

Needs, the Engineer.

Needs was the man on the Penn. Railroad. Six hundred souls behind him rode. When the flames shot out to the rear; The flames flared out from the engine's breath, And fired the leaden air; To stay at his post was worse than death, To fly was the hope of despair.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

A Column Specially for the Ladies.

LATEST FASHIONS, RECIPES, ETC

Seasonable Hints on Matters Affecting the Household.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate). Saving.

A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus when they are not aware of it they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day.

Ten-Gowns.

During the last five years one more article of attire has become indispensable in a well appointed wardrobe—the tea-gown. Some months ago there was an exhibition of ladies' hygienic clothing. Foremost among this should have been the tea-gown. We would draw the attention of those who lecture for the National Health Society on clothing, dress and deformities to this garment. The custom now is among ladies of "ton" to wear a tea-gown, which, it may be explained for the uninitiated, is nothing more than an elegant form of dressing gown, the whole afternoon, and even when en famille to dine in it.

Woman's Dress.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe delivered an address in New York on Thursday evening on "Woman as a Social Power." In reference to dress she said: "If dress can heighten the world's sense of what is really beautiful in womanhood, it is certainly a power, and a great one. Surely one of the first conditions to this end would be that dress should represent womanly reserve. It should clothe, not disguise nor deform. The lines of beauty should be preserved without that exposure of the delicate skin which makes the beholder shiver and which should make the subject blush. Colors should be modest beside the coloring of nature. Let no glaring tints disturb the harmony of the delicately-blended hues. The gold in a young girl's hair, the evanescent roses in her cheek, glowing and paling with the rhythm of her pulse, is a silent eloquence, or rather a light and shadow utterance. Never profane nor frizzle the one out of all color, or place beside the other any brilliant ornament which can conflict with its perfect charm."

How to Tell a Good Melon.

An expert says: "The surest way to tell a good melon is to cut it. Some pretend to tell by pressing their thumbs in the ends of the melon. If the rind yields to the pressure the melon is bad. Others tell by sticking the thumb-nail in the white part of the rind—that part which lies on the ground. If it makes a cracking sound, the melon is ripe. A man came here the other day and asked for a melon. He put one up to his ear and pressed it between his hands. 'If this don't crack,' said he, 'it's a bad one.' It didn't crack, and he didn't want to take it. I knew by it's best that it was good, so I said: 'You take that melon, mister, and if you find it bad, I'll give you my share in this cargo.' He took it, but he hasn't come after that share yet."

Notes on Dress.

butter; stir to a cream and add two eggs beaten very light and stir all thoroughly; then add one teaspoon of wine and set on top of a tea kettle filled with boiling water. Sally Lunn is nice for tea, and is made of three ounces of butter rubbed into a pound of flour, three well beaten eggs, a little salt, one gill of yeast and enough milk to make it into a soft dough. Put it into a buttered pan, cover and put it in a warm place to rise. Bake in a moderate oven and send to the table hot.

For soft gingerbread take one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one of milk, half a cup of butter, five cups of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of ginger, about half a teaspoonful of soda, and a few cloves can be added if liked. Melt the butter in molasses and sugar, and while hot add the spices a milk, with soda and flour.

Delicious breakfast rusks are made of one cup of sweet milk, one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar and one cup of flour. Mix well and set in a warm place for about five hours; then beat in a tablespoonful of butter and two eggs, keeping the white of one, beaten to a froth, to spread over the top. Make into small cakes, let them rise again, and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

Angels' custard makes an excellent dessert. Take one box and a half of gelatine and dissolve it in a quart of milk; then add the yolks of three eggs well beaten and one cup of sugar and let all come to a boil. Then take it from the stove, and when almost cold stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, the juices of one lemon, and flavor with vanilla and turn into mold.

For jumbles use one pound of butter and one pound of white sugar rubbed together to a cream; add six eggs well beaten, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, and enough flour so that they can be moulded into shape with the hands. Then dip each one in crushed loaf sugar and press in the centre a blanched almond. Be careful that they do not burn while baking. This is a sufficient quantity for a large number.

Philadelphia has night schools for working women. The most pronounced lie on record is that of a young man who asserts that he likes his girl's small brother. The fashion of short sleeves never made pretty arms, but it is more than probable that pretty arms made short sleeves fashionable. A French physician says that raw oysters and chicken soup will nourish any girl through at least six disappointments in love. "I think I shall have to ask your escort this evening," said a sister to her big brother. "Well, I guess not. Do you suppose I'm going to let folks know I can't go with any girl but my sister? I'll stay at home first."

maure, ciel blue, cream, and sea-green tints are in high favor. Close-fitting jackets of plain and fancy plush, with hat to match, a decided feature of the street costumes. Pretty and dainty muffs are made of chenille and gilt cord, plaited together. These are to "go with" the tiny bouquets of plaited chenille. A pretty breakfast saque is of cherry-colored material, trimmed with full gables of creamy Oriental lace and endless loops of cherry-colored ribbon.

LATEST FROM THE NORTHWEST

The Murder Trial—Block of Freight—New Mill Route. A telegram from Winnipeg, dated last (Tuesday) night, says: Rufus Stephenson slipped on Main street and broke his leg. Agent Graham states that \$2,500,000 was brought into Manitoba by Europeans only. He estimates that Americans brought \$2,800,000; Canadians, \$5,000,000. An engine and freight cars were ditched on the Canada Pacific Railway, and will block traffic until a temporary track is built.

Patterson, who fired at one Neil McDonald, an Ontario immigrant who arrived last spring, with intent to kill, was sentenced to fourteen years in the Penitentiary. An order has also been issued establishing a weekly mail service between Clearwater and Wankop, Manitoba. This gives through mail connection between the offices in the vicinity of Turtle Mountain and Emerson. In the Assize Court today the grand jury brought in a true bill against Robert Garvin for the murder of Archibald McDonald in the Caledonia Hotel on the night of the 25th October. The prisoner was then brought into court and pleaded not guilty, and His Lordship fixed the 14th of November as the day of trial. The prisoner looks very pale. It is reported by telegram from Prince Arthur's Landing that the steamer Ontario arrived there at 9:30 last night with 600 tons of freight. The Campana arrived at 4 p.m. today with 750 tons bulk, all of which is for Winnipeg and the west. The Owen Sound, with a full load for Winnipeg, is expected this evening. There is plenty of room to receive the freight and cars to move it promptly.

Prairie fires are raging in the vicinity of the Portage. Prairie chickens are being slaughtered in large numbers in the vicinity of Emerson. Liquor licenses have been granted to all the applicants from Brandon, making in all nineteen hotel and two shop licenses. A house, barn and thirty acres of oats in shocks, on the farm of Mr. Geo. Lane, six miles north of Morris, were destroyed by prairie fires on Monday evening last. Work has commenced on the First street bridge at Minnedosa. The Cochrane Manufacturing Co. have bought two lots on Pacific avenue, Portage la Prairie, on which they propose erecting a very large warehouse. The Portage will then be headquarters permanently for that company. McLivian's paper mill at the Portage is in full blast. He expects to have it running night and day steadily, in order to supply the demand for paper. A gentleman named Nicholson, foreman on the P., W. & N. W. Railway, was standing on the street opposite the Queen's, Portage la Prairie, last week with a quarter of a pound of gunpowder in his vest pocket, when a spark from his pipe ignited the powder, and away she went, burning his face and whiskers badly. Dr. Lundy was called and applied the necessary remedies to the man's face. A Broadway (C. E. R. line) despatch says: A snow storm commenced at 2 o'clock this morning at Regina and west, gradually extending eastward. At 6 p. m. a general storm prevailed between Brandon and the end of the track. A high wind is blowing from the east. No delay in traffic is anticipated.

SHIP ON FIRE. The Vessel a Total Loss—The Crew Saved. A Winneton despatch, dated last (Sunday) night, says: The Josphine Kidd left Owen Sound at 3 o'clock last night with a valuable cargo, for Lion's Head. She called at Presque Isle, took on fifteen tons of hay and left at 10 o'clock. A fire broke out at 10:45, and when noticed first was in the after-cabin. The captain threw a pail of water on it, and before he could draw the second one she was all in a blaze. He then gave the bell to the engineer to put on all steam, and he ran her ashore off Cape Commodore. The crew were all saved. The second engineer had a hard time to save the ladies' maid. Everything was lost. The vessel is a total wreck. Government Steamboat Inspector McNeilly, of Toronto, recently cancelled the certificate of the propeller Josphine Kidd, plying between Owen Sound and Winneton.

Remarkable Instance of Honesty. On Thanksgiving Day a young man named Stewart, residing at the corner of Front and Water streets, called at the shoe store of a Mr. Paton, on Queen street east, and surprised the dealer by offering to pay for a pair of boots purchased by his father nineteen years ago. The boy's father had received the boots on credit at the time stated, and shortly afterwards died, leaving the bill unpaid. The young man mentioned was then a child of 2 years of age, and left with his widowed mother in poor circumstances. The shoe dealer had years ago forgotten all about the circumstance of the boots being unpaid, and his astonishment may be imagined when the young man, now 21, who was 2 years of age when the debt was contracted, walked into the store and reminded the proprietor of the unpaid bill, which he at once settled, remarking, greatly to his credit, that he would not allow his father's name to remain tarnished.—Globe.

TWO DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE SNOW

Terrible Sufferings of Two Men Without Food in the Mountains of Nevada.

(From the Virginia (Nov.) Enterprise.) J. H. Spurling, assayer for the Great Sierra Mining Company, Tioga, who came near losing his life in the Sierras the week before last, arrived in this city yesterday morning. He still suffers from a badly frost-bitten foot, but is able to limp about pretty well. In other respects he looks as well as rugged as a grizzly. It appears that he left Begetville, a camp on the west side of the mountains, to inspect, for Eastern parties, some mining property on Mount Gibbs, at the head of Bloody Canyon. He had for guide and companion, Dan McKinnon, a man familiar with the section of country into which they were going. When they got up to Mount Gibbs, a furious snow-storm set in. The guide soon lost his way, and for two nights and two days and a half the two men struggled in the snow, which was two feet deep on the level, and, in many places, had so drifted that it reached almost breast high. They had no provisions with them, and all they had that they could eat was a small piece of raw, fat bacon, which they had taken with them for use in greasing their snow-shoes. They were exceedingly hungry the first day and divided and ate the bacon raw. After the first day they did not much feel the pangs of hunger, but felt great weakness. They had no blankets and dare not attempt to sleep. The place was full of precipices and the nights being very dark they could only travel during daylight. They were obliged to stop wherever dark came upon them. The first night they stopped where there was some wood, but the next dark came upon them in a place where all was bare and barren. At a distance they had seen what appeared to be a small grove, far down in a big canyon, but darkness came upon them before they could reach the place. There were so many perpendicular terraces and precipices in the place that they dare not venture to go on in the dark. A "council of war" was held, and they decided to split their snow-shoes, make torches of them and push on down to where they had seen what pre-empted the appearance of a grove. The pitched wood of their snow-shoes made excellent torches, but being fitted with grease they burned away rapidly. The distance to the flat in the canyon, where lay the supposed grove, was much greater than they had anticipated; besides, their progress through the deep snow was slow, and when they finally came to the flat their last torch was almost burned out. Enough of it remained, however, to show them that what they had taken to be a grove was only a black patch of sagebrush, the tops of which they had seen above the snow. However, as they could make sufficient fire with sagebrush to keep from freezing, they decided to pass the night at the spot. They kept awake all night, and kept busy about half the time pulling sagebrush in order to keep up their fire. The next day they discovered that they had got down into Bloody Canyon, the mouth of which strikes the plains in the neighborhood of Mono Lake. They pushed on, wading through heavy drifts and tumbling down the rocky terraces with which the canyon is filled, it being the roughest pass in the whole range of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. During the day McKinnon became delirious, and Mr. Spurling had great difficulty in getting him to travel. He imagined all manner of things. At one time he declared he saw a horse tied to a tree. "There he is," cried he; "don't you see him? And the dog—there is a dog with the horse. There must be a man near." "There is no tree, no horse, no dog," said Spurling; "you only imagine these things. Come on or we shall perish. It is only a little way down the canyon." It was necessary to haul McKinnon along down the canyon, as he persisted in declaring that he saw a horse and a dog; if Mr. Spurling "could not see them he must be snow-blind." Next McKinnon declared that he saw a man but a little way off with a basket on his arm. "He is beckoning us to come to him," he said. "Let us go. He is a man sent to find us; he has in the basket something for us to eat." "You are mistaken," said Mr. Spurling. "There is no man there; there is nothing at all." "I tell you that you are snow-blind. There is a man there with a basket, and he wants us to come to him." "Come along," cried Spurling; "there is no man, and we shall perish if we stop here." "No," cried McKinnon; "we shall die if we don't go to the man." "You are a little flighty—a little out of your head," said Spurling; "believe what I tell you and come on." "I shall not go on. I see the man plainly enough. He has a basket on his arm, and motions for us to come to him. If you can't see him you are either blind or crazy. I have as much right to my way as you have to yours, and I say, let us go to the man!" Spurling found it necessary to drag his companion away by force. Soon he became so much worse that he would stop and talk to stumps and stones, telling them he was lost, and asking them to lead him out of the mountains. With infinite toil and trouble Mr. Spurling and his companion finally reached Troy's ranch, near Mono Lake, and all their troubles were soon over. Mr. Troy was not at home, but his wife did all that any one could have done for the two men. McKinnon came out all right in mind after he had eaten and slept, but still thought he must have seen a horse and dog, and a man with a basket on his arm.

A Much-Married Man.

A Detroit telegram says: Charles Morely was arrested yesterday on a charge of bigamy. It is alleged that he deserted his wife, who lives in the East, and came to this city, where he married another woman, with whom he lived but a short time. He deserted her also, and it is charged that he went to Sarnia, Ont., where he married a third woman, whom he also deserted, and came back to Detroit. His second wife laid the facts before Superintendent Condy, and the husband's arrest followed. He is 36 years of age, a blacksmith by trade.

Several American Street Cars are Being Built at New York for a London Tramway.

Ex-Mayor Nevin, of Adrian, Mich., who absconded with the proceeds of the bonds unlawfully sold in New York, has been captured in Texas.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

Distinguished Orators Spoke on Irish Affairs and Praised the Army in Egypt.

A London cablegram says: Lord Granville, Lord Selborne, Earls Northbrook and Kimberley, Gladstone, Childers and Fawcett attended the Lord Mayor's banquet last night. Childers, returning thanks for the toast to the army, compared the capture of Tel-el-Kebir with the taking of Quebec by the British. He pointed out that England had not waged war with unvarying success, and said that perhaps the most conspicuous disasters she ever met with were in the war with her American subjects. Gladstone, replying to the toast of the Ministers, said that when he spoke at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1871 the question was whether the fabric of society in Ireland was to remain on its ancient foundation or be broken up. The Government had not scrupled to use the powers entrusted to them with vigor and determination. At the same time they relied more confidently on measures of justice. He could not record his conviction that a new tone of sentiment was dawdling among the Irish to seek amelioration of the law by peaceful efforts. He ventured to say the foundations of society in Ireland were now in but little danger. The monthly return of agrarian outrages was 111, compared with 511 for October, 1881. There might be in Ireland, extravagant opinions and desires that could never be fulfilled, but if the Irish were content to walk in the ways of legality, the empire was strong enough to entertain in a friendly, kindly spirit, any demand made for free discussion and perfect publicity in matters relating to its Irish policy. British institutions would have strength enough, he was firmly convinced, to effect a settlement of every political controversy by bringing it to a completely satisfactory or at least fair and tolerable issue. Gladstone highly praised the conduct of the British forces in the Egyptian campaign, which he believed would be memorable in history. The Government must not be too confident of the future. The vast extent of the empire exposed them to ever recurring anxiety, yet he cherished the hope that England would ever be able to prove her power in association with liberty. Granville declined to enter into details regarding the Government's Egyptian policy. Disraeli, he said, had not gone to Egypt to establish any undue or illegitimate influence there, but to cooperate with Sir Edward Malet, whose legal knowledge and great ability were invaluable for the maintenance of peace, order and good government in Egypt in the future.

THE DUBLIN CORPORATION.

Refuse to Thank the Irish Regiments or Walseley for Their Services in Egypt. A Dublin despatch says: At a meeting of the corporation of Dublin yesterday a heated discussion occurred on the motion to thank the Irish Regiments who served in Egypt for their gallantry and confer the freedom of the city on Gen. Walseley. The knowledge of the project for thus honoring Walseley caused much excitement. His friends are accused of endeavoring to snatch the vote while the Nationalist members were absent attending to Parliamentary duties. Crowds thronged the vicinity of the hall. E. D. Sullivan and some other Irish members of Parliament had hurried to Dublin to assist in defeating the motion. The amendment by Sullivan, declaring that Ireland had no interest in the war, the only result of which was to increase taxation and carry ruin to Irish homes, was ultimately carried by 27 to 21.

TERRIBLE POWDER EXPLOSION

Extraordinary Accident—Father and Son Fatally Injured. A Victoria (B. C.) despatch says: A few days ago two men named Jones, father and son, were driving a wagon filled with powder for the railway works near Jackass Mountain, when the powder exploded, blowing the six horses and the wagon to pieces. The father was walking behind the wagon and the son was driving; both were frightfully injured, their clothes were torn off, their eyes blown out and their limbs fractured. They managed, however, to stagger along the road until they met a settler, who saw two blackened, bleeding, naked figures coming towards him. He assisted them to a settlement and summoned a doctor. The father died soon after, and the son is dying.

The European Grain Crop.

The Consul at Lyons reports that the wheat crop of France is estimated at 112,000,000 hectolitres, the best she has had since 1874. The wheat crop of Austria is reported very superior, with an excess for export, 18,000,000 hectolitres. Russia has produced a wheat crop superior to the average. In Germany and Belgium the wheat crop is reported very fine. In Italy and Spain the wheat harvest is above the average. Roumania gives a like result. England will do as well as in former years.

Little Child Roasted Alive.

A little girl 2 years old, daughter of Asaph Wynot, who lives near Bridgewater, N. S., was burned to death on Tuesday. Her mother had left the house to go to a neighbor's, leaving her sister, a young woman, in charge. While Mrs. Wynot was gone her sister left the children and went away. A short time afterwards Mrs. Wynot saw smoke issuing from the house, and immediately hurried home, to find on the floor her little girl literally roasted and the bed in an adjoining room in flames. Close by the stove was a cradle containing a sleeping babe, which also had a narrow escape.

An immense fortune is waiting for a claimant in India. The person entitled to it is a man named William McCarthy, presumably an Irishman, who sailed from Liverpool for New York about forty years ago. Nothing is at present known of this individual, and advertisements have been inserted in the papers in England and this country. Possibly he may have succeeded in realizing a fortune here by his own industry; possibly he may be in dire destitution; possibly he is dead. Whatever has become of him the fact remains that his uncle, Gen. William Frederick McCarthy, has recently died in India, and in his will left him all his property, amounting to over a million of rupees.