

he had cared
shielding her
as far as in
should break,
only he spoke
If I've ever
get it, put it
and then; I
hand to re-
has been right
right. I can
something
utterance; he
touched, the
turned quietly
she scarcely
magnanimity
at last, the
ve. Her soul
need thought
sublimity was
burned as
to guide her
just aid and
outstretched
m; if a heart
had no right
are, so clean,
another soul
and sorrows
he must be,
If so, her
g, her clean-
the cup and
unquarried
ed her head;
hands with
le gracious-
giving, she
and laid her
the party to
ly understood
of Blanche's
place in June.
ranged, and
love had
was anxious
ing to her
ave, and self-
his old light-
The whirl
traces which
man does not
he is marred;
he same. In
red nature"
pressing up-
strove to be
to take his
what he was,
t become.
also. He
said, it would
orth on busi-
n that should
to Mexico.
he did not
d home; he
explain; no
e would man-
t as yet dis-
To him it
y, and, in a
nable for her
ught for her
bonds that
sunder.
his sister-in-
by Jim,
affection for
her to his
ainst her hair
erly, and the
each other
to be cordial
loyally tried
a big enough
effort. There
en would be
daughter's en-
a blow to
life herself to
emed to be
the supporte
g away. She
ving woman,
ence of a new
responsibilities
the faithfully
ghter's place
Pocahontas
as painful to
ays what she
the love being
claims which
it hard that
ad her recog-
full and
me with her-
ves to new
mitless, and,
hold to her
thing which
or the rest—
he could keep
them in her

Longing.
I'm a goin' back to the country; I'm sick o' this
darned old town;
It's a reg'lar flyin' Dutchman, a whittin'
around an' aroun'
T'd as lief be locked in a prison an' workin'
away in a cell;
I don't say farms is heaven, but a city is mos'ly
hell.

Cheslin' an' lyin' an' braggin' an' buyin' an'
sellin' voices;
An' every trade an' profession a cuttin' each
others' throats;
Upside down an' inside out, an' nothin' with
chick police;
An' buildin' a buttin' agin the sky an' whirl-
winds o' dust an' noise.

Death in the food an' water, an' nary a soul to
care;
Death on the streets an' crossin's, and death in
the cuspid air;
Why, blamed if the men or women draw hardly
a quiet breath;
Fer broodin' over the city is the black-faced
angel o' death.

I want to git' out in the country an' set in the
ole side porch
Long o' a Sunday mornin', when folks is goin'
to church;
An' hear the waggins a creakin' along the dusty
roads;
Filled to the backs with children—the ginoline
Sunday loads;

A settin' there in the sunshine an' smokin' away
like a Turk;
An' up in the furthest corner a watchin' the
wags at work;
An' squintin' 'cross to the orchard where apples
is goin' to waste;
A sittin' up the biggest an' wonderin' how they'd
taste;

A thinkin' about the winter an' the girls an' the
cider press;
An' lickin' nuts an' apples, and the rest o' it—
well, I guess!
You kin talk o' your life in a palace, in the city
or out to sea;
But if you would like to get livin', come out on
the farm with me.

An' I'll make you waller in clover till you've
clean forgot the choke;
Of the dust of your tarmal city an' its hangin'
clouds o' smoke;
An' I'll take you out to the pasture a' show you
a chunk o' sky;

That you needn't be feared o' lookin' at fer a
cinder in your eye.
An' I'll let you go barefooted a' dress like a
common tramp;
An' eat your grub with your fingers, 'tis like it
would be in camp;
An' only wear one ole "gallus"—they call 'em
"suspenders" here;
An' you can jiv' cavort aroun' like a wild-eyed
Texas steer.

There's somethin' the folks'll make you fer
casin' a pain in the back;
Out o' milk an' honey an' nutmeg, with a whis-
per o' apple jack;
"Salvation water" they call it—it's violets
dipped in dew—
An' speakin' o' "apple-jack," you know, there's
an extra jug for you.

So come with me to the homestead an' rest your
heart and eyes,
An' get your fill o' chicken an' doughnuts an'
apple pie;
I'm dyin' to see a river as clear as a pane o'
glass—
I'm like ole Nebbykudnezzar, so turn me out to
graze.

—Judge.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.
The More Bees, the More Old Maids, Cats
and Humble Bees.

This is not so bad when you get through
the preface. A professor at Ann Arbor,
Mich., was discussing the process of fertiliz-
ing plants by means of insects carrying the
pollen from one plant to another, and to
amuse them, told how old maids were the
ultimate cause of it all. The humble bees
carry the pollen; the field mice eat the
humble bees; therefore, the more field mice
the fewer humble bees and the less pollen
and variation of plants. But cats devour
field mice and old maids protect cats.
Therefore, the more old maids the more
cats, the fewer field mice the more bees.
Hence old maids are the cause of variety in
plants.

Thereupon a sophomore, with a single
eye-glass, an English umbrella, a box
coat, with his trousers rolled up at the
bottom, arose and asked:
"I sa-a-y, professah, what is the cause—
ah—of old maids, don't you know?"
"Perhaps Miss Jones can tell you,"
suggested the professor.
"Duce!" said Miss Jones sharply and
without a moment's hesitation. —*New York*
Tribune.

Sunday Reflections.
We're never too old to learn.
The man who has to hoe his own row is
foolish to befool the soil with wild oats.
An average awkward squad makes a good
display of a wheel within a wheel.
It's always more agreeable to tell the
truth about one's neighbors than one's self.
Some people seem to imagine that preor-
dination offers an excellent excuse for a life
failure.
Balaam's ass showed wisdom in speaking,
but supplied a bad precedent to his suc-
cessors.

BY A MODERN HERETIC.
Snarker—Even the Bible doesn't deal out
even-handed justice.
Snarker—You surprise me.
Snarker—Well, just consider for a
moment the opposite fates of Ananias and
Jonah.

HARD ON THE ANGELS.
Binnick—Man was created a little lower
than the angels.
Cynio—Then angels can't be all they are
cracked up to be.

A REMINDY.
Those honored by the truly good
Are blessed in great degree,
Though offered up as Fiji food
Beside the far South Sea.
So, when a dominie we had,
Whose preaching wouldn't do,
We honored him, and made him glad,
With a charge at Timbuctoo.

And all the preachers in the land
Whose sermons are sedatives,
Should straight be forwarded off hand
To soothe the wayward natives.

A Noble Woman.
First Woman's Rights Advocate—Has
Mrs. Armstrong ever done anything to dis-
tinguish herself?
Second Ditto—Certainly she has. Didn't
you know she was once arrested for beating
her husband?

A Poetic View.
"What did the poet mean when he called
this country 'the land of the free and the
home of the brave'?"
"He was probably referring to bachelors
and married men," said old Mr. Smithers,
sadly.

The largest bog in Ireland is the bog of
Allen, which stretches across the centre of
the island east of the Shannon.

HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE.
Locking of the Infamous Prisoner
and the Reasons for It.

The building of the Bastille was begun in
1380, during the reign of Charles V. It was
destroyed by an infuriated people July 14th,
1789—just 102 years ago to-day—a people
infuriated by the misrule of profligate kings
and a dissolute aristocracy, who seized and
cast into a Bastille dungeon whom they
pleased and on any pretext.

The selected victim would be seized at
night on the street, hurled into a "trollis"
carriage, a closed carriage without win-
dows, and with a pipe in the roof to admit
air and keep the unfortunate far alive.
The carriage was the invention of Louis
XIV., and his own Minister of Finance, M.
Fouquet, was among those who rode in this
royal hearse, to emerge from the Bastille a
corpse, years afterwards.

Louis XI., that royal coward who mis-
ruled La Belle France in the middle of the
seventeenth century, thrust his own brother,
the Cardinal de Bourbon, into this sepulchre
of the living, and it is told that each day he
visited the cage and stood with folded arms
before the grating to listen to the pleadings
of the prisoner.

Then he would laugh sardonically and
spit upon the Cardinal and go away until
another sun.

The Bastille was originally a fortress, and
as such it was used down to the time of
Charles VII. It was situated at the Gate
St. Antoine, Paris, and consisted of eight
towers—huge, massive, impregnable.

The tower walls were twelve feet thick, of
solid masonry, pierced with small apertures,
through which the soldiers might see any
assailant.

But under Charles Beaumont the grand
fort became a prison. A circular ditch,
twenty-five feet deep, surrounded the group
of towers; iron bars an inch thick were
mortised into the masonry, crossing and
barring the little apertures in the walls;
cells were cut into the masonry, and others
were built in the ground under the fortress,
while a garrison of 100 picked men, under
command of a Royal Governor, a royal
attendant and a royal major kept relent-
less guard over the prisoners, so that the
unfortunate wretch who was cast into this
place was virtually buried alive.

At the-whim of the King, peaceful citi-
zens were seized and hurried away to judge
or jury, and that was the end of them
unless another whim happened to seize the
irresponsible Government and let them free.
But the Bastille did not become a political
prison till the sixteenth century.

Charles de Gontaut, son of the great
Marshal Biron, died here, even when his
father's praises were on every lip.
Richelieu and Voltaire, Latude and
Blaise were prisoners here during their
lives.

Latude escaped by lowering himself from
the upper story of one of the towers.
Dickens and Thackeray, Hugo and
Dumas wrote some of their most stirring
stories around this historically tragical
place.

Louis XII. walled up the subterranean
passages under the already infamous prison
at the end of Rue St. Antoine, but the reign
of terror that led up to and produced the
"Reign of Terror" was the blackest in all
the history of peaceful times.

Small wonder that the exasperated and
outraged people of France were transformed
from blithe and gay and careless children to
fiends in human form, and that in 1789 the
Quarter St. Antoine became a seething
cauldron of hatred and vengeance.

The story of the carnival of blood that
followed two years later has been told again
and again. It began on the 14th of July,
1789, in an attack on the Bastille itself.

The Governor, Delaney, defended his
stronghold with a half heart and finally sub-
mitted to the aroused people. The mob
from the wine shops of St. Antoine rushed
in, passionate men and very devil of women
who had been robbed here of their loved
ones in days gone by. They ransacked the
place, tearing down and breaking its fur-
nishings.

They opened the barred doors to the pri-
soners—there were seven there—and next
day, with the strength of Samsons, they
pulled down the hated walls and razed the
Bastille to the ground.

They found skeletons in the subterranean
passages, and evidences of the incarceration
there of many a husband and father who
had disappeared suddenly in days gone by
from the haunts that had known him—the
freside and the family circle.

It was the first period in the history of a
free people. "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite"
had been advanced one step.

A splendid shaft was erected on the site
of the infamous old prison, and to-day the
Column of July marks the spot. —*New York*
World.

An Ice-Cracking Machine.
A newly invented machine for the crack-
ing of ice is rapidly coming into use. This
consists of a hopper, underneath which are
two cast-iron plates covered with teeth, the
plates being set at angles to each other,
open at the bottom. Two perforated sheet-
metal plates extend from opposite sides of
the top of the hopper to nearly the bottom
of the teeth, the perforated plates being
parallel with the teeth plates. When the
lever handle is pushed down the teeth are
pressed together and the ice is crushed. One
of the teeth plates is adjustable, and by it
the size of the ice leaving the machine may
be regulated. The machine cracks ice
rapidly, easily, uniformly and economically;
and as it is adjustable, large or small lumps
can be had as required. All the working
parts that the ice comes in contact with are
galvanized so as to prevent rusting. The
machine is in successful operation in several
of the leading cafes and saloons in New
York. —*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Vile Slander.
Two Texas ladies meet. Says number
one: "Why, do you know what I heard
about you?"
"I've no idea."
"I heard that when your husband was
sick and not expected to live, you went to a
picnic."
"It's a vile slander; it was only an ex-
cursion, and I didn't stay more than a week
or ten days after the funeral." —*Texas Sif-*
tings.

—M. Marey, by arranging his own ap-
paratus, has succeeded in photographing the
flight of insects, the exposure of the plate
being necessarily not over 1-25,000th part of
a second.

DANIEL SHOULD KNOW.
The Silver-Tongued Center Tells What
Makes a Good Lawyer.

(Daniel Dougherty in the Collector.)
Eminence and fortune at the bar are not
found often united. The young lawyer
whose aim is riches will not become emi-
nent. He who aspires to fame will rarely
make a large fortune. Push, cheek, trick-
ery, may for a time be successful, but the
true lawyer will starve rather than resort
to any indirection. An indifferent lawyer
may be an excellent business man. Busi-
ness abilities afford opportunities for specu-
lation, for fortunate investments. A
business lawyer may become the associate
and co-partner of the capitalist, and by
negotiations and management soon be on
the high road to much wealth. To wreck a
fortune or start a trust may bring wealth,
but will not bring fame. Eminence at the
bar may be aided by natural gifts or severe
training—a legal mind, self-denial, incessant
study, absorbing devotion to the science.
The student, not the business man, makes
the eminent lawyer. The lawyer may
aspire to fame by a seat on the bench. If
he succeeds, then away with the possibilities
of fortune—even of a competency. Sheriffs
and county clerks may become rich, judges
cannot. If the lawyer be eminent, he will
doubtless enjoy a handsome income, and,
dying, may leave his family a compe-
tence, but not what in these
days is called a fortune. A great lawyer
never speculates. Very few of the really
famous lawyers of our country have, dying,
left large fortunes. I venture to say the
lawyer should confine himself exclusively to
his profession. To combine the practice of
the law with any other calling, however im-
portant, respectable or lucrative, is degra-
tory to the administration of justice.

The advice I would give the rising prac-
titioner would be to train his mind to
habits of severe study and a love of the law
as a science; never to deviate a hair's
breadth from the nicest integrity, to be
faithful alike to the client and the court.
This, with those before incidentally
alluded to, are some of the qualities that
will surely help the climber to the top and
keep him there.

POINTS FROM PARIS.
Pitby Pickings From the Latest French
Capital Letters.

Gold finds increased favor on ladies' hats
and dresses.
A pretty waist is made of bengaline
trimmed with Chantilly lace.
A nice baby mantle of pique has the skirt
portion laid in hollow folds.
Balayages come into use whenever dresses
are, as at present, worn long.
Blouses are greatly worn. Light zephyrs
and muslins de la mode are the materials.
In children's hats the Heligoland style
leads, as it affords protection against the
sun's rays.

For winter children's capotes will be
favorites. The styles are very nice with
ruche borders.
Serviteurs, washable and heavily starched,
of plain, white or colored cretonne are quite
popular.

The Summer Girl's Diary.
9.30 a. m. Ate breakfast—wondered
where the men were.
10.00. Went to see where the men
were.
10.30. Found the men playing tennis—
wished I were a man.
11.30.—Talked with the other girls about
the men, and wondered what I would do if
I were a man.
12.30 p. m. Went to luncheon with the
men—wondered why there are not more
men.
2.00. Took a nap and dreamed about the
men.
5.00. Played tennis with one of the
men.
9.00 to 11.00. Danced with the men.
11.30. Engaged to one of the men at
last.
11.45. Went to bed after saying "A-men."
—Life.

A Slight Misunderstanding.
It is almost an affliction to be deaf; any-
how, it is a little embarrassing at times. A
certain city editor went out to report a
party, the other evening, where the home
was blessed with a new baby. Accompanied
by his best girl, he met the hostess at the
door, and, after the usual salutation, asked
after the baby's health. The lady, who
was quite deaf, and was suffering from the
grip, thought he was asking about her cold,
and told him though she usually had one
every fall, this was the worst one she ever
had. It kept her awake nights a good deal
at first, and confined her to her bed. Then
noticing that the scribe was getting pale
and nervous, she said she could tell by his
looks that he was going to have one just
like hers, and asked him to go and sit down.
The paper was out as usual that week, but
the local editor has quit inquiring about
babies. —*Ex.*

Appropos of Proposals.
Philadelphia Record: Maud—I wish
Jack would hurry up and propose.
Ethel—Why, do you wish to marry him?
Maud—No. I want to get him off my
hands.

—Australians are the greatest tea
drinkers.
First Farmer—How's your wife, Farmer
Pearl?
Second Farmer—Oh, she's com-
plainin' some. First Farmer—I thought
she'd be under the weather when I see her
pitchin' hay in the field to-day. Second
Farmer—That didn't hurt her. She walked
half a mile after a new bonnet yesterday,
and I calculate the walk was too much for
her. —*Judge.*

It is a curious little fact, and worth
remembering that on the same day, April
23, 1616, that William Shakespeare died in
England, Miquel Cervantes, the celebrated
Spanish author of "Don Quixote," died in
Spain.

—Minneapolis Tribune: Miss Smooth—
That flower on your coat is a bachelor's yea-
son, is it not, Mr. Allaine? Mr. A.—Yes,
Miss Smooth; why do you ask? Miss S.—
I was wondering if I touched the button
would you do the rest?

—At Mrs. Mackay's recent elaborate
reception, the first she has given in her new
London palace, the hostess was dressed
very plainly in pale amber satin, brocaded
in a floral design. She wore no jewels
whatever.

HE WAS AN INSURANCE AGENT.
And he Hadged a Policy From a Merchant.

He came into the office of a merchant on
Jefferson avenue, and, with a cheery "Good
morning," as if a familiar friend, pulled a
chair up near the desk and sat down. The
merchant eyed him for a moment and quietly
remarked:
"Well?"

"Yes, thank you," he replied with a
smile. "I hope you are well also."
It almost jarred the merchant out of his
chair.

"I didn't ask you whether you were
well or not," he said, getting hot, "and it
is none of your business how I am. What
do you want?"

"I want \$100,000 and a palace and a
yacht, and a four-in-hand," he rattled away.
"Confound you," angrily exclaimed the
merchant, "what do I care what you
want?"

"I don't really know," he answered in
the best humor imaginable, "but I presume
you did care or you wouldn't have asked
me."

"Come, come," stuttered the angry
merchant, "this is past endurance. You
are a perfect stranger to me, and you come
in here and take up my time and talk like
an idiot. What do you come here for?"

"For a few minutes only," said the vis-
itor serenely, and with the same placid de-
meanor.
"Oh, did you?" and the merchant
jumped out of his chair and started for him.
"Well, if you don't get out in two minutes
I'll break your head for you."

"Now—now—you are talking business,"
calmly responded the visitor. "Go right
on and break my head, and my arm and my
leg. That will lay me up for at least 12
weeks and I'll get \$50 a week from the finest
accident insurance company in all this
beautiful world of ours, sir, the very finest
and surest, and most reliable and richest.
I represent that company, sir. Don't you
want a policy with me? Dead sure snap on
\$50 a week if you are injured by an acci-
dent, and \$10,000 spot cash and no commis-
sions if you get killed. I carry two policies
myself, and when I hear a man talk about
using me as you threatened to do, I fairly
beam with joy and hope breaks out on me
in great blotches. I have been—"

"For heaven's sake!" interrupted the
victim, "shut up! How much is a policy
for a year? Give me one quick and get out,
before I commit suicide and stick your com-
pany for the full value."

Ten minutes later the victim was in the
net, and the captor had departed with his
gall for the next one. —*Chicago Mail.*

GOLD ON THE ROOF.
Pretty Good Prices for Old Tin in the
Vicinity of a Mint.

Three thousand dollars for an old tin
roof would be a pretty steep price, says the
Philadelphia Record, but the man who gets
the battered roof from the old Tabernacle
Church, at Broad street and South Penn
square, which is now being torn away, for
that sum will be in great luck. Some years
ago the point was scraped off the gold roof
and yielded \$5,000 in fine gold. It is
almost certain to yield as much this time.
The gold comes from the mint. When gold
is being coined a considerable quantity of it
volatilizes with the smoke through the chim-
ney, and as soon as it falls on the air it
falls. Much of it strikes the roof of the
mint; so much of it that the officials save
even the water that falls upon it during a
shower. All the drains from the roof are
connected with large vats in the cellar of
the mint. Before the water finally gets to
the sewer it is strained through many
blankets and sieves which retain the gold.
Notwithstanding all these precautions, the
gold that is annually washed into the Dela-
ware from the mint is worth thousands of
dollars. Every particle of dirt swept up
about the mint is carefully stored away with
the washings from the roof, and once every
year it is sold to the highest bidder, as it
cannot be used at the mint.

The Beautiful Pumpkin.
A pumpkin which was growing in the
midst of a field of corn got the big head one
day and began bragging itself up.
"I am not only a fine vegetable to look at,"
observed the pumpkin with great com-
placency, "but I am nourishment for both
man and beast. Made into pie I am wel-
comed all over America, and even kings
have condescended to eat me. As food for
the bovine tribe nothing can take my place.
In fine, take it all around, the world could
not do without me."

Just then the owner of the field and his
hired man happened along, and the owner
caught sight of the pumpkin and called out:
"Here, Bill, this thing is taking up room
wanted by the corn. Root it up and throw
it over the fence!"

Moral: The man who thought he owned
the earth died several weeks ago, but the
big wheel hasn't skipped a cog yet. —*M.*
Quad.

From Duluth to Liverpool.
The whalebacker, Charles Westmore, the
results of whose trip across the Atlantic was
awaited with good deal of anxiety in ship-
ping and mercantile circles, has shown the
confidence of her owners in her sea-going
powers to have been well-founded, for she
arrived at Liverpool safely yesterday. She
made the trip from Sydney to Liverpool in
nine days. This is the first time a boat of
the class of the Westmore has ever crossed
the ocean. Its route was from Duluth,
through the lakes and the Welland Canal,
down the St. Lawrence and thence to the
ocean.

In France four stretches of strategical
railway have been opened recently. They
extend from Aurillac to Saint-Denis-le-
Martel, Lons-le-Saulnier to Champagnole,
d'Estres-Saint-Denis to Saint-Jast-en-
Chausse, and d'Estres-Saint-Denis to
Frasnay.

—New York World: A single white rose
is laid each day on the grave of Gambetta.
His greatest enemy is the fact that the
French Republic survives his loss.

Empress Frederick of Germany owns New
York Central park bonds to the amount of
\$24,700 and \$1,000 in water bonds. Her
quarterly interest checks are made payable
to "Her Imperial Majesty Victoria
Adelaide Marie Louise, Dowager Empress
Frederick of Germany, Queen of Prussia,
Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ire-
land," or order.

—Switzerland yearly receives about \$25-
000,000 from foreign tourists.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Germany will probably adopt the system
of execution by electricity.

The Porte is preparing a new plan for the
conversion of the Turkish debt.

The French squadron was given a cordial
reception at Cronstadt yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will
visit the United States in the autumn.

John McLean & Co., wholesale milliners,
of Montreal, have assigned. Liabilities,
\$281,222.45.

The Farmers' Alliance is said to be com-
bining to corner the whole wheat crop of
the United States.

The boiler of a steam thrasher in Ed-
monson county, Ky., exploded, killing three
men and fatally injuring five others.

The break in the Erie canal west of Sche-
nectady, N. Y., will be repaired in about
two weeks. The damage amounts to \$10,000.

The Brush storage battery patents have
been sustained by Judge Cox, of New York.
This creates a monopoly in storage bat-
teries.

The membership of the Order of the Gar-
ter, made vacant by the death of Earl Gran-
ville, has been conferred on the Earl of
Cadogan.

The Queen has consented to the appoint-
ment of a royal commission to supervise the
British exhibit at the coming World's Fair
in Chicago.

Recently two children died of typhoid
fever in Kingston, and subsequently the
well water they drank was analyzed and de-
clared to be poisonous.

Information has been received from Alla-
habad that a party of 500 Russian explorers
are engaged in extending the influence of
Russia in the Pamir plateau.

It is reported that the Canadian Pacific
Railway Company intends to place a line of
freight and passenger steamers on the route
between Duluth and Montreal.

Tuberculosis has broken out among several
herds of cattle near Hainesville, N. J. A
number of cows have died of the disease, and
ten cows, valued at \$800, have been killed.

With the exception of one point all the
charges in the West Algona election trial
have been dismissed. Judgment on the
point in question has been reserved until
September.

George Anderson, a saloon-keeper in East
St. Louis, yesterday shot and killed Dennis
Ryan, another saloon-keeper, and then
blew out his own brains. The reason is
unknown.

The barque Syringa, from Philadelphia to
Vigo, worth \$27,000, was burned yesterday.
Its cargo consisted of petroleum, and the
vessel was owned by A. Mills, of St. John,
N. B. The crew escaped.

The Grand Jury yesterday found an in-
dictment against Charles Hennessey, city
editor of the New York Daily News,
charging him with misdemeanor for pub-
lishing an account of the recent electrocu-
tions at Sing Sing.

The first vessel from Iceland since the
winter has arrived at Gloucester, Mass.
The winter was as severe as usual, but no
great distress prevailed. Fishing is re-
ported to have been a failure. On April
12th a Norwegian boat went ashore and all
the crew were drowned.

Prof. Koch has resigned all the public
offices held by him. This step is associated
with supposed disappointment over the un-
satisfactory results of his discovery of
"tuberculin." The Academic Senate will
bestow an honorary officer upon him, permit-
ting him to lecture whenever he chooses.

Fresh trouble has arisen between the Pope
and the Italian Government. The Govern-
ment has closed several parish churches
which, having had their sources of revenue
confiscated, found themselves no longer able
to provide for the expense of public worship.
It is expected the Holy See will shortly
publish a protest against this action.

About eleven last night a fire broke out at
Delhi in the back end of the literary stable of
L. A. Mehlbacher and spread to the shoe
shop and dwelling of Fred Schmidt, and
thence to Morgan's brick dwelling and store.
All were totally destroyed, and only by the
strenuous efforts of the citizens were the
adjoining buildings saved. There is no
record of insurance.

Albert Pearson is being tried at Portage
on a charge of dangerous insanity. He was
employed on the farm of George Hunt,
Poplar Point, and after some days' absence
returned last night and threatened his em-
ployer. In the scuffle which followed Hunt
shot Pearson in the back of the neck,
making a serious wound. Pearson was an
inmate of the Selkirk Asylum about three
years ago.

Two murders, similar in character to
those ascribed in London to "Jack the
Ripper," have been committed in Marseilles
within a week. A man giving an Italian
name twice took rooms accompanied by a
woman, and in each case the woman was
afterward found murdered, having been
strangled and then mutilated. A letter
was sent to the police stating that these
crimes were the beginning of a series.

Arthur H. Olmstead, a full faced young
man, was arraigned yesterday at the Toronto
Police Court on the charge of having em-
bezzled \$1,070 from the Grand Trunk Rail-
way Company while he was their agent at
Swansea. He pleaded guilty to the charge
and was sentenced to a year in the Central
Prison. The prisoner admitted that none
of the money had been returned, and
though he felt his position keenly he took
his sentence calmly.

Fashion Note.
Texas Siftings: Miss Hightone—Are you
going to the