

Little Dora's Soliloquy.

(St. Nicholas.) I can't see what our baby boy is good for, anyway He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;

Personal.

The Princess Louise is to sail by the Parisian on the 20th October. The King of Greece has entered Arta, in the ceded territory, amid unbounded enthusiasm.

Latest Scottish News.

Reports received in Dundee show that the Davis Straits whale fishing has this season been very unsuccessful.

The construction has lately been finished of a residence which the Queen has built for John Brown within the grounds of Balmoral.

The coal trade about Kilmarnock has considerably improved. Mines are working full time, and there is rather a scarcity of men.

Business in the linen trade of Fife keeps up a decidedly improved aspect, and an inclination to do more business at present prices is experienced.

The members of the venerable Potato and Herring Incorporation of Paisley met recently in the hotel at Rentrew kept by Miss Adam, and dined on the annual "hamely fare" of potatoes and herring.

There is likely to be a keen contest for the Rectorship of the Aberdeen University in November. It is thought that Dr. Bain will be the choice of the Liberals, and Lord Cranbrook of the Conservatives.

At the Aberdeen Circuit Court recently the jury before whom Charles Dinnie was tried for the murder of his sweetheart, Elizabeth Stott, returned a verdict to the effect that the prisoner was insane at the time the crime was committed.

During Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland about the end of October it is expected that he will address his constituents in Mid-Lothian. It is believed that he will hold three meetings—one in Edinburgh, another in Dalkeith and the third probably at West Calder.

A review of the past angling season on Lochleven, which closed on the 31st, together with a tabular statement of the various club competitions that have taken place during the season, has been published. The total number of trout caught is stated to have been 16,398, weighing 17,124 lbs., which is 2,965 fewer than in the previous season.

Women at Fifty.

It is absolutely untrue that under tolerably fair conditions, a woman is (if we may repeat that crude phrase) "played out" when she has seen forty-five. If all goes well, or even not very ill, a woman more frequently than not takes a new departure at about fifty. It is preposterous to assume that a woman of mature age is likely to be behind her growing daughters, or her growing sons, in effectiveness of intellect, in aptitude for "subjects" new or old, in general brightness and susceptibility.

It is reported that Sarah Bernhardt has agreed to create in the winter of 1892-93 the role of Jane in a tragedy called "Jane Grey," by Mlle. Simone Arnaud, author of "La Carmagnola."

The Berlin Panadok says it has good authority for stating that the Shah of Persia will arrive in Russia in April next, to greet the Czar personally. It is not settled whether he will visit other courts.

Mr. Henry Irving has received from the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, in recognition of his services to dramatic art, the decoration of the Knight-Cross of the Ducal Sax Ernestine House order.

A petition for liquidation was filed at the Dudley County Court, in England, recently, by a general dealer bearing the extraordinary name of West Angel Honorable Deptyany Mason.

One photographer in Washington keeps eight men employed constantly in printing Guitteau's photographs, and then they cannot turn them off fast enough to keep pace with the demand. Queer taste some people have!

Crown Prince Rudolph and Princess Stephanie are going to make a long stay at the Castle of Moran in the Tyrol. It is whispered that there is at present no danger of the Austrian dynasty becoming extinct.

Dr. Hawkes, formerly tutor to the Garfield boys, has been appointed Acting Assistant-Surgeon in the Army, in accordance with the request of the late President a short time before his death.

The London Standard says it understands that Lord Lorne intends to visit England on the completion of his tour, and the Princess will probably return with him in January.

Sophie Victoria, Princess of Baden and bride of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, is a tall young lady, blonde, lively, wise and accomplished. The bridegroom is tall and dark, and of a clever and kindly countenance.

No wonder the Duke of Marlborough is selling the Sunderland Library, if it be true, as Vanity Fair asserts, that he has no fewer than 5,000 acres of land on his hands. This is nearly one-quarter of his whole landed property.

THE END OF A ROMANCE.

An English Nobleman's Divorced Wife Dies—The Mate of a Sheikh.

A SECOND LADY HESTER STANHOPE

An exciting and romantic life came to a close at Damascus on the 12th of August, when the wife of the Sheikh Medj-joel, a local celebrity known to all travellers, passed away at the ripe age of 75. This Damascene lady once wore an English coronet, and came of the famous English race of Sir Kenelm Digby, a scion of which not long ago married the daughter of Mr. Grosbeck of Cincinnati.

She was the only daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Digby, and was two years older than her brother, the present Lord Digby. When a girl of 17 she married as his second wife the second Lord Ellenborough, afterwards known in English politics as "the wild elephant," who was made Earl of Ellenborough, on his return from the Governor-Generalship of India in 1844. The marriage was an unhappy one from the first.

One child was born to the ill-matched pair—a son—who died when but 2 years old, in 1830. In that same year London society was electrified by the elopement of Lady Ellenborough with Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, then a handsome and dashing young Austrian diplomat, who twenty years afterwards proved himself to be both a soldier and a statesman, and rescued the House of Hapsburg from the revolutionary abyss of 1848.

AFRAID OF HIS OWN SHADOW.

Guitteau Realizes "That the Way of Transgressors is Hard."

A Washington letter says Guitteau's fear becomes daily more and more abject. He starts at the least sound, even that of the guard, and is ever imagining a crowd watching their chance to break into the prison. The other day during the afternoon his cell door was opened so that he was at liberty to exercise in the corridor, and four or five times he came out, but he evidently was not in a condition of mind to exercise, and spent but a few moments at a time in the corridor.

As Guitteau's defence will probably be insanity, the Washington District-Attorney is conferring with experts. If Guitteau's counsel ask for delay, the Court will undoubtedly grant it, but the District-Attorney believes that no longer than a week will be granted.

Killing Himself Thinking He was Guitteau.

Dr. Hayes, of Clifton street, was this morning summoned to attend J. E. Mylecraine, who had attempted to kill himself while suffering from delirium, the result of a long and continuous debauch.

Mylecraine boards at 40 South Francis street and is a painter and frescoer by occupation. He is about 42 years of age, is single and for a long time past has been grossly intemperate. His continued drinking had brought on a severe attack of mania a potu, this morning he labored under the hallucination that he was Guitteau, the murderer of the late President.

As he had concluded that he could not be hanged, but was anxious that justice should not be defrauded of her due, he decided to take the matter into his own hands. So, having brought his razor to a fine edge, he slashed into his neck twice on each side, making a gash two inches long in each instance. These gashes were not very deep and it was not difficult to staunch the flow of blood.

A man who died in Nashville left directions to send his body to the Pennsylvania furnace for cremation. His wife refuses to have it done, and has placed a guard over his grave; but his two sons are determined to carry out his wish, and have begun a law suit to get possession of the remains.

THE OLD STORY.

A Beautiful Girl Supposed to Have Been Murdered.

A Rochester despatch says that on Sunday last the body of a human being was seen floating in the Erie Canal, near Albion, 21 miles from that city, by a boatman. He notified James Lewis, who pulled the body to the shore and went for Coroner Cochran, of Albion. They soon discovered that the corpse, which was that of a beautiful girl 20 years of age, had been wounded, as there were several severe cuts about the head and over the left eye.

The clothing was terribly disarranged. The dress was put on back side before, the stockings were only partially pulled on, both garters were upon one limb, and a long heavy twine was attached to the other. In the pocket of the dress were two letters, which established the girl's identity and fastened the crime of her probable murder upon a young man named Fred Hopkins. The letters were addressed to James Wright and Sarah Wright respectively, the father and mother of deceased, whose name was Nellie Wright. This led the coroner to suspect foul play, and he summoned Dr. Towsley to make an autopsy.

Vanderbilt's New Home.

Vanderbilt has been criticized because he went to Europe with Herter to order all the glasswork, chandeliers, carpets, hangings, marble-work and much of the new furniture. Having made his money in America, he ought to spend it here, it has been said. The only art work done in this country for the house are the bronze railings around the house and the bronze crests around the roof.

Boil Doubtful Milk.

It is with the following words that Dr. Pichon closes his account of the epizootic of 1879-80: "Most authors are silent as to the quality of the milk yielded by cattle during the prevalence of epizootics. It is possible that experience has not yet supplied sufficient ground for its condemnation, and it is true that while a diminution of milk secretion is usually an early symptom in almost all diseases of the cow, complete suppression of that secretion accompanies any aggravation or prolongation of disease. The source of danger is thus removed to the question of natural causes, and the discussion is narrowed to the question whether milk secreted at the very onset may not have acquired hurtful properties. In this state of uncertainty, which has not been cleared up by any authority on hygiene, the precaution of boiling the milk should be adopted. Boiling destroys any infective germs that it may contain."

Large Cast Iron Wheels.

Three flywheels have been lately cast at Mr. Lyett's foundry, Wolverhampton, England, each wheel weighing 40 tons in the rim, and cast in one piece. The diameter is 26 feet; depth, 23 inches; and measure across the face, 15 inches. Each rim will have eight arms affixed, which will weigh about 25 tons, making the total weight of each wheel 65 tons.

Guitteau's mail is every day very large, and consists mostly of postal cards. Some writers condemn him to hell; others volunteer to be his counsel for the sake of the notoriety.

One Texas man sends him a bundle of switches with which to whip himself to death; a Georgia man wants to be hangman. There are pictures also. Guitteau is not aware that these things are sent to him.

JUST LIKE WOMAN.

Kissing the Hand that Beats Them.

Frederick Wagner, a saloon-keeper of No. 80 Ridge street, was charged before Justice Plimmer yesterday, at Essex Market Police Court, with having assaulted his wife and set a bloodhound upon her. The woman was unwilling to press the charge, but the Justice fined Wagner \$5 and held him in \$500 to keep the peace for six months. Wagner failed to give bonds, and was committed for three months. Yesterday afternoon a World reporter went to No. 80 Ridge street. The bar-room is a low room in the basement of a tenement house in a very unpleasant neighborhood. Behind the bar stood a well-proportioned woman about 35 years old. Around one muscular arm was bound a cloth. A long scar, evidently fresh, ran along her neck, just under the jaw. She was Mrs. Wagner. She spoke with a strong German accent. She said that she had been married to Wagner a few months more than a year. "I own the store," she said, "and I support my husband. He drinks all day and comes home at night drunk. He spends all my money and that makes me mad. He did not know what he was doing last night; he was too drunk, and when he is drunk he is crazy."

"Did he actually set the dog on you?" "Yes; it was a big bloodhound. He was lying back there chained to the wall, and my husband turned out the gas and set him on me. He made him bite me. The dog knew me well, and I didn't think he would bite me; but he did, here in the arm," said the woman, pulling down the bandage and showing four deep gashes that told of four long teeth.

"How did you get rid of the dog?" "I had a broomstick in my hand and beat him off. My husband pulled him off as soon as he bit me and tied him to the bedstead in the back room."

"What were you doing with the broomstick?" "Oh, I had that for my husband; I wanted to give him a couple of licks. He was behind the bar and I was in front, and I was just going to hit him when he slipped down and loosened the dog."

Noticing a crack in the counter, the woman said: "I must buy a new counter; my husband broke this with the axe. Oh, he'll take an axe or anything when he's drinking. He broke that door, too, and tore the paper on the wall. He costs me more money than he's worth."

"Then why would you not appear against him in court this morning?" "I thought I would when I went there, but when he spoke to me I could not help feeling pity for him. I always think he will do better, but he never does and he never will."—New York World.

Telegraphic Marriage on a Mountain Top.

(Denver Tribune.) For a romantic marriage, a Boston couple are entitled to the first prize. About ten days ago Mr. C. A. Dutton and Miss Nellie J. Throcmorton, both of this city, accompanied by Herman A. Throcmorton and Mrs. H. A. Throcmorton, appeared at the Manitou House at Colorado Springs, and made inquiry concerning the difficulties of ascending Pike's Peak, and in the course of the evening engaged the Rev. Dr. J. Edwards Smith to go with them to the summit of the peak for the purpose of performing a marriage ceremony.

Next morning at sunrise six bronchos stood in front of the Manitou House, and in a few minutes the entire party were in the saddle. The Rev. Dr. Smith was mounted upon a particularly lively brute, which, after walking on two legs down the road, from the hotel to the bridge over the fountain, wound up his performance by bucking the clergyman over the railing into the stream. Mr. Smith was rescued, and although not seriously injured, the accident deranged the plans of the wedding party, for the clergyman declined to risk his health by continuing the trip, in spite of all persuasion and the offer of a safe and quite animal. After much consultation, the young gentleman suggested that Dr. Smith should come to Colorado Springs and from the United States telegraph office, which is connected with the signal station on the peak, perform the marriage ceremony by telegraph. The doctor consented to this arrangement and thus, by accident, another element of romance was added to this already romantic affair. The summit was reached about noon and Sergeant O'Keefe was found in charge of the station. He received his visitors with his usual hospitality, and, when their intention of celebrating a wedding was announced, was overjoyed, and set about making arrangements. The instrument-room of the signal station was decorated with flowers and flags, and then the Sergeant seated himself at the telegraph instrument and sent a call down to the Springs office, 10,000 feet below. Officer Jones, who was in charge, replied and informed the Sergeant that the Rev. Dr. Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the Sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on either side, and the Sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they came thrilling over the wires. There was a rapid clicking for a moment, and then Sergeant O'Keefe, in a solemn voice, repeated the message: "Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Throcmorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?" "I do," responded the bridegroom, with evident emotion. The sergeant tapped the telegraph instrument, and in a moment another message came and was read by him: "Nellie J. Throcmorton, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded husband?" "I do," said the bride, in a low voice. The Sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause, and then came the solemn concluding words. Up from the valley to that small stone keep, 14,000 feet above the ocean, came that message, making two hearts one: "Then I pronounce you man and wife."

—It is a sensible whim of fashion that makes rugs as much comme-il-faut as carpets, for rugs will fit any room, and need not be altered in case of moving from one hour to another.

The printing business must be boomed in Morris, Manitoba. Mr. J. Hooper, of the Herald (formerly of Los Angeles), announces that he has purchased a lot and is going to erect there this spring, a brick block containing two