

FROM OVER THE WATER.

The Current Gossip of the Great Metropolis.

Despite the official mourning of London marriage bells will ring loud and frequent before the end of the season. The most important is the marriage of Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, with Edgar Vincent.

The Queen is reported to be ill with lumbago, at Darmstadt. Her parting message of thanks to the people for sympathy in the Duke of Albany's death pleased everybody with its womanliness.

A curious incident happened in connection with the Duke of Albany's funeral. The officer commanding the detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders found that his men were unable to carry the body from the Windsor Railway station.

The celebration of the Edinburgh tercentenary has filled several days with an elaborate programme of speeches, dinners, balls, academic ceremonies and every kind of attraction for men of the first scientific and literary celebrity from every quarter of Europe.

A minister has declared that the association for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister is casting its deluded victims body and soul into perdition; and an Orange orator announces that Mr. Gladstone's highest ambition is to be the first President of a British republic.

The Duke of Marlborough, refused admission to the Carlton, the chief Tory resort, is taking his revenge by supporting his uncle, a Liberal, for the seat at Woodstock which the vivacious Rany is leaving for his chances at Birmingham.

A London cablegram says: Mr. Gladstone continues to improve in health, strength and spirits. He is driving and walking daily in spite of the bitter east wind which keeps Mr. Bright in doors.

A Devonshire agricultural laborer has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for running away with the wife and some of the property of his uncle.

The stage-drivers of London work sixteen hours a day.

THE REAL OLD TARANTULA.

Amputation Made Necessary by the Poison of the Giant Spider.

A New York telegram says: A consultation was held to-day by Dr. Turner, of No. 7 Broadway, and two of his colleagues at the Stevens House, to examine the hand, arm and leg of Captain John Kerr, of London, England, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, who was stung by a tarantula, or giant spider, while asleep at the Europa Hotel, in Havana, five weeks ago.

The weather of the immediate future is now the absorbing topic. According to a reliable meteorologist, the interruptions to the march of temperature from this time to the second week of May are due to the changes of atmospheric pressure produced by increased sun heat within the Arctic Circle.

"A man can't help what has been done behind his back," was the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

THE OLD STORY.

Suicide of a Mysterious Countess who had a Passion for Gambling.

A last (Sunday) night's Paris cablegram says: Monaco was a ghastly sensation which promises to make it a rival of Monte Carlo as a theatre for sensational suicides of ruined gamblers.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

Inquest on the Bodies of Victims—The Judge's Charge to the Grand Jury.

A Cincinnati despatch says: Coroner Muscroft has begun an inquest on the victims of the late riot, and has selected thirteen of the dead, intending to let the examination of these cases cover the entire number.

A TRAPPER'S GOOD LUCK.

His Indian Friends Tell Him a Secret that Brings Him a Fortune.

A St. Paul (Minn.) despatch says: Oliver Daunais, who lives at Prince Arthur's Landing, is in St. Paul. He arranged for the sale of four mining locations, 160 acres each, at the Rabbit Mountain Mines, two of them to a syndicate for \$200,000, and the other to Chicago and Milwaukee capitalists for a like amount.

A Queer Find.

A Danville, Pa., despatch says: Employees of the Montour Iron & Steel Company, while digging sand near the State Insane Hospital, unearthed two large Indian skeletons, also eleven small bells, one Indian buckle with pin attached, and one clay pipe over two inches in diameter, with stem three inches long.

The Paris city authorities have just approved of a new educational catechism for use in schools. It is called a "Manual d'Enseignement Laique": "What is God?" inquires the teacher. "What is nothing about Him," replies the pupil.

Mrs. Hamersley, the widow of Lewis C. Hamersley, the New York millionaire, is Mgr. Capel's first very wealthy convert in the United States.

LEARNING OFF THE CHICKENS.

Extraordinary Cure for Dyspepsia Adopted by a New Yorker.

A New York man dined at fancy restaurants so long that he contracted dyspepsia. He tried various remedies for it without avail, and consulted several high-priced doctors with not the slightest benefit.

McCOSH ON BEECHER.

He Does Not Believe in the Latter's Theology, if He has Any.

A Louisville, Ky., telegram says: In the course of an interview to-day President McCosh, of Princeton College, was addressed as follows:

"Henry Ward Beecher claims that you are a believer in the theory of evolution as connected with religion. Is that true, Doctor?"

"It is true and it is not true," he replied, with quaint emphasis. "I believe in the physical theory of evolution, certainly—in the growth of the oak from the acorn and the law of heredity in the generation of the human race. I believe that the fittest will survive, as Herbert Spencer affirms.

A FALSE ALARM.

No Fears of an Indian Revolt.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Saturday morning's Free Press contains the following telegram: "Batleford, N.W.T., April 18.—Telegraphic communication has been interrupted between this place and the next eastern office during the past two days owing to the wire being grounded.

Discredited Hangmen.

Bings, the English hangman, is a subject of Parliamentary talk and it is proposed to turn him out of his place. It may be a satisfaction to him to know that Jack Ketch, the greatest of hangmen, was similarly ejected. Luttrell says in his diary, Jan. 20th, 1686: "Jack Ketch, the hangman, for affronting the sheriffs of London, was committed to Bridewell and is turned out of his place and one Rose, a butcher, put in."

Foot-hardy Feet.

Thres Soothman—Dr. Watson, Mr. John MacLaren, and Mr. Robert Mackenzie—were walking over the Reichs Bridge, which spans the Danube, in Vienna, at a height of seventy feet, on March 29th, when the two younger men teased Dr. Watson, saying that his courage would fail him had he to jump from the bridge into the river.

Extent of North Country Estates.

The Secretary of the Financial Reform Association, and editor of the Financial Reformer, speaking at a meeting in Aberdeen recently, said the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland owned between them 2,125 square miles of land in Scotland alone, and the Duke of Richmond held no fewer than 448 square miles of land.

A national rose show is to be held at Salisbury, in England, this year, in the extensive and charming grounds of the Bishop's palace.

MASONRY AND THE CHURCH.

The Vatican's Denunciation of Secret Societies—The Action Advised.

A Rome correspondent telegraphs the following: In an encyclical letter of the Pope, which will be published next week, Leo XIII. lays special stress upon Freemasonry and the means to be employed to defend the "City of God" against "The City of Satan."

The Pope thus prescribes to bishops their duties: First, by pastoral letters unmask secret societies and make people abhor them; second, extend Christian education; third, agriculturists and workmen to organize Catholic associations and conferences of St. Vincent de Paul; fourth, watch schools and exhort youth never to become members of any society without first consulting their priests.

This encyclical will not be published here before next week. The Oservatore Romano will give extracts on Saturday.

Suggestions to Wives.

Do remember that you are married to a man and not to god; be prepared for imperfections.

Do anticipate the discovery by your husband that you are "only a woman;" if you were not he would not care about you.

Do, once in a while, let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Do be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but do try; reasonable women are rare—be rare.

Do remember that servants are made of the same material as you are; a little coarser-grained, perhaps, but the same in essentials.

Do try and forget yourself; as for your husband, forget that you married him, and remember that he married you; he will then probably do the reverse.

Do let him read the newspaper at breakfast table; it is unsozial, but then it's only a trifle after all, and he likes it.

Do let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you will be none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

Do remember that the interest of life is not centered in your home circle; do familiarize yourself in outside events.

Do read something in the papers besides fashion notes and society columns; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign countries.

Do be a companion to your husband if he is a wise man; and if he is not, try to make him become your companion; raise his standard, do not let him lower yours.

Do respect your husband's prejudices; do respect his relations, especially his mother; she is not the less his mother because she is your mother-in-law; she loved him before you did.—"What to Do."

Christian Agnosticism.

The title at the head of this article may appear to some a contradiction in terms. But it is not really so. And no religious man need shrink from saying: "I am a Christian agnostic. I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'O the depth of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and unscrutable his ways!'"

A Wrinkle in Advertising.

They are learning how to advertise in Paris. A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter. A fashionably dressed young man walked into a well-known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.—Locke.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A Bed-Ridden Invalid Cured Through Faith.

A Portland, Me., despatch says: Mrs. Henry Moore, of this city, is a little past 51 years of age, and a member of the First Baptist Church. She had a shock of paralysis in 1874, again in 1882, and in February, 1884. She says that in January a council of physicians declared that she could not be cured. Now she is well. In regard to the cure she says:

"On the 12th of March, somewhere about 10 o'clock a.m., I was thinking of the goodness of Jesus and of His power to heal when He was upon earth, and prayed earnestly that I might be wholly consecrated to Him, whatever His will to me might be, when all of a sudden something came over me of extreme beauty. It seemed to me as if I was not here. It seemed as though I was in the very presence of my Master. I was not asleep. I was awake. I was all alone. It lasted about an hour. I cannot describe it. When I came out of it I felt satisfied that I should be made perfectly whole.

This lady has abandoned all medicines, and trusts only in the power of Jesus Christ. On Sunday she attended the First Baptist Church in this city, it being the first time she had attended church in nearly ten years. Two weeks before she sat up only long enough to have her bed made. She has since made a visit to Boston.

Everybody's Boy.

My son, drop that dime novel or flash paper and let's have a little chat.

Yes, Indian and detective stories are thrilling, but don't go too fast. The chances are that you will never see a live Indian outside of a circus or a street parade, and as for killing 'em, don't.

No doubt you could strap a bowie-knife and revolver around your waist, and take a loaf of bread under one arm and the pamphlet life of Buffalo Bill under the other, and go west and slay Indians by the cord, but don't think of it.

An Indian has feelings, the same as a white man, and as few of them have laid by any bonds or mortgages, or invested to any great extent in life insurance, you must realize that the widows and orphans of your victims would be left in a sad plight.

As for detective stories, go and talk with a real detective or a county sheriff. Ask 'em about "Old Sleuth's" disguises and exploits and megic luck and then listen carefully while they tell you what a fool you are making of yourself by grinding the end of your nose against pages of such trashy fiction. We want you to read, but for the land's sake look about for something different! There are good boy-books, your father takes the daily papers, and if you should read a page or two of history now and then you wouldn't waste your time.

That crowd of New York publishers who are flooding the country with flash papers and dime novels are your worst enemies. No matter to them whether you grow up a respectable man or a murderer so long as they get your money. Their stories are the basest lies, too silly even for a boy 10 years old to believe.

Now, then, look about you and see how many men in our stores and factories and offices and upon the streets are getting gray and wrinkled and old. Twenty years from now not one in ten of us whom you see in business to-day will be able to put our shoulders to the wheel. Even a decade will retire tens of thousands. What then! Why, my son, this is a world which knows no stop. This is a life which knows no rest until old age compels it.

When the men of to-day are laid up in dry-dock the boys of to-day will be the fresh set of hands called on deck to work the ship. They will be the merchants, farmers, manufacturers and professional men of the future. You will have to bear the burdens and anxieties of keeping this country on the track of peace and prosperity, and your voices will sound from the halls of Congress and your pens write words to burn in the memory of future generations.

Come, now, begin right. Don't get into your head that an Indian-killer is about four pegs above a State Senator. Don't imagine that a detective wouldn't trade places with a lawyer very quickly if he had his say about it. Don't you believe that an embezzler, burglar or murderer is a hero, and that men admire him. Drop your novels and flash papers as a starter. The boy who feeds on such trash gets false impressions of the world, and is more certain to bring up in State Prison than in respectable employment. If you have a pistol fling it aside. The man who carries one about the streets is a coward, and men mark him as such. If you have a bowie-knife on hand turn it over to your mother for a meat or bread knife. If you have a sand club lying around loose shy it into the ditch before anybody finds out how empty your head has been. That pair of brass-knuckles can be tossed into the river. "Old Sleuth" and "Buffalo Bill" will make a good bonfire, and then you are ready to begin life and to ask yourself what trade or profession shall be yours when done in the school.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Wealthy Men's Recipes for Getting Wealthy.

Commodore Vanderbilt's recipe for making millions with certainty and celebrity was never to sign a note; William E. Dodge would not hold any pecuniary interest in an enterprise that was at all active on Sunday, and he firmly believed that his wealth was a reward for conscientiously observing the Sabbath day; the first John Jacob Astor's voodoo charm lay in investigating nothing aside from his regular business except the real estate; and Alexander T. Stewart would have anticipated misfortune if he had broken only the smallest personal engagement.

If the size of the brain is the proof of intellectual power how is it that an elephant can't climb a tree?