

LATE BRITISH NEWS

Playing with Dynamite.

CHOKED BY A CHEW OF TOBACCO.

A Foolhardy Wagon.

At Derbyshire Assizes, on Wednesday, Catherine Roberts, 30, a charwoman, was sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of her illegitimate female child, whom she had subjected to a long course of ill-treatment.

Mr. T. Stead, who has been apologizing for the Prince of Wales, suggests that for time passing he should be made the head of a commission "to elaborate a normal standard of the necessities of civilization."

Two more deaths are reported by Downing in County Donegal. Two young men from Rosnawagh were out boating, when the boat was upset by a squall, and both were drowned.

The British Government is said to be taking active steps toward learning from the inhabitants of Wales where they would like to have their national capital.

A cycling corps has been added to the equipment of the Salvation Army. Fifty young men have been requested to volunteer for three years to travel on wheels.

The oldest church in Europe is said by some who are discussing the question to be St. Martin's, Canterbury, which was built as a church before the end of the fourth century. St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover, was built about this time but for nearly two hundred years it was used as a garrison fuel depot.

The Baddely brothers, who won the doubles lawn tennis championship in England this year, and one of whom won the championship, are more like each other than the twin Renshaws. It is said to be absolutely impossible to tell them apart, unless they wear some distinguishing mark in dress.

The Hon. Arthur Montmorency, Mr. Douglas Johnstone, Mr. Percival Browne, and Mr. Ralph Caldwell, midshipmen on board H. M. armoured cruiser Warspite, the flagship on the Pacific station, are missing. When last seen they were in two Indian canoes in the Straits. A search has been instituted for them.

A sad fatality was reported on Sunday to have occurred at St. Bridget's Well, near the cliffs of Moher in County Clare, which people visit in the belief that they will be cured of certain ailments. A man of twenty-seven years, suffering from paralysis of the left side, when praying there slipped and fell head foremost into the well, and being powerless to save himself was drowned.

Two boys, named Cumleigh and Gard, aged 15 and 10 years respectively, living at Congleton, Cheshire, obtained possession of a dynamite cartridge to which one of them applied a match. The cartridge exploded, and one of the boys had three fingers and thumb blown from one hand, and the other had the sight of one eye destroyed, in addition to other injuries. They were at once conveyed to the cottage hospital.

Charles H. Atkinson, a boy of 13, was charged at the Liverpool Police Court on Monday with robbing children in the street. The police had been in search of him for 18 months. He is believed to have been making £1 a week. Thirty recent cases were read out, in all of which prisoner admitted robbing children of money varying from 5s to £4, the total being £26. These had all occurred within three months. Prisoner was remanded.

The British Government has undertaken a preliminary survey with a view to ascertain whether a railroad between Mombassa and Victoria Nyanza is practicable. The construction of such a railroad was recommended by the Brussels conference as calculated to diminish the labor and expense now incurred in the suppression of the slave trade on the east coast of Africa. The House of Commons has been asked to provide \$100,000 to meet the cost of the survey.

On Tuesday two brothers named Rice, who had been drinking freely, got to arguing which was the best swimmer, to settle which they went to swim in the sea near the North pier at Whitehaven. The younger brother, Tom, got a considerable distance in front. When he was near the pier and his brother Joseph, who was about thirty, and a collier, sank and was drowned. Tom, who heard of his brother's fate, was rescued with difficulty. A young man named Walker dived and boats went in search, but the body was not found.

An inquest was held in Manchester touching the death of Edward Wall, a brewer's drayman. The deceased was assisting to load a lorry with barrels, when he exclaimed he had swallowed a piece of tobacco and was going to be sick. He got off the dray and almost immediately fell. A doctor was sent for, but the man died before his arrival. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death from choking by swallowing a chew of tobacco."

The Cunard steamer Cephalonia, which arrived in the Mersey on Tuesday, reports that while passing the Tuskar Lighthouse on Monday signals of distress were seen flying from the rock. A boat was lowered, and it was found that the lighthouse keeper had his right hand shattered by a rocket which prematurely exploded while he was making some signals. He had also received other injuries. He was taken on board the Cephalonia, where it was found necessary to amputate the arm. He is progressing favourably.

A farmer named Thomas Moffat, a man of about fifty years of age, was engaged on Saturday in shimming turnips on a farm at Durdar, near Carlisle, when the horse took fright at a mowing machine that was working in an adjoining field, and ran away. Moffat became entangled in the plough, the sock of which entered one of his legs, and he was dragged across the field for some 200 yards. When released, his body was found to be mangled in a frightful manner, and he was removed to the Cumberland Infirmary, where he died on Monday morning.

The Indian elephant which Queen Victoria ordered some time since to be forwarded as a gift to the Emperor of Morocco has, according to accounts just to hand, got no further than Tangier. The great beast is described as decidedly thinner than when it arrived, this being attributed to the diminished dietary provided by the local au-

thorities on the ground of expense, and its quarters are most uncomfortable. On the other hand, two Indian attendants sent with the elephant are home sick, and consequently not over attentive. The Emperor is on a tour up country, and his arrival at Rabat is anxiously desired.

In connection with the drowning of two ladies at Bundoran, County Donegal, last week, some painful facts have come to light which show that but for gross superstition on the part of the fishermen deceased might have been saved. The bodies were floating outwards, and a boat secured them, but ignorant superstition prevented the men taking the bodies into the boat and attempting to resuscitate them, so they held them by the arms and towed them not to the boat quay, but to the strand, because if a body were landed at the pier, fishing luck would depart. At the strand, superstition once more set in, and the fishermen refused to wet themselves bringing in a corpse, and it was reserved for those dry on shore to act a kindly Christian part.

A Tipperary correspondent states that on Friday extraordinary and exciting occurrences took place in that town. It is alleged that a constable came into collision with a number of people. It is further stated that the constable entered a house in which a man who had a broken leg was bandaging the injured limb, that he assaulted the sufferer with his own crutch, and that the latter, on proceeding to the police station to report the affair, had the tables turned on him by being arrested. The constable, it appears, received a wound in the course of his various encounters. Several persons were arrested on the charge of having inflicted the injury, and others who went to the bar to make a complaint were also taken into custody. In all, thirteen persons were made prisoners, eleven of whom were discharged on Saturday.

Kitchen Notions.

Next to a good range a good clock is of paramount importance in the kitchen.

Coffee cake should be wrapped, while warm, in a napkin, and there remain till cut.

Keep sharp the knives for cutting meat and bread and for peeling vegetables.

Folding towel racks set on the wall near the sink are a great convenience in drying dish towels and dish cloths.

Gilding on silver should be rubbed as little as possible; wiping it with a soft linen cloth moistened with ammonia is all that is necessary.

When you have spoiled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

Sometimes the fire will not burn readily at first, because the air in the chimney is cold; in that case, burn a quantity of paper or shavings before trying to light the other fuel.

Tin vessels rust and are often worthless in a few weeks, because, after washing, they are not set on the stove for a moment or in the sun, to dry thoroughly before they are put away.

Brooms which are hung up keep their first shape better and sweep more evenly than those left standing; if they are dipped in warm water every day, they will last longer than if left dry.

Ovens will not bake well unless the flues and bottom are clean. When an oven burns on the bottom, cover it half an inch with clean sand; if it burns on top, put a layer of sand or ashes over it.

It is better to have a special pot to cook onions in, lined with porcelain, or of granite ware. Iron turns this vegetable black, and it is exceedingly difficult to get the odor of onions out of these pots.

The most serviceable house rags are old flannel or merino underwear or old cotton flannel. These never show lint and can be rung out nearly dry from hot water with out losing their moisture and warmth.

Do not fill lamps to the top, and do not burn them until they are entirely empty, for fear of an explosion. Do not keep them on the chimney-piece or in a very warm place, lest the gas expand with heat, and thus cause explosion.

The best silver-smiths advise the use of boiling hot water, castile soap, a stiff brush and a chamois leather to clean silver. A stiff plate brush is said by experts to be much better than the soft plate in general use. Silver not in use should be kept in cotton flannel bags.

If a wick does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from one side. The wick should be as large as one as the holder will receive. Do not cut it after the first trimming to make it even, but pinch off the burned portion every day with a cloth. The best wicks are woven soft and loose. If lamps or burners become sticky or clogged with dust, boil them in soda-water, taking care not to use it on gilt metal. Metal lamps are safer than those made of china or glass; no opening is needed save the one which receives the wick-holder; the lamp can be filled through that.

Exceptions to the Rule.

It is quite unnecessary to caution any child not to "eat with his fingers," since that is a physiological impossibility, and it is a terrible stretch of the use of language to speak of "eating with one's fingers" when we mean to say simply the holding of food in them. But there is quite a respectable list of things which should, by the best usage, be held in the fingers when eaten, instead of being lifted by fork or spoon—of course the knife is utterly tabooed. For instance: Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing or in a little salt.

Celery, which may be properly placed on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries, when served with the stem on, as they are in the most elegant houses.

Bread, toast, and all tarts and small cakes.

Cheese, which is invariably lifted with the fingers by the most particular people.

Even the leg or other small pieces of a bird are taken in the fingers at fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

G. Hosmer defeated J. A. Ten Eyck in a three mile sculling race, on Lake Innisnagmon last week, for \$500 a side; time 19.52.

SOME AMUSING PARODIES.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

Well constructed parodies are catchy and attractive, their force depending largely upon their close imitation in form of wide difference in purpose from the original lines. The more precipitous the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, the more startling the effect. Though some parodies, such as "Pluribus," which is a humorous version of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and which for a season outsold the original work, have been published in pretentious volumes, they are usually mere bubbles thrown upon the passing stream of literature. Sometimes they "point a moral or adorn a tale," but oftener their purpose is to simply awaken a transient smile and then to be forgotten, though the parody sometimes lives after the original verse has been forgotten.

Shakespeare's "To be or not to be" and Tennyson's "Half a league" have been very much paraphrased. The latter author's "Break, Break, Break" has been fitted to scores of topics and here are some of the lines they have suggested:

Break, break, break,
On the quivering air, high C,
But the much-needed rest you have caused
me to lose
Can never come back to me.

Brake, brake, brake,
Ye brakemen, wherever you be,
But the name of the town you so jumble
and drown
Is ne'er understood by me.

The third is supposed to have been written by a young lady at a seaside resort where there were not enough young men to go round:

Break, break, break,
At the feet of thy crags, O sea,
But oh! for the presence of one young
man!
To come and make love to me!

There isn't a youth in the United Kingdom, it is safe to state, but can give the original of the following:

The boy stood on the back-yard fence,
Whence all but him had fled,
The flames that lit his father's barn
Shone just above the shed.

The bunch of crackers in his hand,
Two others in his hat;
With piteous accents loud he cried:
"I never thought of that!"

A bunch of crackers to the tail
Of one small dog he'd tied;
The dog in anguish sought the barn,
And 'mid its ruins died.

The sparks flew wide, and red, and hot,
That lit upon that brat;
They fired the crackers in his hand
And eke those in his hat.

Then came a burst of rattling sound—
The boy! Where was he gone?
Ask of the winds that far around
Strewn bits of meat and bone.

And scraps of clothes, and balls, and
tops,
And nails, and hooks, and yarn;
The relics of the dreadful boy
Who burned his father's barn.

When Gray wrote his grand "Elegy" he did not dream that he would be responsible indirectly for many such parodies as these:
Full many a gem of pure ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
And yet the genuine are seldom seen,
And most of them are paste which people wear.

Full many a joke old as the ancient hills
Within the funny papers we review:
Full many a chestnut dressed in modern
frills,
And palmed off on the world as something new.

Brief poetical quotations are frequently paraphrased, and often without any loss to the truths they convey:

There's many a slip
'Twixt the cable and grip.

While the gas holds out to burn
The meter will shillings earn.

You may smash, you may shatter the case
if you choose to;
But the scent of the Limburger clings where
it used to.

Two voices are there: one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty
voice—

Both offer you summer board vociferouslee;
And both are bad, and you may take your
choice

"Comin' Through the Rye" has been parodied as often as there are words in the verses. The following is clever:

Gin a body meet a body
Lookin' after rye;
Gin a body treat a body
Need a body cry?
Gin a body has a shilling—
Be it you or I—
Do or don't you think he's willing
To put it into rye?

The originals of the following will be readily suggested:

No one has such an ugly face
But what someone will in it trace
A charm, and make it known,
And woo it for his own.

You must wake and call me early—call me
early, mother dear.

For if you don't the chances are I won't get
up this year;

Be sure and keep on calling me—say fifty
times or more,
And when I wake I'll growl because I
wasn't called before.

I never had an early flame
To whom I did attention pay,
But what another fellow came
And coolly stole my girl away.

The breaking waves dashed high—
Dashed high with a right good will;
But with all their dash they were not so
high
As the seaside hotel bill.

Little drops of Bourbon,
Captured by a wink,
Make the Soda water
Easier to drink.

While many poems are so delicate in thought and expression as to make any kind of a parody seem like a desecration, there

are other types that they cannot harm. In fact the satirical parodists have it in their power to render unpopular that which they choose to render so. While they may have done some wrong they are to be credited with having brought about reforms in poetry for which the public feel grateful. Here is a sample of the "passion poetry" that at one time threatened to sweep the land:

She touches my cheek and I quiver—
I tremble with exquisite pains;
She sighs—like an overcharged river
My blood rushes on through my veins.
She smiles and in mad tiger-fashion,
As a she tiger fondles her own,
I clasped her with fierceness and passion,
And kissed her with shudder and groan.

It was the pen of the parodist that came to the public rescue and arrested the conflagration before it had completely consumed the normal literary taste of the times. The happy result was achieved by adding to verses like the foregoing lines like the following:

She smiled when I mentioned the oysters,
And grinned at the sight of a stew,
Very much as a frolicsome boy stirs
When he dons his first jacket of blue.

I gazed with enchantment and wonder
On her beautiful Japanese hair,
And squandered my money like thunder
On this wild, witching maiden so fair.

But when she was filled to repletion,
With stews and hot coffee and pies,
And the supper had reached a completion
In front of her bright hazel eyes,
Behold, she arose from the table,
And accepted the arm of another,
And ere to pursue I was able,
She had gone with my strapping big
brother.

How to Cook Green Corn.

Of usual and unusual ways of cooking this delicious vegetable the following receipts will be found reliable and the best of their kind:

Housekeepers who must depend upon the markets in large cities for their sweet corn seldom taste it at its best. When you can go out and select from among your Stowell's Evergreen, or your Early Minnesota, such ears as are just ripe for the table, picking them in the early morning when the dew lies thick upon them, and half an hour after can serve them on your breakfast table, you have a luxury that the wealth of a Vanderbilt on Fifth avenue cannot purchase.

The nearest way to boil corn is to remove all the husks except the inner row, lay back the strip of silk from the ear and with a bit of string tie the husks in place. Have ready a generous pot filled with salted boiling water, lay in the corn and allow from 15 to 20 minutes, according to the size of the ears, from the time boiling recommences. Before sending to table strip off the husks very quickly and envelop in a corn napkin to keep in the heat. Sometimes hot melted butter seasoned with salt and pepper is served in the hottest of gravy boats, but if you eat your corn from the ear in the good old-fashioned way, you had better butter and season it yourself.

Roasted corn is delightful if you have a very hot oven or an open grate stove before which they can be cooked. Husk the ears and rub them clean; rub with butter and reason with salt and pepper. Place before the fire or in the oven, and turn the ears occasionally so that they may cook evenly. When all are browned serve very hot.

Miss Corson's green corn pudding calls for six large ears of corn grated, six eggs beaten, three half pints of milk and a seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg, to be baked for half an hour in a moderate oven.

That of an equally celebrated cook, which produces a somewhat different but equally palatable result and has the added merit of cheapness, requires you to split the grains of three large ears of corn, pushing the pulp out with a knife. Mix with three pints of milk, two beaten eggs and a seasoning of salt, pepper and if it is wanted for a desert, half a teaspoonful of sugar.

GREEN CORN FRITTERS (1).—Miss Corson gives this receipt: One pint of grated green corn, one gill of milk, the yolks of two eggs dropped in without beating, salt, pepper, and about half a cup of flour or enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Lastly, stir in the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Bake as fritters in plenty of boiling fat, or as griddle cakes with just enough fat to keep them from burning.

CORN FRITTERS (2).—Grate six ears or split the grains and scrape the pulp out with the back of a knife, add one beaten egg, one tablespoonful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Cook as before.

CORN FRITTERS (3).—The caterer of a New York club makes his fritters as follows: Put two raw eggs in a large bowl, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, salt, pepper, and a gill of milk and mix smooth; add a pint of grated or pulped corn and mix again. Fry in boiling fat.

STEWED CORN.—Cut through the centre of each row of corn, scrape the grains from the skin of about a dozen ears of corn and put into a saucepan with enough water to just cover, steam for twenty minutes; add a tablespoonful of butter and as much flour, smoothly mix with milk; season with salt and pepper, and after a minute's boil add a half pint of milk or cream.

The remains of a dish of stewed corn may be hashed with small potatoes and cream, letting it get thoroughly hot. Equal quantities of hashed corn and tomatoes heated together and served on toast makes a nice lunch dish.—[Alice Chittenden, in Albany Cultivator.]

The French Fleet.

King Oscar, as everybody knows, is the royal poet of the North. He came of Gallic stock, and has sung in glowing verse the praises of the French navy. Considering these things it is not to be marvelled at that the presence of a French fleet in Swedish waters made an epoch in the ordinary quiet social life of the capital. The French officers were feasting at Drottningholm after a fashion that fairly took their breath away. The insidious Swedish banco, a punch that is as treacherous as it is sweet, flowed like water and ran away with the senses of some of the younger of the party. The King toasted President Carnot and the navy, and the Admiral of the fleet responded, claiming the Swedish ruler as a countryman and a friend of the tri-color, amid the enthusiastic applause of the company. Similar scenes enacted at St. Petersburg suggest curious reflections. Sweden and Russia are arch-enemies, implacable and irreconcilable.

JESSE JAMES OUTDONE.

In Broad Daylight a Man Enters a Bank and Takes Away \$1200.

Shot Two Men to Get Money.

Jessie James' deeds were outdone at Columbus Grove, a small town in Ohio, the other day, and the country thereabouts is now wild with excitement.

A daredevil entered the Keystone Bank at about 9 o'clock, shot the cashier and another man, terrorized the whole town, and escaped with \$1200. The man is described as about 5 feet 7 inches tall, heavy set, with full face and small black mustache. He wore a black alpaca sack coat of the same material and color, blue striped trousers and no vest. He appeared to be about 35 years old.

He jumped off a freight train this morning, and going to the hardware store of John Crawford asked to see some revolvers. He selected two and asked the storekeeper to load them. When the latter had done so, the customer coolly pointed the guns at his head and said, "I'll pay you in cold lead if you want me to."

He then left the store and went to the Keystone Bank near by. T. J. Marple is cashier of the bank. He opened up as usual this morning. Being Saturday a heavy business was expected, and he had taken out \$1200 in greenbacks, and had them near the paying teller's desk.

To protect the money lying on the counter a plate glass about two feet in height is run around the top of the bar. Sitting on a chair out in the lobby was Ol Syford, a big strong fellow and courageous. His chair was tilted back as he conversed with the cashier, who was not busy, owing to the early hour of the day.

TAKING THE BANK BY STORM.

Suddenly a man entered the bank. In either hand he flourished a monster revolver. His eyes roved wildly about the room, and without a word he began shooting.

The first ball flew harmlessly through the air and lodged in the wall above the cashier's head. Before Mr. Marple could make a move to secure the revolver that was always kept for such an emergency, a second shot shattered the bones of his right arm, and the cashier fell from his chair, pierced in the right side by a deadly bullet.

Turning to Syford, the desperado, spoke for the first time, and in the foulest language ordered him not to stir, or he would meet a similar fate. At this juncture William Vandemark appeared on the scene. He was a prominent farmer living in Union township. He had driven into town this morning with some hogs and received an order on the bank for his money.

The desperado man without a word faced the old farmer and leveled his gun at him. The unfortunate victim had turned just half way around when the rufian fired. It struck him in the side just above the hip, and passed almost through his body. He fell, bleeding and senseless, and still Syford sat horrified and spellbound.

The fellow broke the plate glass, and shoving in his arm through the ragged aperture, raked up all the money, amounting to about \$1200, and thrust it into the side pockets of his long sack coat. By this time several people had been attracted by the sounds of the shots.

The desperado inside realized it was time for him to be skipping. Again brandishing his revolvers, and in true Western style, he dashed out on the street. There was a wild scatterment on the part of the people. No one was looking for thieves and murderers, and there was not a weapon in the crowd.

ANOTHER VICTIM FALLS.

The poor fellow failed to get out of the way in time, and Henry Buck fell pierced by a ball from the revolver that already scored two victims. The robber fired several times and shouted: "I'm a second Jess James," with appropriate oaths attached.

The fellow ran down an alley, and was last seen disappearing into a big corn field at the edge of the town. The wildest kind of rumors were afloat, when the news spread over the town and surrounding country like wildfire. W. T. Marple, brother of the cashier, came to Lima, and the local police and citizens from here and all the towns went in pursuit of the new Jess James. They are now scouring the woods in every direction, and say they will bring him to town a corpse.

It was thought once he had been surrounded in some woods, but he was not found and the search still goes on.

This evening Vandermork died. E. J. Marple the cashier, soon recovered consciousness, and was able to keep up long enough to direct the movements of the police. The ball passed through too near the flesh in his side to reach any vital part.

The Speed of a Horse

While the public is still marveling over Salvatore's wonderful performance in running a mile in 1.35, there are few who have thought of comparison and analysis, sought to realize what a terrible burst of speed this is. It is nearly forty miles an hour—a rate averaged by very few of our fastest railway trains. There are 5,280 feet in a mile so that for every one of these ninety-five seconds—for every beat of a man's pulse—this wonderful horse covered fifty-five and three-tenths feet of ground. The shortest space of time noted by the turfman's watch is a quarter of a second—an interval so brief that the eye can hardly observe, the mind can hardly appreciate it. Yet in every one of those 382 quarters of a second that magnificent creature leaped sixteen and three-tenths feet. Such are the amazing results of careful breeding as exhibited in the race horse.

Wedding Rings for Men.

An invariable custom prevailing among Creole women is to insist that at the marriage ceremony the bridegroom shall receive a narrow, plain gold wedding ring, which he is obligated never to put from the third finger of his left hand until death parts them twain. To be without this seal of wedlock is held shameful in a wife, but now, for the first time, women everywhere are making positive demands upon a fair exchange in the matter. These latter-day brides give their liege lord no costly ornament for the hand to attract admiring attention, but severely simple jewels of heavy polished gold, that both weight and purity may be accepted symbolically, and the peculiar style may publish them to the world as Benedicts.