

SARDINE TOAST.—Drain all the oil from the fish, then wash them of bones and bristles. Soak in water. Drain a little pepper in each and a little salt. Beat these ingredients to a smooth paste, have made some tart shells of puff paste, fill with the mixture and bake in a quick oven until a light brown color.

CUTLETS OF QUAIL OR PARTRIDGE.—Cut the breasts from the quail or other dry meat bird, and at the small end of each insert a neat little piece of fig bone to look like cutlets. Dip into melted butter, season, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in hot butter, or broil if preferred. Serve with French peas in center of dish.

CHEESE FARTS.—Take the yolks of two fresh eggs, three dessert spoonsful of cream, a speck of cayenne pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of grated Parmesan or English cheese and a little salt. Beat these ingredients to a smooth paste, have made some tart shells of puff paste, fill with the mixture and bake in a quick oven until a light brown color.

CURRY OF COLD FOWL.—Two large onions, two apples, two ounces of butter, a large teaspoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful of flour, half a pint of gravy, one tablespoonful lemon juice, two tomatoes, about a cup of cream or rich milk. Fry the fowl and onions in the butter, put into a stew pan, add the gravy with the cut apples, lemon juice and paste of curry powder and flour. Serve with hot boiled rice.

STEWED BEEF KIDNEY.—Split open and free it of all fat; cut in very small pieces and wash carefully in cold water, then let it stand in salt and water about an hour to extract the blood. Have an onion chopped fine; cover with boiling water which must be poured off after the first few minutes boiling. Pour on more water and cook slowly for an hour; thicken the gravy with a little flour, adding a small lump of butter, pepper and salt to taste.

FRIED HAKE.—Wash carefully, then let stand in salt and water to draw out the blood. Cut up into small pieces, dry each piece in a cloth, dip into flour and fry in hot butter or drippings. A cream gravy of rich milk thickened with flour and butter, then well seasoned and poured over the hake, makes a tempting dish with but little to distinguish it from chicken if perfectly sweet and fresh.

SERMONS IN SHORT.

Home is the rainbow of life. Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.—Emerson.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.

The Lord intends that our wealth shall be our servant, not our master.

If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.—Franklin.

The human heart is like heaven—the more angels the more room.

Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm, aware of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

If thou wouldst attain to thy highest goal, look upon a flower; what that does willingly, that do thou willingly.

When worthy men quarrel, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but, if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—T. Fuller.

No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love strengthened by her correction, and guided by her discretion.—Muskie.

All impudence of monarchy, all weariness of best things, even, and signs of the eternity of our nature, the broken human fashions of the divine overrulingness.—J. Macdonald.

THE LAW OF FINDING.

Circumstances Under Which the Article Belongs to the Finder.

The law of finding is this: The finder has a clear title against the whole world except the owner. The proprietor of a coach or a railroad car or of a shop has no right to demand the property or premises. Such proprietors may make regulations in regard to lost property which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public. The law of finding was declared by the King's Bench 160 years ago, in a case in which the facts were these:—

"A prisoner found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded the wallet and the money from the shopkeeper. The latter refused to deliver them up on the ground that they were found on the premises. The former then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held above set forth, that against all the world but the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. And the finder has been held to stand in the place of the owner, so that he was permitted to prevail in an action against a person who found an article which the plaintiff had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. They have no power in the absence of special statute to keep an article against the finder, any more than the finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A Nihilist Shoots Himself to Escape Arrest.

The police at Dorpat, in the southern Russian Province of Livonia, recently made an important discovery of nihilistic documents. They included seven thousand copies of a terrorist manifesto, which had been printed on a secret press and put up in envelopes to be sent to branch organizations and to various local and imperial officials. There were also several letters which proved the complicity of a student named Pereloff, who had formerly been charged with connection with nihilistic plots, but had been amnestied by the Government. A party of soldiers was sent to arrest Pereloff. They found him at his lodgings, but as soon as they entered he snatched up a pistol and shot himself through the heart. In his rooms were found, pistol, weapons, money, and a quantity of dynamite. Many other arrests have since been made.

Mr. Harbert has sent the Academy of Sciences, Paris, a note on the earthquakes in the south of Spain. He says that these disturbances, the most serious that have been recorded within the historic period of Spain, must be attributed exclusively to local causes, and especially to the structure of the soil, which is a series of folded strata, folded, overlapped, and often traversed by old and recent eruptive rocks.

Said that dagger little lawyer, Ambrose H. Parly, yesterday: "There is a restaurant in Chatham street where I can get twenty-four kinds of meat and vegetables for fifteen cents." "How do you do that?" asked Colonel Fellows. "I order hash."

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DIAMONDS AND RUBIES

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Why did you not come earlier?" she said.

"Delamere will let you sit out his dance," he replied, after looking at the names on the card. "Ask him; I don't want to dance, I want to speak to you." This was easily arranged. Mr. Delamere being an intimate friend of George's, and after two more dances, the young man came and claimed Floss, and led her away into one of the many tea-table corners provided for the purpose of distraction.

But George seemed not to be in the humor for flirtation or love-making. He remained silent for some minutes after he was alone with Floss. At last she could bear it no longer, and leaning forward a little, put her gloved hand on his arm.

"George," she said, "is there anything wrong? You are not angry with me? And you can't suspect me now?"

"Why?" said George. "Just because the suspicion has been shifted on to some one else? To my mind that makes the matter much worse. This was just what I wanted to speak to you about. I feel I can't let Riddell bear the blame even if you are heartless enough. Think of it: she has served us well. I can remember and always honestly! What a repayment to make to her!"

The light had faded from Floss's eyes—her lips grew pale—she took her hand away from his arm and drew back from him.

"What can you mean?" she said. "George, what is it that has come between us?"

"Our own deceitfulness," he said hastily, and then stopped. He had determined not to reproach her. What he had to say was plain enough, though he found it very difficult to express it; but it involved no reproaches, no judgment on her. After all, he thought, as he looked into her beautiful eyes, was she responsible for being so completely a mockery? It was her Creator who had chosen to make a base unworthy soul behind such perfect loveliness. So he told himself, trying to be charitable, trying to be gentle with this woman, whose near neighborhood still made his pulses beat high. For the love in his heart was wounded, not dead, as he fancied. Its death-agony had yet to come.

He paused to recover himself, and then made a new beginning.

"I want you to do something for me," he said. "I do not think you can refuse me."

"Tell me what it is!" she returned eagerly, though her voice trembled, for something in his manner made her vaguely dread his next words.

"I want you to go to Heatherbloom, and tell him that you know Riddell is innocent. You need say no more; he will understand what you mean, and he will not make you suffer; you are my promised wife, and he will remember that."

"But," said Floss, "I don't know that Riddell is innocent!"

George lifted his hand and let it fall heavily upon his knee; it was a curious expressive gesture; Floss understood that it meant disgust; it meant even more—despair; but she did not know that. She did not realize that she was stabbing him to the heart with every word. He made no answer for a moment; then he said, in a sudden dogged voice:—

"Never mind—I want you to do it."

"No," she answered; "I cannot, even for you. I know nothing as to whether Riddell is innocent or not. Why, by saying I do, should I bring suspicion again on myself? I cannot do it, even for you."

"Well, well, be it so!" said George, in sudden passion that he could not control. "If you will not do that, neither will I keep up this farce of yours. It cannot go on between us. I know this much—it was you who left the house the night the diamonds were stolen. I am content to believe, then, that you stole them—what else can I think? I had determined to bear the knowledge that my future wife is a thief and a liar; but I cannot endure to see her heartless."

Her eyes were fixed upon him and had grown wide with fear; her lips had remained parted as she listened, and had become so white and parched that she could hardly speak when she made the attempt.

"George," she said, "how do you know that it was I who left the house that night?"

"Because I found a man who had seen you, not that night only, but once before. He met you face to face the second time; he described you to me. He spoke of your hair and its golden beauty; I showed him that tress you had cut for me, and he recognized it. You can deceive me no longer, and you can play with me no longer. I fling that tress you gave me into the Saragatene. I am no longer your slave, blinded, like a fool. But I shall keep my pledge—I will do all I can for you, if you will do a little for me."

Just as he had finished speaking, he was startled by feeling that Floss had fallen against him; he had been looking at the ground, and was not observing her. He saw now that she was unconscious. He had fainted dead away, for the first time in her life.

George was so scared by the sight of her white face and breathless lips, that he forgot everything but his love for her, which he found, now that he saw her in this distress, burning as hot within him as though it had received no wound. At first he could do nothing but kiss her face and call her by every sweet name he could think of; but he soon realized that she needed some more substantial aid than this. He went for help, and Floss was carried into a quiet room, where Lady Heatherbloom came to her just as she was recovering. When her eyes first opened, they fell upon George, who was watching her with an anxiety just as watchful as though he had never relinquished his affection for her. She turned away from him with a faint cry, and seeing Lady Heatherbloom, held out her hand to her.

Lady Heatherbloom took her hand and drew and step nearer to Floss. She looked at her with that curious glance, half cold, half pitying, which Floss had met so often in her eyes of late. But this was better than the disgust and horror with which George had

regarded her; and she clung to Lady Heatherbloom as her one friend.

"I will tell you," said Floss, "said Lady Heatherbloom, 'if you feel able to go.'"

"Yes, yes," the girl answered eagerly, "take me home."

"George," said Lady Heatherbloom, "will you tell them to call up the carriage?"

Floss said not a word, on the way home, of what had made her ill; she could not nerve herself to speak of it. She lay back still and silent in the carriage, and when they reached the house she went very quietly to her room. It had looked like a prison a short time ago; so it appeared a haven of rest—for it seemed to her that now indeed her heart was broken. She went to her writing-table and wrote two or three lines to Lord Heatherbloom.

In the morning she was so worn out with a sleepless night that she made no attempt to rise. But she held to her purpose. She sent the note she had written to Lord Heatherbloom.

When he opened it in his study, he gazed at the page as if it held some mystery, so astonished was he. Then he immediately went out, keeping the letter in his hand, and drove to George's chambers.

"George," he said, going straight in upon his brother, and not pausing even to say good morning, "what does this mean? I have a letter here from Floss telling me that she knows Riddell is innocent, and asking me to have her immediately released from arrest. Then she says, if I want any explanation, to ask you, with her authority, to tell me all you know."

"Thank Heaven!" breathed George to himself; but Lord Heatherbloom did not hear him.

"Come, George," he said, after waiting a moment, "speak out and clear up this thing, if you can. Do you know who took those diamonds?"

George made no answer; and Lord Heatherbloom, taking this silence as assent, added in a lower voice, "Was it Floss?"

His brother had been standing with his back to him, apparently rolling up a cigarette. Now he turned round, letting the cigarette-paper and the tobacco fall from his fingers unheeded. The sight of his face was all the answer Lord Heatherbloom needed.

"This is awful," the latter said under his breath, and, dropping the cigarette, he dropped his head upon his hand. "Tell me, he went on, after a long silence, 'how you found it out?'"

With a great effort, George forced himself to speak, and told, in very few words, of his interview with the lamp-lighter.

"And you told her of this?"

"Yes. She made no attempt to deny; but she fainted dead away where she sat."

"You mean to marry her?"

"Then I will leave it to you to recover the Heatherbloom diamonds. Get the secret which she keeps so closely from her if you can. They are not to be traced without her help. Good-bye, George, my poor fellow—don't let this thing out upon more than you can help. I am going to get Riddell out of custody."

The afternoon Riddell resumed his usual place in the household; and the servants were more afraid of her than ever, for she had acquired more alarming associations from having been so intimately mixed up with the terrible question of the lost diamonds.

Late in the afternoon she asked to speak to Lord Heatherbloom. He was a little nervous about granting this audience, but he could not refuse; but Riddell had none to make.

"My lord," she began, with more timidity in her manner than he had ever seen before. "I don't know what it is that has got me into release, and I suppose you don't suspect me any longer; but still I want to tell your lordship what I said never would tell any one, least of all your lordship; and I determined to now, else I should never see you and did not stir harsh suspicions against me in your mind."

"No, no, Riddell—no!" interrupted Lord Heatherbloom; but the old housekeeper was determined to finish what she had to say.

"I would have died sooner than let the police know it, your lordship, for it would just have convinced them of my guilt; but I will tell your lordship now, and you may be clear about me. I had a brother once, who got into trouble in London—at Heatherlands we all said he was dead, and my mother would never allow us to speak of him as dead—for he was sent into penal servitude, your lordship; and rather than think of a brother of mine in that way, I learned to think of him as dead. But, a little while ago, some lawyers found me out; and I seem poor Jim had got his ticket-of-leave, and through some stroke of good luck and his industry, had made a fortune; and dying, with no other tie in the world, he had left it all to me. I have broken my vow to mother, ever to let your lordship know one of our family had been so disgraced; but I'm happier now I've told you, my lord, and I'm sure you'll keep my secret."

"Riddell, I can only beg your pardon for throwing such a suspicion on you," said Lord Heatherbloom; "but the mystery about those diamonds is enough to turn one's brain and make one suspect one's best friends."

"So it is, my lord—so it is; I know that very well, was all I told you. She knew that what had been lifted from her shoulders had gone back to Floss's, and she did not dare to touch on this sore subject. She knew now how terrible it is to be under suspicion, and she regretted many a time that she had ever spoken of seeing Floss on that ill-starred night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Steel instead of wooden supports have been introduced in collieries. Large sections of channel steel are used for roof beams in pit workings, and these are supported by steel props. Steel beams and props are more costly than those of wood, but the increased outlay is supposed to be more than counterbalanced by the fact that they can be easily removed and replaced for future use, and by the further advantage that their comparative lightness permits of a better working headway than is possible with the present cumbersome wooden timbering.

The Koorbash of Egypt.

Three Arabs, escorted by two guards, are led before the prefect. These unfortunate seem to belong to the poorest of the people; their feet are bare, their clothes are worn and ragged, their hands tremble convulsively, their eyes are haggard and their faces twitch in apprehension as they listen in mournful silence to the words addressed to them by the prefect. After the exchange of a few words, the two of the prisoners are led from the room. Then five men enter. These are the torturers, and nothing more fell or hang-dog than their looks can be imagined. Four of them seize the Arab that is still standing before the prefect, and the poor wretch, as he is cast upon the ground, throws at him a glance eloquent with agony and fear; but the great man's countenance remains fixed and impassive, and he makes no sign of grace.

The victim was then placed on one of the slabs, with his chest resting on the stone, in which position he was held by two of the executioners. Two others next raised his legs until his feet were in a horizontal position, in which they were retained by means of a cord fastened to either end of a stick. Each man held the stick with one hand, while with the other he kept his foot of the Arab's legs. In the grip of these four powerful and expert men it was impossible for him to move, and almost impossible for him to breathe. On this the fifth torturer, who had taken no part in the preliminary proceedings, came forward, holding in his hand a sort of lash consisting of five strands of twisted rope or hide. The face of this man was singularly hideous and repulsive.

He raised his arm and struck with the regularity of the pendulum the upturned feet of his helpless victim. At the fourth stroke the Arab uttered a cry of pain, and at every fresh stroke the cry was repeated. But soon the cry became a scream, the flagellated flesh visibly shuddered, and the soles were seamed with red and livid streaks. Sitting silently on my cushion, observing mechanically the tobacco of my extinguished cigarette, I could not help shivering with horror at the sight of so much suffering. I felt as if I were under the delusion of some terrible nightmare.

Osman Bey, his secretary, and the five executioners, with their stern and sinister features, looking unmoved on so cruel a sight, seemed for a moment rather the creations of a disordered imagination than beings of flesh and blood. But the heavy thud of the strokes and the screams of the victim recalled me to the sad reality which I was so reluctantly witnessing. Then the punishment ceased, and the Arab, with a ghastly face and body shaken with a feverish trembling, had to incline himself respectfully before the man by whose order he had been so cruelly tortured. Helped by a guard, for his maimed and bleeding feet refused to support him, he was then led, still moaning with agony, from the torture chamber.

The other two Arabs were afterwards punished in like manner. It was now past three o'clock, and his Excellency, putting on his usual pleasant smile, gave me his orders concerning the services of the police. I then saluted him and hurried away from the place where I had seen the practical application of a barbarous jurisprudence. (*Hilaire Gay's Book on Egyptian Tortures.*)

Relations of Cholera to Topographical Conditions.

No doubt can be entertained that the configuration of the earth has a certain influence. Relative low-lying sites are very favorable to cholera. Here the surface of the earth has an undulating outline, it will be found that districts and individual houses which are situated on the summit of the undulation very frequently have no, or only a very small, disposition to the development of an epidemic of cholera, while in the hollow of the undulation under like conditions the opposite holds good. The truth of this statement is seen in single districts where a pair or single houses exist on the summit and others lie low.

Another feature which is found in every epidemic is the falling off of the disease in the neighborhood of and on mountain ranges. The Himalayan Mountains, those of Lebanon, and the Alps have always formed the places of refuge for fugitives from cholera. Now and then an epidemic occurs in the mountainous regions, but these will be dealt with later. The immunity, or the slight susceptibility of mountain ranges for cholera is witnessed in India as plainly as it is in Europe. A familiar example is the complete freedom from cholera of the hill stations along the Himalayas, in which, through frequent changes of troops, the cholera has every chance of being taken up from the plains.

In the severe epidemic of 1869 there were only two cases of cholera in 19 hill stations. A similar experience is met with in narrower areas. For instance, in Munich, in 1871-'74, the frequency of cholera was widely different in the seven barracks of the garrison. In the low-lying Kasernen (occupied by cuirassiers, heavy cavalry regiments), out of one thousand men there were forty cases of cholera; in the high-lying Max II. Kasernen (with two field-artillery regiments) only three cases, and this without there being any difference in the construction of the caserns, the occupation or the diet of the men or the drinking-water.

Grafting Frog's Flesh into Human.

A new use for the frog has been discovered. A medical correspondent of the London Lancet says that, finding the treatment of granulating wounds by skin grafting is in country practice liable to fall into disuse through the unwillingness of patients to part with the little bit of skin necessary, he has lately been induced to try experiments with other substances as a substitute for human grafts. As the outcome of these experiments he finds that bits of skin from a decapitated frog make grafts which admirably answer all purposes, forming a source of supply available at hand in the country except during the winter months, and being easily applied in account of their uniform thickness, and necessitating no pain to suffering humanity. The skin of a single frog yields grafts for an enormous extent of surface and preserves its vitality so long that if the patient is at a distance the portion of skin required can be carried by the surgeon in his pocket for an hour or more without injury, provided it is wrapped in waterproof tissue to prevent drying.

THE MACKAY ROMANCE.

The Poor Nevada Woman whose Daughter has Just Wedded the Prince Colonna.

Some twenty odd years ago there dwelt in California a family of three persons, father, mother, and daughter. The latter was a mere child. All were young. The father was a physician. Unfortunately he injured his not very extensive practice by intemperance. His habits became so dissipated that the poor wife, despairing of his reformation, and also of the possibility of independent action on her own part to secure support for herself and child, proposed a separation. The man agreed to it; but he was not put out like Rip Van Winkle. He was assured that while he lived he would never cease to help him, and that when he mended his ways their old relations should be restored. He departed to cure himself, if possible, and become worthy of the woman who, sorely bested, undertook the maintenance of the family. Encouraged by his wife's prayers, letters, and heroic conduct, the doctor redeemed himself. At least he thought so, and his poor wife was more than willing to believe it. He returned to her home and heart, warmly welcomed back to both. Unluckily, he had either miscalculated his will power, or the demon of indulgence was simply asleep, and by no means dead within him. He went back to his cups, and very soon the skeleton finger of poverty was laid upon his domestic affairs. The devoted wife, unwilling to undertake an experimental separation, and unable to remain where she was, determined to try what change of scene would do for this miserable man who naturally kind, talented, and wholesome, seemed to be insanely abandoned to the devil of strong drink. Just at this crisis rumors had reached California of the Comstock lode discovery, and a number of the mining population drifted across the Sierras to Virginia City. This little and most wretched family journeyed.

The doctor pulled himself together for a while and did some business, but his health was gone, and very soon he died. Widow and orphan were left in the very depths of poverty. The generous miners had clung together to bury the doctor. They met up a miner and another and child from time to time, and thus saved both from utter deprivation of food, shelter, and raiment. There was at that time, superintendent of one of the mines, a sturdy young Irishman, who, from the lowest rounds of the ladder, had begun to push his way to fortune. He was not then more than moderately well off, and little dreamt of the Monte Cristo casket in store for him. He used to carry the weekly or monthly stipend to the widow, and his visits to her became more and more frequent. At last he married her, and her days of fear on the score of poverty were over. She possessed a well-to-do husband, who was the master of his possessions, and certain to make his way in the world. But in the days of distress the unhappy woman had resorted to the morphine habit, and could not, of her own effort, release herself from it. A young physician at Virginia City, who had recently graduated in France, informed her that if she would visit Paris and put herself implicitly under the care of his old master there, her cure could be guaranteed. While the husband remained unknown, with the exception of the Senator from Nevada, the richest silver deposit the world has ever known, his wife crossed the seas and submitted to a rigorous medical treatment. It was successful after many months of endurance. Meanwhile, the famous California and Consolidated Virginia mines were penetrated by the husband, and the world-renowned bonanza, of which he was principal owner, made him at least forty times a millionaire. The wife in Paris was now perfectly cured and blooming, at once rose into prominence and celebrity, for how could the marvel-loving Parisians help adoring a woman whose talents and beauty were matched by such fabulous wealth so romantically discovered. For years this lady, who is no other than Mrs. John Mackay, has been a sight to queen in the most splendid entertainments. She has lived in palaces. Noblemen and men of genius have paid court at her shrine.

Now all Paris and therefore all the universe, is in a ferment over the approaching marriage of Miss Mackay and the Prince Colonna. The draft is nuptial to Rome, the city of the soul, and to Italian nobility. It is a miraculous bridging of the chasm that lies between the mining gulch of the Nevada Mountains and St. Peter's Church, where stands in supernal splendor, "the grandest dome that mortal hand has painted against God's loveliest sky." Little did the widow of the wretched doctor of Virginia City imagine that she would fairly roll in wealth, dwell in palaces, be courted by Church and State, be familiarly associated with the potentates of the descendants of the crusaders, and finally become the mother-in-law of a Prince Colonna, whose nobility dates back almost to the time of Saladin. The family name is as famous as any in history, and the heir of the Colonna family is, at 27 years of age, to wed the daughter of the poor doctor who fell by the wayside in Nevada, and sleeps his last sleep in that stony desert.

Prof. Li Shan-lin, who died at Peking a few months ago, was the greatest mathematician that China has produced within the present century. Western mathematicians define a point as to that which has no parts and no magnitude—that a point is mere position without magnitude. Li Shan-lin took exception to this definition, maintaining that a point must be an infinitesimally small cube.

Dr. T. D. Phillips finds that in grapes grown out of doors the production of sugar first occurs in the periphery, and gradually extends inward as the Autumn advances, while the organic acids disappear. These acids remain to the last in the pulp around the seeds, where they act as antiseptics until the moment arrives for the seed to fall and germinate. At this moment only is the greater portion of organic acid replaced around the seed by sugar.

"So I may really have the next waltz!" said a Harlem dude to a married belle, the other night: "It's so good of you Mrs. M. I know how rarely you'll consent to waltz with any body. I am greatly favored." "Not at all, Mr. Labodah. I don't object to waltzing, in general; it is only my husband's absurd jealousy, you know. But I'm sure he won't mind my taking a turn with you, you know."

CRUSHED BY HER APPETITE.

The Downfall and Death of a Beautiful Woman.

A woman who belonged to one of the best families in Philadelphia died in a wretched frame house on Kaighn's avenue, Camden, N.J., at an early hour this morning, from the effects of an assault on her by William Fisher and John Burley, two young negroes, on the 14th of January. The woman was once the handsome and accomplished wife of ex-Judge Woodward, and moved in the best society. She became addicted to drink, and her downfall was rapid and terrible. Her friends for a long time tried to reclaim her, but at last were compelled to abandon her, though they fixed upon her an income sufficient to maintain her in comfort. After she was given up by her relatives she became utterly abandoned, and associated with the vilest characters and was continually under the influence of liquor. Some years ago she moved to Camden to the house where she died, and her furniture and clothing attracted much attention in that neighborhood by their expensive quality. But she died in the midst of filth and rags.

Early on the evening of Jan. 14, the residents of the neighborhood heard screams in Mrs. Woodward's residence, and upon breaking into the house found the unfortunate woman, bound and gagged, lying in a pool of blood. Fisher and Burley were arrested for the assault, and the latter, having turned state's evidence, the men were convicted and sentenced by Judge Reed to six and five years, respectively, in the state prison. The death of Mrs. Woodward was caused, beyond a doubt, by the brutal kicks and blows which she received at the hands of these negroes, and from which she had been suffering since the attack. Dr. Willis, the physician who has been attending her, says her death was the result of these injuries, and refuses to give a certificate of death until a post-mortem examination is made. She sent a message to H. S. Sovel, Esq., to come to her house and write her will. Thinking it one of her many whims, Mr. Sovel did not go. About 3 o'clock in the morning the woman spoke her last words, and at 7:45 o'clock she died.

GENERAL STEWART.

The Sad End of a Brave and Honored Soldier.

Gen. Sir Herbert Stewart, whose death in the Sudan from a bullet wound received at the battle of Abu Klea where, with a handful of men, he defeated 10,000 Arabs, was announced yesterday, was the eldest son of Rev. E. Stewart, the late rector of Sharnholt, near Winchester in Hampshire. He was born in 1842, and entered the British service in 1863. Five years later he was appointed a captain in the 3rd Dragoon Guards. After holding several appointments on the staff, he became a major and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel during the campaign against Sir Gerald Graham, and so distinguished himself during the campaign that on his return to England he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and was made a K.C.B. He subsequently was appointed to the command of the corps of marines selected to assist the Irish in suppressing the disturbances in that country, and on its being decided to send an expedition for the relief of Khartoum, Col. Stewart again placed his services in the hands of the government. His gallant conduct in Egypt, his victory at Abu Klea, his death wound, and the fatal termination of the last painful chapters in the life of an English soldier, who, knowing that his duty was to his whole heart, giving his youth, his manhood, his experience, and personal courage, and last of all, his life also for his beloved England.

Lincoln's Great Strength.

A writer in the New York Times records an incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln as follows:

"I have chanced upon a new anecdote of Abraham Lincoln, or one that is new to me, at least. The Hon. Allen Francis, United States Consul at St. Thomas, Can., tells to me. The first daily newspaper in Illinois was Mr. Francis'. He and Mr. Lincoln were fast friends in their early manhood, and he tells many anecdotes illustrative of the simple life and manly career of the future President as he was called to responsibility and fame."

Lincoln was the local athlete beyond compare. In leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, swimming, in every rural sport, he was at the head. One winter night young Francis and Lincoln went sleighing. Into an ice covered slough went the horse, to founder deeper and deeper at each attempt to extricate himself. Out jumped the young men to the rescue, breaking the ice from around the legs of the sunken animal they prepared to place their shoulders under the horse's body to lift him out. But before Francis was fairly in position Lincoln had shot his head and shoulders between his steed's forelegs, and with a tremendous effort had raised the heavy, helpless body high and dry to a firm foothold. "It was a task for a half-dozen men," comments the venerable Consul as he recounts the incident, and affirms that in all things that go to make up the best manhood Abraham Lincoln was pre-eminently blessed.

A string of fine snipe hung outside the kitchen door of a Chicago Valley sportsman. A cat tried to reach them, but could not. She went away, but soon returned with another cat, and standing upon his shoulders, they were soon enjoying a genuine game dinner.

NEWS NOTES.

The revised edition of the old Testament will be published at Easter.

Herbert Glad