Star Wardrobe

MICHAEL J. KEHOE

Fashionable Tailor,

All Cutting will receive my personal attention

Brockville, Ont.

THE ATHENS REPORTER

& COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

A. Parish & Son

GENERAL MERCHANTS

W. G. Parish

LUMBER, SHINGLES, ETC.

VOL. VI. NO. 31. **Athens, Leeds County, Ontario, Tuesday, August 5th, 1890.** $1.00 a year in advance $1.25 if not paid within 6 months B. Loverin, Proprietor.

BELOW

WE MENTION SOME OF THE BARGAINS WE ARE GIVING

COLORED PARASOLS reduced to cost and less. Our assortment comprises Shot Silk, Moire, Striped Sateen, etc., all for less than cost.

COSTUME DRESSES—A line of pattern dresses, 9 yards double fold goods with trimming to match, shades, fawn, pale green, light grey, reduced from $4.50 to $3.25, worth double the money. Another very handsome line of extra quality, 10 yds long with rich silk embroidery trimming in slate and myrtle, worth $15.00, reduced to $9.00 a genuine bargain. Another line in Serpent and Terra Cotta shades, bordered, 10 yards long, reduced from. $9.50 to $6.75. One Robe in Old Rose Shades, the last of this line, plaid Trimmings, price was $8.50, reduced to $6.75. Several other lines at equal reductions. It will pay you to buy now.

DRESS GOODS—We call attention to a line of Dress Goods we are offering specially cheap. All wool, Double Fold, 41 inches wide, handsome border, price 25c a yd, worth 35c. Ask to see this line.

REMNANTS of Dress Goods at nominal prices. Wool Boating Shawls at half value. Grey Flannel the best value we have ever shown. Come to us when in want of Dry Goods, we know we can suit you.

—TELEPHONE 149.—

GEO. C. HUTCHESON & CO.

BROCKVILLE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. C. M. B. CORNELL,
BUELL STREET, . . BROCKVILLE.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

Dr. Stanley S. Cornell
MAIN STREET, . . . ATHENS
SPECIALTY: DISEASES OF WOMEN.
Office Days:—the afternoons of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

J. F. Harte, M.D., C.M.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHER. Graduate Royal College (Queen's University.) Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ont. Office: Main st., opposite Gamble House Athens. 23-52

J. P. Lamb, L.D.S.,
DENTIST. After more than 20 years experience Mr. Lamb is prepared to render the best services in both mechanical and surgical dentistry.

Chipman & Saunders,
CIVIL ENGINEERS, Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors. Office, King Street, opposite Victoria Hall, Brockville, Ont.
W. CHIPMAN, B.A.SC. | B. J. SAUNDERS, B.A.SC.

Geo. F. Ackland, V.S.,
LICENTIATE of the Ontario College of Veterinary Surgeons. Office—Gallagher Block, Drummond st., Newboro. 26-52

HOTELS.

The Gamble House,
ATHENS.
THIS FINE NEW BRICK HOTEL HAS been elegantly furnished throughout in the latest styles. Every attention given to the wants of guests. Good yards and stables.
22.1y FRED. PIERCE, Prop'r.

Dominion Hotel,
NEWBORO.
THE new proprietors of this hotel will spare no pains in making this one of the best hostelries in this section. The house has been refurnished throughout. The stables and sheds are new and large.
15 GEORGE & HENRY BOLTON.

MONEY TO LOAN

WE HAVE instructions to plac a arg u of private funds at current rates o nteres on first mortgage on improved farm Term to suit borrowers Apply to HUTCHESON & FISHER Barristers &c. Brockvill

Allan Turner & Co.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

King Street, - - Brockville

CAN SUPPLY

GARDEN,
FIELD,
AND FLOWER

SEEDS

Fresh and Reliable at the Lowest Prices.

Orders by mail will have prompt attention.

CASH!

WANTED

40,000 DEACON

AND CALF SKINS

HIGHEST CASH PRICE AT THE BROCKVILLE TANNERY.

A. G. McCRADY SONS.

JOS. LANE,

Main St. opposite Maley's Boot and Shoe Store,

BROCKVILLE,
Carries the
LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES
of any house in town.

His stock of Clocks, Jewellry, Diamonds, spectacles, &c. is complete in every Department and

Will be Sold Right!

Repairing by Skilled Workmen our Specialty.

Give us a call when wantin ganything in our line. 49.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT, NO HEARSAY

MOFFATT and SCOTT

GENERAL MERCHANTS

Gives Highest Price for Buttar, Eggs, Deocon Skins, and all saleable produce and sells as low as the lowest.

Spring Goods in large quantities bought from leading houses, marked at close profits, now on exhibition. Mark the following prices and make your deposits in the Addison and Rocksprung Savings Banks:—

6 lbs. fair Tea for	$1 00
5 lbs uncolored Japan	1 00
3 lbs choice Japan	1 00
Women's fine buttoned Boots	1 25
Women's Boots worth $1.10 for	90
Men & Boys' Boots from $1.40 to	3 50
Gents' Undersaits for	1 00

Coal Oil, Flour, and our 25c. Tea take the lead.

See the additional line of Spring Goods, consisting of Fancy Prints, Dress Goods, Ladies' Slippers, Shoes, Lustre Caps, Flannel Jockeys, Stiff and Felts in colors. Mackinaws, Parasols, Umbrellas, Tinware, etc. exhibited.

We excel in Grey Cottons, Cambrics, Shirtings, Tweeds and Cottonades.

Choice Oils, Ready-mixed Paints, Leads and Glass.

OUR MOTTO: Small Profits and Quick Returns.

Thanking my customers for their liberal patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance of the same, we remain
Your obd't servants,

MOFFATT & SCOTT

A.M. CHASSELS

The Old Reliable

TAILORING HOUSE.

Gentlemen who wish to have their suits made up in

THE LATEST STYLE AND PERFECT IN FIT AND WORKMANSHIP,

SHOULD PATRONIZE

A. M. CHASSLS, - ATHENS.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

BROCKVILLE

VARIETY WORKS

Removed from the Shepperd Mill to the OLD STAND, Mill Street.

THOS. McCRUM,

MANUFACTURER AND REPAIRER OF

SMALL MACHINERY, ENGINES, GUNS, SEWING MACHINES, &C.

PATTERNS AND MODELS MADE.
BRASS AND COMPOSITION CASTINGS TO ORDER. 44-1yr

The Leading

SHOE HOUSE

KING STREET,

BROCKVILLE.

Geo. S. Young

BANK OF MONTREAL

ESTABLISHED 1818.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

Capital, all Paid-up $12,000,000
Rest 6,000,000

Head Office, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors.

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Collections made at all Banking Towns. Drafts issued on all parts of the world. Interest allowed on deposits.

ROBERT WRIGHT & CO.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE BUELL ST. BROCKVILLE.

Having determined to celebrate the entrance of their third decade as Retail Dry Goods Merchants by a gigantic Sweeping Sale of their immense variety, with this object in view, have been making extensive preparations, and will on Friday morning, August 15th, commence to dispose of their whole assortment.

Profits removed and every article in their large and complete stock will be offered at such ridiculously low prices as will make it in the interest of every individual purchaser in the united counties of Leeds and Grenville to made a visit to their store.

N.B.—Nothwithstanding the immense reductions in prices, all our outstanding premium purchase tickets can be redeemed during sale.

Rob't Wright & Co. Dry Goods Importers

H. Y. FARR

Selling out whole stock in Dry Goods Store, corner of Main and Perth St's, Brockville, to be disposed of at once

REGARDLESS OF COST

Sale commences Thursday morning, August 15th.

All outstanding premium purchase tickets to be redeemed during sale.

—: FOR SALE :—

Store and first-class Dwelling House, comprising property corner Perth and Main St's. For particulars, apply at store of

H. Y. FARR

LEWIS & PATTERSON

BROCKVILLE

DRESS GOODS.

We imagine we have as pretty a lot of Dress Cloths as there are in the trade. No room in the paper to fitly speak of them. We ask you to come and see the extraordinary value.

Silks and satins are in good variety. We've studied your interests in every respect, and judicious buyers will find it to their advantage to buy from us.

TABLE LINENS | TOWELING LINENS
TABLE LINENS | TOWELING LINENS

We wish to tell you that our linens are the best. You would profit by buying at 205 King St.

MANTLE CLOTHS.

In this department we carry an excellent range of Cloths, Sealettes, Plushes, etc. We employ a first-class Mantle Maker, and cut and fit all cloths free of charge or make to order upon short notice. To you, Madam, we send an invitation to call at our store, 205 King St., the first opportunity you have.

LEWIS & PATTERSON.

"In conclusion," said the orator, "we must stand shoulder to shoulder, put forth every effort, call up all our energies and enthusiasm, let nothing dampen and discourage us, feel that we will sacrifice our very lives, if necessary, to—to—to—"

"To what?" asked a voice.

"To compel our wives to get up first and shake down the fire in the coal stove."

WALL PAPER

Just received, our first shipment of American Wall Paper. We are to the front again with the newest styles and the best patterns. Everyone admits that we have the best and finest assortment. Gold papers at 15c. Our papers at 5, 6, 7 and 8c. are the best we have ever had.

REMEMBER—We sell 10 rolls of good paper and border to match for 59c. Come in and look through our line of American papers at 10c.—borders to match. No trouble to show goods. Don't buy Wall Paper until you see our stock and prices.

WINDOW SHADES

Just received—New Colors. In these goods we keep the best cloth made and we keep only the best make of Rollers. Just think, we sell you a handsome Dodo Blind. Roller complete for 49c.

Don't forget the place,

ODELL'S
(LATE NEILSON'S)
BROCKVILLE

FARMERS—REMEMBER

THAT THE

Agricultural Insurance Co.

OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Is the only Company doing business in Canada that insures farm buildings against Wind, Fire or Lightning; also farm stock from loss by lightning.

DEWEY & BUCKMAN, AGENTS

OFFICES - - COMSTOCK'S NEW BLOCK, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

COUNTY NEWS.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM OUR STAFF OF CORRESPONDENTS.

A Budget of News and Gossip.—Personal Intelligence,—A Little of Everything well Mixed up.

ELLISVILLE.

SATURDY Aug. 2nd.—The farmers in this vicinity are pretty much all through haying. Considerable fall wheat has been harvested this week and spring grain looks as if it would be ready for next week. The raspberries are about done and now for the long-blacks.

Mr. J. Savery and Miss Savery, of Hamilton, are spending the summer with friends here.

The services on Sunday morning and Thursday evening were well attended and the sermons were excellent.

A number of people from this vicinity took a trip through the Thousand Islands yesterday. They report having spent a very pleasant time.

JERRY.

ELBE MILLS.

MONDAY, Aug. 4.—Some of our citizens are still suffering from the effects of La Grippe.

Mr. Frank Cornell called on his friends here yesterday.

There are large quantities of hay yet to be cut in this vicinity.

Some spring grain is nearly ready for harvesting.

In a recent Montreal *Witness* story competition, Miss Edith Bates, of this place, received second prize for best original true story.

Mr. Adelbert Clow, near the Dobbs settlement, and Miss Saloma Whaley were united in marriage on Wednesday evening last. We extend congratulations to the happy couple.

ADDISON.

SATURDAY, Aug. 2.—Miss Hester Wiltse has returned from Napanee where she has been spending a few days with her sister. She reports having had a good time.

Haying is almost finished in this section and it is more than an average crop.

Mr. Charles Lewis and family are visiting their friends in this section.

Mr. Thomas Brown, of Mt. Royal is the next happy man. It's a girl.

Mrs. A. Mathews, who has been indisponed for some time, is, we are glad to hear, improving.

A couple of our local sports took it into their extensive craniums to have a little deversion, having been working very hard for a few days, so Bronco and Daisy were hitched to their best carriage and they hied themselves to one of our border towns where they secured sufficient refreshments for a journey. They then started for the county seat of learning, and when almost at their destination, Bronco became fatigued. It was suggested that a small artery be tapped to assist Nature to resume the performance of her wonted functions. This was done and it was then found impossible to stop the flow of blood and Bronco expired in a short time. If Dr. Brown, of Mt. Pleasant, had been on hand he thinks he could have saved him all right.

Mr. John Moffatt, of Manotic, is visiting his brother, Mr. H. Moffatt, here.

Limber Jim, of Reynard Valley, is happy now. It's a boy.

WARBURTON.

SATURDAY, Aug. 2nd.—This community was greatly surprised by hearing of the sudden death of Washington Weart on Tuesday morning. Deceased was well known and left many sorrowing friends in this neighborhood.

One of our oldest and most respected residents, Mr. David Sliter, died on Saturday, 26th July, at the ripe old age of ninety-five. His family have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends in this their sad bereavement.

Mr. John Cook has at present friends from Syracuse visiting at his residence.

Thomas McRae and J. Warner's new steam thresher has arrived at the station. It is a beauty and a monster as well. Hurrah with steam, boys; this eclipses all others.

It has been reported that here is a young man in this place who says he is assisting his father on the farm, but is in reality seeking shady places in which to rest his weary limbs, and compose eloquent prose and poetry for the press. Don't be too particular about the shady places or you may chance to cross a humble bee's nest.

Owing to the favorable weather of the past few days, the farmers have got through with the heft of their haying.

Some young men of this place might profit by bearing in mind this familiar adage: "Never be idle, if your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your minds.

Wm. Davis, agent for the Champion creamer for Stacey Bros., has engaged with a man in Prescott, to sell pumps of all descriptions. May success attend you, Billy.

Our young friend, the school teacher, has given up the idea of learning the blacksmith trade and will reside at home the remainder of the holidays.

The readers of the REPORTER of two weeks ago were no doubt thrown into a sort of wonderment, upon glancing over the Warburton items, and unless they were acquainted with the particulars, would be still at a loss to know what it all meant. All the information we are enabled to give at present is that our correspondent must have taken a crosseyed view of the whole matter, as it was presented to him.

LYN.

MONDAY, Aug. 4.—The town pump was well patronized yesterday. Wasn't it a hot day?

Last week Birtch's Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe struck our village. The attendance of brass band, parade, tent and cage of blood hounds drew out a good crowd.

Flood got his hand badly jammed under the feed roller of a planer at the Eyre & Co. mill a few days ago.

Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York, preached in the Methodist church yesterday forenoon. He has with him some fresh air boys.

Mr. Jas. Cumming is away to the Winchester Springs.

Mrs. Rev. John Burton, of Toronto is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Steed.

Haying is about finished and everybody is wishing for rain, except the man who is afraid it might rot the potatoes.

NEWBORO.

TUESDAY, July 29.—Mr. Ollie McNally, of Rochester, N.Y., is home visiting his friends.

Rev. Mr. Weeks and G. W. Baker, of Brockville, and their families are rusticating on Newboro lake.

The Draffin estate being now offered for sale, any person desiring a comfortable residence has an opportunity of securing one.

The steamer Kathleen, which passes here every Friday on the Kingston, Montreal and Ottawa route, appears to be doing a good trade, as she has a full load of passengers and freight every trip.

The contraband liquor dispensers were only fined once, instead of twice, as was reported. Some person looking through the cellar window caused the trouble.

The usual amount of stir on the street on Saturday night was considerably augmented by some young men from the country, and a few of our own, who imbibed a little and caused considerable loud talk. The next time I will give names and full particulars. Rideau Hall John had taken considerable too, just enough to bring his courage and eloquence to the surface, when he boldly attacked one of our young men on Drummond street and accused him of giving a verbatum report of the proceedings at "Rideau Hall" last winter. This not unusual outburst was occasioned by a report circulated by some of our young men, who claim to have written to the editor and frightened him into telling the name of the correspondent. Is not the editor easily scared? Rats!

DELTA.

MONDAY, Aug. 4.—On Tuesday of last week a large number of picnicers from Mr. Jas. Barlow's, drove to Delta and were joined by some others from the village. They all started for the picnic grounds and, we presume quite a presumption when we say they had a very enjoyable time.

Quite a number of our village people attend camp-meeting at Athens, especially on Sunday.

Saturday last being a fine morning, some of our young people of the village and also from the surrounding country, went for a day's outing at Jones' Falls. They are all well pleased indeed, with the scenery, etc., and evince a desire to visit Jones Falls some time in the near future. "But, say! stop! don't! can't you stop? My, this is a very cold night," But, strange to say, he did not take the hint.

Haying is nearly done around here now.

Rain is very much needed.

Last week while a young lady, Miss Olive Valcoe, of Syracuse, was walking on the board walk, one of the boards broke, giving the young lady rather a rough fall. She was not seriously hurt. We would think that this should be a warning for those whose business it is to fix up the sidewalks.

On Thursday of this week the Methodists have their annual Sunday school picnic on the lake. The committee are going to make it a grand success.

We congratulate Mr. Ed. Pierce It's a boy.

The Brewer's Mills School.

It will be remembered that about three months ago trouble arose in the public school at Brewer's Mills. The teacher suspended several Roman Catholic pupils who on the advise of Father Quinn, the parish priest, refused to return for the general dismissal of the pupils after they had retired during prayers. The teacher claimed that they must return and be dismissed with the other pupils. An investigation was held and the evidence sent to the Minister of Education, whose decision in the matter was awaited with deep interest. The document came Tuesday, and Dr. Ryan, of Kingston, received a digest of the contents, which was to the effect that the contentions of the parish priest were correct. Roman Catholic or any other pupil who objects to remain in school during closing prayers can retire and proceed to their homes, and not be compelled to return for the general dismissal of the school. During opening prayers these pupils can remain outside until the devotions are over.—*Gananoque Reporter.*

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

The Angler's Story.

When a man doth wish to angle,
A hook like this he loves to dangle:

His line it is both good and strong,
And he catches a fish about so long:

Before he gets home the fish doth grow!
And he tells his friends it measured so:

But his friends, who have a fishing been
Know that the man hath lied like sin,
And they simply sit and smile and grin,

O-ho! O-ho! O-ho!

How Did He Do It?

Ten weary, footsore travellers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought a shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and lonesome night.

"Nine rooms, no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you:
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head.
For of these tired men no two
Would occupy a bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man,
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:

A B C D E F G H I

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran,

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by,
Then taking one, the tenth and last,
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms, a room for each,
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

Three Times and Out.

For some time past the feeling has been growing amongst our young men that the manly art of self defence was falling into disuse in this vicinity. Our deputy P. M., to remedy the lack in this direction, lately procured a pair of real genuine bumpers, The gloves were new, had not been properly christened, and a couple of our sports took it into their heads that they would have a friendly game of spar. Accordingly a boy was dispatched for the loan of the gloves, and Bragger Joe and Smart Alick repaired to the quiet of a box stall in the Gamble House stables, only a few select knights being allowed to be present. The preliminaries were soon arranged, with the champion machine agent as referee. The ex-cheese maker from the island was deputised to act as second for Joe, while pump-seller Lew performed a like service for Smarty. Time being called, both contestants came to the scratch promptly. Just as the parties were about to step into the arena Bragger turned to the referee and requested that he unbutton his shirt collar, remarking: "You know, Tom, that my muscles are likely to swell and bust the buttons off." The first round occupied just ten seconds by the referee's watch and resulted in one knock down being scored in favor of the farmer boy. The second round was a repetition of first, only the fall was somewhat heavier. The third and last round was called and on the second pass the boy got in a left hander, planted square under Bragger's left lamp, which brought him to the ground. A dark discoloration was observable as the smoke of the battle cleared away, and all hands were soon engaged in repairing damages. The victor hastily ran for a bottle of L. L. L. and Dr. Niblock prescribed some of his famous compound, made from ingredients gathered on the hills of Ballycanoe by Prof. Charlue. The services of Prof. George were also called into requisition, and he suggested a preparation of coal oil, vinegar, wormwood, etc, with a little catnip added as a tonic. The gloves were returned to their rightful owner, and quiet being restored, the daily walk of all the parties interested moves along as serenely as before.

He had invited her to a *table-d'hote* dinner, and was nervous as to what wine to order. "Miss Clara," he said, "do you understand French? "Not a word," she replied. "Waiter," he said impressively, "for wine you may bring a bottle of the rare old *vin ordinaire.*"

The usual impression is that a person under 21 years of age can envade paying an honest debt under the Baby Act. A test case of this kind came up before his Honor Judge Senkler at the last sitting of the Division Court in this city. Mr. E. Chapman, tailor, Church street, sued Mr. E. West, son of Mr. D. West, also of the east end, for a suit of clothes made to order and valued at $18. West refused to pay for the clothes, Chapman sued and obtained judgment. The total cost to West will be some $26. This decision will apply all over the province, so that our business people will have a chance to collect their otherwise presumed bad debts contracted by minors.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug and, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never make a sick woman well—and the "Favorite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proof is so easy, can you afford to doubt?

Bradford - Warehouse.

JAMES V. MILLER, MANAGER.

BROCKVILLE'S BEST VALUE DRY GOODS STORE.

Selling Off
Selling Off
Selling Off
Selling Off
Selling Off

Our Cheap Sale
Our Cheap Sale
Our Cheap Sale
Our Cheap Sale
Our Cheap Sale

Continued
Continued
Continued
Continued
Continued
Continued

All This Month
All This Month
All This Month
All This Month
All This Month

Down, Down, Down,
Down, Down, Down,
Down, Down, Down,
Down, Down, Down,
Down, Down, Down,

Goes Prices
Goes Prices
Goes Prices
Goes Prices
Goes Prices

The Goods Must be Sold
The Goods Must be Sold
The Goods Must be Sold
The Goods Must be Sold
The Goods Must be Sold

Additional Reductions
Additional Reductions
Additional Reductions
Additional Reductions
Additional Reductions

In Every Department
In Every Department
In Every Department
In Every Department
In Every Department

BRADFORD WAREHOUSE.

Bradford -:- Warehouse

Opposite Central Hotel.

KING STREET — BROCKVILLE

WANTED

A good second-hand Sunday School Library. Address all communications to pastor,
22-tf D. D. MUNRO, Athens.

CLEARING SALE!

—OF—

All Spring and Summer Goods at greatly

Reduced Prices

A grand opportunity for buyers as the goods must be sold to make room for large fall purchases.

H. H. ARNOLD.
Gen'l Merchant - Athens

R. D. Judson & Son,

Undertakers

ATHENS.

Cabinet-making in all its Branches.

Charges Moderate.

Wedding —o—
o——o Stationery.

A Great Variety of the

Latest and Best Designs

KEPT IN STOCK.

THE REPORTER OFFICE

Athens.

first last weeks distinct news

Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, said he,
"Don't b' afraid of givin'
If your life ain't worth nothing to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I said to my wife said I,
"There's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd scorner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buying a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
Bu I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
[illegible] couldn't be no mistake
[illegible] of long-winded prayin',
[illegible] Johnson, they sot and scowled
[illegible] he was sayin'.

[illegible] went on to say,
[illegible] kinds of cheatin',
[illegible] for every day
[illegible] bring to meetin',
[illegible] think much of the man that gives
[illegible] and sees it preachin',
[illegible] spends his time the followin' week
[illegible] again' and over-reachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
But I noticed that he didn't open his mouth
But once after that to holler.
"Hurrah," said I, "for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things,
A woman's ruling passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudging my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it set her a-thinkin'.

Says I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
But man's a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application."
Now, if he had said a word about
My perse nal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not sat there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister, said he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this sh ower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas;
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers',
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there were lots o' smilin',
And lots o' looking at our pew,
It set my blood a-biliin';
Says I to myself, "Our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter,
I'll tell him when the meetin's out that I
Am not that kind of a critter."

Their Summer Vacation.

He sat within his office, in the city's busy mart,
And thought this very happy thought: "To-morrow I'll depart
Or quiet country places where the scenes that greet me here
And all the city's noises shall be lost to eye and ear.
Away with all this ceaseless rush; I'm weary of the strife,
Oh, what a pleasure it would be to lead a farmer's life!
I spend my week's vacation in the country fresh and free,
Its verdant fields and solitude are just the thing for me.

He climbed up in the old barn's mow to feed the horses hay,
And thought this very happy thought: "To-morrow I'll away
From all this dull monotony and dreary stretch of green,
I'm going to the city where there's something to be seen.
Why must I all my dreary days plod one prosaic round?
Oh, I would dwell where busy hands in multitudes abound!
I'll spend my week's vacation in the city's throbbing heart,
Of which, did fortune favor me, I'd be an active part."

Each went to the desired place, but very strange to say,
Each one, before the week was up, was glad to come away.
They found each other's joys of white were flecked with shades of black,
Though each were glad to go, yet both were gladder to get back.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

Here madame was obliged to wipe away her tears, and her voice was broken with sobs as she continued: "He and many others that had been with him were arrested, thrown into prison, then marched out of Paris, away, I knew not whither; I only knew that it was a burning summer day—that his sufferings would be terrible. I found him again after a time; he was imprisoned at Z——. He was still alive. I went there, *mon enfant*, and with many of his colleagues he was tried. Some were condemned to death, others to transportation; figure to yourself, Esperance, what my feelings were, as I waited to hear that awful sentence. But God heard my prayers. Victor was not shot; he was transported for life. I saw him again before his ship sailed, and then, though I was so thankful for his life, yet, *mon enfant*, it was very hard, very bitter. He supported me, however; he told me that this transportation was no real disgrace, that he had merely done what he considered his duty. But he could not hide his anguish at leaving France. I think that but for me he would rather have died, and one of the last things he said to me was, 'Antoinette, I am thankful that the young De Mabillon is saved from this; I might have dragged him with me to his ruin, had he not been so shocked by the death of Clement Thomas.'"

"Poor monsieur, he was always so brave and good," said Esperance, crying from sympathy. "And you, dear madame, what happened to you then?"

"For days, *mon enfant*, I was like one stupefied; I could only look at the sea, and walk up and down the pier from which I had seen his ship sail. At last an English lady, who guessed, I suppose, that I was a relative of one of the emigrants, introduced herself to me, as I was walking backward and forward distractedly one day. She found out my trouble, inquired what I meant to do, and showed me all possible kindness. I told her that I had scarcely any money, that I meant to get a situation as a governess if I could meet with one, and that in time I hoped to save enough money to join my husband in his exile; not that I was very hopeful that day, for the hardships and sorrows had made me ill, and I half hoped I might die. But the lady, Mrs. Henderson, said that she knew of a situation in England which she thought would suit me; she herself was a widow, and had been helping in one of the ambulances during the war; she was now returning to England, and she kindly took me with her. The situation was with her brother-in-law, whom you have just now seen, to teach his little motherless girl Marguerite. There! *mon enfant*, I have told you all now."

"Thank you, dear madame. You have had terrible suffering indeed. You have not told me, though, where Mr. Henderson lives."

"In Devonshire *ma chere*—a very pretty estate of which Marguerite will be the heiress. We make now a tour in Wales, are staying for a few days at Bangor."

Frances, who had wandered away with the children, came back in time to hear this, and began to persuade Mme. Lemercier to spend a day with them at Llanfairfechan.

"You are very good; it would make me much pleasure," said madame; "but I fear all the days are arranged; we go to-morrow to the Ogwen, and shall leave Bangor in two or three days."

Frances was sorry, as she was sure Mme. Lemercier would like to see more of Mme. Lemercier; however, they had another very *tete-a-tete* when Mr. Henderson and his little girl returned, for Kathie was eager to have Maggie for a play-fellow, and, with the boys for protectors, they were allowed to follow their own devices; while Mr. Henderson was delighted to find a kindred spirit in Frances, and talked for at least half an hour over his favorite hobby of ferns.

"I have been disappointed in not finding more of the parsley ferns," Mr. Henderson was saying. "I had always heard of it as being so abundant in Wales."

"My brother-in-law found any quantity growing in Snowdon," said Frances. "Have you been there yet?"

"No, but I had some thought of striking inland again in a day or two. I have promised to take my little girl to Llanberis. We might perhaps combine——. Well, Maggie, what is it?" as the child ran up to him breathlessly.

"Oh, papa! we are so happy, and, do you know, Kathie Worthington is just my age—is it not funny?—and we mean always to be friends. And, papa, she has never been to Llanberis. Don't you think it would be very nice if we could go together?"

Mr. Henderson laughed.

"Children's thoughts run apace," he said, glancing at Frances.

"Well, Maggie dear, we must see what Miss Neville says to this idea of yours. Run off now, and enjoy your play."

The little girl ran away obediently, well content to leave things in her father's hands, and Mr. Henderson turned to Frances with a smile.

"Perhaps, after all, Maggie's wish would give pleasure, to some one beside herself," said Mr. Henderson, half hesitatingly. "Would it be possible for us to join forces Miss Neville, and make the excursion to Llanberis together?"

"It is very good of you to think of it," said Frances; "but we are such a large party we should only hamper you, and, indeed, I am half afraid it would be too tiring for our invalid."

"There would be no walking," explained Mr. Henderson, "and Madame Lemercier would so much enjoy having her."

"We will talk it over with her," suggested Frances. "It would be very delightful, and I know the boys are crazy to see Snowdon."

Both Mme. Lemercier and Esperance were so delighted with the idea of the Llanberis expedition, that Frances could hesitate no longer, and indeed, Esperance was looking so much better, and appeared so little tired with her walk up the glen that there seemed no reason against trying the longer day.

Esperance went about now with a radiant expression, the sight of Mme. Lemercier's home-like face had made her feel much less forlorn, and she had greatly enjoyed their long talk together. Her strength returned rapidly, her spirits rose, and all the old cheerful courage, which had for a time seemed well-nigh crushed out of her, came back once more. Frances felt quite happy about her, for she knew that she was taking the present happiness as a preparation for the return to life at Rilchester, and she bent all her efforts to make the month in Wales as enjoyable as possible.

Monday proved to be one of those delicious days of early September, when even the most inveterate weather-grumbler cannot complain—a day of sunshine and soft breezy air, of blue sky and fleecy white clouds—a day, Esperance declared, on which it was impossible not to feel happy. The start was made early in the morning, Frances, with a sense of responsibility, driving with her four charges to the station, and feeling glad to have Esperance's help in keeping watch over the numerous possessions, ranging from butterfly-nets to air-cushions and luncheon baskets.

Madame, Mr. Henderson, and Maggie met them at Bangor, and they went on by rail to Llanberis, the children in a state of uproarious merriment, Mme. Lemercier and Esperance talking and gesticulating, and Frances and Mr. Henderson finding plenty of time for almost equally animated conversation. At Llanberis there was a division, Mr. Henderson well armed with oilskin bags and fern-trowels, preparing to go up Snowdon, with Fred and Harry as companions, while the rest of the party arranged themselves in a capacious waggonette and drove up the pass. Maggie, who had a good deal of romance in her disposition, insisted on telling them all the legend of Dolbadarn Castle, and, indeed, it was partly owing to her pity and admiration for the beautiful heroine, Margaret, that she had been so very anxious to come to Llanberis.

Esperance listened half dreamily, but could not bring herself to associate anything sad with the surrounding beauty—the ruined tower, the calm lake, the rugged granite crowned mountains, were too restful, beautiful, too calmly grand—she could not think of the past at all, and Maggie could not win her sympathy for the tragedy of poor Margaret.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Mortlake had just returned from Scarborough, and, to tell the truth, she was not sorry to be in Rilchester again, for she had found two months at the watering-place rather dull. She was fond of society, and had been disappointed that scarcely any of her acquaintances had come to the place, while Bella had been cutting her seven year-old teeth, and had been unusually fractious. On the whole, Mrs. Mortlake did not feel the better for her summer outing, and as she sat in the breakfast-room at the deanery one sunny September morning, her face bore a more than usually dissatisfied expression. She was waiting for her father and Cornelia, and, although the gong had twice sounded, and the breakfast was growing cold, they still lingered over their letters in the library. Mrs. Mortlake, with growing dissatisfaction, cut the leaves of the "Guardian," and read the list of preferments, glanced through the topics of the week, skimmed the correspondence, counted the number of ladies wanting cooks, yawned repeatedly, and finally, with an impatient exclamation, rose and crossed the hall to the library to remonstrate with the dean.

"My dear father, breakfast has been ready for half an hour," she said, in a reproachful tone. "Surely these letters can wait."

Cornelia looked up; her face wore a startled, agitated expression.

"What is it, Christabel? Breakfast did you say? Yes, I will come. You would like a cup of tea in here, quietly, would you not?" she said, turning to the dean.

He assented, but did not look up, and Christabel, full of curiosity, hastened back to the breakfast-room, wondering what bad news the post could have brought. She fancied it must be in some way connected with the Mabillons; no doubt her father would feel it a good deal now if either Gaspard or Esperance met with any disaster, but, after all, need he reproach himself? He had been very liberal, and they were only cousins. Children and grandchildren certainly ought to be the first consideration.

She had made so sure that the trouble was connected with her cousins, that she was doubly startled by Cornelia's abrupt utterance as she came into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Well, Christabel, I don't know what is to be done; George Palgrave has proposed to Bertha."

"To Bertha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mortlake; "how altogether absurd. He must have known my father would not allow it."

"On the contrary," said Cornelia, "they don't seem to have the least idea that he will object. George writes very properly, apologizing for having spoken to Bertha before he had asked father's leave, and explaining how it was that he was betrayed into a confession of his love before he had intended. It seems that he went to see grannie at St. Leonards, and found Bertha staying there; they were a great deal thrown together, and you know what grannie is when she gets young people with her, she did nothing but plan excursions for them, and kept George hanging about the place till this was the result."

"What will father do?"

"He can only write to George, and refuse his consent. Bertha, poor child, must come home at once; I am afraid we have been partly to blame in this, we ought to have spoken to her in the summer, only of course I always thought she looked upon him as a sort of subsititute for a brother."

"Of course," said Mrs. Mortlake. "I have no patience with her, she must have known that my father would never tolerate such a think. A poor man and a cousin—preposterous!"

"Do not be hard on her," said Cornelia, pitying; "I feel as if it were all my fault for not speaking to her, and now she will have such sorrow, poor child."

Cornelia was unusually tender-hearted this morning; she was thinking of an episode in her own life, years and years ago, when love and happiness had seemed just within her reach, and had been suddenly snatched from her, leaving her chilled and embittered. Her heart ached for poor Bertha.

Mrs. Mortlake was more angry than pitiful.

"We have Esperance to thank for this," she said, in her vexed voice. "No doubt it was all brought on by that visit to the Palgraves in the summer. I knew no good would ever come of it, when my father adopted that child."

"That is sheer nonsense," said Cornelia, in her abrupt way. "The only thing I do regret a little is, that you have taken away Esperance's attic, and put her in Bertha's room—the child will want to be alone."

"On the contrary, I think it will be very good for her to have a companion; Esperance's chatter will keep her from brooding over her troubles; besides, I asked her in my last letter, and she made no objection. The attic makes a capital play-room for Bella."

Cornelia did not care to continue the conversation, and soon left the table to begin the difficult task of writing to Bertha, which Mrs. Mortlake altogether declined.

Bertha came home the next day, and early in the following week Esperance also returned. Frances Neville was coming back with the children to Worthington, so she was able to take her home in her carriage. Esperance had made up her mind to be very brave—she had even persuaded herself that she rather wished to get to the discipline of Rilchester, that she was anxious to be at work again after her long holiday; but in spite of this her heart sunk when she found herself once more alone in the dimly lighted hall of the deanery. The dean and Miss Collinson were at afternoon service, the footman told her, and Mrs. Mortlake had visitors in the drawing-room; then he carried her trunk upstairs and disappeared.

Esperance stood quite still, as if anxious to face her position. Her eyes wandered from the blue-and-white tiled floor to the frosted windows, up the dark oak staircase, and round the wainscoted walls, and she shivered a little as she remembered that this was a "coming home." She looked at the pictures of the dean's predecessors, and fancied they looked down at her pityingly, while the brown, glassy eyes of the two stags' heads looked almost fearful, and seemed to say, "We are sorry for you; we too are prisoners, out of our natural element."

She felt the tears gathering in her own eyes, and with an impatient exclamation roused herself, and went upstairs to her room. Forlorn and uncomfortable as it had been, she received a sharp pang when she found that the attic was no longer here it was all strewn with toys, Bella was in one of the corners, beating a refractory doll, and her nurse was working near the window.

She rose, and received Esperance with enquiries after her health, and a warmth of welcome, which in the present chilliness of her feelings was really comforting. Bella, too, who was always much better behaved when away from her mother, ran up to kiss her, and, by the time the explanation of the change of rooms had been made, Esperance had quite recovered her spirits. She ran down stairs to Bertha's room, and knocked at the door.

Bertha was sitting at her table writing; she put down her pen, but Esperance was across the room in one bound, and had both arms round her neck before she could rise. She submitted to one of those warm, clinging French embraces, which Esperance was wont to give her, then said in her quiet, impassive voice, "I did not know you had come."

"I have been here five minutes, and not a soul have I seen except Bella and nurse—just think of that! You will have to kiss me for all the rest of the family."

"You look much better," said Bertha, still very languidly.

"Yes, I am quite well; it is you who look like the invalid. What is it, Bertha? I am sure you are ill!"

But she was not prepared for a sudden outburst of tears from her usually reserved cousin. Bertha had in truth found Esperance's endearments too much for her. In a few minutes she had, whether wisely or not, sobbed out the whole story to this most sympathetic of auditors. It had been no comfort to her to speak of it to the others. She had sat in one of the great library chairs, and heard her father express his slow, hesitating regrets that he was obliged to cross her wishes, and only grown more heavy-hearted. She had listened to Mrs. Mortlake as she sat over her bazaar work, showing the many worldly advantages she would have lost had she been able to marry George Palgrave, and had hurried away, at once sore-hearted and angry. She had Cornelia in her study and had only listened to her grave words of pity, with a conviction that her sister had never experienced this kind of sorrow, and had no right to talk. Now with a sense of relief, she told all to one who would sympathize without reproof, who would not add to her distress by saying, "You ought to have known."

They went down-stairs together, and Esperance received a kind greeting from her uncle and Cornelia, and a cold kiss from Mrs. Mortlake; there were some inquiries after her health, and a little conversation about Welsh scenery, and then she settled down into her old niche at the deanery.

She was constantly on the lookout for little ways of helping Cornelia now, for she had a vivid remembrance of her kindness to Gaspard, and the trouble she had taken during her illness; and Cornelia was not insensible to the attentions she had received.

So the autumn passed away, and the frosty weather set in; furs and winter wraps were brought out, housekeepers thought of their plum puddings and mince-meat, and Lady Worthington began to arrang the Christmas festivities.

"We must have a dance," she said to her sister, one December morning. "A delightfully mixed dance, to which all Rilchester shall be invited, from the cathedral dignitaries down to Mr. Jones' dispenser. I do like everybody to be happy, and for once all the cliques will be fused."

"They will keep in their own sets, I fancy," said Frances, "whatever you do."

"Well, we shall do our best," said Lady Worthington, hopefully, "and at any rate they will be all under one roof, dancing to the same music—surely that will establish a sort of fraternity? Claude Magnay will be here, too, and he knows everybody, and will dance with any one; and Henry will have some of his cousins down here. We can do a good deal, you see, with our own party."

"When does Claude come?"

"On the 23rd, and he has solemnly promised that he will not overwork himself as he did last year, and disappoint us just at the last moment. I have set my heart upon having him for this dance."

"To dance with the Misses Smith?" said Frances, laughing.

"Yes, to be useful, and to brighten everybody up. It does one good to look at Claude, especially when he is in a holiday humor. He is the most unspoiled genius I ever knew, and so delightfully fresh and young still."

"Yes, he does not look four-and-twenty. By the bye, will not Esperance come out this winter?"

"I should think so, and we must have her to this dance, whether or no. Let us write the invitations now, and we will send her a separate one, so that Mrs. Mortlake shall have a chance of preventing her acceptance."

"You most cunning Katharine! I should never have thought of that."

"My dear, one must be careful with such people as Mrs. Mortlake—I do not trust her in the least."

The invitations were received at the deanery with much satisfaction. Mrs. Mortlake did indeed demur whether Esperance was old enough to go, but Cornelia was determined that she should have this pleasure, and made her write to accept it, condescending to talk of such trivial matters as ball-dresses in order to please her.

It seemed likely to be what every one called an old-fashioned Christmas, for on the 23rd there was a heavy fall of snow, and Claude Magnay, as he traveled down to Worthington Hall, was not sorry to find the usually bare, bleak country beautified by this white covering.

On Christmas eve Lady Worthington seemed bent upon making him as full and in the afternoon asked him accompany her on foot to Rilchester.

So the matter was arranged, and Lady Worthington and her companion started at once on their snowy expedition, rather enjoying the novelty of trudging along country roads, with a keen north wind driving the snow-flakes in their faces. They shopped continuously for two hours, and it was quite dusk before they turned home again; but buying Christmas presents is tiring work, and the air was intensely cold. Lady Worthington paused involuntarily as they passed the gateway of the Vicar's Court.

"What do you say to a cup of tea, Claude, and just a few minutes by a fire, before we leave the town? I am sure the dean would be delighted to see you, and Mrs. Mortlake's tea is excellent."

Claude thought the idea a good one, and certainly it was a relief even to stand in the shelter of the deanery porch, for the night was bitter cold

When the door was thrown open, a pretty picture was revealed. The hall was brightly lighted, the tiled floor was strewn with holly and evergreen. Bertha stood in the back ground struggling with some tough sprays of yew, while Esperance sat at the top of a pair of steps putting the finishing touches to a wreath for one of the pictures

She sprung down in a great hurry on seeing the visitors, and Lady Worthington kissed her affectionately, while Claude looked and wondered. His "Mariana" was gone! this glowing complexioned child of the south, with her innocent wavy hair and her bright eyes, was not "Mariana" at all. Was it possible that was indeed Esperance?

He still gazed and wondered. Esperance half put out her hand, then drew it back, a little vexed that he had so evidently forgotton her.

"My uncle will be delighted to see you, Mr. Magnay," she said, with a charming little touch of hauteur."

Claude startled, as if from a dream, and the two shook hands warmly.

"A thousand pardons!—but you are so altered that I hardly recognized you."

"Ah! it is my short hair," said Esperance, coloring and laughing.

Claude did not contradict her, but in reality it was the change in her expression which he meant. "Mariana" had fascinated him, but this was something far higher! He longed for fresh opportunities of studying her face, so bewitching, whether in its sweet gravity or its smiling radiance and animation.

"I hope you have good accounts of your brother," he said, delighting in the swift kindling of the eyes at his words.

"Yes, Gaspard is very well," she replied "I hear from him every week, such long letters, too, almost like a journal."

"And does he like his work?"

"Very much indeed. He has to superintend the coolies you know, and see that they work well; he is out-of-doors all day long, and is getting so strong and well again. I always feel when I read his letters how very much we owe to you and Sir Henry Worthington; I have always longed to tell you how very, very grateful I was, and Gaspard told me it was quite your doing that he came to Rilchester—it was so good of you to send him; is made the parting so much less bitter."

There was deep gratitude in her expression, just touched with sadness, then in a moment she smiled again, that pure, radiant, winning smile. Claude felt as if he were in some delicious dream—he made some brief response, he hardly knew what, and then Esperance spoke again.

"There is tea in the drawing-room, will you not come in? You must be very cold after your long walk."

Claude rubbed his snowy shoes on the mat, and followed into the almost oppressively hot drawing-room, where he was warmly received by the rest of the family. He was a favorite with the dean, and was at once pounced upon to listen to something about the planet Mars, and some late improvements which had been made in the telescope, and fortunately the dean was too much engrossed to notice that Claude's answers were vague and monosyllabic, or to perceive that he was bestowing all his attention on Esperance.

He did not speak to her much more that evening. Lady Worthington soon rose to go, and he was glad to hear her say to Esperance, "We shall see you then on Thursday evening; mind you come in good time."

Esperance promised, smiling, and then she followed them into the hall, picking up her fallen wreath, and standing in the doorway to wish them good-bye, in spite of the cold.

Claude walked away in silence, treasuring up his last vision of her as she stood on the white door-step, holding her holly wreath. He began to think less about painting her. What if he could make her his own, not artistically but in reality! What if he could shield her from some of the sharp, piercing, sorrows of this wintry world!

"Well, Claude, you found your 'Mariana' a good deal changed, did you not?" said Lady Worthington.

"Quite; it is an angel face now," and Claude did not speak again, but felt into a deep reverie, and Lady Worthington did not disturb him.

(To be continued)

The Progress of Science.

The average width of the path of destruction with tornadoes is said to be a little more than one thousand fees.

A good way to purify the air in a room by the production of ozone is to generate sparks from a small electrical machine.

Among the most ingenious inventions lately exhibited is a machine for drilling square, oblong, or hexagonal holes, heretofore found to be impossible.

A new launch propelled by an electric motor has developed a speed of nine and a half knots. The trial trip, which was in San Francisco Bay, was a marked success.

According to carefully prepared statistics the people of this country are longer lived than those of Europe. Here 18 persons out of every 1,000 die each year; in England the average is 20, and in Germany 26.

As far as experiments with car-brakes have been carried there is found to be practically no difference between the different metals so far as their power is concerned, although their wearing qualities differ materially.

In some of the enduring tests of the Maxim gun in Germany, 34,000 rounds were fired from a single barrel, 20,000 rounds of cartridges with steel-covered bullets being fired from a single barrel before the rifling was materially injured.

London engineering says it need excite no surprise if before many years the first-class Atlantic ships maintain an average speed of thirty to thirty-five miles an hour, and a four days' journey between Queenstown and Sandy Hook is probably not at all an impossible thing in the future.

An Accurate Description.

We are assured that the indifference of the people of Cote St. Antoine in the election of school trustees is far from being unusual. Ontario is a Province which takes great pride and no little interest in her educational system, yet it is said that outside of the rural districts where the ratepayers are very keen economists there is hardly ever an election for school trustees. The trustee who is about to retire consults with his fellow members of the board, a successor is chosen, and when the election day comes, as it does every year, a couple of voters are induced to appear to nominate and duly elect the new trustee. A re-election is an even simpler process. If a couple of voters can be induced to pass the school house where the "election" is held, within the proper time, the would be trustee has to go to the nearest house, office or workshop and induce a couple to come and "see him through." The curious thing about all this is, that the school trustees are, as a general rule, of a better type than are the town or village councillors, and who are elected with so much emulation and heartburning and at so much expense, that they do their work well and economically, and that they dispose of large sums of public money yearly without any suspicions of jobbery.—*Montreal Witness.*

English and American Laborers.

Truly, the way work is carried on in America, more particularly in western America, is appalling. My first impression was that the men were hurrying in order to finish some particular job, having been told that they might go on the completion. I made a dreadful error, for they work like that all day long. No parallel can be found in England to ordinary Californian day work, except in tasks which are performed by the piece, so that when folk hear that 10 shillings or 15 shillings a day are paid for some kinds of work, let them remember that three times the work is done. If a Californian were to see ordinary Englishmen work in the street he would think they were just "putting in time," as he would call fiddling about when nothing really wanted doing.—*California Correspondence London Field.*

Marvels of Human Ingenuity.

Among the marvels of human skill and ingenuity exhibited by the London Mechanical and Scientific Society may be mentioned an instrument loaned by the great Armstrong Gun Works which accurately measures thicknesses down to the one-thousandth of an inch; a similar instrument by a rival mechanic which grades thicknesses in one-millionth parts; a scale by Oertling, the world-famous balance maker, which turns with the one-thousandth of a grain while loaded with 3,000 grains, and an engine by a Paddington watchmaker which contains 122 pieces, not including 33 bolts and screws, and can be hidden in a lady's No. 7 thimble.

Too Rich To Be Happy.

A young New York millionaire who is called "Eugene Aram" at the clubs, because he sits "remote from all" and mopes, frankly admits, says the Chicago *Herald*, that he takes no interest in anything in the world—races, baseball, yachts and other matters that generally engage the attention of young men in good health like himself with a great fortune to spend. He got tired of them long ago. "The truth is," he says, "I began life too early. I have been cursed by too much money. I wish I had been born poor. The poison of riches has made me unfit for anything but an ennuied and useless creature. I know my case would not awaken much sympathy, but I tell you, sir, it's a hard one."

More Conjugal Pleasantries.

Peckson—My dear, I trust you will not be jealous, but really I have not encouraged Bridget's attention. Why should she send me this lock of hair?

Mrs P. (hysterically)—What! The vixen! A lock of hair! She must have sent it in the mails!

Peckson—Not exactly. She sent it in the soup.

The Queen has granted a suite of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, formerly occupied by Lady Torrens, to Mrs Keith, widow of Surgeon Major Keith, lately on the staff of the Duke of Connaught.

They have a curious custom at the burial of an unmarried woman in Brazil. The coffin, hearse, and the livery of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and the scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.

The Empress Frederick's youngest and prettiest daughter, who is soon to marry Prince Adolph, of Schaumburg-Lippe, is a girl of attractive figure, with blue eyes and fair hair. She is devoted to out-of-door exercises, and rides, plays lawn tennis and drives a four-in-hand in fine style.

—Viewed all round, the dressing at the summer resorts this season is not near as elegant or elaborate as it has been in seasons past.

HOT WEATHER HOUSEKEEPING.

Seasonable Suggestions About Raiment For the Family Without Servants.

An important item in doing housework is to be comfortably clothed. So many women go from morning till night with slip shod shoes and dragging skirts, with choking collars and tight sleeves.

Wear about the house dresses that have skirts attached to the waist; have loose sleeves and a waist that is easy fitting at the throat, and, above all, wear comfortable foot covering.

Boots are most comfortable about one's work, but not street boots. Nothing surpasses the congress boot with thin sole and low heel for ease; next to these is the laced shoe with square toe and low heel.

Do not wear boots out at the toe or run over at the heel; they will tire you more than the work you do.

The best way to keep the temperature of the house down is to open both windows and shutters in the early forenoon to the fresh air, and from 10 to 4 o'clock on the hottest days to close the shutters and shut down the windows, except in the kitchen where there is a fire.

This shuts out the hot air and the rooms will be very comfortable. The kitchen should be shut off from the rest of the house. Opening the doors into other rooms does not make it perceptibly cooler, and does not make the rest of the house much hotter.

Not the collected wisdom of Solomon's wives could turn general housework in a city house in hot weather into pleasure making, but there is no reason why it should be the excessive body-wearing, soul-harrassing grind it so often is.

If the bank account swells more slowly from spring until fall never mind, if the money is going to purchase long life and more happiness for the woman who is, after all, the mainspring in the family, however much the man may be the mainstay. What brings weal to her insures it to the family generally.

Get the master the labor-saving odds and ends she would have to make her end easy and her burden light, and see how cheerful a body and brain-rested mother can be.

What People Eat for Pepper.

We find the follwing spicy item in the London *Grocer*: "A remarkable case of pepper adulteration has come under our notice this week. A firm of chemical manure manufacturers wrote to a well-known wholesale house in London offering them any quantity up to forty tons of 'good ground brown pepper' at £5 per ton. The circumstances of the case—especially having regard to the fact that the market price of Batavia or Penang black whole pepper is about £50 per ton appeared so suspicious that the wholesale house forwarded a sample of the 'pepper' to us, and we at once sent it to our analyst, who has supplied the following certificate: 'I have analyzed the sample of 'pepper' received from you, and it is unmistakably adulterated. It contains 10 per cent of sand, and only 1 76 per cent. of piperine. This last result would correspond with not more than 20 per cent of real pepper contained in the sample. The adulterant is of a very fibrous character, but I have not as yet been able to ascertain precisely of what it consists. The wholesale house who received the sample of 'pepper' wrote, at our desire, to the firm who offered it, asking the lowest price they would charge for five or ten tons. In response to this letter they were honored by a visit from the firm in question, who stated that they might be induced to take somewhat less than £5 per ton, although they had already sold five tons in London at higher prices, reaching as much for some portions as 10s per cwt. They further stated that they had landed the parcel for some firm whose name they did not mention, but they could give no guarantee. They added that the bulk of the article had been sold on the Continent.

Questions That Occur to Her.

Take is for all in all, the pleasantness of a week on the ocean depends very much on yourself. With a proper preparation of pills beforehand, a prescription from your doctor, and a little care as to what you eat, the normal woman ought to keep well, but it isn't the normal or special, it is the general woman who goes to sea, and these are some of her complaints:

She wants to know why they cook anything on board; she smells them when her sick?

She wants to know why the captain can't stop the ship for a day or two, for none of the passengers would mind being a little late to oblige a lady?

She wants to know why the ship's surgeon can't be with her all the time, for she knows there is nobody on board who needs him so much?

She wants to know why she can't get clam-juice and fresh oysters?

She wants to know why people who feel well have the heart to enjoy themselves?

She wants to know what in the world people go to sea for, anyhow? She's had enough of it, anyhow.

She wants to know why she didn't think to bring three or four soft pillows with her, and she also wants to know why anybody told her you could not buy shoes on the other side and she has none to wear except new ones?

She wants to know why she was ever born, and this is what everybody else wants to know, for there seems no reason in the world for her existence.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Horse-flesh for Food.

Physically, horse-beef may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half-way between the flavor of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of a hare. One reason why horse-flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef is that horses which are pole axed, or which have died from injury, disease or old age, are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horseflesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse-flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advanced price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat. Lastly, horse-flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or savelloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste; we judge by flavor and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as does it."—*Nineteenth Century.*

Spurgeon on the Faith Cure.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon advances a somewhat radical view in *Sword and Trowel*: "In the matter of faith healing, health is set before us as if it were the great thing to be desired above all things. Is it so? I venture to say that the greatest earthly blessing that God can give to any of us is health, with the exception of sickness. Sickness has frequently been of more use to the saints of God than health If some men that I know of could only be favored with a month of rheumatism, it would mellow them marvellously, by God's grace. Assuredly they need something better to preach than what they now give their people, and possibly they would learn it in the chamber of suffering. I would not wish any man a long time of sickness and pain, but a twist now and then one might almost ask for him. A sick wife, a new made grave, poverty, slander, sinking of spirit, might teach lessons nowhere else to be learned so well. Trials drive us to the realities of religion."

The Result of Holding Two Offices.

"I think I will take a vacation the next three weeks," remarked the secretary and treasurer of a private corporation to the president thereof.

"But you returned from one only two weeks ago."

"True; that was my vacation as secretary; I wish to go now as treasurer.—*New York Sun.*

A Sanguinary Outburst.

Every one that now kills a mosquito that has alighted on the skin is a public benefactor. Only the female mosquito stings, and as every female lays 300 eggs in a season, the death of one at this time is the death of hundreds. Down with the aulex pipiens!—*Courier-Journal.*

Wife—What do you suppose baby is thinking about? The Brute—I 'spose he's thinking what to cry about to-night.

—A girl discarded her lover because she said he was suffering from heart-failure.

A NEW ZEALAND CITY.

Something About One of the Chief Towns of the Maori Island.

Ten years ago I visited Christchurch for the first time, and recorded my impressions of the place in the columns of the London *Daily News*. A decade means a great deal in the history of a colonial city, and it hardly surprises me to witness the strides made in this "City of the Plains." And yet one is somewhat startled at the magnificent enterprise everywhere displayed. Ten years ago there was a want of finish everywhere apparent. It reminded one of Washington as I saw it a couple of decades back. Christchurch seemed a second "city of magnificent distances." To-day, however, many of the gaps are filled up, and right royally are they filled. Superb buildings now face you in all directions—blocks of solid masonry worthy of London. Half a dozen banks are domiciled in white stone palaces that would do credit to Lombard street, and as many insurance offices fling their prosperity in mansions suggestive of cent per cent. profits. Quite a feature of this New Zealand city are the light artistic verandas which cover in a large portion of the business street footways. Made of iron and glass they are almost an anticipation of what Edward Bellamy foreshadows for us in the year 2,000 A.D. The miles of well-formed streets with these light and tasteful verandas constitute a promenade such as London with all its glory cannot supply.

Of course this capital of the church of England settlement of Canterbury is rich in ecclesiastical buildings. A score of solid churches, ranging from the ambitious cathedral downward, attest the loyalty of the "Canterbury pilgrims" to their mother church. There is quite an air of ecclesiasticism about the whole city. The merchants are no less nobly housed than the banks and insurance offices, and the vast blocks in all directions are eloquent of business enterprise and success. From the centre of the city steam tramways run out into the country, and a most enjoyable ride it is past the suburban residences which line the various tramway routes. I rode out this afternoon some six miles to a seaside place called Sumner, and a more remarkable exhibition of colonial progress I never before witnessed. Every one of the hundreds of houses seemed the abode of easy, well-to-do people, and the beautiful gardens and orchards, which for the most part surrounded these residences, gave the panorama quite an Arcadian charm. Not the least significant of the many signs of progress observable are the meat-freezing works and the flourishing woollen manufactory. It is but fair that I should recognize in the flourishing and thoroughly English character of this Canterbury settlement what has, I doubt not, been a very potent factor in the case—namely, the high character of the original settlers. Some of England's best sons and daughters formed the pioneers here, and they have left their mark on the whole province. The farms all round might be English or Scotch for the compactness of their homesteads and the excellence of their management. There is none of the too general slovenliness of colonial farming here. Neatly trimmed quickset hedges, ample out-buildings, well built ricks, high-bred cattle, and fields with the culture of gardens, all attest a high standard and first class agriculture.

"SHOW THIS TO GOD."

A Little Girl's Postal to Her Mamma in Heaven.

A postal card bearing the singular and touching inscription,

"My Dear Mamma
in Heaven,"

was found in the 12 o'clock mail to day. Of course it went to the postmaster's desk. On the other side was the appeal of a little girl to her mamma in heaven. It was in a little cramped and tremulous hand, as though the little hand that guided the pen was nervous through suffering or tears. It read as follows:

"HOME.

"Dear Mamma—I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven I want to go to you. the time seems so long. you said I could come to you. Mrs. Clark is kind to me, but she is not like you. You sho this to God, and send for me, since my arm hurts me so and you sad it would be well in heven. I send you a kiss. from your little

DORA."

Postmaster Riley said: "I wish I could learn who the little writer is. It is one of the most touching little appeals I have ever seen. Evidently she is an orphan, for she speaks of a Mrs. Clark; and she must be a sufferer, for she speaks of her arm hurting her so. The little thing has been pining for her mother and perhaps some one has told her to write, or maybe it has been an inspiration of her own—quite likely. It would seem that there ought to be some reply to that. It certainly is very touching."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Fruits as Food.

It may be positively asserted that even the modern housekeeper, intelligent above her predecessors though she may be, still fails to appreciate the value of fruits. Nothing among all the productions of our bountiful mother can compare in richness and beauty, with their hues and flavors. Above all they give tone to the digestive organs, antidote biliary derangements, and afford

A HOUSE BLOWN UP.

Three Persons Killed in the Wreck of a Savannah Boarding House.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch gives the particulars of an explosion reported yesterday: W. J. Bullard's boarding house, a three-story brick dwelling at 202 Congress street, was blown up at 1.30 o'clock this morning. Three persons were killed and six injured, two of whom will probably die. There were eighteen people in the house. The explosion shattered the walls, which collapsed in an instant, a mass of ruins. Most of the occupants of the house were asleep and were hurled from their beds, and either buried under the falling debris or thrown on top of it.

The killed are: Mrs. W. J. Bullard, Mr. Lockley and Gus Robie. The wounded are: John Roberts, right ankle fractured and concussion of the brain from the shock; L. J. Tate, contusion of face and chest; Meadon Hywood (colored), shoulder dislocated and bruised; J. A. Rives, slightly bruised; Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Mrs. Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Sam King (colored), badly bruised about body.

The first person taken out of the ruins was L. J. Tate, collector for the Citizen's Bank, who was sleeping on the second floor and was pinned down by falling timbers. A few minutes later the mangled body of Mrs. Bullard was found eight feet under a pile of bricks beneath the room where she was sleeping. Robie's body was taken out at 3 o'clock and was laid in Franklin Square on a mattress. Robie came here from New York a month ago, and was employed by McDonoghue & Co. as scroll man. He slept in the front hall room on second floor and was found under a sheet in the bed, where he had evidently been killed as he slept. He has a wife in New York from whom he received a letter a day or two ago. He was about 40 years old. The body of Lockley was found about 4 o'clock. It was the last taken out of the building. J. A. Rimes, who was sleeping in the front room on the third floor with Roberts, was hurled to the second floor, and was pinned between the bed and floor until he was pulled out by the firemen. He did not see Roberts after the explosion occurred. The first he heard was a grinding noise, and then came the crash, and then a blank. The next he knew was being taken out from under the debris. He was slightly bruised. Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, who were sleeping in the front room on the second floor, were pulled out from under the ceiling above, which held them fast. Mrs. John Paige and baby, who were sleeping in the room back of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, escaped unhurt and were lifted out by the firemen. As fast as the injured people were taken out they were carried into the rear of Andrew Jackson Square, just east of the fallen building. Jack Roberts, who slept with J. A. Rimes on the third floor, sustained severe injuries about the body and head. Mr. Bullard, who was sleeping with his wife, had a marvellous escape, and received but a few slight bruises. Mrs. Bullard was dead when taken out. She was fearfully crushed. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. There are many rumors of an ugly nature, but nobody will take the responsibility of making a direct statement. One man insinuated that there had been a row in the house toward the end of the jollification in which the inmates had been indulging. The building was a three-story tenement, built in the French flat style, and faced north and south. The two top floors were used as sleeping apartments. The explosion blew the entire building to the northward. Some of the furniture was blown across St. Julian street into splinters, while the flying bricks went in as far as Bay street. The entire structure collapsed inward on Congress street.

A FATHER'S TERRIBLE DEED.

He Kills His Three Children with an Axe and Then Suicides.

A Halifax despatch says: News has just reached St. John's Nfld., from Labrador of a fearful crime committed at Big Brook, Sieg Bay, on the 4th of May last. At Big Brook lived a man named Thomas Oliver, with his wife and five children. On a Sunday he told his son that he saw some partridges across the river and that he had better go and hunt for them, and if they were not there he could go further on. Oliver then took off his shirt and gave it to the lad, saying it was better than the one he had on. He also sent his wife and daughter in the same direction to pick wild tea. Oliver then took his Bible and lay down on the bed. Before leaving, his wife took her infant boy of six months and placed it on the bed to sleep along with her husband. When on the too about half way across the brook she heard the report of a gun, and looking around she saw the dogs running from the door, but thinking nothing was wrong she continued her journey. After she and her daughter had gathered all the tea required they returned home. Here the poor mother and daughter beheld a sickening sight. On the floor was the baby she had left peacefully sleeping with its father. There seemed to be a little life in it, but on taking it up she discovered that the little head was battered almost in pieces. The next sight that met her horrified gaze was the body of her daughter, a girl of 11 years, in a sitting posture on the floor, with her head fearfully mangled, in fact literally beaten to pieces, while across her legs lay a boy aged 6 years, with his head almost split open but still alive and moaning. The poor fellow lived till sunset. She next discovered the body of her husband stretched on the floor behind the door, with a gun grasped in both hands in the grip of death. A bullet hole through his head and one eye hanging on his cheek told the tale of his death. The distracted mother, after waiting till the boy died, ran to Seal Cove Point, a distance of three miles, where her nearest neighbors, a family named Coves, lived, and told her awful story. They buried the victims near the house in which the crime was committed, placing the gun in the murderer's coffin. The children were killed with an axe.

THE DISGRACED GUARDS.

Exciting Scene at Their Departure for Africa—The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A London cablegram says: The scenes connected with the exile of the second battalion of the Grenadiers were both interesting and at times touching. The men were paraded at daybreak, and were marched along the Victoria embankment to the Victoria station. Early as was the hour the streets were crowded, and at least 30,000 people accompanied them, the men cheering, the women and children crying and sobbing. The arrest of the six Grenadiers and their trial by court-martial had tended to cast a gloom over the whole battalion. When sentences were pronounced at the parade yesterday some painful scenes occurred. The oldest soldiers of the companies seem to have been selected for trial. By a strange misfortune a veteran named Perren was one of the unlucky prisoners. An older man named Riggs, belonging to the same company, had been transferred to the reserve the day before. Later in the day the prisoners exchanged their regimental for prison garb. The precise hour of their removal to the Brixton military prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer in the ambulance wagon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers saw them. When the men emerged the spectators raised a loud shout. They were handcuffed in pairs and escorted by non-commissioned officers. They appeared dejected and haggard. One soldier in the regiment shouted, "Pat your heart comrades." Several prisoners burst out crying after the departure of the men. The story of their farewell parting with their wives and children spread through the barracks. Wives, children, sweethearts and comrades crowded into the spacious yard. Painful meetings took place in the yard and in the canteen. Outside stood a great crowd of sightseers, who gazed curiously and sympathetically between the railings. The couples separated, the women hurrying away with their friends and children, taking a farewell kiss from their father. While these pathetic scenes were going on in the yard different ones were being enacted in the canteen. Young women who seemed to have plenty of money were there treating their lovers. The taps were continually running, and the flowing bowl apparently lightened the burden of the men for the time. They forgot their misfortune and indulged in jig dancing and singing. At the sound of the bugle women rushed outside. At 5 o'clock the men were drawn up in double line, and 15 minutes later the colonel gave the order to march. The great crowd at the Buckingham Palace end of the yard were thrown open, and while the band played the spirit-stirring British Grenadiers the battalion marched out and were greeted by the shouts and cheers of an enormous throng. A number of officers were formed in two lines to open the way for the soldiers. After the police came sappers and miners, and behind them a band and Col. Eaton at the head of the regiment. As the battalion appeared in the road a mighty deafening cheer went up from the assembled thousands. The column was repeatedly broken, caused by women seeking their husbands, wish whom, when found, they marched some time. Several men kept pace with their sons. It is said that at the inspection yesterday the Duke of Cambridge it was noticed that the men shouldered their arms in a slovenly manner, there appearing to be an inclination on their part not to obey orders. Subsequent inquiries have elicited the fact that an understanding existed that on the order to shoulder arms being given they should remain motioless. Fortunately the men altered their minds at the last moment on seeing that some of their companions were obeying the orders. A reporter interviewed a soldier of the Grenadiers, who says that his companions were entirely in sympathy with the men of the second battalion, and that there will certainly be trouble unless certain reforms are made.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN WAR.

Guatemalan Troops Lack Organization and Discipline.

A telegram has been received at the State Department at Washington from the U. S. Minister at Guatemala saying that consternation prevails at that place over rumors that the Government troops had been defeated in an engagement with the Salvadorian army. The Minister's telegram gives evidence that he has not received the department's instructions in regard to the steamship Colima, and steps will be taken to discover the cause of delay.

A cipher despatch, received at Richfield Springs, N.Y., yesterday, by an official of the Guatemalan Government, says Guatemala accepts the war provoked by San Salvador and will continue it until San Salvador elects a legitimate President in place of Ezeta. The battle fought on the 23rd inst., the despatch recites, resulted in the rout of the San Salvadorians, but as Salvador commands the cable to Central America the Government only allows despatches favorable to itself to be sent abroad. The telegram further asserts that the arms taken from the steamer Colima were taken with the consent of the Pacific mail agent and the American Minister by virtue of article seventeen of the Pacific mail contract. Honduras, the despatch says, will remain neutral for the present, but may join with Guatemala if events require her. Guatemala has 40,000 men under arms, and Honduras 6,000, while San Salvador has only about 10,000.

A City of Mexico despatch says: The Spanish Minister here says two Spanish war ships have been ordered to Central America. A large amount of counterfeit silver is in circulation here. Several revolutionary bands are marauding near the Mexican frontier in Guatemalan territory. Both Guatemala and San Salvador are trying to mass troops with the utmost haste, but Guatemala finds a difficulty in the dissatisfaction of her soldiers. Guatemalan despatches claim that their force is greatly outnumber the Salvadorians that in the present week the tables will be turned.

To Hamper the Lotteries.

A Washington despatch says: The House Postoffice Committee to-day agreed upon a substitute Bill in lieu of a number of pending Bills adverse to lotteries, and ordered it to be reported to the House. The substitute prohibits lottery circulars and tickets, lists of drawings, money or drafts for purchase of lottery tickets, or newspapers containing lottery advertisements or drawings from being carried in mails or delivered by carriers, and a penalty not exceeding $5,000 fine and imprisonment not exceeding one year is to be imposed upon any person depositing such matter in the mails. The Postmaster-General is also to be authorized upon evidence of the existence of a lottery or gift enterprise to cause registered letters directed to the company to be stamped "fraudulent" and returned to the senders, and he may also forbid the payment of money orders addressed to a lottery or gift enterprise.

A Sad, Sad Story.

A London cable says: A sad story of distress from poverty and the harsh enforcement of law comes from the Irish coast. The fishing season has been bad, and many of the dwellers on Blasket Island, off the Kerry coast, were unable to pay their rent at the appointed day. A gunboat thereupon landed the sheriff, 50 bailiffs and 100 police on the island, and the *posse* seized the boats of the unfortunate fishermen. As the gunboat departed with the only means of livelihood of the half-starved population, the scene was a heart-rending one. The despairing fathers and husbands gazed gloomily after the receding vessel, while the children and women folk wailed and cried aloud in their anguish. An eye-witness says that the people are absolutely destitute, and many must perish unless relief is sent.

Denver's Cloud-burst.

A Wednesday's Denver despatch says: At midnight last night occurred a catastrophe that has temporarily isolated the towns up Clear Creek Canon from the world. An immense cloud-burst near the forks of a creek poured a deluge of water within the narrow walls of the canon. It completely demolished the two iron railway bridges at the forks, and, as far as can be learned, annihilated all the structures in the vicinity. The restaurant, the depot and the outhouses were swept away. It is believed no lives were lost. The immense column of water, laden with wreckage, went tearing down the canon, with the result that from the forks to Golden there is scarcely a vestige of the railroad left. The greater portion of the road-bed is destroyed and all means of communication are gone.

A City's Health Imperilled.

A Canton, O., despatch says: There is a fierce war being waged against the owners of slaughter houses in this city. Some time ago the Board of Health issued an edict that they should go out of the city. The owners refused. The members of the Board of Health made an investigation of the slaughter pens yesterday, finding matters in horrible shape. At one place where bologna sausages are made they found millions of maggots crawling over the meat to be used in the manufacture. Other slaughter houses were found in a similar condition. The water along the creek where the houses are situated is filled with filth for a mile. The Board of Health says they must go and the owners say nay.

A Cyclone Visits Marshall.

A Marshall, Minn., special says: At 5 o'clock yesterday a black cloud resembling a great serpent reached downward from the dense black masses of storm clouds that had formed during the afternoon and moving in a southeasterly direction. It demolished the buildings of three farmers living nine miles northwest of here. A child of Felix Desran had its leg broken, another had its head crushed and died during the night, and Mrs Desran was seriously bruised. Mrs. A. M. Opdall and child were blown by the cyclone on a wire fence and seriously bruised. Two of Opdall's horses were carried from the barn to a pasture near by without injury.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverly dictionary in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described with illustrative extracts from the text.

—And now comes a British [illegible] who knows Prince George, to remark that His Royal 'Ighness hates fuss and parade, detests receptions, likes to mingle with good fellows, smoke and swap stories, and will make his stay short at Newport if he is not let alone.

LAWRENCE'S VISITATION.

Eight Persons Killed and Forty Injured by a Cyclone.

HUNDREDS LEFT HOMELESS.

A Lawrence, Mass., despatch says: A cyclone, the first of any considerable importance within memory in New England, and one equalling in destructive powers those so frequently reported from western communities, visited the suburb South Lawrence yesterday forenoon at 9.15 o'clock, and in fifteen minutes had killed eight persons, seriously injured from 15 to 20, slightly injured at least 20 more, cut a swath through a thickly-populated section 300 feet wide, a mile long, rendered 500 people homeless, destroyed or greatly damaged from 75 to 100 buildings, mostly dwelling houses, levelled a beautiful square of over 500 trees, and entailed a property loss now estimated at $100,000, all of which was uninsured against damage by wind and storm.

EXTENT OF THE DISASTER.

The calamity is the greatest which has visited Lawrence since the fall and burning of the Pemberton mills 30 years ago. South Lawrence is that section of the city lying south of the Merrimac River. At this point the main line of the Boston & Maine Railroad takes a sharp turn to the eastward, and following the Merrimac crosses the river at Bradford. A railroad bridge connects the suburb with the city proper and with the railroad lines north. The point is a busy railroad junction, and in the vicinity were many wooden houses, occupied mainly by well-to-do mechanics, and among these the air fiend spent his greatest fury. The northern boundary of the belt of destruction was but three streets south of the lofty mills, with their busy throngs of thousands of workers, showing how narrow was the escape from more appalling loss of life and property.

THE SUDDENNESS OF THE VISITATION.

It was a veritable dog day. The air was hot and humid, dark clouds scurried westerly through the heavens with intermittent rain. Suddenly the wind veered to the west and an inky-black, cone-like cloud seemed to drop from the cumulous mass hanging to the southwest and move rapidly with a awful aspect toward the city. It was accompanied by torrents of rain. In an instant the crash came. Buildings were crushed like egg shells. Some were lifted from their foundations and dashed to pieces. Others were tipped over or blown from their position and more or less damaged. The air was filled with flying debris, and most of those who met death in the wreck were killed instantly. Many lay unconscious or groaning in the ruins of their homes.

THE STORM'S PATH.

The survivors were too much terrified to know where or when the cyclone ended its course, but the train of ruin in its path showed that it touched the earth at or near the cricket grounds, crossed Emmett street, Broadway, the railroad and Parkers street, entered Springfield street at its southwest end, traversed its entire length, demolished nearly everything in its course, including one house on Foster street and one on South Union street, where they cross Springfield street into Union Square, levelling over 500 trees, and thence over Shawseen River into the town of Andover, where it exhausted its fury on trees and fences. As soon as the survivors realized the extent of the devastating work, word was sent to the police station and ambulances with a squad of men started for the scene.

THE WORK OF RESCUE.

Marshal Vose soon ordered on the whole force. An alarm was rung in and the firemen responded promptly and rendered great assistance in removing the injured from the ruins. The ambulance carried several loads of mangled and crushed human beings to the hospital. Others were taken to private houses. The work of devastation began at the cricket grounds on the southwest with the uprooting of a number of magnificent trees. On Emmett street the wind lifted a story and a half house belonging to Thomas Evans, bodily and slapped it into the roadway a complete wreck. The family were within and baby were in the house at the time, but escaped without great injury. House No. 19, Emmett street, occupied by a family named Daly, was lifted from its foundation and dashed down. No. 6 was partly moved from its foundation. In the rear of No. 6 was a story and a half house, occupied by James Lyons and his family.

INSTANCES OF ELEMENTAL FURY.

Hearing the approach of the storm, Lyons rushed into the house, seized his baby from his wife's arms, and fled to the street; both man and child escaped, but the dead body of Mrs. Lyons was subsequently taken from the ruins of her dwelling. On Saunders' Court, near by St. Patrick's Church hall, a wooden structure was carried 15 feet from its foundation, and a few windows were broken in the parochial residence. At the foot of Saunders' Court a switch house, in which Michael Higgins, a section hand, was standing, was taken up bodily and carried under the overhead railroad bridge crossing Salem street, where Higgins fell out and was instantly killed. The railing on this bridge was taken off as though cut with a knife. The granite sheds of W. F. Jones, near the bridge, were demolished. The house of Wm. F. Cutler, foreman of the Boston and Maine car shops, was next demolished.

AN EYE-WITNESS' STORY

F. T. Carr, chief clerk in the car shops, was an eye-witness of the storm at this point. He says there was a sudden rumbling sound and darkness. Timbers and trees flew by the car shops with terrible rate. When the trees had passed he and the other occupants of the shops saw that the Cutler residence was in ruins, and summoning help, they began at once to search the ruins. Miss Flossie Cutler was found in the cellar with a sprained ankle. Mrs. Cutler was found in the ruins slightly hurt. Little Helen Cutler was crossing the Salem street bridge at the time, within a stone's throw of her home, and was buried beneath a pile of lumber and ruins. She was found by men in the car shops on their way to the ruins, and dug out, but has since died from concussion of the brain. The cyclone now entered Springfield street, where the greatest devastation was wrought.

THE CASUALTIES.

The following is a summary of the damage in this and other streets. Nos. 12, 16 and 18 were demolished. No. 23, occupied by Hugh A. Merriman, boss painter in the Pemberton mills, was totally wrecked. Mr. Merriman, wife and six children were taken from the ruins all badly shaken up and cut and bruised. Hugh Merriman, 8 years old, had his shoulder dislocated. No. 27 was smashed in. No. 31, occupied by Jeremiah O'Connell, was completely demolished. When the building fell, Mr. O'Connell, his wife and daughter Mamie were carried down with it. Mr. O'Connell was the first to be extricated. He suffered severe internal injuries. His wife and daughter were removed from the ruins after over two hours' hard work, both dead, Mamie's neck was dislocated. Little Hannah Beatty, who lived in the upper tenement, was also killed here. Although suffering intense physical pain, Mr. O'Connell led the rescuing party, and was completely prostrated upon finding the remains of his wife and daughter. No. 37, John Lynch's store, was demolished and the house wrecked. No. 36, John Costello, 42; E. Raymond and Archibald McCauley, 44, Andrew Patterson, were damaged. No. 53, occupied by six families, was badly wrecked. Maria Quinn, the 12-year-old daughter of Patrick Quinn, was severely injured and is dying.

THE SUFFERERS.

The wind continued in the direction of Springfield street north, eastward through Union Square, breaking and twisting trees in every conceivable shape. Large oaks and elms were mere pipe stems in the path of the destroyer. It is believed that from 500 to 1,000 trees were destroyed in and about the park. On Crawford Square, the house occupied by Walter E. Rushforth was shaken, the windows broken, and everything inside turned topsy-turvy. The occupants of most of the ruined houses were hard-working laborers, whose houses were the fruit of a lifetime of toil.

The engineer of the 8 30 express from Boston saw the cyclone as he was nearing South Lawrence, and with great forethought stopped the train, and thus probably saved many lives.

Eight fire broke out in one of the demolished houses, but was quickly put out.

—Maple furniture is catching on.

Lady Howard de Walden has expressed her intention of endowing, at a cost of $50,000, a ward at the West Kent Hospital, as a thank offering for her recent recovery from a serious illness.

THAT BABY.

A Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then she became used to the roar and rumble the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother where the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and, when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that the old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents were to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it, and once; the old lady returned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-bye over the shoulder of her papa, to which everyone responded, including the newsboy who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-byes all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that two and not one of them could be induced to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car. —*Orphan's Friend, House of Angel Guardian.*

SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

Children Caught on a Railway Bridge—Three Instantly Killed.

A Paterson, N. J, despatch says: Five children who had been blackberry picking started this evening to cross the Erie Railway bridge over the Passaic River. The bridge has neither rail or footpath. A train approached on the western track, and they stepped on the eastern track in the way of a fast passenger train. The engine of the latter blew the whistle, but the children, paralyzed with fear, did not stir. The engineer did not apply the brakes for fear the train would go through the bridge. Persons on the river banks vainly shouted to the children, telling them to get between the tracks. In an instant the heavy locomotive struck the little ones and hurled three of them upon the other track dead. The engineer was almost fainting, but stuck to his post and stopped the train as soon as he crossed the trestle. The passengers got out to investigate, and were sickened at the horrible sight which met their gaze. Jennie Stevenson, aged 13, Nellie Warren, aged 10, and Mattie Warren, her sister, aged 8, were dead. Jane Warren, aged 18, was fearfully injured, and their little brother Willie was hurled into the river 50 feet below, where he was found in the water hurt but alive. The two injured children were taken to the hospital. Both will recover. The grief of the children's parents was heartrending.

INSANE THROUGH GRIEF.

Mrs. Langford Attempts to Burn Herself to Death.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mrs. Enos Langford, widow of the well known Methodist minister who died last spring, while temporarily insane to-night set herself on fire, and received such injuries that all hope for her recovery has been given up. She went to a closet and sprinkled coal oil over her clothes, then ignited her dress, and while it was in flames ran shrieking across the yard into the house, setting the curtains on fire. She was terribly burned, and her suffering must have restored her reason, for she was able to make her will, leaving all her property to a sister. Mrs. Langford had been acting peculiarly for some time, and her mind, it is supposed, was upset through grief at her husband's death.

The Rev. Mr. Langford who had charge of the First Methodist Church here is stationed at Brampton. His family should not be confounded with the above.

EXCURSION STEAMERS COLLIDE

And Three Dead Bodies and Many Missing People are the Consequences.

A Baltimore despatch of Monday says: The steamer Virginia, of the Old Bay line, on route from Baltimore for Norfolk, collided this evening off Fort Carroll, five miles from here, with the steamer Louise on her way to Baltimore from Tolchester Beach, on Chesapeake Bay, with 1,500 excursionists. It is said the collision was caused by the efforts of the steamer to avoid a schooner in tow of a tug boat. The weather was thick and rainy. The Virginia struck the Louise on the starboard side aft of the wheel, cutting away the outer woodwork and crashing into the saloon. The Virginia's stem was badly twisted and her bow stove Many excursionists are missing. Three bodies had been recovered up to 11 o'clock. It is supposed others have been lost. The steamers came to Baltimore under their own steam.

He Found His Man.

A Fresno, Cal., despatch says: John D. Fiske, a lawyer and opera house manager, was shot and killed last night by Joseph T. Stillman, an inventor. Stillman had been hunting for Fiske all day, and found him at last in front of the Grand Union Hotel. Stillman claims the shooting grew out of an attempt of Fiske to blackmail him. He says Fiske has been demanding half interest in certain patents of his, and threatening that unless Stillman gave him such interest he would tell Mrs. Stillman of an alleged intimacy with another woman. Stillman declares he was driven to desperation by Fiske's threats.

The Parasol.

Before marriage—Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?

"Oh, no, my dear; it would be a pleasure if it did."

After marriage—Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out."

"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol."

"There isn't any right side of a woman with a parasol."

The Modern Poetess.

Able Editor—I am afraid we shall have to dispense with your services, Mr. Jones. A man who knows no more about grammar than to write about a "female poetess" is hardly fitted for the newspaper business.

New Reporter—I was a little afraid you would kick, but that exactly describes the kind of poetess she is.

The champion lazy man has been discovered in New York city. He is Geo. W. Crooks and has been getting $700 per year for acting as janitor of the Board of Health. He sub-let his contract to an Italian for $5 a month. That Mr. Crooks is now at liberty goes without saying.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AT HOME.

How He Manages His Immense Household and How He Eats.

It is estimated that over 6,000 persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtche palace when the Sultan is there. One who claims to be well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's housekeeping in the *Leisure Hour*. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for it, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity, and the labor about the palace is so subdivided that no one works very hard except the lord high chamberlain and treasurer of the household.

The treasurer of the household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders, and has an organized force of buyers who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each paying his helpers, servants and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and, as to furnish fish for at least 6,000 persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in other large cities, he has to have about 20 men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy.

About ten tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly 18,000 pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread-eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork. A spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

ONTARIO OFFICIALS

They Inspect the Concord Reformatory and Review the Methods.

The Ontario Prison Commission, which is now on a visit to this city, has been greatly impressed by the systems adopted by the Concord Reformatory for the punishment and reformation of the criminal classes. The commission was occupied all the forenoon and evening yesterday in hearing the evidence of Mr. Fred G. Retifogrove, secretary and executive officer of the Prison Commission, and Mr. Retifogrove's 24 years' experience in prison affairs eminently qualified him to speak upon the nature of the work that is being done, as well as upon the results that have attended it. He described in a comprehensive and clear way the whole course of treatment to which the prisoner is subjected, from the moment he first forfeits his liberty to the time he completes his sentence. The common jails here are conducted upon pretty much the same principle as those of Toronto and other cities, but there are used more largely for sentenced prisoners than the former. The houses of correction which form so large a feature of the penal code of Massachusetts have not been introduced to any great extent into the more populous province of Canada. The members of the commission were greatly interested in the thorough and systematic method of treatment of juvenile offenders adopted by the State, and apparently working with much excellent effect. The probational treatment of the erring youth of the fall for the first time was new to them, and the system of primary schools, of which Monson is so excellent an example, has no parallel in the Dominion. But, above all and beyond all were the visitors struck with the reformatory at Concord, where they were shown over by Col. Gardner Tufts in the afternoon. Some of the members of the commission have visited the prisons and reformatories of almost every country, but nowhere have they seen such an institution as exists at Concord. They listened with astonishment the wholesome atmosphere that pervaded the place, the unique arrangements that must operate successfully—if any arrangements can operate successfully—in the reformation of the criminal, the wonderful surroundings, the machinery, the schools, the pianos and the newspapers. The commission will visit some other institutions to-day, and will afterwards proceed to New York, returning to Toronto by way of Elmira.—*Boston Herald.*

The Happy Woman.

One of the most successful women in society is the woman who absolutely knows nothing—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of the term—but whose nature is so nicely adapted to the needs and requirements of the life that she makes no blunders, and hurts the tender feeling of no one, says the New York *Ledger*. It is a matter for us to reflect upon, and it should incite us to help our children to cultivate that spirit of kindness which would just as readily spend well of people as ill, if not to prefer to do so. We might teach our daughters that to listen patiently to the praise of others will not detract in the least from their charms. Those happy women who are capable of honest and sincere admiration for people of their own sex are and always have been admired and loved, though without accomplishments or grace save this one of inborn charity and good-will.

The Microbe of Old Age.

Under the heading, "Professor Brown-Sequard Distanced," Dr. Burggraeve writes in his "Repertoire Universal de Medicine Dosimetrique" that a Dr. Malin-Conico, of Naples, pretends to have discovered the microbe of old age. The publications of Italy announce very seriously that the microbe of old age exists and is transmitted by heredity; invades with age the entire human organism, which it ravages and destroys, causing decaducity and finally to death. The above-named Dr. Malin Conico hopes thus to have found the means of combating this invisible enemy, and preventing man from getting old. All of which is "important if true."

The Stove of the Future.

"That looks neat," was the remark to the stove man. "What is it?" "It is the new gas stove. The day will come when all the world who can get at it will want to do its summer cooking by gas, and maybe its winter cooking as well. This stove, you see, has burners, for all the stove holes and two ovens. It admits air into the gas at the point of combustion and makes a bunsen flame of each. We ran all the burners full blast for two hours the other day, having the meter taken before and after, and it cost exactly twelve cents. We can raise a kettle of cold water to boiling in seven minutes and all you have to do is touch a match to the gas and your fire is going. Handsome, too, isn't it? Looks like a stylish fancy range."—*Dewitton Journal.*

Not Intended as a Warning.

A New Jersey woman attempted to fill an oil stove yesterday while one of the burners was lighted. She was horribly burned and is now dying. Of course this is not mentioned here as a warning to Brooklyn women. They know a thing or two better than this, and when they desire to experience the sensation of seeing how near they can come to killing themselves and yet live, they light the fire with kerosene, eat ice cream bought of an Italian street peddler, or try to cross the rapid transit tracks on Atlantic avenue.—*Brooklyn Union.*

The Nizam of Hyderabad paid $65,000 for the big Gordon Orr diamond to wear in his head-dress. Before cutting, the stone weighed 67½ carats, and after cutting, 24½ carats. It is said to be the best, purest and most brilliant stone known.

Cumso (reading the newspaper): An African explorer has discovered a wonderful race of hardy dwarfs at Hohm. Mrs. Cumso (sweetly): That was much better than finding them away from home—at the club, for instance.

WHAT AMMONIA IS GOOD FOR.

Various Domestic Uses to Which the Article May Be Put.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Spirits of ammonia will often relieve a severe headache.

Door-plates should be cleansed by rubbing with a cloth wet in ammonia and water.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia and water, lay soft white paper over and iron with a hot iron.

When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply undiluted to restore the color.

Keep nickel, silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woollen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a scrub brush; rinse in clear water.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth with ammonia before washing with soap.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by the fire.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water they bathe in every day it would keep their flesh clean and sweet, doing away with any disagreeable odor.

Flannels and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little suds. Rub as little as possible, and they will be white and clean and will not shrink.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacup-ful of water will clean gold or silver jewellery; a few drops of clear aqua ammonia rubbed on the under side of diamonds will clean them immediately, making them very brilliant.

New Dangers of the Pulpit.

No doubt the present tendency toward trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the same of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power the leaders—those who have adopted the readiest means has often imposed his methods upon man who would choose the best means. The fault of a lower tone here and there is not properly charged to the morality of writers, for the profession will be found to day a high average of ability and conscientious performance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature. All that the newspapers of to-day are doing for temperance cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are of course essential for the success of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which they, as private individuals, would be willing to endorse in every part as men of character, refinement and self-respect.—*Century.*

The U. S. Wheat Crop.

The Chicago *Farmer's Review* says: The prophecies of a shortage in the winter wheat crop are confirmed by the late reports of private correspondents relative to the yield and condition of the grain. Winter killing and the ravages of insects reduced the crop in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi. In Kansas drought prevented the perfect development of the berry, while the wheat fields of the Pacific coast, as also those of the Southern and Eastern States, were drowned out by the excessive rainfall experienced during the early spring months. It may safely be said that the average condition of the entire crop when harvesting commenced was 20 per cent. below average. The *Review* estimates a total of 272,344,436 bushels as the entire wheat crop of the United States, but adds that, considering the low condition of wheat at harvesting time, this merchantable product will be considerably less than that figure.

Speed of Locomotives.

It seems to be quite clear that if steam enough could be supplied to a locomotive engine any speed could be attained, unless the resistance to its progress augmented in such a proportion that the boiler pressure was not great enough to overcome it, says the "Engineer." The engine would then be, to use a marine phrase, "looked up." We know that at a velocity of as much as 72 miles an hour on a level a well-designed single driver light engine will run with the throttle but little open, and apparently exerting very little power indeed. It is not easy to see why an addition of eight miles an hour should pile up the resistance as it is said to do. The question seems, however, to bristle with anomalies and contradictions of the most vexatious and perplexing character, and we are at times tempted to believe that these difficulties have no existence in fact—are for the most part the creations of fancy.

"A Room for the Leper?"

A New York despatch says: There is a genuine case of leprosy in this city. The victim is Manuel Garntia, aged 20, the scion of a prominent family in Mexico, who has been attending a military academy at Chester, Pa. For a week he has been stopping at a Spanish boarding house here. He was to-day removed from North Brothers Island Hospital. The Health Board for several days had known of the case, but only became aware to-day of its true character. When the truth was known, there was intense excitement at the boarding house. A man who occupies the room adjoining that occupied by Garntia is ill, and it is believed he too has the leprosy.

Baldness Due to Indigestion.

Of all the causes of premature baldness none is so common as indigestion. Dyspeptics will weak and falling hair go hand in hand. As the one affection has increased so has the other, and not all the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease of Siberia nor the cantharidies of Spain will prev

A HOUSE BLOWN UP.

Three Persons Killed in the Wreck of a Savannah Boarding House.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch gives the particulars of an explosion reported yesterday: W. J. Bullard's boarding house, a three-story brick dwelling at 208 Congress street, was blown up at 1.20 o'clock this morning. Three persons were killed and six injured, two of whom will probably die. There were eighteen people in the house. The explosion shattered the walls, which collapsed in an instant, a mass of ruins. Most of the occupants of the house were asleep and were hurled from their beds, and either buried under the falling debris or thrown on top of it.

The killed are: Mrs. W. J. Bullard, Mr. Lockley and Gus Robie. The wounded are: John Roberts, right ankle fractured and concussion of the brain from the shock; L. J. Tate, contusion of face and chest; Meedon Hywood (colored), shoulder dislocated and bruised; J. A. Rives, slightly bruised; Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Mrs. Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Sam King (colored), badly bruised about body.

The first person taken out of the ruins was L. J. Tate, collector for the Citizen's Bank, who was sleeping on the second floor and was pinned down by falling timbers. A few minutes later the mangled body of Mrs. Bullard was found eight feet under a pile of bricks beneath the room where she was sleeping. Robie's body was taken out at 3 o'clock and was laid in Franklin Square on a mattress. Robie came here from New York a month ago, and was employed by McDonoghue & Co. as scroll man. He slept in the front hall room on second floor and was found under a sheet in the bed, where he had evidently been killed as he slept. He has a wife in New York from whom he received a letter a day or two ago. He was about 40 years old. The body of Lockley was found about 4 o'clock. It was the last taken out of the building. J. A. Rimes, who was sleeping in the front room on the third floor with Roberts, was hurled to the second floor, and was pinned between the bed and floor until he was pulled out by the firemen. He did not see Roberts after the explosion occurred. The first he heard was a grinding noise, and then came the crash, and then a blank. The next he knew was being taken out from under the debris. He was slightly bruised. Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, who were sleeping in the front room on the second floor, were pulled out from under the ceiling above, which held them fast. Mrs. John Paige and baby, who were sleeping in the room back of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, escaped unhurt and were lifted out by the firemen. As fast as the injured people were taken out they were carried into the rear of Andrew Jackson's residence, just east of the fallen building. Jack Roberts, who slept with J. A. Rimes on the third floor, sustained severe injuries about the body and head. Mr. Bullard, who was sleeping with his wife, had a marvellous escape, and received but a few slight bruises. Mrs. Bullard was dead when taken out. She was fearfully crushed. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. There are many rumors of an ugly nature, but nobody will take the responsibility of making a direct statement. One man insinuated that there had been a row in the house toward the end of the jollification in which the inmates had been indulging. The building was a three-story tenement, built in the French flat style, and faced north and south. The two top floors were used as sleeping apartments. The explosion blew the entire building to the northward. Some of the furniture was blown across St. Julian street into splinters, while the flying bricks went in as far as Bay street. The entire structure collapsed inward on Congress street.

LIVELY CATTLEMEN.

They Fill Up on Absand Under ake To Run the Vessel.

A New York despatch of Sunday says: American cattlemen returning from Europe are making things lively for the captains of the ships by which they take passage. For the second time in as many weeks an English steamer came into Port to-day with her Union Jack down. The police boat hailed respondent, and found the steamer to be the Chicago, which left London July 10th. Captain Morgan made a formal charge against three of the 27 cattlemen who were passengers by the Chicago, and turned them over to the police. They were John McNamara, James Tynan and Henry Hallison, of this city. These men, aided by the others, Captain Morgan says, intimidated his crew, insulted him, and stole a portion of the ship's cargo. The crew of the steamer numbered only 12. The cattlemen began on the second day out to break down the cattle pens on deck, and when remonstrated with threatened to "take possession" of the ship. They got into the hold on the 18th inst., made a raid on the ale stored there and became drunk. They then fought among themselves, and insisted on occupying the forecastle instead of their own quarters in the stern of the ship. Two of the men took up their quarters in the captain's cabin. They were finally driven out, but for the remainder of the trip they made themselves very offensive.

BURNED AT SEA.

The Egypt's Crew Saved by the Oil-Laden Manhattan

A London cable says: The steamer Manhattan sighted the Egypt in full blaze in lat. 40 28 north, lon. 38 west, but being laden with oil dared not go near the burning vessel. She lowered her boats, however, and saved all on board the Egypt. Capt. Robinson, of the Manhattan, who formerly sailed in the National Line, informed the rescued officers he had only enough provisions for 40 persons, and a discussion was had as to whether or not to make the Azores, 250 miles distant. It was finally decided to proceed for Dover, and everyone was placed on short rations. There were 640 head of cattle on the Egypt, and all were burned to death, or, breaking loose and plunging overboard, were drowned. For a time there was much confusion on the Egypt, but no panic. The National Company chartered a tug at Dover to meet the Manhattan and supply her with provisions. She started at 6 o'clock this evening with a full supply of provisions and other necessaries for the rescued people. Capt. James Sumner, of the Egypt, is the commodore of the National Line. The company do not insure their vessels, but put the amount which they would have to pay as premiums into a special fund on account of their vessels.

Defenceless Armenians Slaughtered.

A Constantinople cable says: The following are the details of the recent riots at Erzeroum: On June 20th the soldiery were ordered to disperse the Armenians, who were holding a meeting in a church yard. The soldiers began a massacre of the Armenians, and the Turkish populace joined in the attack. The shops and houses of the Armenians were pillaged. The sack lasted four hours. The British consulate, at which on the same night a fete was being given for the benefit of the poor Armenians, was stoned and its gates and windows broken. The consul and the members of his family took refuge in the cellars of the building and the fete was abandoned. The American mission served as a refuge for 50 fugitives. Numbers of Armenians, relying on the promises of Turks to escort them to places of safety, were murdered in the streets. Fifty bodies have been found, mostly of persons who were bayoneted; 350 persons were wounded, and 100 are missing.

Six Battles Fought.

A San Salvador despatch says: News has been received confirming the reports of the success of the San Salvador forces beyond the frontier in Guatemalan territory. The Salvador army has now gained six battles, capturing a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. The Salvador forces are now pushing their way into the interior of Guatemala, and are meeting with success at every step. Great enthusiasm prevails, and the intention is to overthrow the Government of President Barrillos before coming to any agreement. Salvador is determined to free itself from the yoke of Guatemala and to assure its liberty and independence.

His Life Saved by a Boy.

A Portland, Me., despatch says: Yesterday a wealthy Montreal man attempted to board a train at Old Orchard after it had started. He ran to the rear end of the baggage car and caught the railing, but lost his footing. As he was hanging to the railing he swung between the cars and was losing his grip when Frank E. Kelly, of South Berwick, a boy pedlan, saw him and managed to pull him on board the train. When he had recovered he asked the boy's name, and said he had saved his life, and promised to send him a cheque for $5,000 when he reached home.

—Ice cream a la lawn tennis is served in balls.

A FATHER'S TERRIBLE DEED.

He Kills His Three Children with an Axe and Then Suicides.

A Halifax despatch says: News has just reached St. John's Nfld., from Labrador of a fearful crime committed at Big Brook, Stag Bay, on the 4th of May last. At Big Brook lived a man named Thomas Oliver, with his wife and five children. On a Sunday he told his son that he saw some partridges across the river and that he had better go and hunt for them, and if they were not there he could go further on. Oliver then took off his shirt and gave it to the lad, saying it was better than the one he had on. He also sent his wife and daughter in the same direction to pick wild tea. Oliver then took his Bible and lay down on the bed. Before leaving, his wife took her infant boy of six months and placed it on the bed to sleep along with her husband. When on the ice about half way across the brook she heard the report of a gun, and looking around she saw the dogs running from the door, but thinking nothing was wrong she continued her journey. After she and her daughter had gathered all the tea required they returned home. Here the poor mother and daughter beheld a sickening sight. On the floor was the baby she had left peacefully sleeping with his father. There seemed to be a little life in it, but on taking it up she discovered that the little head was battered almost in pieces. The next sight that met her horrified gaze was the body of her daughter, a girl of 11 years, in a sitting posture on the floor, with her head fearfully mangled, in fact literally beaten to pieces, while across her legs lay a boy aged 6 years, with his head almost split open but still alive and moaning. The poor fellow lived till sunset. She next discovered the body of her husband stretched on the floor behind the door, with a gun grasped in both hands in the grip of death. A bullet hole through his head and one eye hanging on his cheek told the tale of his death. The distracted mother, after waiting till the boy died, ran to Seal Cove Point, a distance of three miles, where her nearest neighbors, a family named Coves, lived, and told her awful story. They buried the victims near the house in which the crime was committed, placing the gun in the murderer's coffin. The children were killed with an axe.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN WAR.

Guatemalan Troops Lack Organization and Discipline.

A telegram has been received at the State Department at Washington from the U. S. Minister at Guatemala saying that consternation prevails at that place over rumors that the Government troops had been defeated in an engagement with the Salvadorian army. The Minister's telegram gives evidence that he has not received the department's instructions in regard to the steamship Colima, and steps will be taken to discover the cause of delay.

A cipher despatch, received at Richfield Springs, N.Y., yesterday, by an official of the Guatemalan Government, says Guatemala accepts the war provoked by San Salvador and will continue it until San Salvador elects a legitimate President in place of Ezeta. The battle fought on the 23rd inst., the despatch recites, resulted in the rout of the San Salvadorians, but as Salvador commands the cable to Central America the Government only allows despatches favorable to itself to be sent abroad. The telegram further asserts that the arms taken from the steamer Colima were taken with the consent of the Pacific mail agent and the American Minister by virtue of article seventeen of the Pacific mail contract. Honduras, the despatch says, will remain neutral for the present, but may join with Guatemala if events require her. Guatemala has 40,000 men under arms, and Honduras 6,000, while San Salvador has only about 10,000.

A City of Mexico despatch says: The Spanish Minister here says two Spanish war ships have been ordered to Central America. A large amount of counterfeit silver is in circulation here. Several revolutionary bands are marauding near the Mexican frontier in Guatemalan territory. Both Guatemala and San Salvador are trying to mass troops with the utmost haste, but Guatemala finds a difficulty in the dissatisfaction of her soldiers. Guatemalan despatches claim that their forces so greatly outnumber the Salvadorians that in the present week the tables will be turned.

To Hamper the Lotteries.

A Washington despatch says: The House Postoffice Committee to-day agreed upon a substitute Bill in lieu of a number of pending Bills adverse to lotteries, and ordered it to be reported to the House. The substitute prohibits lottery circulars and tickets, lists of drawings, money or drafts for purchase of lottery tickets, or newspapers containing lottery advertisements or drawings from being carried in mails or delivered by carriers, and a penalty not exceeding $5,000 fine and imprisonment not exceeding one year is to be imposed upon any person depositing such matter in the mails. The Postmaster-General is also to be authorized upon evidence of the existence of a lottery or gift enterprise to cause registered letters directed to the company to be stamped "fraudulent" and returned to the senders, and he may also forbid the payment of money orders addressed to a lottery or gift enterprise.

A Sad, Sad Story.

A London cable says: A sad story of distress from poverty and the hard enforcement of law comes from the Irish coast. The fishing season has been bad, and many of the dwellers on Blasket Island, off the Kerry coast, were unable to pay their rent at the appointed day. A gunboat thereupon landed the sheriff, 30 bailiffs and 100 police on the island, and the *posse* seized the boats of the unfortunate fishermen. As the gunboat departed with the only means of livelihood of the half-starved population, the scene was a heart-rending one. The despairing fathers and husbands gazed gloomily after the receding vessel, while the children and women folk wailed and cried aloud in their anguish. An eye-witness says that the people are absolutely destitute, and many must perish unless relief is sent.

Denver's Cloud-burst.

A Wednesday's Denver despatch says: At midnight last night occurred a catastrophe that has temporarily isolated the towns up Clear Creek Canon from the world. An immense cloud-burst near the forks of a creek poured a deluge of water within the narrow walls of the canon. It completely demolished the two iron railway bridges at the forks, and, as far as can be learned, annihilated all the structures in the vicinity. The restaurant, the depot and the foundries were swept away. It is believed no lives were lost. The immense column of water, laden with wreckage, went tearing down the canon, with the result that from the forks to Golden there is scarcely a vestige of the railroad left. The greater portion of the road-bed is destroyed and all means of communication are gone.

A City's Health Imperilled.

A Canton, O., despatch says: There is a fierce war being waged against the owners of slaughter houses in this city. Some time ago the Board of Health issued an edict that they should go out of the city. The owners refused. The members of the Board of Health made an investigation of the slaughter pens yesterday, finding matters in horrible shape. At one place where bologna sausages are made they found millions of maggots crawling over the meat to be used in the manufacture. Other slaughter houses were found in a similar condition. The water along the creek where the houses are situated is filled with filth for a mile. The Board of Health says they must go and the owners say nay.

A Cyclone Visits Marshall.

A Marshall, Minn., special says: At 5 o'clock yesterday a black cloud resembling a great serpent reached downward from the dense black masses of storm clouds that had formed during the afternoon and moving in a southeasterly direction. It demolished the buildings of three farmers living nine miles northwest of here. A child of Felix Dearan had its leg broken, another had its head crushed and died during the night, and Mrs Dearan was seriously bruised. Mrs. A. M. Opdall and child were blown by the cyclone on a wire fence and seriously bruised. Two of Opdall's horses were carried from the barn to a pasture near by without injury.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverly dictionary in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described with illustrative extracts from the text.

—And now comes a Britisher, who knows Prince George, to remark that His Royal 'Ighness hates fuss and parade, detests receptions, likes to mingle with good fellows, smoke and swap stories, and will make his stay short at Newport if he is not let alone.

THE DISGRACED GUARDS.

Exciting Scene at Their Departure for Africa—The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A London cablegram says: The scenes connected with the exile of the second battalion of the Grenadiers were both interesting and at times touching. The men were paraded at daybreak, and were marched along the Victoria embankment to the Victoria station. Early as was the hour the streets were crowded, and at least 20,000 people accompanied them, the men cheering, the women and children crying and sobbing. The arrest of the six Grenadiers and their trial by court-martial had tended to cast a gloom over the whole battalion. When sentences were pronounced at the parade yesterday some painful scenes occurred. The oldest soldiers of the companies seem to have been selected for trial. By a strange misfortune a veteran named Ferren was one of the unlucky prisoners. An older man named Riggs, belonging to the same company, had been transferred to the reserve the day before. Later in the day the prisoners exchanged their regimental for prison garb. The precise hour of their removal to the Brixton military prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer to the ambulance waggon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers saw them. When the men emerged the spectators raised a loud shout. They were handcuffed in pairs and escorted by non-commissioned officers. They appeared dejected and haggard. One soldier in the regiment shouted, "Pat your heart comrades." Several prisoners burst out crying after the departure of the men. The story of their farewell parting with their wives and children spread through the barracks. Wives, children, sweethearts and comrades crowded into the spacious yard. Painful meetings took place in the yard and in the canteen. Outside stood a great crowd of sightseers, who gazed curiously and sympathetically between the railings. The couples separated, the women hurrying away with their friends and children, taking a farewell kiss from their father. While these pathetic scenes were going on in the yard different ones were being enacted in the canteen. Young women who seemed to have plenty of money were there treating their lovers. The taps were continually running, and the flowing bowl apparently lightened the burden of the men for the time. They forgot their misfortune and indulged in jig dancing and singing. At the sound of the bugle women rushed outside. At 5 o'clock the men were drawn up in double line, and 15 minutes later the colonel gave the order to march. The great gates at the Buckingham Palace end of the yard were thrown open, and while the band played the spirit-stirring British Grenadiers the battalion marched out and were greeted by the shouts and cheers of an enormous throng. A number of policemen were formed in three lines to open the way for the soldiers. After the police came sappers and miners, and behind them a band and Col. Eaton at the head of the regiment. As the battalion appeared the road a mighty deafening cheer went up from the assembled thousands. The column was repeatedly broken, caused by women seeking their husbands, with whom, when found, they marched some time. Several women kept pace with their sons. It is said that at the inspection yesterday by the Duke of Cambridge it was noticed that the men shouldered their arms in a slovenly manner, there appearing to be an inclination on their part not to respect him. Subsequent inquiries have elicited the fact that an understanding existed that on the order to shoulder arms being given they should remain motionless. Fortunately the men altered their minds at the last moment on seeing that some of their companions were obeying the orders. A reporter interviewed a soldier of the Grenadiers, who says that his companions were entirely in sympathy with the men of the second battalion, and that there will certainly be trouble unless certain reforms are made.

ALMOST A MURDER.

In a Quarrel Over Beer a Dane Stabs a Half-breed in the Head.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Pete Sarson, a Dane, and two half-breeds quarreled on the street last night about where they should go to buy beer, and a fight ensued, resulting in Thos. Wilkins, one of the half-breeds, being stabbed on the top of the head with a large pocket knife. The blade penetrated about 2½ inches and remained in the wound for half an hour before Wilkins was found by the police. Wilkins' right side was paralyzed from the wound, and it was thought he could not live. Sarson is supposed to have done the stabbing and was soon arrested. The half-breed Wilkins was taken to the hospital in an almost dying condition, but is reported to be much better this afternoon. Sarson was not brought up this morning at the Police Court, but is being held at the station pending developments.

A Madman's Deed.

A Lockport, N. Y., despatch says: At Wolcottville, a German village ten miles southeast of this city, yesterday afternoon a lunatic named Yago beat Poormaster Schultz so severely with a shovel and an axe that Schultz died in the evening. Yago had been in an asylum two or three years, but was recently permitted to return home apparently restored to reason. He soon, however, became violent and the Poormaster Schultz, accompanied by a constable, went to Yago's house to take him and return him to the asylum. He attacked Schultz with a shovel and an axe, and soon beat him into insensibility. He then fled, and has not been captured.

Not Guatemala's Version of it.

A City of Mexico despatch says: Geronimo Pou, agent of San Salvador, says in the eleven battles fought up to date the Salvadorans have come out victorious. The remainder of the Guatemalan army is fleeing in all directions towards the interior, and not a single Guatemalan soldier is left on the frontier. A revolution against Barrillas has broken out in the Eastern Department. Several well known generals head it, and the downfall of the present Guatemalan Government is considered more than probable. Barillas is pleading for foreign intervention in his favor.

The Deadly Level Crossing.

A Grafton, W. Va., despatch says: Wm Golden, his wife and three children started to cross the main line of the Baltimore & Ohio Road near the roilroad hotel, but seeing the yard engine coming up the road they stopped to let it pass. Mr. Golden was holding his 2-year-old boy in his arms and his wife a month old baby. While watching the engine a passenger train came along and struck the family, instantly killing the husband, wife and two children and fatally injuring the boy who was in his father's arms. The little fellow died in an hour.

Jealousy Leads to Murder.

A New York despatch says: Patchello Bonchette, an Italian, murdered Francisco Frank, aged 30, at New Rochelle to-day. Frank was married seven months ago to an Italian girl, and Bouchette has been infatuated with Mrs. Frank for some time. This afternoon Bouchette went to Frank's house, and advised Mrs Frank to leave her husband and go and live with him. Frank attempted to put Bouchette out of the house, when the latter drew a revolver and fired four shots, killing Frank instantly. Bouchette was arrested.

A Poisoned Meat Feast.

A Rice Lake, Wis., despatch says: Twenty-one persons are in danger of dying from eating supposedly poisoned meat, and several of the cases are very critical. State Dairy and Food Commissioner Thomb was summoned yesterday to investigate. The meat, to the amount of 75 pounds, was placed on sale at a local market. The city physician says that the sickness is positively due to eating this meat. The persons sick were taken with violent vomiting and cramps.

Mrs. Hojack—John, dear, she doctor says you'll have to live on oatmeal for a week. Hojack (despairingly): Oh, this is great!

Great preparations are being made at Lima to receive the remains of the Peruvian heroes who lost their lives during the late war with Chili. They are being brought from different points by Peruvian men-of-war, and will be reinterred at Lima. The Peruvian man-of-war Lima brought to Iquique the remains of Vice-Admiral Grau and others. She was escorted from Valparaiso by the Chilian man-of-war Esmeralda.

"I don't object to your rates," said the summer boarder to the farmer, "but I kick against your mosquitoes' bill."

"Papa," said a talkative little girl, "am I made of dust?" "No, my child. If you were you would dry up once in a while."

LAWRENCE'S VISITATION.

Eight Persons Killed and Forty Injured by a Cyclone.

HUNDREDS LEFT HOMELESS.

A Lawrence, Mass., despatch says: A cyclone, the first of any considerable importance within memory in New England, and one equalling in destructive powers those so frequently reported from western communities, visited the suburb South Lawrence yesterday forenoon at 9.15 o'clock, and in fifteen minutes had killed eight persons, seriously injured from 15 to 20, slightly injured at least 20 more, cut a swath through a thickly-populated section 260 feet wide, a mile long, rendered 500 people homeless, destroyed or greatly damaged from 75 to 100 buildings, mostly dwelling houses, levelled a beautiful square of over 500 trees, and entailed a property loss now estimated at $100,000, all of which was uninsured against damage by wind and storm.

EXTENT OF THE DISASTER.

The calamity is the greatest which has visited Lawrence since the fall and burning of the Pemberton mills 30 years ago. South Lawrence is that section of the city lying south of the Merrimac River. At this point the main line of the Boston & Maine Railroad takes a sharp turn to the eastward, and following the Merrimac crosses the river at Bradford. The railroad traverses the suburb with the city proper and with the railroad lines north. The point is a busy railroad junction, and in the vicinity were many wooden houses, occupied mainly by well-to-do mechanics, and among these the air fiend spent his greatest fury. The northern boundary of the belt of destruction was but three streets south of the lofty mills, with their busy throngs of thousands of workers, showing how narrow was the escape from more appalling loss of life and property.

THE SUDDENNESS OF THE VISITATION.

It was a veritable dog day. The air was hot and humid, dark clouds scurried westerly through the heavens with intermittent rain. Suddenly the wind veered to the west and an inky-black, cone-like cloud seemed to drop from the cumulous mass hanging to the southwest and move rapidly with awful aspect toward the city. It was accompanied by torrents of rain. In an instant the crash came. Buildings were crushed like egg shells. Some were lifted from their foundations and dashed to pieces. Others were tipped over or blown from their position and more or less damaged. The air was filled with flying debris, and most of those who met death in the wreck were killed instantly. Many lay unconscious or groaning in the ruins of their homes.

THE STORM'S PATH.

The survivors were too much terrified to know where or when the cyclone ended its course, but the train of ruin in its path showed that it touched the earth at or near the cricket grounds, crossed Emmett street, Broadway, the railroad and Parkers street, entered Springfield street at its southwest end, traversed its entire length, demolished nearly everything in its course, including one house on Foster street and two on South Union street, where they cross Springfield street into Union Square, levelling over 500 trees, and thence over Spaswsen River into the town of Andover, where it exhausted its fury on trees and fences. As soon as the survivors realized the extent of the devastating work, word was sent to the police station and ambulances with a squad of men started for the scene.

THE WORK OF RESCUE.

Marshal Vose soon ordered on the whole force. An alarm was rung in and the firemen responded promptly and rendered great assistance in removing the injured from the ruins. The ambulance carried several loads of mangled and crushed human beings to the hospital. Others were taken to private houses. The work of devastation began at the cricket grounds on the southwest with the uprooting of a number of magnificent trees. On Emmett street the wind lifted a story and a half house from its foundation and, bodily and as it slapped it into the roadway a complete wreck. Mr. Evans, his wife and baby were in the house at the time, but escaped without great injury. House No. 19, Emmett street, occupied by a family named Daly, was the first to be extricated. He suffered severe internal injuries. His wife and daughter were removed from the ruins after over two hours' hard work, both dead, Mamie's neck was dislocated. Little Hannah Beatty, who lived in the upper tenement, was also killed here. Although suffering intense physical pain, Mr. O'Connell led the rescuing party, and was completely prostrated upon finding the remains of his wife and daughter. No. 37, John Lynch's store, was demolished and the house wrecked. No. 36, John Costello, 42, E. Raymond and Archibald McCauley, 44, Andrew Patterson, were damaged. No. 53, occupied by six families, was badly wrecked. Maria Quinn, the 12-year-old daughter of Patrick Quinn, was severely injured and is dying.

THE SUFFERERS.

The wind continued in the direction of Springfield street north, eastward through Union Square, breaking and twisting trees in every conceivable shape. Large oaks and elms were mere pipe stems in the path of the destroyer. It is believed that from 500 to 1,000 trees were destroyed in and about the park. On Crawshaw Square, the house occupied by Walter E. Rushforth was shaken, the windows broken, and everything inside turned topsy-turvy. The occupants of most of the ruined houses were hard-working laborers, whose houses were the fruit of a lifetime of toil.

The engineer of the 8 30 express from Boston saw the cyclone as he was nearing South Lawrence, and with great forethought stopped the train, and thus probably saved many lives.

A slight fire broke out in one of the demolished houses, but was quickly put out.

—Marble furniture is catching on.

Lady Howard de Walden has expressed her intention of endowing, at a cost of $56,000, a ward at the West Kent Hospital, as a thank offering for her recent recovery from a serious illness.

THAT BABY.

A Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then as she became used to the roar and rumble the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother where the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that the old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents were to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-bye over the shoulder of her pa, to which everyone responded, including the newsboy who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-byes all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car. —*Orphan's Friend, House of Angel Guardian.*

SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

Children Caught on a Railway Bridge—Three Instantly Killed.

A Paterson, N. J., despatch says: Five children who had been blackberry picking started this evening to cross the Erie Railway bridge over the Passaic River. The bridge has no rail or footpath. A train approached on the western track, and they stepped on the eastern track in the way of a fast passenger train. The engine of the latter sounded the whistle, but the children, paralyzed with fear, did not stir. The engineer did not apply the brakes for fear the train would go through the bridge. Persons on the river banks vainly shouted to the children, telling them to get between the tracks. In an instant the heavy locomotive struck the little ones and hurled three of them upon the other track dead. The engineer was almost fainting, but stuck to his post and stopped the train as soon as he crossed the trestle. The passengers got out to investigate, and were sickened at the horrible sight which met their gaze. Jennie Brewster, aged 13, Nellie Warren, aged 10, and Maitie Warren, her sister, aged 8, were dead. Jane Warren, aged 13, was fearfully injured, and their little brother Willie was hurled into the river 50 feet below, where he was found in the water hurt but alive. The two injured children were taken to the hospital. Both will recover. The grief of the children's parents was heartrending.

INSANE THROUGH GRIEF.

Mrs. Langford Attempts to Burn Herself to Death.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mrs. Enos Langford, widow of the well known Methodist minister who died last spring, while temporarily insane to-night set herself on fire, and received such injuries that all hope for her recovery has been given up. She went to a closet and sprinkled coal oil over her clothes, then ignited her dress, and while it was in blaze ran through the hall into the house, setting the curtains on fire. She was terribly burned, and her sufferings seem to have restored her reason, for she was able to make her will, leaving all her property to a sister. Mrs Langford had been failing peculiarly for some time, and her mind, it is supposed, was upset through grief at her husband's death.

The Rev. Mr. Langford who had charge of the First Methodist Church here is stationed at Brampton. His family should not be confounded with the above.

EXCURSION STEAMERS COLLIDE

And Three Dead Bodies and Many Missing People are the Consequences.

A Baltimore despatch of Monday says: The steamer Virginia, of the Old Bay line, en route from Baltimore for Norfolk, collided this evening off Fort Carroll, five miles from here, with the steamer Louise on her way to Baltimore from Tolchester Beach, on Chesapeake Bay, with 1,500 excursionists. It is said the collision resulted from the efforts of the steamer to avoid a schooner in tow of a tug boat. The weather was thick and rainy. The Virginia struck the Louise on the starboard side aft of the wheel, cutting away the outer woodwork and crashing into the saloon. The Virginia's stem was badly twisted and her bow stove. Many excursionists are missing. Three bodies had been recovered up to 11 o'clock. It is supposed others have been lost. The steamers came to Baltimore under their own steam.

He Found His Man.

A Fresno, Cal., despatch says: John D. Fiske, a lawyer and opera house manager, was shot and killed last night by Joseph T. Stillman, an inventor. Stillman had been hunting for Fiske all day, and found him at last in front of the Grand Union Hotel. Stillman claims the shooting grew out of an attempt of Fiske to blackmail him. He says Fiske has been demanding half interest in certain patents of his, and threatening that unless Stillman gave him such interest he would tell Mrs. Stillman of an alleged intimacy with another woman. Stillman declares he was driven to desperation by Fiske's threats.

The Parasol.

Before marriage—Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?

"Oh, no, my dear; it would be a pleasure if it did."

After marriage—Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out."

"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol."

"There isn't any right side of a woman with a parasol."

The Modern Poetess.

Able Editor—I am afraid we shall have to dispense with your services, Mr. Jones. A man who knows no more about grammar than to write about a "female poetess" is hardly fitted for the newspaper business.

New Reporter—I was a little afraid you would kick, but that exactly describes the kind of poetess she is.

The champion lazy man has been discovered in New York city. He is Geo. W. Crooks and has been getting $400 per year for acting as janitor of the Board of Health. He sub-let his contract to an Italian for $5 a month. That Mr. Crooks is now at liberty goes without saying.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AT HOME.

How He Manages His Immense Household and How He Eats.

It is estimated that over 6,000 persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtche palace when the Sultan is there. One who claims to be well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's housekeeping in the *Leisure Hour*. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for the, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity, and the labor about the palace is so subdivided that no one works very hard except the loud high chamberlain and treasurer of the household.

The treasurer of the household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders, and has an organized force of buyers who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each paying his helpers, servants and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and, as to furnish fish for at least 6,000 persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in other large cities, he has to have about 20 men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy.

About ten tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly 18,000 pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread-eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses knife, fork and rarely a knife or fork—suppose his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

ONTARIO OFFICIALS.

They Inspect the Concord Reformatory and Review the Methods.

The Ontario Prison Commission, which is now on a visit to this city, has been greatly impressed by the systems adopted by the State of Massachusetts for the punishment and reformation of the criminal classes. The commission was occupied all the forenoon and evening yesterday in hearing the evidence of Mr. Fred Pettigrove, secretary and executive officer of the Prison Commissioners. Mr. Pettigrove's 24 years' experience in prison affairs eminently qualified him to speak upon the nature of the work that has been done, as well as upon the results that have attended it. He described in a comprehensive and graphic way the whole course of treatment to which the prisoner is subjected, from the moment he first forfeits his liberty to the time he completes his sentence. The common jails here are conducted upon pretty much the same principle as those of Ontario, except that the latter are used more largely for sentenced prisoners than the former. The houses of correction which form so large a feature of the penal code of Massachusetts have not been introduced to any great extent into the premier province of Canada. The members of the commission were greatly interested in the thorough and systematic method of treatment of juvenile offenders adopted by the State, and the good work being with such excellent effect. The probational treatment of the erring urchins who fall for the first time was new to them, and the system of primary schools, of which Monson is so excellent an example, has no parallel in the Dominion. But, above all and beyond all were the visitors struck with the reformatory at Concord, which they were shown over by Col. Gardner Tufts in the afternoon. Some of the members of the commission have visited kindred and reformatories of almost every country, but nowhere have they seen such an institution as exists at Concord. They beheld with astonishment the wholesome atmosphere that pervaded the place, the unique arrangements that must succeed fully—if any arrangements can operate successfully—in the reformation of the criminal, the wonderful surroundings, the machinery, the schools, the pianos and the newspapers. The commission will visit some other institutions to-day, and will afterwards proceed to New York, returning to Toronto by way of Elmira.—*Boston Herald.*

The Happy Woman.

One of the most successful women in society is the woman who absolutely knows nothing about it in the ordinary acceptance of the term—but whose nature is so nicely adapted to the needs and requirements of this life that she makes no blunders, and hurts the tender feeling of no one, says the New York *Ledger*. It is a matter for us to reflect upon, and it should incite us to help our children to cultivate that spirit of kindliness which would just as readily speak well of people as ill, if not to prefer to do so. We might teach our daughters that to listen patiently to the praise of others will not detract in the least from their charms. Those happy women who are capable of honest and hearty admiration for persons of their own sex are and always have been admired and loved, though without accomplishments or grace save this one of inborn charity and good-will.

The Microbe of Old Age.

Under the heading, "Professor Brown-Sequard Distanced," Dr. Burggraeve writes in his "Repertoire Universal de Medicine Dosimetrique" that a Dr. Malin-Conico, of Naples, pretends to have discovered the microbe of old age. The publications of Italy announce very seriously that the microbe of old age exists and is transmitted by heredity; invades with age the entire human organism, which it ravages and destroys, leading to caducity and finally to death. The above-named Dr. Malin Conico hopes thus to have found the means of combating this invisible enemy, and preventing man from getting old. All of which is "important if true."

The Stove of the Future.

"That looks neat," was the remark to the stove man. "What is it?" "It is the new gas stove. The day will come when all the world who can get at it will want to do its summer cooking by gas, and maybe its winter cooking as well. This stove, you see, has burners, for all the stove holes and two ovens. It admits air into the gas at the point of combustion and makes a bunsen flame of each. We ran all the burners full blast for two hours the other day, having the meter taken before and after, and it cost exactly twelve cents. We can raise a kettle of cold water to boiling in seven minutes and all you have to do is touch a match to the gas and your fire is going. Handsome, too, isn't it? Looks like a stylish fancy range."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Not Intended as a Warning.

A New Jersey woman attempted to fill an oil stove yesterday while one of the burners was lighted. She was horribly burned and is now dying. Of course this is not mentioned here as a warning to Brooklyn women. They know a thing or two better than this, and when they desire to experience the sensation of seeing how near they can come to killing themselves and yet live, they light the fire with kerosene, eat ice cream bought of an Italian street peddler, or try to catch a rapid transit tracks on Atlantic avenue.—*Brooklyn Union.*

The Nizam of Hyderab

CHEAPSIDE
HINCH & Co. BROCKVILLE

GREAT SALE

We have too many Dress Goods, too many Silks, too many Linens.

We want to sell them and we want to do it quickly.

The weather's hot and the time is short, therefore

DOWN GO THE PRICES

Colored Dress Goods, 20 per cent. off.
Black " " 20 per cent. off.
Black Silk .....20 per cent. off.
Colored Silk .....20 per cent. off.
Table Linen .....10 per cent. off.
Cottonades..... 5 per cent. off.
Prints and Sateens ... 5 per cent. off.

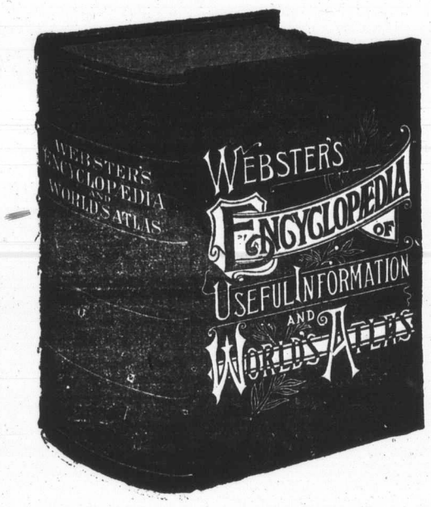
We have more Dry Goods now than we will have next week, a better range to choose from, and the prices can't be lower, so please see before buying elsewhere.

HINCH & CO.

J. E. KENNEDY, Manager. **BROCKVILLE**

Read this Adv't Carefully

THESE BOOKS FREE TO YOU



IT affords us much pleasure to announce to the people that we are about to give them a great benefit. We have always been known as one of the most enterprising firms in this section, and we have sold the best goods in nearly every case lower than others. We believe it is right to do the best we can by our patrons, thereby securing not only the largest amount of trade but also the greatest number of friends. Our stock of Dry Goods for the fall trade has been well bought and includes the newest and best of everything.

We want everybody to see that we are not trying to see how *few* goods we can give you for a dollar, but how *many*.

CASH FOR EGGS. FLOUR FOR SALE.

Please call and receive card, and as purchases are made at our store the card will be punched, and when goods to the amount called for by the card have been bought we will give you a magnificent book entitled, *Webster's Encyclopædia of Useful Information and World's Atlas*, or your choice of three pieces of Silverware. You are not required to trade the whole amount at once, but can take six months, one year or two years.

This volume is worth $6.00 to any person or any family and is really a household necessity. Notwithstanding the fact that we have the reputation of selling goods cheaper than anyone else, our prices will still be as low if not lower than before. We will be amply repaid for the great expense we have incurred by selling to our regular customers and by enjoying the trade of scores of new ones.

In order to ge the right to distribute this valuable book, we were obliged to order enough to supply one to every family for miles around. Visit us at once, examine our stock and prices, and be convinced that you can do better with us than anywhere else.

PHIL. WILTSE & CO., ATHENS

W. J. Earl & Son

SUCCESSORS TO A. JAMES

Are selling all kinds of

GROCERIES,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE

At lowest prices.

All kinds of Farm Produce taken in exchange.

W. J. Earl & Son

T. G. Stevens & Bro.

Have just received a very fancy lot of Rattan and Red Chairs of the latest style, and various other fancy articles too numerous to mention. We also keep a full line of Parlor Suits, Stuffed Chairs, Model Rockers and Fancy Tables. Something new in Bedroom Suits and Baby Carriages,

All of which will be sold at moderate prices.

DON'T FORGET that we keep everythiny complete in the

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT

and are ready at any time to attend to calls.

T. G. STEVENS & BRO.

Victoria St. Athens, Ont.

BENTLEY'S FAIR

242 KING ST. (OPPOSITE BUELL ST.) BROCKVILLE.

We want to say a word or two about how cheap we can sell goods.

We have a splendid line of

BABY CARRIAGES

from one of the best makers.

The weather has been so unfavorable for the quick sale of these goods that we have concluded to *slaughter* them, although our regular price was considerably lower than you could purchase the same goods elsewhere. But we need the room, so here they go—

Our $ 7.50 Carriage @.....$ 6.50
Our $10.00 Carrirge @ .....$ 8.50
Our $11.50 Carriage @.....$10.00
Our $12.50 Carriage @.....$11.00

☞ Be sure and see these carriages, before purchasing elsewhere.

Geo. F. S. BENTLEY

D. W. DOWNEY

The One Price Bargain Shoe House

BROCKVILLE

We are ready with our new spring stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Trunks and Valises. We have long enjoyed the reputation of being the leading house in those lines and we intend to keep it.

Ladies' fine French Kid Button Boots, over-lapped quarters $2 00
" " Dongola " " " " " 2 00
" India " " " " " 1 00
" " " Lace Shoes, nicely finished 75
" Polished Calf " " " " " 1 00

We invite you to visit our store. We promise to show you goods at lower prices than has ever before been exhibited.

D. W. DOWNEY

One Price Bargain Shoe House, 184 King Street, Brockville

THE REPORTER'S CIRCULATION

The number of Reporters Circulated last week was 816.

THE REPORTER

ATHENS, ONT. AUG. 5, 1890.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

Events as Seen by Our Knight of the Pencil.—Local Announcements Rolled Right Down.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Mr. H. Davison, and wife of Elgin, were in Athens on Sunday.

On Saturday Miss Lucy Howe left town for a visit in Portland.

Mrs. Ewing, of Newboro, paid Athens a visit on Saturday.

You can get screen doors and windows ready to put on at Beach's.

Mr. James Bissell, of Algonquin, was at Charleston on Friday evening.

Mrs. F. Marshall, of Brockville, is visiting at the home of Mrs. Redmond.

A job line of ginghams and seersuckers to be sold cheap at G. W. Beach's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Williams spent Sunday in Newboro, guests of Mr. Wm. Dargavel.

Mrs. A. Waldie, of Kingston, is in Athens on a visit to her sister, Miss Mary Livingston.

Mr. Horace Robinson, of Brockville paid a visit to his sister, Mrs. Dr. Cornell, last week.

Another lot of those cheap Dinner Sets, just opened, at China Hall, Brockville.—T. W. DENNIS.

Mrs. John Percival, of Brockville, is visiting this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gershom Yates.

Mr. L. J. Cornwell preached very acceptably to a good audience in the Baptist church on Sunday evening.

The annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of Charleston Lake will be held on Wednesday evening, at 6 o'clock at Cedar Park hotel.

Will Richardson, formerly a popular pupil in the Athens high school, now a final year man at Queen's, visited Athens on Sunday.

Miss Lou Alguire will run her dressmaking business for the benefit of the ladies of Athens and vicinity, not Toronto, as stated in our last missed it with issue.

Rev. Jas. Hall, who is a home missionary in New York city, is visiting his father at Glen Buell. He brought to Malone, N. Y., forty fresh-air children. He returns on Thursday.

Lincoln Griffin, the Caintown young man mentioned in our last issue, has been admitted to bail and once more enjoys his freedom. His trial will take place at the fall assizes,

Judgment in the case of Hester Ann Holmes v. Anson Holmes was givin by Justice Cawley on Friday evening. Action was to recover damages for alleged wrongful removal of fence. His worship said the case involved a question of title and discosts.

The campmeeting in the grove near the village continues to attract a great deal of attention. On Sunday last there was a large attendance and deep interest was manifested in the matter of holiness, which was the subject treated by Rev. Mr. Horner in his sermon.

In the Presbyterian church on Sabbath morning last the pastor, Rev. D. Flemming, delivered a very edifying discourse on the subject of church government. Following this was the ceremony of the appointment of a ruling elder, Mr. Joseph Thompson being the gentleman upon whom was conferred this honorable distinction. Then followed the reception of three adult members into the church, after which the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered to a large number of communicants of the Presbyterian and other churches.

A band of gipseys pitched their tents at their old camp grounds near Taplin's grove last week. All things continue as they were aforetime with these peculiar people. The same small stock of tinware and other articles indicating that they are desirous of earning an honest living; the same aggregation of measely curs, dirty children, frowsy women, lazy men, superannuated horses, etc.; in brief, everything the same as when our eyes first beheld a band of these vagabonds and mentally adjudged them to be the rag, tag and bob-tail of creation. Their stay here was short, but not too short.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. H. C. Phillips purposes having a celebration at his fine cottage on Goose Island, Charleston lake on Thursday evening next. Mr. Phillips has done everything that art could do to add to the natural beauties of his island home and on Thursday evening will entertain the public with an illumination, fireworks, music, etc. Considerable trouble and expense have been incurred in preparing for this event and no doubt Mr. Phillips' generosity will be recognized by a large attendance at Idle While cottage on Thursday evening.

The Horse Race.

A few weeks ago J. B. Hill, of Athens, published a challengs to trot his stallion Star against any horse in Leeds Co. that had made the season of 1890, for a purse of $500, the race to take place between the 15th and 20th Sept. on the Brockville track. What purported to be an acceptance of this was published by Neil McCarney, of Gananoque, who put forward his horse, Judge McCurdy, for the race, but in his alleged acceptance he named the Gananoque track as the course for the race. The topographical features of the Gananoque track are, to put it mildly, not favorable for fast time and having the race there would be greatly in the interest of the horse trained on, and accustomed to, that track—an advantage which no man desirous of getting on a race would think of claiming for himself. Brockville would have been neutral ground and the best horse would have had a chance to win. Hill's challenge was plain and fair and he declines to recognize McCarney's conditional acceptance of it.

Athens council meets on Wednesday next.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Mrs. W. B. Phelps of Phillipsville, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. H. H. Arnold spends a part of this week at Jones' Falls.

Dr. Gallagher, of Portland, is visiting his brother here this week.

Mr. Robert Webster, of Newboro, gave us a pleasant call on Monday.

Mr. E. R. Horner, brother of the revivalist, arrived in Athens yesterday.

Mr. A. E. McLean and wife spent last week with friends in the vicinity of Morrisburg.

Messrs. Connerty and Coolidge made the round trip on the Rideau Belle last week.

Mrs. J. Percival, of Brockville, is visiting relatives and friends in Athens this week.

Rev. Mr. Cheatham, of Brockville, will occupy the pulpit of the Athens Presbyterian church on Sabbath next.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

The race between Star and Judge McCurdy has reached the "put up or shut up" stage and is apparently likely to stay there.

Mr. E. Johnson, formerly in the store of Phil. Wiltse & Co., now with Minnes & Burns, Kingston, is spending his vacation in Athens.

B. M. Brisbin. B. A., of Toronto has been appointed fourth master in the high school. The fall term commences Monday, Aug. 25th,

Caretaker Hawkins is to be congratulated upon the fine appearance of the high school at present. The flower gardens are a mass of bloom and look very fine indeed.

Mrs. W. P. Ferguson, who has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. Taplin, started for her home at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, on Thursday last. Mr. Ferguson is president of the famous college situated at that place.

Directors of the Unionville fair are reminded that the meeting for the appointment of judges for the fall fair will take place on Friday next, 8th inst., at 1 p.m sharp. As there will be an unusual amount of business to be disposed of, it is hopod that all the directors will be on hand promptly at the hour specified.

On Sabbath evening a couple of swift young men, driving supposed-to-be swift horses, used Main St. for a race course. The performance was not strictly in keeping with the views of modern Sabbatarians, and a repetition thereof will probably get the drivers into trouble.

One of our superstisious subscribers who is said to be a little inclined to believe in signs and omens, lately discovered a spider in his paper and writes to enquire if we consider it a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely looking over the columns of the paper to see what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its webb across the store door and be free from disturbance.

The handsome and valuable premiums being offered free to their customers by Messrs. Phil. Wiltse & Co. are well worthy of inspection. The Webster encyclopedia is a large bound volume, well printed in large clear type on heavy paper. It contains a large amount of general information, and as a work of reference would be highly prized in every home. Call and see it.

The *Advance Courier*, issued in the interest of the Unionville, Frankville and Lyndhurst fairs, is being printed at this office this week. Copies will be mailed to any address on application to the secretary of any of the fairs named. The "Courier" also contains a large amount of useful information for everybody as well as the newsy announcements of a large number of the business men of the County. Don't fail to send for a copy.

Some idea of the extent to which the campmeeting is being patronized by people from a distance may be formed from the fact that on Sabbath evening the Gamble house supplied supper to seventy-five guests. The wants of this large number were successfully catered to by the ordinary staff of the hotel in just one hour and a quarter, which includes the time occupied in receiving, caring for and delivering the visitors' horses.

From the number of mowers and horse rakes leaving the village, Mr. Thos. Berney, the agent of the Massey Mf'g. Co., must be doing a good business in selling the machinery. It a fact not generally known that the well known firm of L. D. Sawyer & Co., of Hamilton, has been amalgamated with that of the Massey Mf'g. Co. This firm manufactures Threshing Machinery exclusively, and from the well known record of the L. D. Sawyer Threshers, the firm should stand well with threshermen in all parts of Canada. Berney is their agent for this section.

A number of much needed improvements have been made in the high school during this vacation. The partition separating the chemical from the physical laboratory has been removed and the large room thus obtained has been fitted up with the latest and most approved appliances for experimental study. This change has been made in accordance with the views of past and present teachers and with the recommendation of the provincial inspector, and the work has been well and satisfactorily performed under the superintendence of trustee H. H. Arnold. The old horse weather-vane has been replaced with a golden arrow.

On Saturday night last Mr. John N. Abbott, a former well known resident of Greenbush, in this county, died at his residence in Brockville, Mr. Abbott was in the 63rd year of his age and has resided in this section for a great many years. He married for his first wife Mrs. Harriet White, a daughter of the late James Olds of Greenbush, by whom he had one daughter, Mrs. J. B. Powell, now a widow residing in Brockville. His second wife was Sarah, daughter of the late Joseph Powell, of Rockspring, who survives him. Mr. Abbott was a miller by trade, but for many years he had lived a retired life. He was well known to a large circle of friends as an honest, upright man. His funeral takes place to-day (Tuesday) from his residence, Abbott St. Brockville, to the cemetery.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Why is your mother like your grandmother?—Because she is your aunt's sister (ancestor).

If any of our subscribers in the western states or territories would like to give the readers of the Reporter any items of news that they think would be of interest to them, relating to the state of the crops, present prosperity of the farmers in their locality &c., we would cheerfully give them space to do so. To any who do not feel capable of writing an article of this kind we will say we ask only for the facts as they know them, and we would try and put them in a concise and readable form. Send along your items,

Mick Bulger and Alf. Church, of Toledo, were in town on Thursday evening. They were in the best of health and spirits and as they approached the village they added to their general enjoyment of life the sense of rapid motion through the pleasant evening air. When near the cheese factory everything was running smoothly under the whip, but at that point one of the horses stumbled and fell bringing the pace to an abrupt termination and badly wrecking the buggy. While the fallen horse was still prostrate, one of the men drew a knife and attempted to bleed him, but used the instrument so unskillfully that the horse to bled death.

Evening at Charleston.

Moonlight on the lake, with all accessories necessary to ensure perfect happiness, was enjoyed by Charleston visitors on Friday evening, one of whom says:—"We were late returning from an unusually successful fishing excursion to Donaldson's Bay, our senses lulled into perfect repose by the beauties of the night and our minds possessed of that spirit of self-congratulation which only a successful fisherman knows, when we were aroused from our reverie by strains of sweetest music. We looked about us, endeavoring to fix our location. On either hand walls of foliage crowning the bluff shores of islands shut out the view. Behind, darkness reigned supreme save where the myriads of stars reflected in the tranquil bosom of the lake marked the course of some channel leading we knew not where. Ahead of us there was light and remembering the experience of Morgan's mason, we proceeded on our way in silence, listening for a repetition of the harmonious sounds that had charmed us a minute before. As we emerged from the deep shadow of an island a sight met our gaze that was beautiful in the extreme. Before us lay King's Island, the cottages and grounds of which were illuminated with colored lamps; behind this the full moon had just appeared above the undulating line of hills that make the south-eastern horizon, flooding with pale amber light, the dark waters of the lake and bringing out in bold relief the islands that dot its surface. At this moment the music recommenced and on going nearer we found that it proceeded from a flotilla of boats occupied by Messrs. E. and W. DeWolfe and a party of friends. Needless to add that these gentlemen were the chief musicians. Violins, piccoloes and cornet in turn awoke the echoes of the lake, and at times voices sweetly attuned swelled the volume of melody. For a time we rested on our oars, entranced by the beauty of the sights and sounds, and then with much pleasurable regret passed on to Cedar Park and home."

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market, as it does all it is recommended to do.

DANIEL KIERSTEAD.

Canaan Forks, N. B.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT.

New Advertisements.

Midland Central Fair.

KINGSTON, SEPT. 1 TO SEPT. 6, 1890.
Big Show of Eastern Ontario.

OPEN TO ALL; ENTRANCE FREE; $10,000 IN PRIZES; Attractions of a Superior Kind; Exhibits of the Dominion, Ontario and Manitoba Governments; Speeding in the Ring; Balloon Ascensions and Parachute Drops; International Dog Show, etc. Send for prize lists.

W. C. MARTIN, Manager. R. MEEK, Secretary.

FOR SALE.

A good Covered Buggy, used but little also a set of double Work Harness.

H. H. ARNOLD.

Athens, July, 21. 1890.

DRESSMAKING.

MISS LOU ALGUIRE wishes to inform the ladies of Athens and vicinity that she has opened up Dress and Mantle-making rooms at the residence of James Alguire, Prince st. where she will be prepared to execute all orders on short notice and at lowest prices.

Athens, July 26, 1890. 30-6in

Dr. WASHINGTON,

D. L. C. P. S. & T. L. S. &c.

Of Toronto,

Will be at the ARMSTRONG HOUSE

ATHENS,

Aug. 18.

☞ See Local Notice in another col'm.

GO TO

JOHN WARSHAVSKY

—FOR—

Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

A selected stock of Fancy Goods, Gents' Furnishings, Glassware, &c., Cheap.

Shop in Wm. Parish Block, lately occupied by A. C. Barnett. opposite the Gamble House

ATHENS

A Great Clearing Sale of

C. M. BABCOCK'S

LARGE STOCK OF

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

Will commence on Tuesday, June 24th and continue until further notice.

The greatest bargains will be given in Dress Goods of every description, and no house in Central Canada has a reputation of carrying a finer stock to choose from than C. M. BABCOCK.

A tremendous slaughter in the prices of all Millinery Goods. They must go at a price. Do not miss the big discount.

All Ready-made Mantles, Jet Capes, Visites, and Parasols reduced.

I prefer giving you a big cash discount rather than worthless goods to induce you to buy.

C. M. BABCOCK,

MERRILL BLOCK, - - BROCKVILLE.

Athens Harness Emporium

ACLEY R. BROWN
ATHENS

Spring and Summer Stock received. Just what you want. Call and get prices.

IT'S NO SECRET

THAT THOMPSON has one of the best equipped Grocery and Provision establishments in the County. Everything in our line as low as the lowest. A large stock to select from.

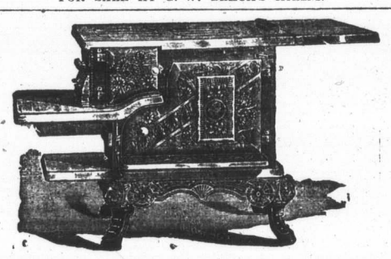
LARDINE - OIL

Is yet unequalled in quality and price for Reapers and Mowers, Threshers and all kinds of Machinery. **Bolt Cutting and Cylinder Oils** at the lowest market prices.

All oils guaranteed to suit or no sale. Try sample barrel.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto

FOR SALE AT G. W. BEACH'S ATHENS.



PERFECT Cooking & Baking can be done with

"PERFECTION"

STOVES AND RANGES

PERFECT HEATING

WITH

"PERFECTION" FURNACES

The "Perfection" Oven-bottom overcomes liability to burn.

A beautiful Parlor Stove—"SANITARY PERFECTION"—will be given as a special prize at Unionville Fair for best Loaf of Bread baked with a Perfection Stove or Range. Full particulars given at store of

A. KINCAID & SON, ATHENS.

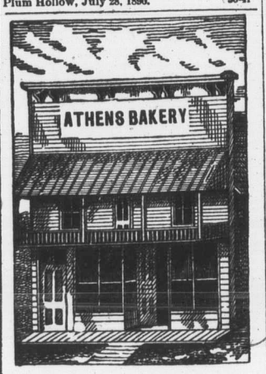
Notice to Creditors

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. chapter 110 section 36 that all creditors and other persons having any claims or demands against the estate of Israel Powell late of the township of Bastard in the county of Leeds, farmer, who died on the 14th day of June 1890 are required to send by post prepaid or to deliver to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of September 1890 a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and demands and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the last mentioned date the executors of the said Israel Powell deceased will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time the said distribution is made.

A. DERBYSHIRE, H. E. POWELL, } Executors

Plum Hollow, July 23, 1890. 30-4i



ALL KINDS OF

CAKES and PASTRY

On hand or made on short notice.

FLOUR, FEED & OATMEAL FOR SALE

CANDIES & BISCUITS

Bread Delivered in the Village.

SYDNEY MOORE

Athens, June 25th.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale that portion of his farm north of the railroad, containing about 100 acres of land, nearly square, all good and in a good state of cultivation, with first-class dwelling, barns, &c. Never-failing water at the house and living spring easy of access for cattle and horses in winter and summer.

Dwelling is only a few rods from the station and Athens Public and High Schools.

25-4i S. A. TAPLIN, Athens.

LAKE VIEW COTTAGES

The undersigned having leased for the season of 1890 the two cottages on Bertha (King's) Island, Charleston Lake, now offer them for rent by the day or week. The cottages are well finished and contain eight bedrooms, dining room, dancing hall, etc. There is a well filled ice-house on the Island. Dancing parties can be accommodated with a good orchestra on the shortest notice.

24-2mo. AARON LAPOINTE, WM. DEWOLFE } Charleston.

FOLEY

IS A FRIEND TO THE

Farmer & Builder

He has the best assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware Fishing Tackle, &c., in town and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns "best in the market" always in stock and at lowest prices Guns and Ammunition of best quality See them.

KARLEY BLOCK
ATHENS