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THE MIRROR

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

VOL II. NO 43. OMEMEE, ONT. THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1895. CHAS. W. RICHARDS Publisher & Proprietor.

CURRENT NOTES

The not infrequent spectacle on the streets of worn out or thoroughly exhausted horses drawing loads almost beyond their strength, and the indifference with which it is regarded, is evidence of the hardening effect of cruelty upon society. The more extreme forms of brutality to the dumb creation are, happily, no longer tolerated, pity, and the desire of society to follow the higher instincts of its own nature having prompted vigorous measures for their prohibition. But the other than sentimental aspects of the matter—the facts that the exhibition of cruelty of any kind is more harmful to the community than the individual suffering inflicted, in that it hampers the true education of the soul, and that man owes obligations to animals, have not yet been fully recognized. It is true that many excellent people reject the latter view, holding both that man has no duties towards the lower animals, and that as against him the brute creation has no rights. Cruelty to animals is to be condemned, not because of its injustice to them, but only because of its evil effect on man's own nature. Still another class believes that as all created things were made for the reasonable use of man, he may rightly inflict upon them any amount of suffering necessary to such use.

It is difficult to reconcile the former of these assumptions with any correct definition of cruelty. For cruelty, it should be remembered, is not merely the infliction of unnecessary pain or torture, but its infliction upon a creature on which, as a strict matter of justice, we have no right to inflict it. It goes beyond individual suffering and pain and includes the violation of the obligation we owe to a creature which we have brought into friendly relations with ourselves, and which is powerless to defend itself against us. Justice thus enters into the account—the rights, natural and acquired, which the creature has as against man and the duties the man owes in view of these rights. Balaam was rebuked for injustice to his ass, the implication thus being that there was something in the animal to which he could be unjust, that something being plainly the right to kind treatment which it had acquired by faithful service. The wrong of Balaam's cruelty, then, was not alone in being false to his own higher nature in inflicting unnecessary suffering, but also in being false to the duty he owed to his beast. Precisely the same cruelty is shown in beating a horse exhausted by its toil, as in beating a child exhausted by its studies. In neither case is the ground of cruelty the sin against the beater's nature, but the violation of the obligation which he owes to the creature on which the cruelty is inflicted. At the same time, the effect of cruelty in dwarfing the nature of its perpetrator, and in blunting the sensibilities and deflecting the judgment of those who see it, is much more disastrous than is generally recognized.

As for the justification of a certain degree of cruelty on the ground that all the lower animals were created for the use of man, it is doubtful whether it can be made to accord with what we know of the divine purpose. No doubt where it is a question of life, man has all rights as against animals, but that the lower animals were created solely for man's benefit is by no means so clear. There are animals of which man knows nothing, and others which have, apparently, been placed by the Creator in localities where they can seldom be seen. In neither of these cases can they be said to have been created for the use of man, for to be of use they must have come within the sphere of his life and action. For the creation of both these classes of animals as for the trees and flowers that bud and bloom unseen, there must have been a purpose separate from that of provision for the sustenance and enjoyment of man. Tha all creatures were created solely for his use, and that those which do not come within the sphere of that use represent so much waste of divine energy, it seems unreasonable to believe. We do not know the nature and extent of that divine purpose, and not knowing it, it is unwise if not arrogant, to assume that in creating anything the divine mind had in view but one exclusive purpose.

Impudent Professionals.

Mrs. Squills—The doctor has sent in that bill again; it's the fourth or fifth time, too. I really believe he wants us to pay it.

Mr. Squills—Well, I'll be durned! Such impudence! Nex' thing the preacher will be wantin' pay, too.

Ingenious Excuse.

Frank comes into the house in a sorry plight.

Mercy on us! exclaims his father. How you look! You are soaked.

Please, papa, I fell into the canal.

What! with your new trousers on?

Yes, papa, I didn't have time to take them off.

The Rival Singers.

Mr. Richfello—That was a neat speech Miss Soprano made at the charity concert last night, when a brute in the audience hissed her. I wonder how she could think of so many bright things all at once.

Miss Contralto—Oh, she's made that speech hundreds of times.

THE SAIL IN A STORM.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S LESSON OF THE INCIDENT OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Christ Hushing the Tempest—Necessity for Christ on the Rough Voyage of Life—Nothing to be Frightened About—The World Moves.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—In his sermon for to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage discourses on a dramatic incident during the Saviour's life among the Galilean fishermen and draws from it a striking lesson for the men and women of the present day. The subject was "Rough Sailing," and the text Mark iv. 36, 37. "And there was also with him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind."

Tiberias, Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams rumbled down through rocks of gray and red limestone, and flashing from the hillsides bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and so great was the variety of climate that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and olive gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil press. The hills and valleys were starred and crimsoned with flowers, from which Christ took his text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the oleanders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet, and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethsaida, Chorazin and Capernaum stood on the bank, roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages, and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise for Damascus and passing great cargoes of wealthy product. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen and fishing smacks of the country people who had come down to cast a net there passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the mooring. Palace and luxuriant bath and vineyard, tower and shadowy arbor, looked on upon the calm, sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked like a white bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk clear across the water. The voices of evening tide, how drowsily they strike the ear; the splash of the boatman's oar and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and those indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall. You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament, not a clipper to ply with valuable merchandise, not pirate vessels with grappling hooks to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light and mercy and peace. Jesus is in the front ship; his friends and admirers are in the small boats following after. Christ, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporised out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn-out sleeper, and on its surface there riseth and falleth the light ship like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother. Calm night. Starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails and ply all the oars and let the boats, the big boat and the small boats, go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After awhile even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay, amid the wild clangor of the hounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails, flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats, poised on the white cliff of the driven sea, tremble like ocean petrels, and then plunge into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat and shout amid the hurricane. "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great Personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat and walked but to the prow of the vessel and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats tossing in helplessness and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus and the spray of the sea dripping from his beard. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens and he cries, "Peace!" and then he looks down into the infuriate waters and he says, "Be still! The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindled their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables and bailing out the water from the hold of the ship, the disciples stand wonder-struck, now gazing into the calm sea now gazing into the calm face of Jesus and whispering one to another: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is, that those boats would all have gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage out into some new enterprise—into some new business relation. You are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the tread-mill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind and soul, that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferryboat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and upon whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into an accumulated and overshadowing success. Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvests and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow-capped Hermon and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their checks. Let the breakers boom—all is well, Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainties. When they succeed they strut through the world in great vanity, and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth, but they cannot outride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed abeam end, and it seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with lifeboat, longboat, shallop and pinnace. You cannot save the crew. The storm rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes! No Christ in that ship.

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and of darkness, of arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The skies clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat, stanch, will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its bitter cup to your lips; suppose that death overshadows your heart; suppose misfortune with some quick turn of the wheel hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart ships, and bowsprit shivered, and halliards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the waves beneath and the sky above and the darkness around are filled with the clamor of the voices of destruction. Oh, then you will want Christ in the ship.

I learn, in the next place, that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats they said: "What a delightful thing this is! Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship of Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out, and so I have found out. If there are any people who you would think ought to have a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head. St. Phillip was hung to death against a pillar. St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less had his brains dashed out with a fuller's club. St. Matthias was stoned to death. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Huss in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing Why go so far?

There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, and the employers in that store laugh at him, and when he loses his patience they say, "You are a pretty Christian." Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him, hour by hour, he would fail. There are scores of young men to-day who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailings. There is a Christian girl. In her home they did not like Christ. She has hard work to get a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion. Mother opposed to religion. Brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But be of good heart. As seafarers, when winds are dead ahead, by setting the ship on starboard tack and bracing the yards, make the winds that oppose the course propel the ship forward, so opposing tronbles through Christ, veering around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to heaven, when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and sung you to sleep, and while dreaming of the destined port of heaven you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the bad newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of so many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder! The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of the cavern and say, "That lion cannot break out through this web," and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After awhile the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountains. Let the infidels and skeptics of this day go on spinning their webs, spinning their infidel gossamer theories, spinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out; the work is done. He can never get through this logical web we have been spinning." The day will come when the Lion of Judah's tribe will rouse himself and come forth and shake mightily the nations. What then all of your gossamer threads? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward.

You stand on the bank of the sea when the tile is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point and then it recedes. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back." No, it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And the next time the wave comes to a higher point, then to a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions, at last all the shopping of the world know it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say this tide is going out. Next year it comes to a higher point and falls back; and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back, but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of the boat, and I look on Christ's sleeping face and see in that face the story of sorrow and weariness, and a deeper shadow comes over his face, and I think he must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand on the back part of the boat looking on his face, I say: "He is a man! He is a man!" But when I see him come to the prow of the boat, and the sea kneels in his presence, and the winds fold their wings at his command, I say, "He is God! He is God!" The hand that sets up the starry pillars of the universe wiping away the tears of an orphan! When I want pity and sympathy, I go into the back part of this boat, and I look at him, and I say, "O Lord Jesus, thou weary one, thou suffering one have mercy on me." "Ecce homo!" Behold the man! But when I want courage for the conflict of life, when I want some one to beat down my enemies, when I want faith for the great future, then I come to the front of the boat and I see Christ standing there in all his omnipotence, and I say: "O Christ, thou who couldst hush the storm, can hush all my sorrows, all my temptations, all my fears." "Ecce Deus!" Behold the God!

I learn from this subject that Christ can hush the tempest. Some of you, my hearers have a heavy load of troubles. Some of you have wept until you can weep no more. Perhaps God took the sweetest child out of your house, the one that asked the most curious questions, the one that hung around you with greatest fondness. The grave-digger's spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Or perhaps it was the only one that you had, and your soul had ever since been like a desolated castle, where the birds of the night hoot amid the falling towers, and along the crumbling stairway. Or, perhaps it was an aged mother that was called away. You used to send for her when you had any kind of trouble. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you. You know that the old hand will never do any more kindnesses for you, and the lock of white hair that you keep so well in the casket of the locket does not look well as it did on the day when she moved it back from the wrinkled forehead under the old-fashioned bonnet in the church in the country. Or perhaps your property has gone. You said, "There, I have so much in bank stock, so much I have in houses, so much I have in lands, so much I have in securities." Suddenly it is all gone. Alas! for the man who once had plenty of money, but who has hardly enough now for the morning marketing. No storm ever swept over Gennesaret like that which has gone trampling its thunders over your quailing soul. But you awoke Christ in the back part of the ship, crying, "Master, carest thou not that I perish?" And Christ rose up and quieted you. Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is a dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power come down on that Christian soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters and the scream of the wind, and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow. Yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christian. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry waves as the storm sobs itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

Ode to the Mouth.

Some mouths look like peaches and cream some like a hole chopped into a brick wal to admit a door or window. The mouth is a hotbed of toothache, the bunghole of oratory, and a baby's crowning glory. It is patriotism's fountain head, and the too chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer on the face of the earth, and the cornetist would go down to an unhonored grave. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope.

Didn't Order the Carriage.

Little Miss De Fashion—Mamma, my foots hurt.

Mrs. De Fashion—You thoughtless child. You must have been walking on them.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

It is reported in Winnipeg that a Provincial general election will take place shortly.

John H. Holt, a carpenter, was instantly killed at London by falling from a scaffold.

Mr. J. Dickson of the Stratford Collegiate Institute, has been appointed assistant commercial master at London.

Mr. Shortis, the father of the Valleyfield murderer, has forwarded a cheque for one thousand dollars to Mme. Leboeuf, the widow of one of the murdered men.

The King of Siam has forwarded to the McGill University the Trepitaka, or sacred books of Buddha in thirty-nine volumes.

St. Thomas has accepted the tender of the Street Railway Company to light the city, conditional upon its operating the electric street railway.

The reports of the crops of grain raised at Stony Mountain penitentiary farm and the Indian Head Experimental farm are of the most satisfactory character.

Harry Lester, a young Englishman, was arrested at Hamilton for attempting to set fire to a room in which he had a lot of books stored, which were insured for $200.

Prof. Dale, formerly of Toronto University, has been appointed temporarily to fill the position made vacant at Queen's University by the removal of Prof. Fletcher.

Police Constable Leonard was found lying dead with a bullet in his brain early Tuesday morning in a lane off McCaul street, Toronto. At an inquest held the jury found a verdict of suicide.

Mr. D. McNicoll, general passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific railway, who has just returned to Montreal from a trip to the Pacific coast, is of the opinion that the splendid crops will have a very good effect upon immigration.

Speaking of the seizure of the whaling schooner Marvin, Collector Milne, of Victoria, B. C., says Captain Cooper, of the United States cruiser Rush, is persecuting the Canadian sealers. The vessel was out on the high seas, forty miles beyond the prohibited zone, and a hundred miles from land.

Alvin Jenks, a well-known Toronto business man, committed suicide on Thursday morning at his residence, during the absence from home of his wife. The cause is unknown. Just prior to his death Jenks wrote a letter to a city undertaker, telling him to call with a coroner at his house in the morning.

Mr. C. E. Sontum, Canadian Commercial Agent in Ottawa for Norway, Sweden and Denmark, reports to the Department of Trade and Commerce that the shipments of Canadian flour recently received have given good satisfaction and that the prospects are excellent for a large trade being done in that commodity.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Duke of York is to be made a Rear Admiral.

English newspapers ridicult the Irish convention at Chicago.

Sir Herbert Murray has been appointed Governor of Newfoundland.

England is already making distribution of the $75,000 received from Nicaragua.

The Prince of Wales' colt, Persimmon, is favorite for next year's Derby.

Sir Charles Tupper will deliver the inaugural address at the opening of the Tyneside Geographical Society.

While Earl Rosebery denies that he intends visiting the United States and Canada this year, he admits that he is contemplating such a trip next year.

The Duke of Cambridge was entertained at luncheon in Edinburgh, and made a long speech, in which he referred to his retirement, and replied to the hostile criticism which had been directed against him.

UNITED STATES.

The wage earners of Rhode Island are 42 per cent. of the whole population.

Ex-Congressman Finerty talked very strongly against England at the Irish convention in Chicago.

In the Birmingham district, Alabama, there are 10,000 more men at work than at this time last year.

Monday's storm was the severest experienced in Wisconsin for years, and destroyed an immense amount of property.

Citizens of New Orleans are raising a fund of $30,000 with which to erect a monument to the late General Beauregard.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, has accepted the call to be co-pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Washington.

Seven persons were drowned in the Lake at Geneva, N. Y. by the sinking of a yacht which was run down by a steamer.

H. H. Holmes will be tried at Philadelphia on October 28 for the murder of Benjamin F. Pietzel, the father of the Pietzel family.

Documents worth millions of dollars to St. Louis, connected with various street railway franchises, were stolen from the office of the Clerk of the House of Delegates.

According to the evidence of Mrs. Durant, mother of Theo Durant, charged with the murder of Blanche Lamont in a San Francisco church, her son was bornin Toronto, Ont.

At Leadville a terrific explosion of giant powder occurred in the Belgium mine. Seven dead bodies have already been taken out. Thirteen are known to have been killed.

The United States authorities have ruled that shipments from points in Canada, where they have no Consular agent, may be certified to by any reputable merchant or the agent of any friendly power.

Hop Sing Lee, a wealthy Chinese merchant of San Jose, Cal., offers a half interest in his extensive merchandise business and five thousand dollars in cash to any reputable young American who will marry his daughter, Moi Lee.

The United Bootblacks' Protective League, having for its purpose the protection of the bootblack fraternity, and to promote social intercourse among its members, has been incorporated with its headquarters in New York.

A special to the Denver, Col., Times from Hot Springs, Wyo., says that the bones found by Prof. J. L. Wharton, of Columbia College, New York, near the head of Bitter Creek, and pronounced by him to be the "missing link," were the skeleton of a pet monkey owned by cowboys, which died about twelve years ago.

Charles Wilfrid Mowbray, the English Anarchist, who visited Chicago for the purpose of teaching his doctrine of red flag and no Government was stopped in the middle of a speech at Belmont park by the police on Sunday, and was so badly frightened that after a few words of explanation he hurriedly left the platform and made his escape.

GENERAL.

President Faure of France is ill.

Anti-foreign placards are again being posted in Che Kiang, China.

The Spanish Government has decided hereafter to send only veterans to Cuba to suppress the insurrection.

The report that Prof. Pasteur is dying in Paris is not true, but he is suffering from paralysis of the legs, and his condition is critical.

Dr. Kanson, one of Professor Behring's assistants, has discovered a serum remedy against cholera, which has proved successful on animals.

One quarter of the main line of the trans-Siberian railroad has now been completed at a cost of 73,437,111 rubles. This is less than the estimate.

Telephones are to be admitted into Italian nunneries by a recent decision of the congregation of Bishops, but a strict censorship be exercised over the wires.

Telegrams from the Caucasus report the arrival there of the Czarewitch. He experienced a stormy voyage, and his physical condition is very much worse in consequence.

Bouteilhe, the man who on September 5 attempted to ignite a bomb in the vestibule of Rothschilds' banking-house in Paris, was the other day sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Advices received in Constantinople from Hodeide, in the Arabian province of Yemen, report that one hundred lives have been lost by a landslide that overwhelmed the village of Hudeya.

A despatch from Berlin says that it has been decided to commence at an early date the construction of a ship canal to connect the Rhine and the Elbe, at a cost of two hundred million marks.

The commander of the German squadron in China as been authorized to exact satisfaction for the destruction of the mission at Swatow, using whatever measures may be necessary.

Great precautions have been adopted in Constantinople for the protection of the palace of the Sublime Porte, owing to the discovery of a Macedonian plot to blow up the buildings with dynamite.

While the steamer Empress of India was at Yokohama, some Japanese went on board and killed one Chinaman, and badly slashed another. The murderer was arrested, and will be tried at Yokohama.

Official advices have been received in Paris, according to which the French advance guard crossed the Ambithimena mountains, and met and defeated the whole of the forces of the Hovas with thirty cannon.

Thirty million taels of silver have been deposited at Shanghai by the Chinese Government, with which to pay the supplementary indemnity required as a consideration by the Japanese Government for the evacution of Liao Tung peninsula.

The Japanese army in Formosa, which numbers sixty thousand men, will have to be reinforced, as the troops are worn out with the hardships of the campaign. At present there are more than three thousand Japanese soldiers in the hospitals in Formosa.

The Italian Government has published documents to show that after the occupation of Rome the Government was willing to make every concession that would ensure the liberty and independence of the Pope, while the Vatican, apparently in order to maintain a pretext for complaining that the Pope had been deprived of his liberty, refused to accept any of the proffered concessions.

THE IMPERIAL NAVY.

Sir Charles Tupper Opposed to the Idea of Taxing the Colonies.

A despatch from London says:—Sir Charles Tupper has returned from a holiday in Scotland, much benefited, and looks quite himself again. He strongly disapproves of the new attempt to induce the British Government to ask for colonial money in support of the Imperial navy. He believes it would be a better way to protect the Empire in time of war and encourage inter-imperial trade in peace, to place four vessels like the Teutonic on the Canadian-British Atlantic route. These ships, he points out, would be convertible into war cruisers if placed under the British Admiralty subsidies. This view is being strongly urged upon Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the other Ministers; and, seeing the immense and unexpected revenue coming from the Stock Exchange stamps during the present and prolonged South African mining boom, it is believed that the Government will be able to adopt the proposal and embody provisions in the next budget.

An Entertaining Chaperon.

Fanny—Did you have a chaperon with you at the opera?

Clara—Yes, I did, and I sha'n't take one again, either.

But it's all the style.

I'd rather be out of style. She just rattled along and kept Mr. Richfello so much amused that he forgot all about me; and when the opera was over I just escaped being left behind.

HER FACE HER FORTUNE.

SHE WAS A POOR ACTRESS NOW SHE IS A RICH WIFE.

Little Charlotte Neilson Weds a Guatemala Millionaire—He Was Attracted by Her Beauty Just When Her Luck Was at Its Lowest Ebb—Settles a Fortune Upon His Bride.

A Guatemala correspondent telegraphs that on Friday night in that Central American capital there was a wedding so splendid that every one is talking about it. The bride was an actress, Charlotte Neilson, and the bridegroom J. H. Neill, many times a millionaire. He gave his bride a $50,000 pearl necklace as a wedding gift, besides settling an independent fortune upon her.

Less than three months ago Charlotte Neilson was living obscurely in New York City, looking for a position on the stage. She went on the stage three seasons ago, getting a place in "The Crust of Society" campany, rather because of her beauty and her graceful manners than because of any ability as an actress. Two seasons ago she was playing in a stock company in Louisville. There she met T. D. Frawley, the theatrical manager, in a purely casual way. But she was so pretty and had so much personal magnetism that Frawley remembered her. It was this chance that made her fortune.

She did not get on well last season. It was a poor season all through, and she could not find a permanent place. It was a

HARD WINTER FOR HER.

She had no money, and her friends had no money either. Her wardrobe grew less and less and her heart heavier and heavier.

She had answered many threatrical advertisements and had haunted the agencies. There was nothing for her. One day late last spring she read in one of the dramatic papers that Manager Frawley, who had a stock company in San Francisco, wanted a young woman to play small society parts. As a desperate last chance she telegraphed, offering to come if he would send her the money.

If Frawley had not remembered her name he would never have taken this chance. But remembering the name, he telegraphed the necessary money. Miss Neilson, not a little astonished at the change of luck, packed her few belongings and set out and in due time arrived. She went straight to Frawley, and then her troubles began again. The main point was that Miss Neilson, in order to play the various society parts properly, must have many gowns. Now, she had practically no gowns at all. Frawley looked at the little trunk and turned away disgusted.

"I have no money," said Miss Neilson. "I cannot buy them."

"I cannot afford to pay for costumes," replied Frawley. "It seems to me I have done enough for you."

So they could not agree, and Miss Neilson, sick at heart over the scurvy trick fortune had played her, telegraphed to all her friends and managed to just raise the money for the return trip. When she set out she had in all probability never been so utterly cast down in her life. Her face showed plainly that she was beset by legions of "blue devils."

Near her in the sleeping-car sat a man whose skin had been tanned almost black by Central American suns. But it seems that the same fire had also melted his heart. He watched the young woman with

THE PRETTY SAD FACE,

and finally offered her some respectful attention. He was J. H. Neill, and until ten years ago he spent all his time in getting used to the frowns and curses of fortune. So when Miss Neilson told him her story he understood perfectly. The first day he was admiring, sympathetic, interested. The second day he was in love. The third day he was so far gone that he told her about it and asked her to marry him. She, too, had been touched, for kindness of the sort he showed had not been very usual in her life. And so the whole car—these through passengers across the continent get well acquainted—was delighted to see the happy outcome of the flirtation that had been progressing with such hot haste.

And then it came out that Miss Neilson had fallen into a fortune. For Neill had spent the last ten years in Guatemala, and fortune, weary of sporting with such a patient man smiled from his first landing in Central America. Mines and plantations had come into his hands, and he was rich and would be richer. They went straight to Guatemala—that is, as soon as Mr. Neill had ransacked the big New York shops for gowns, jewels, furniture—everything to make Miss Neilson comfortable and happy.

They went by way of San Francisco, and Frawley and the stock company were duly dazzled and overwhelmed as Miss Neilson, smiling, triumphant, gorgeous, passed through. The days and months of heart-sickness over money matters, of tramping the city's cruel streets, of waiting patiently and fruitlessly in theatrical agencies, were gone forever. All that had faded like a dream. The poor little actress is the millionaire's wife.

A 900 Year Old City.

It is not every city in Europe that can boast of records extending back 900 years. The goodly burghers of Krems, on the Danube, in Lower Austria, with its quaint churches, houses and towers within the pent-up space around which the city must ran, have, on the strength of a certain document in their archives referring to Krems as a "stadt," and signed by Emperor Otto III., in the year 985 A.D., been celebrating in royal style the nine hundredth anniversary of the event. The celebrations lasted a whole week, favored with pleasant weather. There were battles of flowers and flower parades, bicyclist processions, fire brigade exhibitions and rifle competitions at the butts. On one evening an ox's carcass was roasted, and on Thursday the climax was reached, when the pageant illustrating the history of the city during the past 900 years moved from the Exercierplatz to march through the various streets. Krems has a population of 10,000 souls, well to do, hospitable people, whose plenteous vineyards, lying all around the city, are profitable sources of income.