

WHISKEY DID IT.

A Dissolute Son Murders His Father and Himself. A Springfield, Mass., despatch says: West Farms was the scene of a horrible double tragedy yesterday morning. Joseph King, a wealthy, well-known citizen, 78 years of age, was shot and killed by Edgar King, his eldest son, and the house was fired and burned. Sometime afterwards shots were heard near by, which directed the assembled neighbors to a spot twenty rods away, where the murderer was found lying in a pool of blood, having shot himself. The cause of the crime is traceable to an unbalanced mind caused by dissolute habits. A few days ago the murderer gave to Chas. Clark a sealed manuscript, requesting him not to open it till some time in the future, that he would soon go away, and that the letter would show why he went and where he would be. The papers were read today, and revealed the determination of Edgar to kill his father and at the same time himself. Edgar was once in partnership in the business of making whips and was worth considerable property. Six years ago his wife procured a divorce on the ground of drunkenness. When his property was gone he led a bad life and got what money he could from his father until the latter refused to give any more.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Confessed on His Deathbed That He Murdered His Brother. A special from Barnesville, O., says: Sixteen years ago Thomas McCall, jun., a son of Thomas McCall, a wealthy farmer, mysteriously disappeared. His father searched in vain and offered large rewards in hope of finding his son, but to no avail. The mystery was solved on Monday when Josephus McCall, a brother, who is at the point of death, confessed to killing his brother and throwing his body into an old well on the premises. He says he killed his brother during a quarrel, and knowing that he will die, makes this dying and truthful confession. There is great excitement in the neighborhood over the revelation. Josephus is about 40 years old and bears a hard name.

Latest from Ireland.

Nearly 28,000 British soldiers and officers are stationed in Ireland. Rev. Samuel Griffiths, Belfast, has accepted a call to the Congregational Church, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. Lady Ennis, daughter of the late Mr. David Henry, of Dublin, and widow of the late Sir John Ennis, died last week. The value has been sworn as £489,352 of the personal estate of the late James Jameson, of Glencormac, County Wicklow. At the Dublin Commission, on the 6th inst., a murder trial was commencing, one of the jurors, Mr. Alex. Gordon, suddenly fell dead. The vote for the Royal Irish Constabulary is £1,439,371, being an increase of £2,171. There is an increase of £5,307 in pensions and gratuities. On the 5th inst., at Gaucavgh, North of Ireland, Alexander Bane, process server, got out of bed, took up a fowling piece, and shot himself through the breast. At Belfast Assizes on the 30th ult. Judge Harrison sentenced John Mills, publican, to seven years penal servitude for attempting to set fire to his house in Belfast. A fellow has made his appearance in the streets of Dublin, armed with a pair of scissors, with which he cuts off the flowing tresses of little girls who are so unlucky as to fall in his way. Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., has received from a Liverpool shipowner the offer of another £1,000, which brings up to £5,000 the fund for settling Scotch and Ulster tenants on boycotted farms in Ireland. Henry Morgan and James Humphreys Ross Todd, the absconding clerks from the Provincial Bank of Ireland, arrived in Dublin from Spain on the 2nd inst. The bank's money unaccounted for amounts to about £23,000. The accused have been adjudicated bankrupts.

Latest Scottish News.

It is likely that Rev. Dr. Panton, formerly of Brooklyn, will be called to the pastorate of Clermont United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow. The Convention of Royal Burghs in Scotland have declined, by 53 to 20 votes, to enter the Chief Magistrate of Dundee in the sederunt book as Lord Provost. Joseph Redmond, who murdered his wife in Dundee on the 30th ult. by stabbing her with a cheese knife, has been certified insane and removed to a lunatic asylum. Mr. Wm. Grahame, son of Mr. John Grahame, provision merchant, Dundee, has been elected to represent the city of Newcastle in the Parliament of New South Wales. In a churchyard near Elgin a tombstone has been discovered which chronicles the death of a local farmer who lived in three different centuries—the date of birth being 1698, and of decease 1804. In one week lately there lay dead in Stonehaven seven persons whose united ages amounted to 583 years. Six of these were women, whose ages were 70, 80, 82, 88, 89 and 100 (all but 48 days). Theseventh was a man who had reached 74. The population of Glasgow and environs at last census was 704,436; and should the increase since then have been at the same rate as during the decennial period preceding 1881, the population two years hence, at next census, will be 815,318—or nearly 17 times what it was in 1822. The following statement has just been made by the Provost of Kirkintilloch: Fifty years ago, said he, there were seven doctors in the town, and these gentlemen, unlike their successors, were very modestly housed. Their usual fee for a professional visit was sixpence and a cup of tea. Grateful Findings. Miss Elite (rushing in).—Oh, ma, Clara Tiptop has eloped. Mrs. Elite (reverently).—Thank Heaven! Now we won't have to send her any wedding present. Sir Morell Mackenzie has been visiting the Canary Islands. It is, indeed, the fisherman who over waits with bated breath; and generally it is smelt, joo.

RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.

One More Reproduction of the Epoch Arden Romance in Real Life. A Bangor, Me., despatch says: Just before the late war there sailed away from Machias, in this State, a captain of an American vessel bound for the Pacific. He was a well-to-do man, who apparently loved his family, which consisted of a wife and several children, all of whom he left in a beautiful home. He was never heard from until Tuesday last, save that late in 1861 there came a foreign letter, in a strange hand, announcing that the captain, whose name was Aaron Harvey, had died. The mother assumed the whole burden of the care and maintenance of the family, refusing from time to time all offers of marriage until twenty-one years had passed, when she married a Mr. Champion and settled twenty miles away from Bangor. A daughter, Elizabeth, also married, and all these years they have lived with the idea that the father was dead. There arrived in Kinduskang, the home of the married daughter, on Tuesday last an aged and gray man who called for Mrs. Demmons, that being the daughter's married name, and to her declared that he was her long missing father. The daughter was only a child when he went away and did not recognize him, but in haste drove over to the home of her mother, soon returning with her. The old lady looked at the man and when she found voice it was made evident that he was no impostor, for she cried out, "Good Lord! Aaron, how came you back on earth?" A family consultation was now had, and it was decided to keep the matter as quiet as possible, but it is now known that the old man was wrecked in the Pacific in a comparatively isolated part of the world. The war prevented American shipping from sailing that way, ships of other nations did not come and the captain, knowing nothing of the war and believing that he should never again see his native land took a wife and settled down. He had an opportunity a few years ago to leave, which he did secretly, taking some wealth, but he was again shipwrecked and his treasure lost. He landed in Australia. Being poor he did not write home, but again acquired a competency and then set out for his old home in Machias. He got trace of his grown up daughter and appeared to her as above stated. All the parties are in good circumstances.

Manitoba News Notes.

It is expected that the Northern Pacific Road will be completed to Portage la Prairie by July 1st. Edmonton, N.W.T., advises that a prairie fire on the Stony Plain Indian Reserve started on Sunday last about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and raged until 10 in the evening. During that time fourteen Indians' houses were burned, besides nearly all the stables, fencing and hay belonging to the Indians; the school-house, workshop and stable of the Presbyterian Mission, with most of their contents, the dwelling of the missionary alone escaping, and a stable belonging to the Indian Agency. A sick Indian woman, who had to be moved hurriedly on account of the fire, died. The high wind and the dry condition of the grass and ground made it almost impossible to save anything. On the same afternoon fire swept down on the Little Mountain settlement, burning Murdoch McCleod's fencing, stables, granary, grain and farm machinery, leaving only his house standing, and W. Storey's fences, stables, hay and grain. The loss, especially to Messrs. McCleod and Storey, is very heavy. A quarter section of farm land at Portage la Prairie has been sold for \$5,500. Prices of lands are rapidly increasing. The stables and granaries of James Browning, north of Brandon, and Samuel Martin, of Strathorne, were destroyed by fire. Seeding on the Northwest Experimental Farm at Indian Head is finished. About 200 acres are under crop. Mrs. Moore, of Boston, while returning from California, died on a Canadian Pacific Railroad train at Langdon. The half-breeds who shot three of Mr. Bedson's stray buffalos near High Bluff will be prosecuted. The animals belong to a number sold to Mr. Jones, of Kansas, and were very valuable. A party of crofters arrived to-night and were sent to the Saltcoats terminus on the Manitoba & Northwestern, there not being sufficient free lands for them in Southern Manitoba, where the rest of the crofters are settled. This separation has given rise to considerable complaint. Mr. A. J. Smith, business manager of the late Call newspaper, died this morning from inflammation of the lungs, after a few days' illness. Navigation is open to Lake of the Woods, and the ice in Port Arthur harbor is now so rotten that it is thought that vessels will have no difficulty in entering. A Paleolithic Man. A Gainesville, Tex., despatch says: A strange discovery was made yesterday by a citizen in the northwestern district of this county. Having occasion to sink a well, Mr. Somms selected a spot in a valley near a ravine of great length, and which during heavy rains is transformed into a raging torrent, depositing in the valley limestone, gravel, mud and other debris. After reaching a considerable depth, and while in a formation of limestone gravel that had been found almost uninterrupted from the surface down, Somms came upon the vertebra and ribs of an animal. The ribs were about the size of a small pig's and rapidly tapered. When unearthed the remains were found to be those of a man of gigantic stature, whose body tapered like a serpent. Near the bones of the man's right hand was found a rude stone hatchet, which is said to be similar to the handiwork of the Paleolithic man.

Odds and Ends.

The first complete sawing machine was patented by Elias Howe in 1846. Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century. Albert Duer gave the world a prophecy future wood engravings in 1527. Measure 209 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch. Never permit a white marble mantel to disguise an otherwise tasteless room. Cover it with a draped mantle and wall in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration. Neither Bull nor Bear. Elder Crossroads—So, deacon, ye've got back from livin' in the city, hev ye? Deacon Carryall, who has lost the back farm in speculation Humph! Elder Crossroads—Purty fine place, is 'spos. Make much money in Wall street, deacon? Deacon Carryall—Humph! Elder Crossroads—No 'fense, deacon, but which was you, a bull or a bar? Deacon Carryall—Neither; I was a blasted, long eared, unharressed jackass.—Drake's Magazine. Lewis Hayden, Boston fugitive slave, died on Sunday, aged 73 years. Just before the war his case was much talked about all over the country.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT

Mr. Small moved that the rules be suspended in order to introduce a Bill from the Senate respecting the Board of Trade of the city of Toronto, and that the said Bill be now read a first, second and third time. He explained that the necessity for the Bill arose from the fact that the Toronto Board of Trade, which is now engaged in erecting a building to cost \$400,000, has just discovered that it cannot hold real estate to an extent more than \$250,000, and power was asked in the Bill to enable it to hold property to the value of half a million. The motion was carried, and the Bill was passed through its various stages. The following divorce Bills were read a third time and passed on formal divisions: Act for the relief of George M. Bagwell. Act for the relief of Arthur Wand. Act for the relief of Henry Middleton. Mr. Carling, in introducing the Bill respecting loans made to Mennonite settlers, said that in 1875 loans were made to those settlers and that repayment was guaranteed with six per cent. by a number of gentlemen in the county of Waterloo. The money was to have been repaid in four years. The settlers, however, met with serious reverses from grasshoppers and floods. The money had been repaid with interest at four per cent. up to 1889, and it was proposed to accept that in full of the claim. The resolution was passed and a Bill founded on it was introduced. Mr. Costigan, in moving the House into committee on the resolution to make better provision for the working of the Inland Revenue Act, said it was proposed to make the duty upon cigarettes \$1.50 per thousand. This would be practically the same as at present except that the duty would not be collected upon weights formerly. Resolutions were passed, and a Bill founded upon them received its first reading.

On the second reading of the Bill respecting pensions for the Mounted Police, Mr. Jones (Halifax) said the measure would impose an unnecessary burden on the taxpayers of the Dominion. He moved that the Bill be not read, but that it be resolved that a percentage be deducted from the salaries of the Mounted Police, and repaid with interest to them, on leaving the force. In this case the background of the subject was desirable, but it did not meet some one you had to me, after keeping me in suspense all that time, you might graciously consent to marry me. But I decline to be the slave of any woman; and as I love you, I am going to leave you.

"Ha!" and her sweet, low laugh fell like a chime of silvery bells. "The chickens. Please go on; it is as lovely as you and feel," said Jack, earnestly. "We are especially suited to each other and I believe that in time you will realize the truth of what I say and regret me, even as I regret you now."

"More than I intended," Good and, with a deep bow, he turned and said, "Good night, my dear." "All of all things!" she murmured. "Fudge! I'll see him tomorrow on the promenade the same as he is delicious! I do like him when he asserts himself. He is when he gets enraged. He glares and glares so, and is so unobtainable that I am almost afraid of the darling. If I don't look out for the season is over. Of course, I'm not to hurry myself; there's plenty of time."

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A year or more after Jack had gone Ruby was still the belle of every assembly. One day she was taking her morning stroll and feeling an unaccountable drowsiness. Her great eyes were wandering over the crowd that was coming and going, she started violently and her delicate, high-bred face was white as the filmy lace throat. She fixed an absorbed gaze on a vehicle that was slowly moving. The occupant was a broad-shouldered, grand-looking man dressed in white straw hat; a pair of large, winged spectacles of colored glass covered his eyes; his firm mouth was set with a long, brown mustache, and his lips were the inevitable cigar.

"Who is that?" asked Jack, who was walking with Ruby. "That is the man who is going to marry me," said Ruby, in a low voice. "Is that so?" asked Jack. "Yes, it is. He is a very handsome man, and I have known him for many years."

"Oh!" said she aloud in a troubled voice. "Does he know I am here, and still remain aloof?" "She sat there alone, white and sad; her face wet with tears; her heart torn with conflicting emotions, and a terrible fear that he had forgotten her. The next morning, after a sleepless night, she started out alone, her cheeks pale, her spirits drooping. She shaped her course for a hidden retreat behind the rocks where she had often dreamed away hours uninterrupted. As she neared the place she saw that her favorite rocky seat was already occupied by an intruder.

Her footsteps had given no sound on the soft sand. He had not heard her. She stood perfectly still, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Here was the man for whose presence she had longed for all these sad years, and now she dared not speak to him. He might receive her penitence with scorn, and he might be married! Terrible, cruel thought! While this was passing through her mind she was startled by hearing some one coming that way whistling. Not wishing to be seen she sprang behind a convenient bowlder, just in time to escape the eyes of the new-comer, who was the same man she had seen with Jack the day before.

"The man came up and stopped beside Jack, who said, impatiently: 'Why did you come for me so soon?' 'Why, an' you said 'come in an hour,' and it is up here." "I don't believe it's up!" Jack cried violently. "But because I am a poor blind stick you think you can fool me. But you can't. Go away and let me be in peace if you can, and don't dare to come near me again under an hour from now. Do you understand? An hour from now, a whole hour."

"Yes, sir, I understand," said poor Peter, deprecatingly, preparing to move off, after casting a glance at the watch he wore to make sure of the time. "Stay," called Jack, irritably. "First tell me if any one is anywhere in sight. I don't want to sit here as a show for any one if I can help it." "Not a soul, sir, to be seen," responded Peter, cheerily.

"Then clear out," was the gentle reply. After Peter's retreating form was lost to view Ruby stole forth, pale and trembling—her cheeks moist with tears of pity. How wretched he looked how sad—how she pitied him. She forgot everything except her love for him and wished to comfort him. On the impulse of the moment she went to him and put both soft, round arms around his neck and laid her cheeks against his. Her sudden embrace aroused him effectually from the gloomy thoughts he was indulging in, and gave him a little shock. But as soon as he could collect his scattered senses he became aware that it was a woman! Yes, a woman! A mad woman, no doubt! Did she intend to strangle him, or what? The novelty of it pleased him. He remained perfectly still and awaited developments like a philosopher.

"Jack—Jack Hunter! Don't you know me?" said a tearful voice in his ear. "Heavens! That voice! Ruby!" he cried, doubtingly, but nevertheless throwing both arms about her and drawing her to him, as he rained kisses on her face. At last he drew her gently down on the rock beside him and said: "My darling, words are not needed to tell me it is Ruby, or that you love me. But tell me—you are still free as I am?" "He did not ask how or why she happened to be there. He did not care. That she was there was the one supreme thought of that happy moment.

"I am still Ruby Howard," she murmured in reply. "Thank God!" he said reverently, "and for this hour. And now, will you, can you—heart of my heart, marry me, as I am—a blind man?" "Yes, Jack, gladly, if you will have me," she whispered. "My treasure!" he cried. "It was cruel of me. We will never part again. We will get married at once—within the week," he went on, in the eager, over-mastering way that she well remembered. "Your people will not object. I fondly imagine, for I am rich, you know, and all that; besides, I am almost blind for a season. My blindness is the result of an accident—happy accident—that brought me home to consult a specialist. He tells me if I be patient and very careful I will see in six months, and perhaps sooner. Oh, if I could but only see now! But I can wait and I would not exchange places with any one on earth."

A COQUET.

"How absurdly disagreeable you can make yourself, Jack! But there, I'm not going to quarrel with you. How much longer are you going to keep me up to abuse me?" and Ruby laughed aloud in her usual saucy, tantalizing manner.

Jack looked at her, his face like a thundercloud, on which was written a stern determination; but she was in no way appalled by it. On the contrary, she looked at him gaily and carelessly, as if she were perfectly indifferent to him or his moods.

"Miss Howard," he began. "Miss Howard!" she mimicked, mockingly. "Since when, pray? How careless of you to grow so sure!"

He resumed, as if she had not interrupted him: "I will not detain you but a moment longer. While I am convinced that at the present time you are perfectly heartless, owing more to the unhappy way of your bringing up and to the influences and fashion of society than to natural hardness of heart."

"Oh! thanks, thanks awfully; you are too good," she broke in again, laughing. It was all as good as a burlesque to her, accustomed as she was to lovers' rantings.

"I am as firmly convinced," he went on in so calm a tone that it should have warned her that this meant more than an ordinary tiff, "that you love me, but, with your natural perverseness, will neither acknowledge it to yourself nor me."

As he said this—with an air of a judge pronouncing sentence on some unhappy prisoner—with his gray eyes fixed on her face with the sternest gaze they were capable of—in spite of herself the bloom on her soft, round cheek deepened to a bright red, and for an instant her saucy, mocking eyes fell before his. A transient smile passed over his gloomy face as this evidence of his power, and left it gloomier even than before. As he regarded the lovely, half-shy face before him he commenced again bitterly: "And why will you not yield to that love and make us both happy? I will tell you. You do not wish to be tied to one; to receive the love and homage of one is not to your taste. Oh, no; not for years to come. If I would wait patiently and in the meantime be always ready to dance attendance on your whims, not noticing any one else, in all ways keeping in the background, a desirable flirtation came up, then, if you didn't meet some one you liked to me, after keeping me in suspense all that time, you might graciously consent to marry me. But I decline to be the slave of any woman; and as I love you, I am going to leave you."

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THE SOUL OF WIT.

Preservation of the unities—A dupe astride of a donkey.—Richmond State. Who kills all the dead letters?—Rochester Post Express. Miss Direction. What estate was Jane Eyre to?—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. Lochar, probably, as she came to it after "a far cry."

It appears to be only the sugar part of the rum power that is pulverized. The sorcerer represents the stragglers and coffee coolers in the great army of humanity. A man who does not know anything is pretty sure to tell it the first chance he gets.—Louisville Western Recorder.

A good appetite has this resemblance to virtue, that it is its own reward. A sleeping policeman is one of the silent watches of the night.—Rochester Times. New spring dresses are generally worn with an elastic step.—Baltimore American. Queer about flowers, isn't it? They shoot before they have pistils.—Binghamton Republican.

Somebody Stole His Baby's Body. A New York despatch says: This statement has been put on file at the Bureau of Vital Statistics. I. John Carr, residing at No. 122 East 120th street, states that while on an elevated railroad car, Third Avenue line, Monday morning about 11 o'clock, while on my way to the morgue for the purpose of burying an infant in the city cemetery, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, which was in the neighborhood of Grand street, some person had taken the cigar box which contained the remains of my child. I now return the permit for burial, as I have no body to bury. I work nights as a waiter in a restaurant, and consequently sleep in the daytime, and was sound asleep when the box was taken. The sickness of my wife prevented me from having my usual rest since last Saturday. JOHN CARR.

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