

## IN THE DAYS OF THE PRETENDER.

### The Romance of a Manchester Merchant's Estate.

#### A MILLIONAIRE POLICEMAN'S ROMANCE.

Robert Robson, late of the Durham county police force, now of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has unexpectedly come into a fortune of \$2,500,000, and has in consequence found out not only that he has countless more relations than he ever heard of, but that also three, if not four, ladies severally claim him as their rightful husband. His story is a strange one in every respect. It is a record of war, misfortune, love, murder and mystery. The story runs thus: "My great-grandfather was possessed of considerable means, and owned a goodly territory in the county. He had two sons, one of whom, the eldest, was my grandfather. The estate of the family was lost when the Earl of Derwentwater was executed, as my kinsman had supported with men and money the claims of the Pretender. The forces, however, were defeated at 'Proud Preston,' when General Forster ingloriously betrayed him. After the estates were forfeited my great grandfather died, and my grandfather took to farming with the money he had left. His younger brother fell in love with an heiress belonging to Corbridge, whom he married. They went to Manchester, where he commenced the business of wine and spirit merchant on a large scale. His first wife dying, he married another rich lady, and they retired into private life. This wife died also without issue. They had in their employment two female servants and one male servant. Some time after the second wife's death his house was found to be shut up for a fortnight or three weeks; but little notice was taken of this, as it was thought the proprietor might be from home. Afterwards, suspicion being aroused, the doors of the house were broken in; a search through the premises was made, and the body of my grandfather's brother was found lying in the cellar. He had been most foully murdered. His gold watch had been taken away, and the house had been completely ransacked. Where the three servants went to it was not ascertained, but they were never heard of more. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of "wilful murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned. It was never found out who committed the crime. The estate was thrown into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and after that it was put into Chancery, where it has remained ever since. That is the history of the case so far. Regarding myself, I was born and bred at Corbridge. I was born on the 22nd of May, 1810, and will consequently be 72 on my next birthday. My father was head woodman to Mr. Henry Bacon Grey, of Styford, and we afterwards shifted from there to a place called Staward-le-Peel. I have travelled in India and in many other foreign places, and was for 6 years in the employment of Mr. Hume, the Radical Scotch member of Parliament. When I returned to England in 1841, I joined the Durham police force under Major Winn, and I was promoted to Sergeant, and afterwards to Superintendent. I shortly after this left the force. The service at that time was called the Sir Robert Peel Force. I was then 5 feet 11½ in height. I often heard my father say money would come to the family, but had no idea that I would be the recipient. It is only about eleven months since I first heard of the money position. And now I will tell you about the estate in Chancery. I was coming over the High Level Bridge with a bundle of willows under my arm, when I was accosted by a gentleman. I did not know him, but he knew me. He asked me if they called me Robson. I told him yes; and I then learned that his real name was Rear. We adjourned to the inn at the Newcastle end of the bridge, and while there he asked me if I ever had any relatives at Stamfordham, and I said I had. He then told me about the estate in Chancery. I was astonished. For a time indeed, I thought the man was demented; but he laid the case down so clearly that I saw there was a great deal in it. I knew where my great grandfather's register was, and I found soon after that I was the only and rightful heir. These are the whole of the facts of the case." He states that judgment as to his rightful claim on the estate has been pronounced in his favor, and that the ceremony of the 21st March next is merely that of transferring the estate from the Court of Chancery to himself; when that is done he will sell out. He will convert the houses and land into money, and will afterwards carry out the scheme of philanthropy he appears to have formed.

The occupation of dressmaking is by no means so innocuous as is generally supposed. A dressmaker just admitted into the Leeds dispensary, in England, was found to have a distinct blue line on her gums, with simultaneous symptoms such as a furred tongue, inflammation of the lips and general debility—all signs pointing to the probability of poisoning by lead. The doctor in attendance on her for some time failed to discover the source, and was beginning to think the blue line had been caused in some other way, when he accidentally learned from a merchant that silken thread, being sold by weight and not by length, is sometimes adulterated with sugar of lead. He then questioned the patient, and she informed him that it had been a common practice with her, when at work, to hold silk as well as other kinds of thread in her mouth, and that she had done this the more readily with silk, inasmuch as it often had a sweet taste. This characteristic is a sure indication of the presence of lead, and all thread used it should either be rejected or used with caution. It will be found that the silk thread of the best makers is tasteless, whereas some inferior threads are sweet.

A rural subscriber wants to know if it makes any difference in the lashingness of fence-posts whether you get them "top end up" or the same way the tree grow, or "top-end down." Not a bit. A fence post will last just as long set top end up or top end down. In setting a hen, however, there is a vital importance in this distinction which the careful poultreer will do wisely to observe.

## "THE LORD OF FIRE."

### How the Brains of a Spectator were Blown Out by the Cannon of an Acrobat.

A frightful accident took place on the 27th ult. at the Oxford Theatre of Varieties, New Road. A Chinaman named Ling Look, who is described as "The Lord of Fire, Cannon and Sword," had almost closed his performance, his final feat being to balance a cannon on a sword which he holds in his mouth. In this position, says the London Telegraph, the cannon, which is a yard long, with a three-inch bore, is fired, of course only having a small charge. At night he requested the audience in the gallery to be seated prior to getting his gun into position, and the Chinaman further explained his request. The Chinaman then placed the point of his sword in a hole in the cannon, and passed it down his throat, so that the cannon rested across his face. His wife, who takes part in the entertainment, then applied a red-hot iron to the touch-hole. The report followed. Just at that moment a lad of 15, named Smythe, who was sitting on the front row of the left side of the gallery, unfortunately projected his head, and was struck with a large pellet of paper which had been in some inexplicable manner placed in the cannon. The pellet was about the size of a small orange. This completely scattered the poor lad's brains in all directions. The scene in the hall was most horrible. The blood bespattered a number of people sitting around the lad, and a scene of confusion followed. Shouts were heard to proceed from the gallery and some cries of "Fire!" and a rush was made to the doors, fully half the audience leaving. At one time it looked as if a panic would occur with serious results. The Chairman, with either great presence of mind or perhaps not knowing the extent of the disaster, announced the next artist, and this to some degree restored something approaching order. Before any appearance could be made, however, an intimation as to the nature of the occurrence was conveyed to the Chairman, and he promptly closed the performance. Medical aid was at once procured, but it was of no avail, the poor lad having been instantaneously killed. The scene in the hall, as described by those present, was one of the most horrible characters. Blood ran over the side of the gallery, and the scene was ghastly in the extreme. Screams followed the shot, which it was at first thought were the result of timidity, but on the mangled head of the lad being seen panic for a time held its sway. In the rush out of the hall several were bruised, but not seriously. The poor lad's remains were taken to the mortuary at the town hall, where they await an inquest. Ling Look has been apprehended, and will be brought before the magistrates. It is stated that he was carefully explicit in asking his audience to keep their heads low and out of the line of fire. The pellet is stated to have a compact ball of paper almost as hard as wood. Ling Look, on being apprehended, he not being able to speak English, wrote that he did not cause the death of the lad, meaning, no doubt, that he did not do so wilfully. It is not thought that Ling Look knew of the pellet being in the cannon.

## COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

### Confession of a Cruel Deed—A Strolling Player Implicated.

An Oswego despatch says: Jasper Newport has confessed the murder of Hall, clearing his brother Richard and implicating a colored man named Williams, a strolling banjo player. The following is Jasper Newport's statement of the horrible crime: "Samuel Williams came here last week, on Thursday night. He slept with Jasper Newport, and after they had retired proposed that they murder Hall for his money. Newport objected, but after some considerable urging consented. The next night Williams played and sang in the saloons and hotels until about 7 o'clock, and then ran about two miles to meet Newport, as agreed upon before. They went to the saloon, entered, and said, 'Good evening, Mr. Hall.' He replied pleasantly. He was engaged in washing his hands, with his back toward them and bent over. Williams struck him one blow. He fell and expired with only a gasp. Newport then searched his pockets and secured what money they contained. They made a hurried search for his satchel, which they could not find. Williams then tipped over a kerosene lamp and set the place on fire. As they were going out the club and slipper lay in the way of Newport. He gave them a kick which sent them on the ice. These, together with his mittens, which he pulled off as he entered, left the tell-tale marks that have served to clear up the horrible affair. As they went out Williams looked the doors and started. After they had left the building Williams noticed he still had the key in his hand, and exclaiming, 'Hi—I don't want this,' threw it on the ice. They then went to the carriage and drove here. So quick was it all done that some were willing to swear that Williams had not been gone at all. Newport informed Sheriff Glen where he had concealed his part of the money at Sentell's, and the Sheriff now has it. Williams was arrested in Auburn on Saturday with a large sum of money in his possession. The Sheriff will not say how much money he has recovered or what they secured."

## LINCOLN'S WIDOW.

### Suffering from Disease and Poverty.

A despatch from Washington says: In presenting the Bill for arrears of pension to Mrs. Lincoln, Logan read a letter from the surgeons attending the lady, showing her to be a sufferer from spinal and other troubles and from cataracts on both eyes. He had statements from persons who knew the lady well that her income was insufficient to pay for the necessary medical and nurse attendance which her comparative helpless condition required. Logan introduced his Bill in the Senate. His object is to pay Mrs. Abraham Lincoln arrears of pension for the five years intervening between the death of her husband and the passage of the Act granting her pension estimated amount \$15,000. It was referred to Pensions Committee.

The best English judges of tea prefer the Indian to the Chinese article. The way of serving green tea clear, with lump sugar and slices of lemon, has lately become fashionable among ladies.

## Latest Fashion Gossip.

After all, it does not matter so much what women wear. The modern man in his dress coat or convenient business suit is quite as capable of inspiring intense passion in women as did his ancestor in doublet and hose rivaling the rainbow in splendor. The woman who dresses in simple black and white will be loved quite as ardently as if her dresses were made in Paris and fashioned by Worth.

"Harper's Bazar" says that the Greek corsage is much in vogue just now. This is an ordinary corsage cut heart shape, with a plaited drapery of the material of the dress fastened into the left shoulder seam and under the left arm. This drapery is arranged in various ways, being crossed in front, carried behind, or fastened at the bottom of the back by an artistically wrought metal clasp. Made of light, pliant wool stuffs, such as nuns' veiling, the effect is charming.

The funereal absence of color in the presumably merry conditions of a marriage feast are evidently set aside in England at the present moment with some degree of rudeness. At a recent wedding, it is recorded that the bridesmaids were clad in red plush, mingled with sursah of the same shade and trimmed around the edge of the skirt with bands of brown fur. Every detail of toilette, bonnets, muffs and stockings were of the same shade as the dress. The only relief to this unwonted mass of flaming color was found in the bunch of tea-roses worn on the left shoulder of each fair damsel, together with the brown fur.

## Royal Beauties and their Troubles.

Queen Marguerite of Italy seems to be greatly beloved by the Neapolitans. They call her "the Marguerite of Marguerites." Recently when she entered Naples every window and doorway was adorned with her favorite flower—indeed, the whole city looked like a great bouquet of daisies. From Naples she went by water to one of the Mediterranean ports. On going on board ship she found that every one, from the Admiral commanding down to the common sailors, wore a boutonniere of marguerites, a delicate attention which greatly pleased the Queen. Her son, the heir apparent of Italy, bears as one of his titles that of "Prince of Naples." When he was born that city presented the Queen with an exquisite cradle made of pale pink coral filled with the snowy petals of her own delicate flower. Queen Marguerite has lost much of the bright charms of the Empress Eugenie. She has grown a little stout, and her sad expression and a frequently-noticed redness of the eyelids give emphasis to the rumor that she often weeps. All the royal beauties of Europe have had trouble. Eugenie, the Princess of Wales, and her pale, frightened sister, the "white dove" of the Russians, all know what sorrow is, and Queen Isabella, one of the ugliest women in Europe, has not had a very happy life. It is said that she left Madrid in tears last month, when State reasons forbade Alfonso to ask her to extend the visit of ceremony she is allowed to make in her native land once a year.

## Cromwell's Head.

It is not generally known that the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell is extant. Some few years since, at any rate, it was said to be in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, of Sevenoaks, Kent. It was then in good preservation, and its phenological aspect presented several striking peculiarities. Thus the length, from the forehead to the back of the head, is quite extraordinary—far greater than in ordinary men. The forehead, or frontal portion, is low, but very broad, the orbits of the eyes are very large, the cheek-bones and the bridge of the nose are high, and the lower jaw-bone, which is ordinarily curved, is short, straight and forming a right angle with its point of insertion. The head is one indicating a brain (which is but the instrument of the mind) of great activity and great capacity, corresponding with the remark of Cromwell's secretary, who said that "it was at once a shop and a storehouse." From its being embalmed such flesh as remains on it is of the consistency of hard brown leather. The eyebrows met in the middle, and between them was a small wart—now worn away—one of those which Cromwell when sitting for his portrait ordered the painter on no account to omit representing, as his duty was not to flatter in any way, but paint what he saw exactly. In life his complexion was fresh, and of the hue known as "salmon colored." The hair, which was of a fairish or redish tinge, has mostly been cut off, and the beard is now stained brown by the embalming fluid and drawn under the chin, where, when the head was exposed on the top of Westminster Hall, it was tied close to the spear head which had been run through and mounted on it. Several teeth remain and the eyelids, but the brain was removed during the embalming process.—Dublin Times.

## An Amazonian Chorister.

One of the petty chorus singers of an opera company hastily entered a Louisville police court with some of her stage costume not yet exchanged for ordinary garments. The manager had struck her, she said, and she showed a red spot on her face as a proof of the assault. He had accused her of singing badly at the matinee, and she replied, "You are a liar." Then came the blow. "I looked at him for a moment," she added, "considering whether I should take him into my hands and wool him or seek redress elsewhere. He is not bigger than a jumping-jack, and I know I could handle him." She wished to get authority under which she could lawfully return to the theatre and thrash her assailant; but that being denied, she accepted a warrant for his arrest.

We saw an opera hat at the opera in New York which measured three feet in width and two feet in height. The body was flaming red, and it had a yellow ostrich plume, with graceful curve encircling the whole. Men and women gazed and were amazed. The wearer found her Nemesis right in front of her. It was another hat of almost equal dimensions to her own.—Cincinnati Opera Festival Courier.

The United States in 1881 consumed three times as much canned salmon as they did in 1880.

## ITALY AND THE POPE.

### Who Will be Master of Rome?—Some One Must Go.

A very remarkable manifesto respecting the relations between Italy and the Pope was published in Rome about a fortnight ago. It was so bold and clear in its statements, and carried with it such an air of authority, that it was at once attributed to the Pope himself. This has not been officially denied nor confirmed, but a better opinion is that the manifesto was written or inspired by Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State. A translation of the manifesto made in Rome for the Catholic Review of New York was published to-day. The kernel of the whole document, which is drawn up with great skill and is beyond question one of the most important State papers of modern times, is to be found in the following sentences: "Italy will soon be obliged to give back to the Pope his sceptre, to look out for another city where to fix her capital, to leave the Pope master of Rome, and to come to an understanding with the Holy See. She will be forced to do so by reasons of State, by public conscience, by European pressure, by the uneasiness and discontent of the population, and by the instinct of self-preservation. Thus reconciliation between the Pope and Italy will take place, without any hurt, without any foreign armies, without any kind of violence. Italy will by-and-by draw back, and leave the Pontiff the free and independent ruler of 200,000,000 of consciences, and will realize, to the great advantage of the Italian nation, a sovereign Pope in independent Italy. Let Italy be reconciled with the Pope, and the Pope free in Italy shall be the strongest guarantee of our independence."

The manifesto has produced a powerful effect at Rome, and at all the European courts.

### A Hint to Business Men.

While active, energetic business men are not as likely to be affected by disease as others who have little to occupy their mind, and also throw off disorders with greater readiness, they are not altogether freed from even the most trivial diseases. We remember one friend who although he had reached the years of perfect manhood, was confined to his house with the measles, and another scarcely younger who uniformly blushed as he was compelled to confess that the cough which troubled him so much was nothing more nor less than the whooping cough. A business man like this is W. B. Munro, Brookfield, N. S., and his disease was a serious one. For years he had a very troublesome cough which he feared would end in consumption. He got a bottle of Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balm for trial, found it was doing good, continued the use and was cured perfectly. This wise action saved health, time, money and perhaps his life.

### Keep a Bottle of Lime Water.

If good milk disagrees with a child or grown person, lime water at the rate of three or four table-spoonfuls to the pint, mixed with the milk or taken after it, will usually help digestion and prevent flatulence. Lime water is a simple antacid, and is a little tonic. It often counteracts pain from acid fruits, and "wind in the stomach," and from acids produced by eating candies or other sweets; also "stomach ache" (indigestion), over-eating of any kind. A table-spoonful for a child of 2 years old, to a gill or more for an adult, is an ordinary dose, while considerably more will produce no serious injury. A pint of cold water dissolves less than ten grains of lime, and warm water still less. Pure lime water, even though pretty closely corked, soon deteriorates by carbonic acid in the air, which unites with the lime and settles as an insoluble carbonate. To have it always ready or good, and at no cost, put into a tall pint or quart bottle, of any kind, a gill or so of good lime just slacked with water. Then fill the bottle nearly full of rain or other pure water, and let it stand quietly, corking well. The lime will settle, leaving clear lime water at the top. Pour off gently as wanted, adding more water as needed. Some carbonic acid will enter, but the carbonate will settle, often upon the sides of the bottle, and freshly saturated water remain. The lime should be removed and a new supply put in once a year or so, unless kept very tightly corked.

### HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

Were women allowed to vote every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Sam. Ward, New York, invited a number of his friends to meet Mr. Oscar Wilde, the esthete, at dinner. The decoration of the table was very elaborate. One feature of the entertainment was a large bowl of Roman punch representing a lake, in which floated a number of water-lilies. The centerpiece was of lilies of the valley bordered with callas, and the boutonnières were lilies of the valley.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."

Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, will give \$1,000 for a portrait of La Salle, the Canadian explorer, which shall be exhibited at the rooms of the local Historical Society. Photographs of authentic pictures of La Salle have been sent for to France.

If we can benefit the readers of this paper any by recommending Dr. Wilson's Anti-bilious and Preserving Pills to be the best anti-bilious medicine in the country, we are willing to do so. We have had as good a chance to know as any one.

The Washington papers contain sensational articles reflecting on the character of the late Russian Minister, M. Bartholome. Both he and his wife are accused of flagrant violation of good taste and manners. Deacon Smith buys Carboline, the deodorized petroleum hair renewer and restorer, and since its improvement, recommends it to all his friends as the perfection of all hair preparations. This shows that the Deacon is a wise man and knows what is what.

## SMALLPOX.

### The Disease Extending in Illinois—Small-pox Scabs Sent by Letter—A Malignant Case.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 15.—Smallpox is steadily extending southward, following the lines of travel. At Bird Station, Lawrence County, business is suspended on account of the disease, and frantic appeals are made for assistance.

LYNN, Ind., Jan. 15.—A farmer here received, undated and unsigned, a letter containing two scabs and the following note: "I have sent you smallpox, go home and die." The department will make every effort to discover the fiend.

### WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal., Jan. 6, 1877.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Dear Sir,—I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alterative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them.  
J. A. MILLER, M. D.

### Dr. Robertson Smith's Election.

No objections having been made, at a meeting of the Kirk-Session of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, held against the election of Rev. William Robertson Smith and the other members of the congregation recently chosen as elders or deacons, these gentlemen were formally ordained on Sunday at the close of the forenoon service. In putting to them the usual questions appointed by Act of Assembly, 1846, Dr. Walter Smith took occasion to explain that the adherence of the office-bearers to these questions was in so far as they agreed with Holy Scriptures, because the supreme rule of faith with them, as with all Protestant Churches, was not any confessional creed, but the Scripture itself. These confessions were subordinate standards, and were simply received in as far as they agreed with the Holy Scripture.

### A Righteous Man's Heist.

Now-a-days there are some who will judge of a man's character by his walk, voice, eye, chin, hair, nose, hand-writing or any characteristic, no matter what it may be. Long ago, a wiser man than our modern judges gave a better test, that of his treatment of the dumb animals under his care. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Thus, if a man is accustomed to drive stiff-jointed, raw-backed, or sore-shouldered or sprung-kneed horses, it may be taken for granted that he is not one whom Solomon would call a righteous man. There is little necessity of having horses with such diseases as these since Dr. Dow's Sturgeon Oil Liniment has been placed upon the market, for it is a radical cure for them, and is within the reach of every man who reads this, and many more.

SIR JOHN HOLKER, whom the cable announces as succeeding Lord Justice Lush, was called to the bar in 1854, and was made Queen's Counsel in 1868. In 1874, on the formation of Disraeli's second administration, he was made Solicitor-General, and in 1875 Attorney-General, which office he held to its close. He is 53, and, like Lord Chancellor St. Leonards, Chief Baron Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and other eminent English judges, married his servant maid, Miss Judy McHugh. This is the second high office which Lord Chancellor Selbourne has conferred on members of the Opposition party.

In calling attention of Physicians and the public to Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya, a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic, it is well to state that it has been in use in private practice for more than fifteen years, in the treatment of those old lingering complaints known as Chronic Wasting Diseases, with the most satisfactory results. It meets all the indications we have to treat in every form of debility; and owing to its extraordinary action as an excitant of nutrition and in augmenting nerve power it will be found to cure and benefit a larger proportion of cases than any combination hitherto invented.


An eminent English artist, following the fashion of certain owners of literary drawing-rooms, who litter them with illuminated Chinese manuscripts, exhibited his latest acquisition to a number of nabobs. They either laughed or scowled, for the manuscript was a collection of anecdotes, which were very highly colored!

FOR THE EYE.—We know of no medicine that has become so popular in so short a time as the Golden Eye Salve, for inflammation, granulation of the lids or dimness of sight.

Longfellow has received an invitation to enjoy a holiday in Portland on his next birthday, which will be on February 27th. By the way, Longfellow was born in Portland, Me., nearly seventy-five years ago, and it is not generally known that for a few months he studied law. All the rumors about his health are enormously exaggerated. He is enjoying himself among his flowers.

For children troubled with worms we would recommend Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy, being easy to administer, sure to expel worms and perfectly safe to use.

## MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE



It is a sure, prompt and Effectual remedy for Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhea, Seminal Weakness and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative organs. The experience of thousands proves it an Invaluable Remedy. The medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two weeks' medication, and is the cheapest and best.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by druggists at 50¢ per box, or 12 boxes for \$5 or will be mailed free of postage on receipt of the money, by addressing

Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., Canada.

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