FROM OVER THE WATER.

The Current Gossip of the Great Metropolis.

Despite the official mourning of London marriage bells will ring loud and frequent before the end of the season. The most important is the marriage of Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, with Edgar Vincent. Mr Vincent is a brother of Mr. Howard Vincent, the swell who undertook the work of chief detective of London, and now having married a million will probably next turn up in Parliament. Edgar is the financial adviser to the Khedive and has just left London, where everybody thought his only business was to get money for his employer. Lord Stafford is going to marry Lady Millicent Erskine, and so close up a rather fast career. Tennyson's heir and our Oscar Wilde will give a poetic flavor to the matrimonial market, and the Church will be represented by the Bishop of Sodor and Man, an elderly member of the episcopate, who married a sister of Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Prince of Wales, and one of the steady men in his set.

The Queen is reported to be ill with lumbago, at Darmstadt. Her parting message of thanks to the people for sympathy in the Duke of Albany's death pleased everybody with its womanliness. The Queen will remain at Darmstadt until after she has had a conference with Emperor William regarding the settlement for Princess Alice's family. She is desirous of raising a fund of £150,000 to £250,000, it is reported, to relieve the debts of the Grand Duke Louis, and to establish a permanent fund for the benefit of the family, and she wishes the Emperor to join her in contributing this amount. It is stated, however, that the Emperor is indisposed to open his pockets to this extent.

A curious incident happened in connection with the Duke of Albany's funeral. The officer commanding the detachment of the Seaforth Highlanders found that his men were unable to carry the body from the Windsor Railway station. The coffins were made in France, and were of extraordinary thickness and size, and weighed about a ton. The officer, without communicating with the authorities, removed the two outer coffins and took out the shell containing the body, covered it with the Union Jack and the pall, and the funeral procession followed the shell. The outer coffins were replaced after the ceremony.

The celebration of the Edinburgh tercentenary has filled several days with an elaborate programme of speeches, dinners, balls, academic ceremonies and every kind of attraction for men of the first scientific and literary celebrity from every quarter of Europe, the University conferring no fewer than 120 degrees of Doctor of Laws and fourteen of Doctor of Divinity, the latter including divines of the widest theological diversity. Mr. Lowell, Mr. Browning, M. de Lesseps, Count Nigra, Prof. Helmholz and M. Pasteur were among the guests.

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

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

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

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

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

Cock-fighting has been quietly revived.

THE REAL OLD TARANTULA.

Amputation Made Necessary by the Poison of the Giant Spider.

A New York telegram says: A consultation was held to-day by Dr. Turner, of No. 7 Broadway, and two of his colleagues at the Stevens House, to examine the hand, arm and leg of Captain John Kerr, of London, England, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, who was stung by a tarantula, or giant spider, while asleep at the Europa Hotel, in Havana, five weeks ago. Already he has undergone one surgical operation, causing him the loss of two fingers on his right hand, and it is thought that it will be necessary to amputate the hand above the wrist. It is popularly thought in Cuba that the sting of this spider can be cured by a species of weird music that is performed by the old slaves. Captain Kerr said to-day that he was in a hospital at Havana twelve days, and when he was discharged was told that all danger from the bite was passed. The doctor is of opinion that the bite is that of the tarantula.

THE weather of the immediate future is now the absorbing topic. According to a reliable meteorologist, the interruptions to the march of temperature from this time to the second week of May are due to the changes of atmospheric pressure produced by increased sun heat within the Arctic Circle. While we are liable at any time now to have a touch of the so-called "second winter," with light frosts north of the 40th parallel, the most marked deviations from mean vernal temperature are not likely to occur until after the close of this month. It will be will to point out, especially for the benefit of farmers and horticulturists, that any cold waves severe enough to bring damaging frosts during the next three weeks will probably follow in the rear of large and deep cyclonic depressions. In rural districts not reached by the daily weather reports the wise course is to look out for frosty waves a day behind the violent spring storms attended by heavy rains. Deep depressions crossing the northern sections of the country do not invariably induce the outflow of cold air from the high latitudes. But observation shows that such is frequently the case, so that in the absence of better indications the large depression should prudentially be viewed as the precursor of a decided fall to the thermometer.

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

THE OLD STORY.

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

A last (Sunday) night's Paris cablegram says: Monaco has a ghastly sensation which promises to make it a rival of Monte Carlo as a theatre for sensational suicides of ruined gamesters. The heroine of this latest tragedy was a lady of great beauty, distinguished manners and aristocratic bearing, who has for months occupied the Villa Clementina. The mysterious stranger preserved a strict incognito, being known only as "the Countess" to the the few acquaintances she made, and even to her servants, of whom she engaged quite a retinue after her arrival at Monaco. Rumor, however, credited her with being the wife of a German nobleman who occupies a prominent post at the Imperial Court, and it was further whispered that her infatuation for the gaming table had led her to abandon her husband and reside at Monaco. "The Countess" was accompanied by an infant daughter, aged about 2 years, to whom she appeared much attached. She was a constant *habitue* at the Casino, where she played for tremendously high stakes, and lately with a steady run of ill luck. She remained at the roulette table until a very late hour last night and lost several thousand francs. This morning the servants at her villa found "the Countess' lying in a pool of blood on the floor of her bedchamber. She still clutched in her hand a razor, with which she had cut her throat, causing almost instantaneous death. On the bed, which had not been occupied, was the body of her little child, strangled to death by its mother, as was indicated by the finger marks on the child's throat. The theory is that "the Countess" had ruined herself by her passion for play, and, being afraid to meet the reproaches of her husband, had determined to end the disgrace by a double crime. The officials at Monaco are making every effort to conceal the facts, and have seized upon all the papers in the lady's residence, so that it is impossible at present to ascertain her real name and history.

THE CINCINNATI RIOTS.

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

A Cincinnati despatch says: Coroner Muscroft has begun an inquest on the victims of the late riot, and has selected thirteen of the dead, intending to let the examination of these cases cover the entire number. So far nothing has been elicited beyond the identification of the dead bodies. It is said the coroner will not make a searching investigation, leaving that to be done by the special grand jury, which began its duties this morning. The testimony before the grand jury was given privately, and all were sworn to secrecy. Judge Avery's charge to the jury was fearless and vigorous. He instructed them to thoroughly investigate the Berner trial, including the attorneys, officers and jurymen connected with it; also the riot in all its details, and to indict those who killed the militiamen and policemen. The jury was also charged to indict for arson those who fired the court house and jail, and directed to issue processes in all counties of the State, if necessary, to secure witnesses.

A TRAPPER'S GOOD LUCK.

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

A St. Paul (Minn.) despatch says: Oliver Daunais, who lives at Prince Arthur's Landing, is in St. Paul. He arranged for the sale of four mining locations, 160 acres each, at the Rabbit Mountain Mines, two of them to a syndicate for $200,000, and the other to Chicago and Milwaukee capitalists for a like amount. Daunais has been a trapper among the Indians for many years, and became very intimate and friendly with them. As a reward for his many acts of kindness, an Indian named Pagopep Nini revealed the location of these rich silver mines to him. They are twenty-five miles southwest of Port Arthur, nine miles south of the railway, and eight miles from the Kaministiquia River. He bought the location from the Government at the time of his discovery. Ten tons of ore recently shipped to New Jersey realizes $5,000 per ton. Daunais attributes this good fortune which has made a wealthy man of a trapper, to his kind treatment of his Indian friends.

A Queer Find.

A Danville, Pa., despatch says: Employees of the Montour Iron & Steel Company, while digging sand near the State Insane Hospital, unearthed two larg Indian skeletons, also eleven small bells, one Indian buckle with pin attached, and one clay pipe over two inches in diameter, with stem three inches long. The teeth of the skeletons are perfectly formed and white. Tradition affirms that the delta on which Danville stands was formerly occupied by a warlike tribe, the Mahonings, and the exhumed remains are supposed to belong to that tribe. Crowds of relic hunters flocked to the place.

The Paris city authorities have just approved of a new educational catechism for use in schools. It is called a "Manual d' Enseignement Laique": "What is God?" inquires the teacher. "We know nothing about Him," replies the pupil. "You deny the existence of a God?" is the next question. "We neither deny nor admit His existence," retorts the little Materialist; "We ignore what the term God signifies." "The Deity," continues the schoolmaster, "is said to be our Creator and to govern all things." "What do you know on that point," inquires the child; "or what do others know who have neither seen nor heard him? It is all mere fiction, which does not merit attention." In another part of the work the pupil, in answer to questions put to him by his teacher, is required to say that the Virgin Mary was a woman of a profligate life; that religion induces a child to forget the affection and respect which it owes its parents; that the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church are prejudicial to marriage, but favorable to illicit unions; that Christianity introduced barbarism into the world; and so on, until this *laique* catechism comes to an end. Comment is unnecessary.

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

LEARNING OFF THE CHICKENS

Extraordinary Cure for Dyspepsia Adopted by a New Yorker.

A New York man dined at fancy restaurants so long that he contracted dyspepsia. He tried various remedies for it without avail, and consulted several high-priced doctors with not the slightest benefit. He then thought he would study nature and see if he could not find relief. He observed chickens and other barn-yard fowls were never troubled with indigestion to such an extent as to make them complain about it. He also observed that they swallowed large quantities of pebbles, sand, pieces of brick and bits of glass with their food. He resolved to imitate their example. He did so with the best results. He used marble-dust instead of salt on his beefsteak, and filled his pepper-box with sea sand. Receiving so much benefit from these kinds of grit, he proceeded to swallow gravel and pieces of plastering. In a few months he was entirely cured. He can now eat as much as an ostrich, and never suffers on account of the kind or amount of the food he consumes. He is thankful that he went to the chicken and considered her ways, and recommends the grand remedy to all who are suffering from indigestion. Sand is cheap and abundant, especially on the seashore. There are other sorts of good grit in nearly every part of the country. A Philadelphia doctor approves the grit cure, but, not being willing to have his profession injured by the introduction of a domestic remedy, he insists that it should not be popularized. He says the services of a regular physician are necessary to determine what kind of grit to use, how often to take, and the size of the dose. Possibly the discovery of this dyspeptic may lead to the formation of a new school of medicine. If such should be the case, the only persons to suffer will be the druggists.

McCOSH ON BEECHER.

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

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

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

"It is true and it is not true," he replied, with quaint emphasis. "I believe in the physical theory of evolution, certainly—in the growth of the oak from the acorn and the law of heredity in the generation of the human race. I believe that the fittest will survive, as Herbert Spencer affirms. But if Mr. Beecher intends by claiming me as a representative Presbyterian evolutionist to pledge me as a believer in his religious theories, he has neither reason nor warrant. I don't believe Beecher has any theology, and what little he has I don't believe in. I hold to evolution as a scientific deduction, perfectly consistent with the sacred Scriptures and as fortifying their divine authenticity."

A FALSE ALARM.

No Fears of an Indian Revolt.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Saturday morning's *Free Press* contains the following telegram: "Battleford, N.W.T., April 18.—Telegraphic communication has been interrupted between this place and the next eastern office during the past two days owing to the wire being grounded. Upon the line being repaired this evening we were astonished to learn that the report was current in Winnipeg that at latest accounts 2,000 Indians were marching on the town and that a general massacre was feared. Friends in the east must necessarily feel greatly alarmed. Kindly contradict the statement, as there is no foundation for it. Many Indians from the surrounding districts, instigated by Chief Poundmaker and Big Bear, are gathering here to hold a Council in regard to their grievances and to appoint delegates to send to Regina and Ottawa. The Mounted Police are being reinforced from Regina, but no trouble is anticipated and no one pays the slightest attention to the doings of the Indians."

Discredited Hangmen.

Bings, the English hangman, is a subject of Parliamentary talk and it is proposed to turn him out of his place. It may be a satisfaction to him to know that Jack Ketch, the greatest of hangmen, was similarly ejected. Luttrell says in his diary, Jan. 20th, 1686: "Jack Ketch, the hangman, for affronting the sheriffs of London, was committed to Bridewell and is turned out of his place and one Rose, a butcher, put in." It is seldom one hears of a hangman being hoisted with his own petard. Luttrell writes a few months later: "Five men of those lately condemned at the Sessions were executed at Tyburn; one of them was Pascha Rose, the new hangman, so that now Jack Ketch is estored to his place."

Foolhardy Feat.

Three Scotchman—Dr. Watson, Mr. John Maclaren, and Mr. Robert Mackenzie—were walking over the Reichs Bridge, which spans the Danube, in Vienna, at a height of seventy feet, on March 29th, when the two younger men teased Dr. Watson, saying that his courage would fail him had he to jump from the bridge into the river. All at once Dr. Watson mounted the parapet, and, before his friends could hinder him, jumped into the river, which ran seventy feet below. Despite the coldness of the water and the current, Dr. Watson swam to the shore, where he was taken into ustody by the police.

Extent of North Country Estates.

The Secretary of the Financial Reform Association, and editor of the *Financial Reformer*, speaking at a meeting in Aberdeen recently, said the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland owned between them 2,125 square miles of land in Scotland alone, and the Duke of Richmond held no fewer than 448 square miles of land. He had a list in his possession of fifteen landowners, all Scottish gentlemen, noblemen and others, who among them possess as much as 7,073 square miles of land. There were, he might state, 143 individuals in the United Kingdom who held 21,167 square miles of land.

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

MASONRY AND THE CHURCH.

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

A Rome correspondent telegraphs the following: In an encyclical letter of the Pope, which will be published next week, Leo XIII. lays special stress upon Freemasonry and the means to be employed to defend the "City of God" against "The City of Satan." The following is a *resume* of the letter: The plan of the secret societies is no longer a mystery. It is a struggle against the Church, and the various Popes have very properly excommunicated Freemasons. Since 150 years the secret societies have increased frightfully. A grave peril thus threatens society. The Socialist has his source of strength in Masonry. The Papacy is placed in an intolerable situation. Masonry does not avow its real object; it deceives the innocent by a varnish of toleration. The press, marriage, education, the sovereignty of the people, the atheism of the State, Radicalism, Communism, all tend toward a return of Paganism. Masonry flatters princes in the hope of having them for auxiliaries. Governments should choose between Masonry and the Church, which sustains authority and inculcates obedience.

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

This encyclical will not be published here before next week. The *Osservatore Romana* will give extracts on Saturday.

Suggestions to Wives.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christian Agnosticism.

The title at the head of this article may appear to some a contradiction in terms. But it is not really so. And no religious man need shrink from saying: "I am a Christian agnostic. I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'O the depth of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and unscrutable his ways!' I say, with Job and all the great prophets of the Old Testament, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' And I bow to the authority of Christ, who tells me, 'No man hath seen God at any time'; 'God is a Spirit'; 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' And, in so beholding, I am in full accord with the Church. I say with her, 'We know Thee now by faith'; 'The Father is incomprehensible (*im-mensus*)'; 'There is but one God, eternal, incorporeal, indivisible, beyond reach of suffering, infinite'—in short, a profound and inscrutable Being. Nor do I find that Catholic theology, for 1,800 years, has ever swerved from a clear and outspoken confession of this agnosticism. So early as the second century, we read in Justin Martyr, 'Can a man know God, as he knows arithmetic or astronomy? Assuredly not.' Irenæus, in the same century, repeatedly speaks of God as 'indefinable, incomprehensible, invisible.' That bold thinker in the third century, Clement of Alexandria, declares (with Mr. Spencer) that the process of theology is, with regard to its doctrine of God, negative and agnostic, always 'setting forth what God is not, rather than what he is."—*Rev. Canon Curteis, in Popular Science Monthly for May.*

A Wrinkle in Advertising.

They are learning how to advertise in Paris. A curious scene was witnessed the other day in a fashionable quarter. A fashionably dressed young man walked into a well-known cafe; then, having managed to attract some attention, he sauntered up and down the garden, finally seating himself at a small table. To him came a person who, from his conversation, proved to be a tailor, and who accussd him in warm words of being ungrateful, stating that he had dressed him on credit for five years. The young fellow fired up and declared himself insulted. A crowd gathered and eag r ears listened to the high words. Finally, to convince his quondam tailor that another house was cheaper and better, the late client pulled out the bill for the garments he wore. The name, price, address, etc., were read aloud and the open-mouthed crowd drank it in. The enterprising tailor who got up this little drama found his profit.

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

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A Bed-Ridden Invalid Cured Through Faith.

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

"On the 12th of March, somewhere about 10 o'clock a.m., I was thinking of the goodness of Jesus and of His power to heal when He was upon earth, and prayed earnestly that I might be wholly consecrated to Him, whatever His will to me might be, when all of a sudden something came over me of extreme beauty. It seemed to me as if I was not here. It seemed as though I was in the very presence of my Master. I was not asleep. I was awake. I was all alone. It lasted about an hour. I cannot describe it. When I came out of it I felt satisfied that I should be made perfectly whole. The next morning, March 13th, I told my daughter that I was going to get up and dress myself; that I needed no assistance from her, nor from my crutch, which I had been obliged to use for years, whenever I could rise. I got up, put on my clothes, and walked about the room. Pain has left me, the swelling has left my arms and limbs, and they feel natural again. I believe I shall regain my former natural strength, all of which I ascribe to the healing power of faith in Jesus Christ."

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

Everybody's Boy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wealthy Men's Recipes for Getting Wealthy.

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

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