S WILL.

The Bequests Made by the Late Evangelist.

Lord Eustace Cecil, the evangelist, unfortunately drowned in Canada last summer, has willed away his money with a due regard to those high interests to which he devoted his energies. The English papers publish the terms of the will: The testator bequeaths to the British and Foreign Bible Society, £2,000; to the Inland China Mission, having offices at Pyrmont road, Mildmay, £500; and to Mr. Christopher Mare Adam, of Cambridge gardens, Notting hill, Mr. Dennis Lambert Higgins, of High Littleton, and Captain James Talbot, of the Rifle Brigade, £9,000 in trust for such poor Christians and such servants of Jesus Christ, in the British Isles, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Russia, Syria, Canada and the United States of America as they, in their absolute and uncontrolled discretion, may think fit. He bequeaths to his sister, Lady Victoria Evans Freke, £1,000; to Henry Harman, of Bourne, shoemaker, £500; to George Cutting, of Stamford, Henry Mann Hooke, of Worksworth, and Capt. Hugh Talbot, of the 51st Regiment, £2,000 each; and to Mr. James Dunlop, £1,000. The residue of his property (the personal estate being to the value of £21,381 10s.) the testator leaves to Mr. Dunlop

THE TRAIN PARTED.

Two Officials Crushed to Death in a Freight Wreck.

A Walensburg, Col., despatch of Wednesday says: A freight train on the Denver & Rio Grande road last night left Laveta. It was made up of two engines in front and twenty-two cars of cattle, ten freight cars and a caboose, and an engine in the rear The train soon broke in three parts, and then began a race for life, as the middle section had no brakeman on it. The engines ran three miles at the rate of over a mile a minute down a grade ninety feet to the mile, and here the middle section, with twenty-four cars loaded with cattle and lumber, overtook them. The first engine escaped, but the second was overwhelmed in a great mass of flying wreckage, which buried Engineer William Glener and Fireman Thomas Baker, killing them instantly. Portions of the timber on the flying cars were thrown over 200 feet. Seven cars of cattle and eight cars of lumber were piled up in the wreck, and nearly all the cattle were killed or horribly mangled. Two brakemen were severely injured.

Generous.

Mrs. Charity (to beggar woman)—There, my good woman, is an old dress of mine with only the front widths and a part of the waist gone. If you will get four or five yards of brown cashmere to combine with it, and some new lining and velvet for a collar and cuffs and a panel at the side, it will make you quite a neat and comfortable gown. That is all I have for you to-day.

Seasonable Economy.

Kirby Stone—I don't see you at the cafe where you used to take lunch with the boys, Younglove.

Younglove—No, I am eating very light lunches now. I sit on a high stool and chew a sandwich.

Kirby Stone—Economizing, eh?

Younglove—Yes, I am saving up enough to pay for the present my wife is going to give me next Christmas.

Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring. "Want to make me a present, Charley!" Clara exclaimed, in well-disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself."

One esteemed contemporary remarks, that "though some of our colleges are very old, they are still in possession of their faculties!" and another, in answer to the everlasting question: "Where do all our pins go?" answers, "Some go into clothes, some go into the street, some go into paper, and many of them occupy chairs in our schools and colleges."

O'SULLIVAN'S REMORSE.

His Crime Haunts Him in the Solitude of His Cell.

JUROR CULVER WANTS MONEY.

A Chicago despatch of yesterday says: There were five more discharges issued from the office of Superintendent of Police Hubbard to-day. The officers removed are Detectives Palmer and Flynn, Patrolmen Michael Ahern and Daniel Cunningham, and Station Keeper Kelly. The charges in each case are conduct unbecoming an officer and neglect of duty, but the men are all removed for their actions during the Cronin trial.

CULVER WANTS MONEY.

John Culver, the Cronin trial juror, began suit to-day against the Chicago *Herald*, claiming damages of $25,000 on account of an article concerning him published in last Sunday's edition.

O'SULLIVAN COULD A TALE UNFOLD.

The weight and guilt upon the mind and soul of Patrick O'Sullivan is more than he can bear. The horror of that awful night of May 4th in the Carlson cottage is making severe inroads upon the convicted murderer's constitution and nervous system. Consumption has laid its fatal hand upon O'Sullivan, and he realizes that his days are numbered. He may not live to pass under the portals of the Joliet Penitentiary. His sleep is broken nightly by visions of his victim and the scenes surrounding the murder. His guilty conscience is at work, and there is a general impression that he will soon lift the load from his mind by telling all he knows about the great conspiracy.

The State Attorney is anxious now only for big confessions, which will fasten the crime of murder upon those who walk the streets to-day free men. Liberty awaits O'Sullivan if he can reveal the hidden hand in his confession and furnish corroborative evidence. There is a strong doubt that O'Sullivan was in the confidence of the arch-conspirator, and knows as much as Coughlin. As one of the turnkeys, who is on night watch in the murderers' row at the county jail, was passing by O'Sullivan's cell last night he heard these words, uttered in piteous, despairing tones: "I cannot face my God with this load on my mind." Stepping softly to the door, the turnkey peered through the bars, but saw nothing in the darkness. Raising his lantern, he looked again, and saw the form of the iceman lying prostrate on his rough bed, with his face turned toward the wall.

"What's the matter, O'Sullivan?" inquired the turnkey.

The prisoner turned a pale and haggard face toward the watchman, started up, and after a minute's silence answered surlily with his old scowl, "Nothing" Then he flung himself upon his rude cot again and buried his face in the pillow, as if to shut out some horrid sight. The voice of conscience was indeed speaking and pleading in the felon's cell.

NO NEW TRIAL PROBABLE.

With the slow machinery of the Supreme Court on their side, it is not likely that Coughlin, Burke, and O'Sullivan will see the inside of the penitentiary until a year has elapsed. Neither the prisoners nor their lawyers expect or desire to have the judgment of the Lower Court reversed and a new trial ordered. But the murderers prefer to stay in jail for a year rather than be at hard work in the State's prison. As all three are in for life they want to have as easy a time as possible.

When Judge McConnell overrules the motion for a new trial, it is expected that Kunze will receive his sentence and go at once to Joliet.

STILL ANOTHER VICTIM

Of the Detroit School Tragedy of Friday Last.

A Detroit despatch of last (Monday) night says: The sufferings of little Nellie Thatcher were ended at 12.30 this afternoon. Last evening the family felt as though the danger point was nearly passed. Nellie showed every sign of improvement, but between 3 and 4 o'clock this morning a blood-vessel in her right arm burst and the poor girl nearly bled to death before the flow could be stopped. The burn was so deep that it had weakened one of the larger blood-vessels to such an extent that a slight movement of her arm caused a rupture. This great loss of the vital fluid, taken in connection with her generally debilitated condition, removed the last slender hope of her recovery.

The Coroner began an official investigation into the Tilden School catastrophe this morning, the particular case being that of Jennie Lankshear. Maud Priest, one of the teachers, was the first witness She said she was sitting at the piano, with her back to the pupils. Alexander McMillan held the candle. Suddenly she saw a flash and heard a scream. She thought every pupil in the room was afire. She could not tell how the fire started. Miss Priest then described her efforts to save the children. Alex. McMillan, who had both hands bandaged said: "Miss Saunders got a candle which she gave to me. Then she struck a match, with which I lit the candle. I held it so Miss Priest could see at the piano. The 'fairies' were in a semicircle behind us. Suddenly there was a flash. I could not say whether it was from the wands which the girls were swinging or from the girls' dresses. The first I saw in flames was Bessie Seeley. She threw herself on Carrie Bentliff, and in a moment all seemed to be ablaze." The witness related how he put out the flames on several children. Herbert Jenks testified: "I saw Bertie Seeley turn as though she wanted to speak to Miss Priest. Her elbow was about six inches above the candle. Then I saw the flash and left the room." The jury retired, and after a short consultation returned with a formal verdict, merely reciting the facts, and neither clearing nor incriminating any one.

A Fourth Victim of the Detroit Fire.

A Sunday's Detroit despatch says: The fourth of the victims of the Tilden School fire to succumb to her injuries was Florine Westgate, daughter of Dr. J. E. Westgate, who died at her father's residence, 43 Reed Place, yesterday morning at 4.30 o'clock. The evening before she had a sinking spell from which she rallied, but along in the night sank again, and at the hour mentioned ceased to breathe. Her injuries were not supposed to be as serious as many of the others, and her appearance confirmed this belief. It is now thought that she must have inhaled flame, which induced internal inflammation. Nellie Thatcher and Edna Fonda are still in a very critical condition.

Wrecked a Train for Spite.

A Wabash, Ind., despatch of Tuesday says: Wm. Marquis, aged 17, son of a farmer in Maine county, was arrested at school yesterday by a detective on the charge of wrecking the east-bound express at Keller's on October 29th The accident, a frightful one, was caused by a misplaced switch. The boy confessed. He said he started from Wabash to Peru on foot that morning. He tried to obtain a ticket for a silk handkerchief, and failing, he opened the lock, threw the switch open, and disappeared. Marquis does not seem to realize the enormity of his crime, although expressing regret for the act.

Bacteria on a Tour.

A Tuesday night's New York despatch says: The Health Board admits that the Russian influenza has reached this city. Dr. Cyrus Edson, who has charge of the Contagious Disease Bureau, said so this morning, and he also predicted that the disease would spread. The doctor says the disease, which most people are inclined to attribute to the atmosphere, is really caused by bacteria. These germs of influenza were diffused through the atmosphere.

Its Tick Was at an End.

"You seem to be very still," said the Key to the Clock.

"I'm run down. If time is money, I'm surely a bankrupt."

"Well, just wait a while and I'll see about winding up your affairs."

All for a Free "Ad."

Wylie—What's the matter with you Reilly? Why so furious?

Reiley—Have you read this infernal article about me in the *Evening Hash!*

Wylie—Why don't you treat that with silent contempt?

Reiley—So I would if that scoundrel reporter hadn't misspelled my name.

A friend and admirer once said to Robert Browning: "I have studied long upon this passage in your poem, and am unable to comprehend it. Pray, tell me, what is the idea embodied in it?" Mr. Browning read the passage over and replied: "Really, I cannot tell; but I believe it will be worth your while to keep on studying it."

DOM PEDRO

Brazilian Revolutionists ... Allowance.

DA FONSECA DYING.

Alarm Felt in Portugal and in Berlin—Revolutionary Activity.

A Rio Janiero despatch of Saturday says: An Executive decree promulgated to-day fixes the date of the general election for Sept. 15th and the meeting of the Constituent Assembly for Nov. 15th. By the same decree the ex-Emperor Dom Pedro is banished from Brazil together with the members of the Royal family, the Viscount D'Ouru Preto and his brother, Carlos Alfonso; and Senator Martino, Governor of Rio Grande de Sul, charged with treason as the leader of the movement for the secession of that State, is condemned to transportation. The decree recalls and cancels the grant of 5,000,000 milreis to Dom Pedro, and suspends his allowance in the civil list.

DA FONSECA DYING.

A private despatch from Rio Janeiro states that Marshal Da Fonseca, Chief of the Provisional Government of Brazil, is dying. The question as to who will succeed him is engaging serious attention. It is believed the change in the Ministry which would follow his death would lead to serious complications.

Reports from Brazil indicate a strong feeling in the Province of Para and Rio Grande do Sul in favor of separating from the other Brazilian States. They object to being dominated by Rio Janeiro, the interests of the sections being in many ways divergent.

The report of the prospective death of Da Fonseca caused no surprise. Fonseca left a sick bed to take part in the revolution, and it was hardly to be expected that his condition could mend under the excitement and the arduous labors incident to his present position. Senor Barboza, Minister of Finance, has already, on account of Da Fonseca's illness, had more than his share of responsibility thrown upon his shoulders, and it is considered likely that, in the event of the provisional President's death, Barboza will assume his place.

Dom Pedro, in a recent conversation, said that the proclamation granting practically universal citizenship to foreign residents was a shrewd and statesmanlike move on the part of the present rulers of Brazil.

FEELING IN GERMANY.

A Berlin cable says: For many days now the attention of the Foreign Office has been centred upon the developments in Brazil and the threatened contre coup in Portugal. Long daily despatches from Lisbon and Madrid have confirmed the intelligence that Portugal is likely to follow the example set by Brazil. The Government here shares the uneasiness felt in every chancellory in Europe. If Portugal takes fire the movement of the Portuguese Republic will, it is believed, be the signal for a rising in Spain, and this will be followed by agitations in Italy and by a general upheaval of the social forces throughout Europe.

Advices received at Hamburg from Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, contradict the opinion that the German colonists desire the protection of the Fatherland. They appear to be hopeful that a federated Republic will increase the general prosperity. They desire to see fully developed self-government or State sovereignty in the Province, and believe a Republican Constitution Convention will grant this, and accord to them an enlarged control of the Provincial finances. They then count upon the growth in the new world of a great German free State. The official world here is disappointed by this adhesion of the Colonists to the Republic.

DOM PEDRO'S MOVEMENTS.

Dom Pedro and the ex Empress of Brazil to-day bade farewell to the Queen and dowager Queen and started for Coimbra. The Duke of Oporto and a number of Brazilians witnessed their departure. The ex-Empress was deeply moved. The news of the Provisional Government's action in issuing a decree suppressing the allowance to the ex-Emperor and forbidding the return of the Imperial family to Brazil, has been withheld from Dom Pedro by the advice of his physicians.

Pigeon Paragraphs.

Spanish runts, as the name implies, are prized for their smallness.

Suabian pigeons are of German origin and esteemed for their beautiful spangled coats.

The great crowned pigeon is the largest; it is very nearly as big as a common turkey.

Construct a dove-cote or pigeon-house in some elevated position out of the reach of rats, etc.

Male and female jointly sit upon the eggs during incubation and both assist in feeding the young.

The talpicoti, a small pigeon, peculiar for its remarkably white head, is a native of South America.

No other bird drinks as the pigeon does, by a continuous draught, as do quadrupeds, and not by intervals, as birds do.

Pigeons are the connecting link between the passerine birds and poultry, yet they display many features common to neither.

The blue owl is not a nocturnal bird, as its name would imply, but a pigeon, and it is given its name from the shape of its bill.

Pigeons are faithful to their mates, and will continue to occupy the same faithful domestic relations to each other year after year.

Pigeons do not begin to breed until they are nine months old. They lay but one or two eggs at a time and breed the year around, save when exposed to very cold weather.

Each entrance to your dove-cote should be provided with a slip of wood for the birds to rest on, but as the pigeons are likely to fight over these slips it is best to divide each slip by a partition.

The tumbler is noted for its peculiar flight. Instead of taking a straightforward course it throws itself backward, performing a graceful back sommersault with ease and evident satisfaction.

Pigeon-cotes should fall to the southeast. They should be painted white, as this color attracts the pigeon; gravel should be scattered in front of the cote and a little hay or straw kept handy for nests.

Carrier pigeons are more highly prized than any others, and within the last century they have been employed more or less among the European nations in military operations and as carriers of various despatches.

Each pair of birds should have a cell about 12 inches deep and 16 inches broad. These cells are built inside the cote, or house, having entrance holes cut at one side of the front, so that the nests may be built out of sight.

Strange to say, regardless of color or perfectness otherwise, a fantail must be able to touch its head with its tail when strutting or else it is worthless to the fancier. They are of all colors, but the pure white is the favorite.

For the first three days after hatching the young are fed by a secretion from the crop, very much resembling curds; after this they are given grain, together with the secretion, but as the young birds grow older the curd is diminished and is no longer fed after the ninth day.—*St. Louis Post-Despatch.*

After the Festivities.

Marian—What do you think of Mr. Derby, Gladys?

Gladys—He seems to be a very agreeable young man.

Marian—Well, I didn't like him a bit.

Gladys—Why not?

Marian—Why, we stood under the mistletoe together for full five minutes this evening and he didn't—well, he didn't that's all.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Very Unsatisfactory.

A.—I saw your mother-in-law at the theatre last night. She seemed to enjoy herself very much. She laughed herself half to death.

B.—Yes, that's just like her. She always does things by halves. She is a very unsatisfactory sort of a woman.

—The Lisbon newspapers call Lord Salisbury "an international Jack the Ripper."

Edwin Booth intends to repair the monument to George Frederick Cooke, the English actor, in St. Paul's churchyard. It was erected by Edmund Kean in 1821, and was restored by Charles Kean in 1846, and again by E. A. Sothern in 1874.

hand...
cast on ...
pating, and ...
kinsmen, some ...
I, and rang the bell ...
I had just gotten on spa...
my metallic sisters and co...
when up I came again, side by ...
fellow who claimed to be of genuine ...
age, but who, I am sure, was made ... North Clark street, and poured as change into the hands of a club man who was going home. He carried us with a tenderness that made us think maybe that we were pretty much all he had left after paying dues and incidentals, and when he finally reached his home he tried to unlock the front door with me. But finding that I was not built that way, he tried a key with better results, and entered a very tidy home indeed. Then he dropped me and my mates into a spoon-holder on the dining-room table with so much of a racket that I heard a sleepy woman in an adjoining room ejaculate; "Oh, I know what that is; it's nickels and pennies."

She needn't have been so contemptuous about it. Nickels may be of small account, but they are all they pretend to be and do just what they promise every time. Well, there we lay, while a lot of dizzy spoons, standing on their heads all around us, tried to pick up an acquaintance until daylight came, and a ray of sunlight ran right through a rift in the curtain and touched me with a really cheery attention. Presently a girl with her hair in papers spooned me and two or three others out and carried us tightly in her hand to the butcher shop, where she rolled us across a greasy and not too tidy counter into a till as shallow as most other people whose sole purpose is to hold money. But we are all reasonably clean. That's what I like about a nickel. There is some character about it, and it doesn't take contamination from everything it touches, like this stuck-up paper money, which cannot travel through three pairs of hands without showing where it has been. Nickels may be handled by all sorts of people, but we never give anything away. If we knew where Tascott was we couldn't give it away.

About 9 o'clock a little girl started home with me in her mitten, and pinched so tightly that I slipped through a hole in the thumb, and rolled right down into the middle of the sidewalk.

"Now," though I, "I will lie here and watch the people pass." But I didn't. A wanderer gobbled me up with some very dirty fingers and skated me into a saloon next door to the police station so quickly that it made my head swim. He laid me on the bar and for a shamed half minute I rested beside as bad a brand of fusel oil as I ever hoped to smell. Then it was gone and I ground my hardened front against the smooth cheek of a goddess of altogether too much liberty in the till. She whispered to me that she had last been held by the treasurer of an Anarchist meeting. I was in some danger of injury there, for it was quite a drop from the bar to the till, and money kept tumbling in. But I put up my shield and defended myself as best I could, until a man with a smell of hayseed, cattle cars and gin upon him claimed me for his own and bore me away in company with more beer than was good for him. It always makes me feel mean when a man trades a dime for me and a glass of beer—just as though we were of equal value. And then I don't think much of a man who drinks beer on a winter morning, anyway. But he found me worth something to him, for, after his beer quit interesting him he traded me for a morning paper down at the stock yards, and I noticed the boy didn't give him any change, either, calculating on his verdancy, I reckon. The boy had two more like me and he played "heads and tails" against another boy of like riches, and won. Then he passed me over the fragrant counter of a bread store and went home to a very late breakfast with a loaf of bread like an Ericsson torpedo.

Before I got acquainted with the people in the till the baker drew me out and handed me to a scrub woman who had just polished the floor. She had done a good deal of work, and I felt somewhat lonesome with the few who went with me to pay her; but when she traded me for a package of smoking tobacco next door I don't know but I thought she had had enough. I don't mind stopping to tell you that if I had to get down on my knees and grind around over a wet floor half an hour for a dime that I wouldn't smoke very much. But the tobacconist was a right good fellow, and when his little girl came in from the living rooms in the rear, in a jaunty hood and soft, warm cloak, he gave me to her without saying a word. And I thought then, that was the first time all day any one had given me up just for pure love. There were three more like me in her pocket, and one went for car fare, one for caramels, and the last one dropped into a notion store in so neat a little purse that nobody would have noticed there was no money left to go inside.

Presently a man bought some handkerchiefs, and I went out to him in change, finding just one fellow in his pocket—a near relation, by the way, one of the San Francisco branch of our family, and just my age. The man handed us out together for a very common dinner indeed, and I began to hope we might travel together for awhile, when down again I went in change to an exquisite fellow with a fur collar on his overcoat, and a shiny plug hat. I noticed he seemed ashamed of having eaten in such a cheap place, and dodged a little as he reached the street. He spent me for cigarettes, and for the first time all day I felt like protesting. I had been in some honest hands and done some square trading, and I do think it was asking a good deal of me to go an even trade for a bunch of fool-killers.

But it seemed to be a busy Saturday, and I was out again in no time and away with a man who thought I was worth as much as a little piece of champaigne-soaked tobacco which lay beside me After such judgment I wasn't surprised to see myself spinning over a bar into a saloon till again, where I lay until a little girl got me and carried me off in the same hand which bore a bucket of beer, while a pretzel filled her other hand. She seemed such a nice child that I hoped she might soon learn from eminent authority that intoxicating drink is never sold to children in Chicago. It seemed I was on a downward tending course just now, for from her home, squalid and cheerless, I went to a Chinese laundry for a shirt that should have been done up at home; and I wondered as the pig-tailed leper handled me how long it would take a lazy, beer drinking wife to do up a hard working husband.

The Chinaman bought rice with me, as might have been expected, and I rolled into the till of a busy cashier of a mammoth store, glad to escape anywhere. The girl cashier pulled me up again in a minute and sent me away as change, and I fell into the warmest, softest hand I had known in years. It was the hand of a mighty pretty young woman, whose good clothes bore a faint perfume, and whose honest, loving care in buying for some one at home made me wish I might know her better. She put me into a soft little purse beside some of that awful paper money and against one of the yellow aristocrats of our species, but when she got on the street car she picked me out with pretty gloved fingers, and I kissed them for luck before I dropped into the conductor's gaping pocket. I crept well down into a corner and lay there secure from disturbance while many of my relatives came and went, and I could plainly see through my prison wall that many strong young men sat still while tired or weak women stood up and clung to the straps swinging back and forward with the changing impulse of the cable. But the general condition was compensated now and then when a strapping young woman sat down thankless in the seat yielded to her by a weary old man. At length the whirling, jerking conduct of the car told me we had almost reached the northern limits, and I began to think I would mingle again with the nimble nickles down town, when at the last moment I went to a fat, warm palmed man, who pressed me warmly.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Tight shoes may be classed as articles of hard wear.

—The Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne, is painting a portrait of her mother, Queen Victoria.

—Some women are best able to lead a husband by the nose and some by his don't knows.

co...
ing ...
given ...
adjourn and ...
quite so dry.
They say he ...
mean to vote fo...
Why all this ...
erable nuisance ...
Baldwin give ...
Ontario many y...
these institutions ...
and adapted to the ...
country? Certain...
nor any other man ...
intelligence and com...
Baldwin was one of Can...
our municipal institutio...
best things we have. I...
abolish municipal councils ...
a civil war. Some of the ...
are nearly as large as the Lo...
ment—at least three times as lar...
need to be—but any attempt to reduc...
number would be resisted. The p...
would fight for privileges which some o...
them won't use without being canvassed and some are too careless to use even when canvassed.

Why should any capable man who is willing to give time, health and labor for the public weal be compelled to tramp around on the back streets and back concessions asking people to vote for him? Is it not the duty of men entrusted with the franchise to look out for good municipal rulers rather than wait to be button holed, and coaxed, and treated, and petted into voting?

There is one kind of man that ought to be disfranchised on sight; that is the man who says at every election: "If my vote is not worth asking it is not worth giving." If we were the Mowat Government we would so amend the municipal law that when a man talks in that way he would cease to be a voter. No doubt he thinks that is a very clever thing to say. He imagines it is witty and smart. If he lost his vote for having such contemptibly mean ideas about the franchise perhaps he would not think himself so clever.

But let it not be supposed for a moment that municipal privileges are the only ones that men are more ready to fight for than use. For the best examples of unused privileges you must go into the churches, especially the Presbyterian Church. Presbyterians would fight to the death—at least some of them would—for the privilege of calling their own minister. Let a Presbyterian committee, Synod or any other kind of organization try to place a minister over any Presbyterian congregation and there would be instant war. A proposal to do nothing more serious than limit the length of time for hearing candidates meets with violent resistance. And yet in a congregation of two or three hundred you rarely find fifty at a meeting to moderate in a call. The call has then to be hawked around the people for weeks and in the end all their signatures are not obtained. Men who would shout about "patronage" and the "Disruption," and "Drumclog" and the "claymores of the Covenanters," if a minister were placed over them won't walk ten rods to help to select one. Surely if a privilege is not worth fighting for it is not worth using.

We hear a good deal these days about an open Bible. In fact we hear more than we see on that question. Go into almost any Methodist church and you find that only a small proportion of the people use Bibles when the Scriptures are being read. There is a sad falling off in this regard in many Presbyterian churches. The old familiar rustle of opening books is rarely heard. No doubt many of the men who never open a Bible in church would like to have a rumpus with somebody about an open Bible. If it is such a good thing to have an open Bible why in the name of common sense don't you open your Bible in church? Is the Bible given to men to wrangle about? Surely a man who wants to fight somebody about the open Bible ought to open his own—if he has one.

See that man rushing about the street looking for somebody. Who is he? Is he a constable looking for an escaped prisoner? No. Is he an asylum official looking for an escaped patient? No. What is he? He is a returning officer hunting for somebody to second the nomination of a school trustee. He came to the place of nomination at the hour appointed, but long after the hour no elector presented himself. At last one elector dropped in and made a nomination but there was no one to second it. The returning officer had to run out and hunt up a seconder. We have the best school system in the world and that is often the way we elect trustees to work it.

"Mind your own business" is substantially what any Presbyterian congregation would say to any court or committee that unnecessarily interfered with its congregational affairs. And yet when the evening comes for attending to congregational business there may not be two dozen people at the congregational meeting.

Surely privileges worth fighting for are worth using.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

How to Sell Goods.

How to sell goods. It depends upon the man. That is the whole secret. Like the old parody on Victor Hugo, "If you want to be a good salesman you must educate your grandmother." A good salesman is born, not made. In the first place you must be able to "size up" your purchaser all through. If you tell a racy story to a church deacon, or if you offer a prohibition candidate for justice a drink out of your private bottle, or if you try to get the village freethinker to direct you to prayer meeting you will make an expensive mistake. You must, like St. Paul, be all things to all men, and more than that, the right things to the right men. You can't sell to two men in the same way. You must attack each man differently. You must catch a man when he is not busy and when he is not tired. When you do go for a man go for him horse, foot and dragoons. Don't give him a chance to get away from you, but hold on to him until you land him. You have got to know your own goods like you know your prayers to do this, and you have got to know what your competitors are doing, too. You must be prepared for every possible reception, and for every possible and impossible objection, and suddenly you find you have sold a big bill, and you have to go over the thing slowly afterward to find out how you did it.—*New York Star.*

A School-Girl's Composition on the Cow.

The following composition was handed in a few days ago by one of the smaller girl pupils to the teacher of a primary department in one of the city schools:

"A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side The tail is longer than the legs, but is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. The cow has big ears that wiggles on hinges; so does her tail. The cow is bigger than the calf, but not so big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into a barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that killed the cat that worried the rat. Black cows give white milk; so do other cows. Cows chew cuds, and each finds its own chew. That is all there is about cows.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A Fatal Omission.

"Do you call that stuff poetry?" inquired the magazine editor contemptuously of the gentleman with the long hair who had submitted a manuscript to him.

"Most certainly, sir," returned the indignant author. "But why do you call it 'stuff'? You haven't read it yet."

"No, and I don't intend to read it. How can it be poetry? It isn't even written in violet ink."

A Cheerful Disposition.

Winks—Has your wife a cheerful disposition?

Winks—Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached.

Many a youthful scion of w[illegible] is dependent on page labor.

T...
much ...
you seem to ...
The Groom— ...
to—

The Bride (with de... do. Go and smoke!

The Groom—No, indeed!

(Silence. Bride draws several long, irregular breaths)

The Groom (glancing at her uneasily)—What is it?

The Bride (drawing another)—Nothing. (Pause.) Oh, nothing. (Pause.) Nothing whatever. (Pause.) What hotel do you intend staying at?

The Groom—Colossus, I think, if that suits you.

The Bride—Oh, anything suits me—anything. But I fancied we were going to the Leviathan.

The Groom—Very well, then, we will.

The Bride (sighing)—I've always disliked the Leviathan ever since a waiter there brought me sugar with my order for lettuce.

The Groom—I said the Colossus, you remember.

The Bride—And I perfectly hate the Colossus. I've told you often how the hall porter stopped me and asked if I were a guest of the house or not. Why——

The Groom (patiently)—Well, then, there's only one other house—the Mastodon.

The Bride (throwing up her hands)—Oh, don't—please don't! That was where somebody committed suicide—suicide—when Aunt Martha was staying there! Suicide! Oh! Perhaps we might have that very room. Oh!

The Groom (stonily)—Then where are we to stay?

The Bride (much irritated)—How should I know? It's a man's business to decide these things. For my part, I am willing to go anywhere, as you see, and I think it's extremely inconsiderate of you to trouble me with questions about hotels, I really do.

The Groom (bewildered)—Why, it was you who asked the questions. You said—

The Bride (shivering and violently rubbing the carpet with her foot)—I said! If that isn't like you, Frank! You're always and forever recalling what I've said! I'm continually saying something Why, if I paid any attention to what I say I wouldn't have said scores of things I have. I wouldn't have said——

The Groom (losing his temper, and no wonder)—Go on. I know what you mean. You wouldn't have said "Yes," when I asked you to marry me.

The Bride (desperately)—No, I wouldn't! (Precipitating herself upon the groom and holding him fast.) Oh, I would, Frank, I would, I would, I would! Oh, you poor, dear old fellow, can't you see there isn't a single, solitary grain of common sense left in me? I haven't sat down an instant to-day, and I've been dressed and undressed and sermonized and congratulated and cried over and advised and hurried about, from the house to the church and from the church to the house, and from the house to the station and from the station into the car, and I'm so tired and nervous and trembling and cross and headachy and perfectly horrid, and I'm surprised you don't hate me, and I know you do, and I should think you would, and I love you ten thousand million times more than I ever did in my life—oh, boo hoo, boo hoo, boo-hoo, u-u-u-u-h, boo-hoo!

The Groom (in agony)—Kitty! Don't Kitty.

The Bride (continuing to weep)—I haven't been so happy all day—boo-hoo! This doesn't mean anything—I'm crying because I can't help it—boo-hoo!—and I'm feeling better already—boo-hoo! I knew that it must come—that I'd got to have it out—only you would keep arguing with me—just like a man—and you haven't the least idea how handsome you look when you're vexed—and I was wishing all the time that you'd get savage quicker, so that we might have it over sooner—ha, ha, ha!

The Groom (recovering a little)—Then you don't actually mind going to the Colossus?

The Bride (laughing airily)—What an idea! Of course! It's a lovely house!

The Groom—Or the Leviathan?

The Bride (laughing again)—That either. I like it immensely.

The Groom—Or the Mastodon?

The Bride (with a third laugh—Why, yes! Aunt Martha says it's really splendid.

The Groom (puzzled)—But——

The Bride (seizing his chin and shaking it)—"You foolish boy! Don't you understand that the sugar and the hall-porter and the man who committed suicide were—were—well, that they were a part of the rest of it?"

The Groom—"And you actually won't mind if I smoke a cigar—sometime?"

The Bride (radiantly)—"Mind? Why, I should have proposed it myself in another second, if you'd only let me alone, and then I'd have got entirely through with that—flurry—before you came back. Please go now, while I bathe my eyes, and fix my hair, and get presentable again—won't you please?"

(Prolonged embrace and complete reconciliation.)

The Bride (as groom is reluctantly leaving)—"Frank, dear, you ought to have learned one thing since we have been in this car."

The Groom—"Which is——"

The Bride (with a mysterious, yet tender smile)—"That we're married, dear! I wouldn't have dared act so before."—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

Race Troubles in Mississippi.

A St. Louis despatch of Sunday says: Meagre reports came here last night that a riot was in progress at Potts' Camp, Miss., 65 miles from Memphis. The trouble was precipitated by a fight between a white man and a negro, in which the latter was worsted. He went out from town, collected a party of friends, and returned to clean out the victor. The whites rallied, and fighting ensued all around. Half a dozen were wounded, but none were killed. The latest advices were that everybody was in arms and further trouble was expected.

Knew How it Would Be.

Butcher—Anything I can do for you to-day, ma'am?

Mrs. Newlywed—Well, I am not very much experienced at ordering meats. You see, we have just been married, and——

Butcher—Sorry, ma'am, then. We're all out of butterflies' wings and mosquitoes' tongues to-day.

Mrs. Youngbride—How does your breakfast suit you this morning, darling? Mr. Youngbride—Just right! I tell you, Annie, it may be plebian, but I am awfully fond of calf's liver. Mrs. Youngbride—So am I. Don't you think, George, it would be real nice and economical to keep a calf, then we can have calf's liver for breakfast every morning.

"How are you succeeding, Mr. Hornblower, in your work in the West? Rev. Mr. Hornblower—Magnificently. There's a great awakening at the close of every sermon.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION