

Mr. Richard Burton has written an able article to show that there is a revival in the use of the terse, simple, vernacular English of the time of Shakespeare. He is undoubtedly right in this. "Fine writing" is no longer as much admired as it was a generation ago, when Macaulay was a literary dictator not so much because of what he had to say as of his manner of saying it. The English of the fifteenth century is not equal to the demands of modern science. But except in discussing technicalities and the novelties of modern life it is fully equal to the expression of every clearly defined idea that the mind can entertain. To be clearly expressed, however, the idea must be well defined. The English vernacular abhors vagueness. Before any one can talk plain English he must have a plain idea of what he wishes to say. Otherwise he will stop in the middle of his sentence and expose the emptiness of his mind. It is otherwise, of course, with the Latin and Greek derivatives of the language, which are often used to produce the impression of wisdom where the only thing that is being really expressed is a lack of ideas. The increasing use of simple, everyday English is a great gain. It means greater accuracy, greater clearness and less humbug. Even if inconsistent with the "style" of the Latin languages, in which terseness and force are sacrificed to smoothness, plain English is the best possible language for those who read English at all. For in no other language is it harder to lie successfully or easier to tell the plain truth plainly.

According to statistics given by the fidelity insurance companies of the United States, known defalcations of men employed in positions of trust amounted during the year 1894 to twenty-five millions of dollars. Even these large figures cannot be accepted as the aggregate of the defalcations for a single year. The amount shows an increase of six millions when compared with the total of 1893, a fact that would seem to suggest a tidal wave of dishonesty. The stealings show wide distribution. Great cities do not monopolize them. In numerous smaller communities rascalities of this nature have been perpetrated. All this is a sad reflection upon the weakness of human nature. The love of money abounds and money does so notably answer all things in our day that we do not wonder that men lie awake nights thinking how they may increase their store. The man who worries himself and wears himself thinking how he may double his revenue, and emulate a wealthier neighbor, is likely sooner or later to determine to make money, honestly if possible, but at any rate to make money.

Speculation is soon thought of as the easiest way to wealth, and as some one has wittily said, speculation often leads to peculation. It seems so simple to borrow (?) a few hundred or thousand dollars, and thus insure the necessary capital for the financial operation that is to return not only the investment, but forty, sixty, and even a hundred fold besides. The ability to purchase stocks on a margin of anywhere from two to five per cent., is a tempting bait that has caught many a poor fool and the gambler's table follows hard after. There can be little doubt that such breaches of trust are multiplied by reason of the leniency shown to the wrongdoer. If a business corporation can get its stolen money back either from the transgressor or his friends it is generally not over-anxious to prosecute. It well knows that public discussion may lead to public reflection on the business methods of a concern that suddenly finds itself robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The situation calls for stricter dealing with offenders, but a more potent restrictive measure would be a more thorough and universal system of checks and safeguards against dishonesty. No honest man can seriously object to any system, while his weaker brother may be saved by it. The man who has reason to believe that the detection of fraud is likely to be prompt and its punishment serious will think often before he risks his position, his name and his liberty.

der Fight With a Rat in the Dark

Alice Moore, a colored woman of Louisville, Ky., was attacked by a rat the other morning, and bears the marks of the attack. She was awakened about 4 o'clock by a creeping sensation. She raised herself in bed and heard the squeal of a rat. She struck out in the dark and felt the animal jump at her and fasten its teeth in one of her arms. She struck a vicious blow at the rat and succeeded in knocking it off. The rat went at her again and caught her by the throat. She succeeded in knocking it off a second time. At the third jump the rat fastened its teeth in her ear and held on persistently. The woman, who had been fighting the rat in silence all this time, began to scream. She jumped out of bed with the rat still holding to her ear. As she ran frantically about the room she struck time and again at the vicious little rodent, but was afraid to take hold and pull it off, for fear of slitting her ear. The screams aroused her daughter, who jumped out of bed and lighted the lamp. She seized a pillow and struck at the animal, knocking it off.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Take a Holiday.

Many mothers are so engrossed in the care of their children and in their household duties that a "day off" would simply seem out of the question. They become cross and peevish and every hard line in the world seems to have fallen to their lot; at least, that is the way they look at it. It is not because they cannot afford to go, O, no, only they have an idea that if they were away from home a day nothing would ever run straight again. If they could only know how pleasant the old duties would seem after a vacation, and how the children would appreciate them after their absence, more holidays would be taken than ever dreamed of now.

In order to fully enjoy a vacation, if only for a day, leave all the old scenes and associations and see something entirely new. Seek the society of some cheerful neighbor. Do not do work which employs you every other day, but procure something new, or talk, gossip, anything which will take the mind hundreds of miles from household cares and children's ailments. Mothers always will turn their conversation onto the same time-worn topics—baby's teething, or Mary's measles, or the cost of living or some such always-with-you subject. Leave the children at home in care of some reliable person if they are small. Do not worry because the basket of mending will be left until the next day. You will be so refreshed by your holiday and feel so cheerful, that had you twice the work you could do it.

It is too late now to have a picnic all by yourself, with a fascinating romance for company (this seems selfish), but surely you are able to think of some recreation which will benefit you. Do not shake your head and say, "No, I could not think of such a thing," but just make up your mind to try it. A holiday you must have and that very soon, too. Let me whisper, after you have taken one you will want more.

The Fragrant Onion.

Pickled Onions.—Wipe some small onions but do not peel. Make a strong brine of salt and water into which put the onions, and change this night and morning, for five days and save the last brine they were put in. Peel off now the outside skin, and put them in a saucepan capable of holding them all, as they are always better done together. Take equal quantities of milk and the last brine the onions were in and pour it over them; place over the fire and watch attentively. Keep constantly stirring, turning the onions about with a skimmer, those at the bottom to the top, and vice versa. The onions must not boil, but the liquid must become very hot, and the onions will then become transparent. When the onions look clear, turn into a colander to drain, covering them with a cloth to keep in the steam. Place on the table an old clean cloth, doubled several times; on this place the onions when still hot and cover closely with an old clean cloth or blanket to keep in the steam. Let them remain until the following day, when they will be cold and look yellow and shriveled. Take off the outer skin, when they should be firm and white as snow. To every gallon of vinegar add 2 oz bruised ginger, 2 oz allspice, 2 oz whole black pepper, 1-2 oz each of mace and nutmeg, 14 cloves and 1-3 tablespoon cayenne. Boil these together and pour boiling hot over the onions. Cover very closely and allow to stand until the next day, when place in small jars or bottles, well covered with the spiced vinegar, over the top of each bottle pour a spoonful of olive oil, cork and seal. They will be fit for use in a month, and will be beautifully white and eat crisp, without the least softness. They will keep for several years. This method is rather troublesome, but will repay the labor.

The following is a quick method of pickling, and the onions will be crisp and white, but they will not keep over six or eight months: Peel the onions, and have ready some clean, dry jars or bottles, and as fast as peeled, drop them in. Pour over them some cold vinegar, spiced as follows: To each quart of vinegar allow 2 teaspoonfuls each of whole black pepper, allspice, and salt. Close the jars tightly and place in a cool, dry place. In two weeks they are fit for use.

Skeletons at Home.

The troubles which cannot be told are those which have the most disastrous and wasting effect on the mind. Every family it is said, although it may not be true, has its "skeleton in the closet," and some member of that family is continually airing it, to the intense mortification and disgust of the other inmates of the family. Children are the innocent promulgators of many little domestic annoyances which would better be left forgotten; it is a parent's duty to teach a child, however young, to refrain from gossip, or else be very careful what is said in his presence. Many people, of course, pay no attention to other people's business, but there are many who will offer you sympathy that they may have a peep at your secret, and when you have allowed it to be seen they hurry away to explain to mutual friends. There is an old negro proverb which reads thus: "There are people who will help you to set your basket on your head because they want to see what is in it."

Another class of people are continually groaning over their troubles, which are not of public interest; acquaintances soon become bored to death by it, and even friends admire reticence if kept more or less to one's self. Whatever the trouble in a family it is better locked up within their own doors.

At Our House.

As the head of the house does not come home for dinner, opportunity is taken to exercise rigid economy at that time. Still, something palatable is usually prepared. The "left-overs" are always utilized on that occasion, helped

out, perhaps, with a Johnnycake made as follows:—Rich buttermilk, or half cream and half sour milk will do; half teaspoon of soda; pinch of salt, and a good tablespoon of sugar. Mix to a light batter with two-thirds meal and one-third flour. Bake in buttered tin in moderate oven.

An apple pudding is often prepared as follows:—Three good-sized apples, peeled and quartered and put into a pint basin; half cup of sugar; a little water and spice to taste. Pour over it a batter made of two-thirds cup of sweet milk, and butter size of a hickorynut; half cream would be better. Mix in flour until batter is middling stiff. Steam one hour. Serve with cream and sugar or butter and sugar. It is delicious.

Cold potatoes are nice, chopped fine and warmed up in milk, slightly seasoned with pepper and salt.

A palatable soup can be made of bits of roast beef or steak, the "left-overs" from former meals. Put in a little of each of a variety of vegetables—potatoes, tomatoes, onions, celery, etc. Season to taste.

Cold corn is nice prepared as follows:—Shave the corn from three or four good ears; add one egg; cup of sweet milk; pinch of salt, and flour enough to make a good batter. Bake same as pancakes, in a well-buttered spider; serve with a little butter while hot.

A BIG BIRD CAUGHT AT SEA.

Able Seaman Peters Calls It an Eagle, Though Scientists Pronounce It a Freak.

When the Danish steamship Horsa cleared from Philadelphia for Port Antonio, Jamaica, a few days ago, she carried with her a deadhead passenger with a very bad temper. The surly fellow occupied a small cabin of rough boards especially built for him on the forecastle, in which he was secured with a short chain fastened around one leg. On the roof a sailor had rudely carved out with his caseknife this inscription: Sea Eagle. Came Aboard off Watling Island, Sept. 25, 1895. Caut esy by Jo Peters, A. S.

Jo Peters, able seaman, has two long scars on his left arm and a small one in his neck to show easy was the capture of the bird. Another sailor received a damaged thumb through a breach of etiquette. While giving the captive fresh water one day, he unconsciously allowed his thumb to stick over the edge of the dish and into the water. The bird swiftly resented this slovenly service with his beak. There are others among the crew who will have reason to remember the bird and the date of his coming among them.

On Sept. 25 the Horsa was off Watling's Island, Bahamas, on her way to Philadelphia with a cargo of fruit from Baracoa. Early in the afternoon, in the midst of a sudden stiff breeze off shore, a flying thing, with wings of

ENORMOUS SPREAD,

blew up against the masthead and clung there. The sailors on deck looked aloft and held a brief council. Capt. Wiborg came out of his cabin and called for volunteers to capture the bird. Jo Peters stepped forward promptly, and as promptly went aloft. The others stood below and watched.

When the adventurous sailor reached a point a few feet below the bird, the latter turned his head and looked at Peters curiously, but made no attempt to fly. This encouraged Peters, and, climbing a little nearer, he reached out his left arm and grabbed the bird by one leg. Then there was a wild screech, a flurry of feathers, a few startled oaths, and several drops of blood spattered down on the upturned faces of those on deck. Peters made a swift pass with his right hand for the bird's throat, but the bird forestalled him, jabbing his beak into the man's neck. Peters went mad with pain, and he shut his teeth and tried again. This time he got there. He would have fallen from his perch, however, but for the arrival of another member of the crew, who, with a coil of stout rope in his teeth, had climbed up to the rescue. The captive was securely bound, and was then lowered to the deck.

A box was made for the prisoner, and Peters went below to have his wounded arm and neck dressed. He assured the Captain that the bird was a genuine sea eagle, and there was no one aboard ship to contradict him. As a matter of fact it isn't a sea eagle at all. It is more like the albatross that figured so prominently in Coleridge's tale of a mariner more ancient than Mr. Peters. Yet it isn't any more an albatross than it is a sea eagle. The bird is probably a cross between the two, and has the albatross's head and beak, and its broad expanse of wing, measuring

SIX FEET FROM TIP TO TIP,

but its legs, which are rough and scaly, terminate with the talons of the eagle. As to coloring, it is white, with a sprinkling of irregular black spots like ink blots. Several ornithologists went and looked at the bird while the Horsa lay at her dock, but, though they consulted their books, they could not classify the thing except generally as a freak. These scientific men made Jo Peters very mad.

"What do they know about it?" said he. "The bird's a sea eagle, I tell you, and I've saw more sea birds than they is pages in all them fellers' books. They don't know nothin' on'y what they read. But I've saw things, I have. And I seen something fur years that I bet ain't in their books. It was when I was down with the West Coast Navigation line. Down in the South Pacific they was a great stampin' ground fur sea birds, because fish was plentiful there. The birds would set on the waves and fill up with fish till they was so full they couldn't move, and would have to float around till it wore off. New this feedin' place was right in the way of the steamers, and thousands of the birds was run down through 'em being' able to get away. But the old birds got cute, and when they was gettin' their full of fish and seen a vessel comin', they'd just swally some salt water. It acted on their stomachs, up would come the fish, and then they'd fly out o' the way. Facts, fur I've seen 'em do it. That's on'y one o' the things to be seen at sea that ain't wrote down in books."

A CELEBRATED TRIAL.

A CASE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Theodore Durrant on Trial for the Murder of Blanche Lamont—Purely Circumstantial Evidence so far—Bitter Feeling Against the Prisoner.

The remarkable trial of Theodore Durrant in San Francisco for the murder of Blanche Lamont has been suspended for a time owing to the illness of a principal participant in the affair. The case of the prosecution rests wholly on circumstantial evidence, and may be briefly stated to be that the girl left her home to go to school on April 3rd, and was not seen again by her friends until her dead body was found in a small room in the belfry of Emmanuel Baptist Church in that city. She had evidently been murdered. Two days before, the body of Minnie Williams, a friend of Miss Lamont, had been found in the pastor's room in the church. It will easily be believed that these two discoveries created an extraordinary sensation. At first the pastor, Rev. George Gibson, was suspected and was actually put under arrest.

During the period between Miss Lamont's disappearance and the finding of her body her relatives and friends were, of course, greatly exercised as to what had caused her absence from her home. The favorite supposition was that she had eloped with somebody, or at least there was

A MAN IN THE CASE. The inquiries instituted established the fact that so far as could be learned she had last been seen alive in the company of a young medical student named Theodore Durrant, Durrant was formerly a resident of Toronto, but left with his family for San Francisco some fifteen years ago. This young man (he is now 24 years of age) had been seen with Miss Lamont not far from Emmanuel Church on the day on which she disappeared. He was questioned about the matter, and related that he had met her on her way to school and that he accompanied her there. On the supposition that it was a mere escapade of which the girl had been guilty it became a habit among Durrant's companions to quiz him about Miss Lamont's disappearance. The ghastly discovery in the belfry of the church was made about ten days after her disappearance. Naturally enough the more serious phase that the matter had now assumed was still connected with the fact that Durrant was the last person seen with her so far as could be ascertained.

He was arrested and has ever since been lying in jail, while his trial bids fair to be the longest on record on the Pacific coast. The prosecution has shown not only that he was seen in the company of the girl, but that he was actually in the church that day; that he was in the upper part of the structure, and that

HE WAS PALE and confessed to feeling ill, so ill that he sent a companion to a drug store for a drug. Putting these facts forward the prosecution virtually call upon Durrant to account for his time on that day. For this purpose he was put on the stand to tell his own story. He stated that he was acquainted with Blanche Lamont, having been introduced to her by her aunt. He induced her to become a member of Emmanuel Church Sunday School, and had sometimes seen her home. He met her on the morning of April 3 on her way to school. He accompanied her there at her request, and left her at the door, never seeing her alive thereafter. Having left her at the school, he himself repaired to Cooper's College, where he was a student. He relates minutely his attendance on lectures, his walks, etc. He also admits that he was in Emmanuel Church that day. He explains his presence there by saying that he was accustomed to look after the sun-burners in the church, which were operated by electricity. He was told a week before that they were out of order and went there to fix them. He had to get up on the rafters over the burners, and while there, he says, he inhaled so much gas that he was nauseated by it. When he got down stairs he found George King playing a piano in the Sunday School. King noticed that he was pale, and Durrant told him the cause of it and got him to go for bromo-seltzer to stay his stomach. Being asked if that was not rather for the nerves than for the stomach, he said that although a medical student

HE DID NOT KNOW.

It was the first time he had ever parted with it. He helped King to carry an organ into the basement, went home to tea, and in the evening took his mother to the Sunday School, returning with her and going to bed. He thus endeavored to account for the whole day. The defence promised in the opening to adduce evidence corroborative of this story, and to upset several important pieces of testimony given on behalf of the prosecution, such as that Durrant pawned a ring that was supposed to belong to Blanche Lamont. But most of this corroborative or rebutting testimony did not help the prisoner much. He has not been able to prove conclusively that he was present at the lectures which he declares he was at, and witnesses for the prosecution have testified that he asked them to try and remember that he was at the lectures "as a favor to him."

Of course the theory is that the hand that slew Miss Lamont was also concerned in the murder of Minnie Williams, but no very clear motive has been disclosed for either of the crimes. It is this apparent lack of motive that makes the case against Durrant weak. The feeling against him in San Francisco is bitter, but he has maintained the most extraordinary composure throughout. His cross-examination by the defence was meretricious, but he took it very coolly, although at times somewhat defiant. Altogether the case is unusual in all its features, and the result will be awaited with interest.

He— "I have never loved but once in all my life." She— "What?" He— "Fact, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Another Life Saved in Toronto by This Fad.

A child has died in Toronto under the treatment known as Christian science. At her evidence at the inquest the mother said the only treatment Mrs. Beer used was the mental treatment. She held out to the people that God sent no sickness; that people merely believed that they were sick. Her treatment was a silent one, and she gave no medicines. The Truth, according to her, did everything. Her method was to talk kindly to the deceased. She would say: "Percy Beck, you have no measles; you are a child of God and cannot be sick." She would then, in silence and with closed eyes, give him treatment. The child always seemed better after a treatment. Her charges were a dollar per treatment. Sometimes, to those in poor circumstances, she charged less. If a witness sent word to Mrs. Beer telling her how the child was she would treat him when she was absent from him, and witness could at once notice the difference in his condition.

The attitude which leads to the adoption of these methods is supposed to be one of faith. But it is difficult to understand why a lack of faith should be inferred from the use of medicines and other human aids any more than from the use of seeds, ploughs and reapers in farming, or compass, rudder and chart in navigating the sea. A Lister or a Pasteur exhibits faith in his highest form as he patiently makes his experiment, in confidence that the physical laws under which he works are unvarying and exact and therefore trustworthy. It is this faith that has made possible the marvellous progress of medical science in the alleviation of suffering and the prevention and cure of diseases, and we might as well show our faith by shutting out the light of day as by shutting out the light that has been shed on the causes and treatment of disease by patient investigation. It is deplorable that human life should be sacrificed to a notion which is no more Christian than it is scientific. Faith in an overruling Providence is not weakened but strengthened by the knowledge that Providence works by fixed and intelligible laws, not by fits and starts.

THE THIEVES' TEXT-BOOK.

Remarkable Book by a French Criminal, in Which He Describes the Fine Art of Burglars.

There has come into the hands of the Parisian police a copy of a book bearing the title, "Manuel du parfait voleur dans les environs de Paris" (literally, "Manual of the perfect thief in the environs of Paris). This interesting work was written by the chief of a gang of burglars, and is intensely practical. It treats of the most successful and approved ways of "cracking" country houses.

The introduction contains this statement: "The environs of Paris are divided into four sections, each of which is controlled by a band of burglars having its own center of operations and never passing beyond the boundaries allotted to it, as in that case it would seriously interfere with the work of the band operating in the neighboring section." The "Manual" explains how each band procures detailed information regarding the villas which it has marked for pillage. Some local real estate agent is visited by one of the burglars in the guise of a man seeking a desirable house for his family. Several chapters describe the best methods of disposing of stolen goods and how to prepare them so as to prevent their identification.

The author of the book, though long suspected, had been able to elude the police for many years, but soon after a copy of his work came into their possession he himself was taken red-handed. He gave the police much useful information, however, which resulted in the incarceration of many of his comrades, and so escaped with a light sentence, though on his release it is likely that unless he emigrates his career will be cut short by a knife or revolver in the hands of some of his former associates. He is a man of excellent family, received a fine education and once served in the French army.

BICYCLE AS FAST AS A TRAIN.

At Last We Have An Electric "Safety," With Its Own Motor, Driving It Over 30 Miles an Hour.

The electric bicycle is among the probabilities. An inventor has fashioned one and claims for it a speed of thirty miles an hour. A wheelman is very skilful who can cover seventeen miles an hour over an ordinary road. The petroleum bicycle had a trial in the road races for motor vehicles in France, but it was never in the race.

The electrical bicycle weighs about sixty-four pounds. The motor is directly under the seat. The battery-box is the cumbersome feature. It rests on a small arm, which stands out from the frame, directly over the rear wheel. The box is about thirty-six inches long and seven in depth. From the battery run two wires to the motor. A narrow leather belt connects the motor with the rear axle. Wires from the motor run along the upper bar of the frame to a graduating switch, near the handlebar. A lamp, throwing a reflection twenty feet, is connected with the motor, the electricity serving the twofold purpose of light and power.

The inventor is not sure but that over thirty miles an hour can be made over a good road. This speed would be accompanied by great danger, of course, should the rider fall off.

The inventor says that he borrowed a friend's safety, fitted the invention to it, and asked the owner to give it a trial. The wheel was tried on the boulevard one morning at daybreak. The result was astonishing. The inventor says the speed did not exceed twenty miles an hour. The man who rode the wheel is willing to swear that it was nearer two hundred miles. He didn't want to try it again. The inventor purchased the machine from him and has since improved it.