

Continued from second page.

Lieutenant Henry Linton, who was struck down by his side at the battle of Aboukir, by a spar from the French ship L'Orient, when that great vessel was blown to fragments with a thousand men in her, and with his last words he had commended the friendless girl to Carey's protection. No bequest, drawn up and sealed with whatever formalities, could have been obeyed with more dutiful care; the idea of failing in such a sacred duty never entered into his thoughts; but the execution of it was not easy. Little Marion, at a girl's school at Hammersmith, had first to be written to by the bluff sailor, who was terribly put to it how to break such bad news by letter; then the scanty pension the child received from Government had to be supplemented from the lieutenant's own purse, in order that her scholastic advantages should be still continued to her, and this necessitated a different system in his own expenditure, which for his means had been hitherto profuse, not to say prodigal. Then, when on shore, those interviews with Miss Backboard, the school-mistress—who nearly had a fit upon his happening, in the ordinary course of conversation, to mention the Lord Harry—were very trying; and more embarrassing did matters become, when Miss Marion, grown to womanhood, seemed to have a difficulty in calling him papa, which she had done for the last half dozen years, and could not kiss his weather-beaten cheek as usual without a blush upon her own pretty face.

Then with a delicacy of expression such as my Lord Chesterfield could not have achieved, although he sat up half the night raking his brain for courtly phrases, the lieutenant just appointed to Lucky Bay had offered his horny hand to the friendless girl, to have and to hold in marriage, if such an unequal match could really be contemplated by her with favor; though if not, the hand was hers still, so long as life was in it, dedicated to her service for her defence and succor always. But Marion Linton accepted her benefactor as her husband, and had never had any serious cause to regret that she had done so. No kinder heart ever beat beneath a blue jacket, nor were his noble simplicity and unselfishness lost upon her. Each, as they imagined, owed a great debt of gratitude to the other, and every day, strange as it sounds, that debt increased by mutual repayment. Without uxoriousness, which was foreign to his bluff and healthy nature, he was as devoted to her as he had promised to be if he had not become her husband; while she was anchored to him fast by that truest of cables whose strands are reverence and esteem as well as love. Lieutenant John Carey had, in short, fallen into luck's way at last, and, as it was his delight to boast, with small thanks to the Admiralty. Their favor had not been demonstrated, and was therefore yet to come; and how so likely to come as through their own official visitor, at present expected? This it was that made the good lieutenant so chary of his hospitality at this particular juncture, and so anxious to shift the burden of entertaining his strange guest upon Raymond's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

Women and Horses.

The strike of the four hundred women employed in Lorillard's tobacco factory came to a sudden and unexpected termination yesterday by the decision of the employers to close the strippers' department in Jersey City, and have the work done in Louisville, Ky. This, of course, will throw the four hundred women out of employment, with the prospect before them of a long and severe winter and no work to do. It is another instance of the crushing power of capital. The demand of these women was eminently just. They had been tyrannized over by an unjust foreman, but, rather than yield to their appeal for his removal, the Lorillards have preferred to inconvenience themselves and remove the department in which the dissatisfied women worked. Candidly, the wealthy manufacturers do not appear in an altogether enviable light. Since Mr. Lorillard's horses have been abroad, it is safe to say that he has given gratuities to his jockeys amounting to \$125,000. Yesterday's action left four hundred women without the means of support. Further comment is hardly necessary.—*New York Express.*

Curiosities in Their Way.

The well-known poplar tree planted by Marie Antoinette in the garden of the Petit Trianon at Versailles has been blown down. "A Comic Irish Alphabet for the Present Time" has made its appearance. It is the production of a St. Columbia College boy and the youthful author carries his fun playfully enough all round. The illustrations run in the pig line, and what the peculiar significance of this feature development may be we know not. The letter rhymes are of this kind:

G—are the gentry begging their bread,
H—the Home Ruler who reigned in their stead,
I—is old Ireland, jovial and free,
J—judge and juryman sunk in the sea,
K—the rack rents, which shall never be paid,
S—the State trials, a farce it is said, etc.

In Newcastle-on-Tyne the other day a bull suddenly rushed into the room of an invalid lady who was in bed. The brute jumped on to the large four-poster, and beat its head against the wall; but finding no escape in that direction it turned round in the bed with its head to the foot, when the boards gave way with a crash, the sick woman sinking to the floor in a fainting condition, while the bull stood on the upright portion of the other end. The drover, who followed the beast in, immediately lifted the invalid from the broken bed and placed her in the care of some friends in a place of safety. He then succeeded in getting the animal into the street.

A tame monkey at Victoria, B.C., invaded a room in which seven small children were sleeping and got on to the bed with three youngsters. The children screamed for help, and the monkey bit and mutilated them all severely. The parents were absent at the time, and a passer-by, hearing their cries, rushed in and secured the brute.

One day a man the worse for whiskey staggered up to the celebrated Whitefield and said: "Misser Whitefield, I was converted by you two years ago." "Ah!" said the preacher, "this looks just like my work. Now, if God had converted you—"

LOVE AND CRIME.

A Rustic Beauty and Her Lover on the Way to the Penitentiary.

Three interesting convicts passed through the Union depot last night, on their way to Jefferson City in charge of Sheriff Davis, of Wayne County, from which place they hailed. They constituted a striking group to look at, and for that reason a *Republican* reporter boarded the train and sought out the sheriff, from whom he obtained a brief history of the crimes they had committed. "That prisoner," said he, pointing to a young man who sat in a seat near the middle of the car, "murdered his own child last May. It was supposed he had committed the crime while laboring under temporary insanity, but counsel for the prisoner failed to make good that line of defence." His name, as given by the sheriff, was Wm. Cummins, and his age was not over 35 years. He was being taken to Jefferson City to serve out a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary. The second prisoner was a young man possessing a faultless shape and a handsome face. He looked cheerful enough to be a pleasure-traveller on a junketing expedition rather than a candidate for the state prison. He was implicated in murdering a man by the name of George Maccomb in Wayne County last May, and sentenced for a term of ten years. By his side sat the third, and by far the most interesting, prisoner of the group, a young girl not over 18 years old. She was well dressed, and wore a sad, resigned expression upon her beautiful countenance, that aroused the pity of every passenger in the car.

"What crime has this sad-looking creature committed?" was asked of the sheriff, whose sympathy appeared to be equal to that of other passengers.

"The story of that young girl is very remarkable. A number of years ago she fell in love with the prisoner sitting by her side, and will, I think, eventually marry him after they both serve out their sentence. Their love for each other is so true that nothing but the death of one of them, I think, will ever prevent them from becoming united in marriage. When her lover, the prisoner Steigall, was arrested and committed on the charge of murder, she stoutly protested that he was innocent. She used every means to obtain for him his liberty; sat by his side during his trial, and stuck to him with a heroism which only a faithful woman can display in behalf of the choice of her heart."

"What is her crime?"
"Her crime is not as great as that of her lover, but one which the State punishes almost as severely. After Steigall had been sentenced, and after all legitimate resources had been exhausted, the girl then set about to secure their liberty by resorting to various schemes, some of which came near being successful. On a dark night last June, at a late hour, she purchased a number of knives, files, and other tools. Procuring a ladder she then stole silently to the rear of the jail, and proceeded to carry out her plans. Climbing up the ladder to a window she dropped the tools into the jail and endeavored to beat a hasty retreat before being discovered. She might have effected her escape had not the tools in striking the floor of the jail made a loud ringing noise. This aroused the guard, who intercepted her and prevented her escape. She was tried for the offence, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of ten years. The judge, owing to her age and appearance, took compassion upon her, and reduced the time one-half. It is said that an effort will be made by the citizens of Wayne County to procure her pardon."—*St. Louis Republican.*

DEBTS AND DUNS.

Twelve Simple Rules for Getting Money from Slow Payers.

An experienced and successful merchant says he has always guided his conduct by the annexed rules:

1. Never give the idea that you call because you happen to be in the neighborhood.

2. Never plead that you are in absolute need of the money.

3. Never explain why you want the money further than by some general phrase, as to meet outstanding bills. The debtor is usually an expert in showing a man how he can get along without money. He will worst you in argument, and if you lose your temper it is an excuse to him why he should not pay.

4. Always be civil, however businesslike and importunate you may deem it necessary to be.

5. Never think you have done wrong because a debtor gets angry. His anger, under civil treatment, shows that he does not intend to pay. This you might as well know early as late.

6. Show quite as firm a resolution to get the money on your tenth call as on any previous one, or else it would have been better if you had not made it.

7. Never leave a debtor without his setting a time when he thinks he can pay, and never fail to be on hand at the time set.

8. As between yourself and an employee, let the most business-like of the two make the dun.

9. Suggest instalments. Shame the debtor into making an arrangement to pay something every week or every month. If not \$10, then \$5, or \$3, or \$1. It will convince him that you have set to work in earnest to get the money.

10. If a debtor gets angry, or has worn out your patience, a threat to attach his salary may be effective, not so much that he is likely to fear you will get the money that way as that he will be anxious that the affair shall not come to the knowledge of his employer.

11. A similar effect may be produced by saying you intend to place the bill in the hands of a lawyer, particularly if you mention a lawyer whom he hates or who has a reputation for harassing debtors. Professional debtors, however, become careless about legal processes.

12. Drop into a debtor's favorite haunts. It will make him very uneasy, especially if you don't hesitate to ask him politely, but plumply, for your money on occasion. This may often happen after he has displayed a roll of bills.

Dr. Lancaster, of London, leaves to-morrow for California, to try and regain failing health. The doctor has many friends here. To him, we believe, belongs the distinction of being the first to introduce homeopathy into Canada.

A NOVEL CLAIM.

The Result of a Courtship by Letter.

MONTREAL, Oct. 25.—A very interesting story is talked of in some family circles, which are believed to be what a Yankee would call "some pumpkins." It appears that four young ladies—young ladies of course, as there are no others—entered into a correspondence recently with a clergyman in London, Eng. This family were daughters of a gentleman who once was a Major in the English army, and during the regime of the Canadas was at one time an A.D.C. to the Governor-General. The clergyman with whom the ladies corresponded had retired from the pulpit with a handsome allowance, and had an income of about \$5,000 a year. Besides he was 65, intellectually infirm, and might die at any moment. Here was a catch. The correspondence grew from the stage of friendliness, past the familiar, and into the tender lines. One of the daughters was a widow, and 45 years of age. She wanted to send a photograph that would give her the fresh look of her younger sisters. She hit upon a plan; the photographic art could be aided by a good tinter. One of these took the truthful photograph and touched up the scraggy neck, relieved the shadows of the low temples and high cheek bones, pencilled the eyebrows, and even dimpled the chin. The teeth were already attended to by the dentist. The aged suitor sent for her, but when she reached England his sisters demanded the reason of the change from her appearance in the photograph. She attributed it to weariness from the long sea journey. They refused to believe it, and refused to admit her to the bedside of their brother, who was now dying. In the meantime the old man died, and they offered the Canadian woman \$1,000 to withdraw her claim. She declined, and will sue for the income of the deceased gentleman upon the ground that documents in her possession are quite equal in law to a marriage contract.

His Way of Doing Good.

Up in New Hampshire is a well known eccentric individual, self-constituted curer of all ills, a sort of universal panacea, who with all his eccentricities, has a fund of actual wit that is hard to beat. Not long ago the "doctor" was called to the witness stand, the opposing counsel, who it is said sometimes "wets his whistle," knowing the doctor's peculiarities, ventured, in cross-examining him, to show him up a bit.

"What is your business?" pompously inquired the counsel.

"My business is to do what little good I can to my fellow-men," modestly replied the doctor.

"But that doesn't answer my question," gruffly remarked the counsel. "How do you spend your time?"

"Why, 'Squire,' it takes about all my time to do what I said," remarked the doctor.

"But I want something more definite," stoutly demanded the counsel. "How do you go about your business?"

"That depends upon circumstances," according to the nature of the case," exclaimed the doctor. "For instance, if I were going to commence on you, the first thing I should do would be to advise you to sign a temperance pledge!"

The court roared, and the counsel, as if convinced the doctor was pursuing a legitimate and respectable vocation, proceeded with the regular cross-examination.

A Valuable Discovery.

In June last while some workmen were engaged in digging a ditch on the farm of Mr. George Cromwell, Township of East Oxford, they came upon the remains of what must have been a mastodon, and of great antiquity. The jaw, which is very complete, is two feet four inches long, and the teeth, which are still well preserved, weigh four pounds. Several of the ribs, the humerus, radius, neck joints and many of the small bones were also found. The whole have been exhibited at several of the country fairs in this district by the finder, Mr. Amos Carter, and when at Otterville a few days ago the attention of the Minister of Education was drawn to the collection. On Saturday a number of gentlemen visited the spot where the remains were found. All were much interested in the remains, and it is hoped that when the balance of them, which are supposed to be still intact, are found, they will be secured for the museum of our national University at Toronto.

The monster cannon which, as has already been chronicled in our despatches, was successfully cast at Reading, Pa., the other day, is known as the Lyman-Haskell accelerating, or multi-charge cannon. It is a six-inch bore, and along the bore are four additional chambers for powder, the latter being successively discharged after the initial charge of powder in the chamber has been fired. It is calculated that 130 pounds of powder will throw a solid iron projectile weighing 150 pounds at least ten miles, and that it will go through a solid mass of wrought iron nearly two feet thick. The inventor claims that a twenty-inch accelerating gun is irresistible, far eclipsing the celebrated 100-ton Armstrong gun made for the Italian Government. The pockets are loaded in the same manner as a breech-loader, each pocket to contain twenty-eight pounds of powder. The chamber is to contain eighteen pounds. A velocity of 3,000 feet per second is claimed as attainable with the new gun.

Our cablegrams have recently chronicled and afterwards contradicted the death of General Joseph Alexis Uhrich, one of the most noted characters in the Franco-German war. He was put in command of Strasburg after the disaster of Reichshoffen. He had a very insufficient number of troops at his command. Being summoned to surrender on August 23rd, 1870, he resolved to defend the town, which was at once bombarded. It held out till September 27th, having received during the month's siege more than two hundred thousand projectiles. Paris was enthusiastic over the gallantry of the defence, and changed the name of the Avenue de l'Impératrice to that of Avenue Uhrich, but a council of inquiry thought proper to blame the General for his surrender, and the avenue resumed its former name. General Uhrich was born at Phalsbourg, February 15th, 1802.

The Winnipeg *Times* announces that Sir John Macdonald will visit Manitoba next summer.

FEARFUL FALL.

A Kingston Workman's Terrible Tumble from a Scaffold.

Yesterday morning a young man named Cuddiford, an apprentice of Mr. E. Tessel, the contractor for the mason work on the new cotton factory, Kingston, ascended to the top of the tower to resume work. He had not been there long until he was precipitated down through the scaffolding, striking on the bottom with a dull thud. He was picked up in an apparently lifeless condition. Doctors were summoned, but it was thought to be only a question of a few hours until death would ensue. He fell a distance of seventy feet. He was taken to his home at the Grand Trunk depot. But a short time ago another man died from injuries received by a falling brick at the same factory. Late in the day the young man was taken to the hospital. After falling seventy feet he struck on his hands and face. His wrists are dislocated and both forearms broken. His face struck several sharp stones, which penetrated the flesh. Both upper and lower jaws were smashed into numberless pieces. It is said that after striking the ground he rebounded several times. The doctors say he cannot live. He is aged 17. The cold air caused him to dance round to keep his feet warm. His heel struck a small piece of brick, which overbalanced him, and he went down through an open space in the scaffold. Later.—Inquiry last evening at the hospital found Cuddiford still alive, with favorable symptoms. He is still in a semi-conscious state. It is probable that he has received no severe internal injuries.

\$4,000 Burglary in Montreal.

A most successful and daring burglary was accomplished at the residence of Mr. Hugh Paton on Sherbrooke street, Montreal, at about 4 o'clock yesterday morning. A servant was awakened by hearing a rasping noise proceeding from the kitchen, which opens on the dining-room. She thought it was the cat and dozed off to sleep again. About 5 she got up, and to her dismay discovered that all the silver in the dining-room had disappeared. Further investigation showed that every piece of silver in the dining and drawing-rooms had been carried away. The loss amounts to something over \$4,000. An entrance was effected by boring holes close together in the panel of the kitchen door a little below the unlock, which was the only fastening. A saw was next employed, and an aperture thus made large enough for a man to insert his hand and unlock the door. A Mrs. Brooks, who left with a man on Tuesday to be married in New York, is suspected. She has been a servant in the house.

Didn't Remember His Own Name.

A gentleman of this city tells the following anecdote of the late Dr. Spring, for many years of the Old Brick Church in New York city, for the accuracy of which he vouches: When the doctor had reached a good old age and had become somewhat feeble, he was met by one of his old parishioners just as he was coming out of the New York post-office. "How do you do, Dr. Spring?" said the friend; "I am very glad to see you." "How do you do, —?" replied the doctor. "I am very well, and I am very thankful to have met you, for I have a letter in the post-office, but I couldn't get it because I couldn't remember my own name. Now I can go in and get it."—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

The death of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands has just been announced in Europe. He was a soldier in the battle of Waterloo. During that action he was stationed with 13,000 men to cover the army of Wellington and protect Brussels in case any sudden turn that way should be made by Napoleon. There are now but few survivors of the battle. Among them, however, is the Emperor of Germany. But he took part in the campaigns against France at an earlier date than the Dutch Prince just dead. William took the field in 1813, entered Paris with the allies in 1814, and was at Waterloo in 1815. Both he and Prince Frederick were born in 1797, but the Emperor is a month the younger.

It is announced in England that Mrs. Jane Spurgeon, the wife of the brother of the famous preacher, died in the first week of October. She was the daughter of the old veteran field marshal, Sir John Burgoyne, who, in turn, was the natural son of General John Burgoyne, who surrendered to the American army at Saratoga in the war of the revolution. James Spurgeon was a student when he wooed and won her, while she accepted him with the slim chances of a Baptist minister's life. Sir John Burgoyne, her father, was the engineer-in-chief of the British army at the siege of Sebastopol, and the first to point out that the Malakoff tower was the key to the Russian position.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his paper on the Jews, thinks "it is time for the rulers of Christian churches in general, and for those of the Established Church in particular, to consider whether the sacred books of the Hebrews ought any longer to be presented, as they are now, to Christian people as pictures of the Divine character and of the Divine dealing with mankind."

Dr. Peck, Bishop of the American Protestant Episcopal Church in Africa, says that four out of his seven white ministers will come back to America for their health this year, and that sickness makes the work of white missionaries so irregular that the proportion of negro laborers must be increased till the whole work is turned over to them.

The well meant effort of a clergyman to quiet a panic in a crowded church at Bradford, Pa., really increased the fright. He led off in a hymn at the top of his voice, but his shouts were so unmusical that the people thought he was terrified, and the struggle towards the doors was redoubled.

A Detroit paper speaks of Mr. Goldwin Smith as a wealthy and liberal "merchant" of Toronto, with "some" reputation as a literally man and possessing "considerable talent."

A serious proportion of the potato crop of Scotland has been discovered to be unsound, which will necessitate the increased consumption of bread.

Among the august personages presented to the Marquis of Lorne at the grand pow-wow near Fort McLeod was Eagle-sitting-on-a-rock-with-his-tail-hanging-over.

SOME ODD ACCIDENTS.

How Certain Silly or Unlucky Persons Have Recently Been Injured or Killed.

At Pine Bluff, Ark., a sheriff's posse surrounded the residence of a desperate thief. He jumped from a window and ran for the woods. One pursuer outstripped his fellows, and the next fellest mistook him for the thief and shot him.

At Rock Castle, Ky., as Rev. Mr. Petrey entered a house, a hen flew in and perched on a hanging rifle; it fell, and falling on the lock was discharged, and killed the minister.

At Baltimore, a man who was being shaved heard a runaway, and, thinking it was his team, jumped up and had his nose nearly cut off.

At Canton, O., James Little drank some cold beer which paralyzed his stomach and, forming carbonic acid gas, disordered his whole system, causing nearly instantaneous death.

At Nanticoke, Pa., John Lafschuski broke a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, saturating his clothes; when he subsequently lit a match they took fire, and he was fatally burned.

In Adair County, Mo., two young men agreed to be photographed with pistols drawn on each other. The artist, while arranging its position, discharged one of the pistols, shooting the opposite sitter through the lungs.

At Eastport, Me., a sailor, wanting a drink of water and finding the cask pump frozen, poured hot water into it, and while attempting to suck a drink from it inhaled the steam and was scalded to death.

At Pittsburg, Mike Maroney entered a core oven in a foundry to warm himself, and another workman placed a core on the truck, ran it in, closed the door and roasted him alive.

At Rixford, Pa., Louis Garthwait lowered a forty-quart torpedo of nitro-glycerine into a well, when the well made a sudden flow, struck the torpedo and blew him to pieces.

At Green Ridge, Pa., John Thompson and his brother tried to stop a dog fight, and the latter threw a stone at the animals and, missing them, smashed his brother's skull.

At St. Louis, Thomas J. Wharton, jun., took up a large oyster, said, "This is the kind of oyster Walter Brooks choked to death on," tried to swallow it, and was choked to death.

At Indianapolis, the weight of a cask of water smashed the teeth of a man with the Iron Jaw, and falling on his breast it crushed him to death.

At Dovercourt, England, a boy named Boast swallowed the sting of a wasp while eating some preserves, and died while running to the doctor's.

At Dublin, Ga., a chimney swallow filled the muzzle of William Sugg's gun with clay, and when he discharged it the weapon blew off his hand.

The Sea Serpent in Lake Simcoe.

The Lake Simcoe sea monster has again been seen, this time near Eight Mile Point, where it was observed by two children of Mr. J. B. Cooke. When they approached the lake shore they saw the animal lying motionless, partly on the shore and partly in the water. The sea serpent, says the *Barrie Advance*, according to the children's description, was about thirty feet in length, with long, fish-shaped tail and four fins or arms with claws, those in front being long and powerful while the two hind ones were about the length of a man's arm. The head was sharp and pointed, with large prominent eyes placed high up in the forehead like a cow's, and an immense, gaping mouth. The submarine monster's departure took place some five minutes after the thoroughly startled children first noticed it, and was without ceremony, the "What-is-it" fully displaying its hideous form preparatory to slipping quietly into deep water, whither it propelled itself at a high rate of speed by long, powerful strokes with its fore fins, and was almost immediately lost to sight.

No Walking on Sundays.

A young probationer was called at one time to the extreme north of Scotland to preach a trial discourse. After sermon, allured by the fine scenery, he took a short walk, in the course of which he met one of the elders of the congregation. Being anxious to ingratiate himself, he stopped, and smilingly remarked that he was enjoying much his walk amid the scenery of the elder's native place. "Ay," was the rejoinder, "but you see ta peoples here does not approve of walking on ta Lord's day." "Why," replied the cleric, "I am sure we have the very highest Authority for walking on the Sabbath." "Yes, I know of you mean, and I was thinkin' no more of Him for doing it neither."

MADE INSANE BY A BATH.—Miss Gertrude Truesdale, a young lady whose relatives had been living in Colfax for some months past, was sent to the Stockton Insane Asylum on the 30th ult. Some two months ago, while attending school at Nevada City, she took a bath, and it is supposed that the coldness of the water caused a shock to her system which led to her present aberration, which, by the way, the physicians pronounce an acute type of insanity. She is a prepossessing girl of 17, and a native of Canada, from which country she came about four years ago.—*Auburn (Cal.) Argus.*

Rev. Mr. Eckford, of Bruce County, is dead. Deceased was the father of Mrs. David McRae and Mrs. James Gow, of Guelph.

Mr. T. S. Renwick, of the Ontario Bank, left for Hamilton yesterday. There is a whisper abroad that he will not come back alone.—*Winnipeg Free Press, Oct. 20th.*

Rev. Mr. Hassie, of St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, has adopted the plan of giving a five-minute sermon to children before the regular sermon.

Sir James Paget has consented to become a candidate for the Lord-Rectorship of Aberdeen University in opposition to Dr. Bain, on condition that the contest be a non-political one and that he be assured of general support.

Mr. Erwin Davis, a New York banker, paid \$1,000 in Chicago on Saturday for a special train to carry him to Omaha on his way to the bedside of his sick brother, Mr. A. J. Davis, a mine operator at Butler City, Montana. The trip from Chicago to Omaha was made in 14 hours.