A LOVERS' QUARREL

Results in the Shooting of the Girl's Father.

A last Saturday night's Cobourg despatch says: About 2 o'clock this afternoon a dastardly shooting affray took place in this town. A young man named Andrew McGuire, a painter, kept company with a girl named Maggie Tucker for some time past. McGuire has been drinking freely of late, and Miss Tucker refused to have anything to say to him. This morning McGuire bought a seven-shooter revolver for the purpose of shooting her. He went about 12 o'clock to her father's residence, and after being around the house some time watching for the girl, her father, John Tucker, came home and ordered him away. McGuire refused to go, and Tucker then told him he would go and get some one to put him away. Tucker went over to Mr. Dumble's, where his son was working, asking him to go for the police. In the meantime McGuire went around to the back yard and found an axe, and started breaking in the front door. Not succeeding with the axe he got a heavy sledge hammer and smashed it in. Tucker, arriving before McGuire entered the house, ordered him away the second time, when he drew the revolver and fired two shots at Tucker, the first one missing him and the second taking effect in the stomach. He now lies in a precarious condition. Being an old man of about 70 years of age it is thought he cannot survive. McGuire was arrested and placed in jail.

POISONED WATER.

How the Death Epidemic Was Caused in Plymouth, Pa.

A last (Thursday) night's Plymouth, Pa., despatch says: Four deaths occurred during the night from the plague. Twenty-one new cases are reported. One physician is prostrated with the disease, and another exhausted from overwork. Many cases of destitution are reported, and food is being distributed by a relief committee. It is now believed the disease is typhoid fever.

The committee of physicians who examined the Plymouth water with reference to the presrnt epidemic report this evening that they have discovered a satisfactory explanation of the epidemic. At the head waters of the mountain streams supplying Plymouth with water is a house in which typhoid feuer has prevailed during the last three months. The excreta of the sick were thrown into a closet forty feet from the stream and washed into the stream by the March rains. The fever broke out about two weeks after the stream was polluted, and thus far 1,000 persons were poisoned. About eighty-five have died, with deaths daily. There were five deaths up to noon to-day.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS IN ENGLAND.

What the Briton Says About the Canadian War—A Suggestion—The Voyageurs.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: Accounts published in the London dailies concerning the battle between Col. Otter and the Indians under Poundmaker are so very conflicting that in many quarters fears have arisen lest the gravest consequences may follow upon the withdrawal of the Canadian forces from the field of the engagement.

It has been suggested from an influential quarter that the Imperial Government act as mediators between the Dominion Government and the half-breeds. The official telegram issued to-day allays the anxiety to some extent. There is great need of official news being early sent concerning any important event.

Sir Henry Tyler and Mr. Rentor, of the Grand Trunk Railway, will sail for Canada next Thursday.

The departure of the voyageurs is deferred. Lord Derby has been officially requested to convey to Her Majesty the voyageurs' satisfaction and appreciation of Her Majesty's message. The invalids among the voyageurs are doing well.

A FEARFUL LEAP.

A Hand Car Dashes Through a Draw Bridge—Two People Killed.

A Detroit despatch says: About 9 o'clock yesterday morning Arthur Brodie, son of P. B. Brodie, agent of the Michigan Central at Grosse Isle, another man named Thompson, Edith Jennings and Allen Baby, of Detroit, started on a hand car from Slocum's Junction to Grosse Isle. When a few rods from the Canada Southern bridge, connecting Grosse Isle with the mainland, the man in charge of the bridge, unaware of the approach of the hand car, swung open the draw. The car was going at a good rate of speed, and Thompson and the girl jumped off. Brodie and the boy Baby, however, were apparently dazed at the sight of the open draw, and stood stock still, while the hand car with its two occupants tumbled headlong into the water. They were seen struggling in the river by some of the company's employees, and every means were exerted to save them, but without success.

Tailors' Strike in Paris.

A Paris cablegram says: The very success of the tailors' strike at the beginning has been the cause of its ultimate failure. Not less than 75,000 persons connected with the tailoring business went out on a demand for an increase of wages and a reduction of hours of labor. There is a certain amount of justice in both demands, for the hours the Parisian tailor works are excessive and his wages are terribly low. But the depression of business has been so general that the employers of labor did not feel justified in acceding to the demands of their employees and the strike became general. But the strikers and their families constitute a large army requiring food. The funds of the tailors' association were soon exhausted, and the other unions not being able to contribute further to the support of the strikers they will have to soon yield. The English tailors refrained from taking any part in the strike, and they have been reaping a harvest in fancy prices for their services for pressing work.

A young man who was not long since a stockbroker's clerk in Wall street now pays $10,000 a year for a Scotch moor, and $1,500 a year for a hunter. He married Lady Agnes Tollemache Scott, sister to the aged and eccentric Earl of Dysart, upon whose death she will become a countess in her own right.

RUSSIA STILL SCHEMING.

Herat Must Not be Mentioned—Afghan Chiefs Going Back on the Ameer.

London cables say: Earl Granville's diplomatic position has been weakened by recent advices from Lord Dufferin that the Afghans are not quite as enthusiastic in their devotion to the British as the recent declarations of the Ameer intimated. It is reported a fierce discontent prevails among the tribal chiefs, owing to the rumors that the Ameer had given his sanction to the marching of British troops through Candahar in the case of war. The chiefs put no credence in the Ameer's positive denials, and are loud in their denunciation of his supposed action.

A St. Petersburg despatch states that Baron DeGiers has informed Sir Edward Thornton that Russia declines making reference to Herat in the further progress of the negotiations with England.

Granville is stated to have signed an agreement on the scope of the proposed arbitration, which leaves matters between England and Russia open for settlement without reference to an arbitrator.

The Anglo-Turkish alliance has not yet been completed. This is attributed to Granville's withdrawal of the proposed terms on prospect of peace with Russia. The negotiations have led to a closer *entente* with the Porte on the Gladstone policy.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* thinks Gladstone may anticipate Sir Stafford Northcote's motion of censure with surprise for both opponents and friends.

CONGRESS OF NIHILISTS.

The Czar Gets a Respite of Two Years—What They Will Do if no Constitution is Forthcoming.

A last (Sunday) night's Kharkoff cable says: A Nihilist congress was held here last week. A sort of Nihilist reformation has been proclaimed on principles no longer confined merely to the destruction of the existing social system, but to the creation of a new system, capable at any moment of being put in force and of fulfilling all requirements for the administration of the State. The congress has decided that for two years no attempt shall be made against the life of the Czar nor any member of the Imperial family. Every possible effort will be made to induce the Czar to issue the constitution that was actually signed by the late Czar on the day of his assassination, but which was never promulgated. A copy of this ukase was read and unanimously approved of by the congress. The constitution is of the most liberal character, and is based on that of Germany. If at the expiration of two years the Czar refuses to grant the constitution the policy of assassination and terrorism will be inaugurated on a scale never yet attempted. Nihilism exists to-day in more force than ever, and has power to overturn the entire social fabric at one blow. Over 4,000 officers of the Russian army are in the Nihilist ranks. An Anglo-Russian war would not be an element to be made active use of by the Nihilists. They would work heart and soul with the Government to fight the common enemy.

A Modern Borgia.

A Brussels cable says: The trial of the woman Van der Linden, after lasting close on three weeks at The Hague, has terminated in a verdict of guilty. The woman is known as "the Leyden poisoner," and is supposed to have committed sixty murders, although she was prosecuted only for four, committed since November, 1881. The trial was conducted before seven Judges, and the evidence went to show that while the prisoner's general object was to obtain the burial allowance of her victims, she frequently poisoned people out of sheer wantonness, or, it was suggested, in making experiments with poisons, of which she had a large variety. The medical experts who examined her testified that she was perfectly sane and fully responsible for her actions. She was sentenced to penal servitude for life, capital punishment having been abolished in Holland.

More Afraid of Penal Servitude than Death.

At the Manchester Assizes, Jas. Smith, 40 years of age, was indicted for having 61 counterfeit coins in his possession, an offence of which he had been previously convicted. On being found guilty, he said he had tried hard to get work, but could not do so, being without a character, and the police gave him no peace. He made a plaintive appeal for "just one more chance." Mr. Justice Wills said the prisoner must be sternly punished and society protected for a long time. The prisoner—"Do give me one more chance. I am old and crippled. Do not send me into penal servitude. My convictions are only four." The Judge—"The sentence is ten years' penal servitude." The prisoner (excitedly)—"Sentence me to be hung before you do that. I will kill myself. I will never do penal servitude—never." The prisoner was then removed from the dock.

Ice in the North Atlantic.

A St. Johns (Nfld.) despatch says: The mail steamship Caspian, from Liverpool to Baltimore, arrived here this morning. Captain Barrett reports being forced to go down to the forty-fourth parallel to escape a vast belt of ice, 250 miles wide, east and west, and extending southward to the tail of the Great Banks. Icebergs as low down as the forty-fourth parallel are simply innumerable, and are to be counted by hundreds.

Domestic Felicity.

Mrs. McNamara—"Yes, Mrs. Cummiskey, I've been married now goin' on twenty-three year, and Mac and I have niver had a serious quarrel."

Mrs. C.—"Well, thin, it's a happy woman you ought to be, for many's the row Peter and I have had, God be good to us all."

Mrs. McN.—"Oh, for that matter, we've had hard words time and agin, and maybe now and thin a blow, but what I mean is I niver had to call in the police."—*New York Sun.*

While Alexander Hibbard, aged 16, of Milwaukee, Wis., was tossing up a trade dollar and attempting to catch it in his sleeve, the money struck his mouth and he swallowed it. All the prominent physicians in the city are being consulted on the case.

MUCH TOO MUSICAL.

Waggish Scotch Students Who Took a Joke Without Surgical Aid.

A Scotch professor has made up his mind never again on any consideration whatever to tell his students what a high opinion he has of the "Dead March in Saul." Music, says the St. James' *Gazette*, is the delight of his declining years, and he puts the famous march before everything. "If a student," he explained, on one unlucky day to his attentive class, "were to tell me that he had absented himself from a lecture in order to hear the 'Dead March in Saul,' I would consider his excuse valid." The rash assertion was received with cheers. Next day the class was very thinly attended, and the lecture interrupted by the entrance of the janitors with notes. "Dear Sir:" these read, "I hope you will excuse my absence to-day, as I am off to hear the 'Dead March in Saul.'" "Dear Sir: Having heard that the 'Dead March in Saul' is to be played to-day at the cemetery, I find myself unable to stay away from it. Hoping you will, etc." "Dear Sir: You will be pleased to hear that, after your remarks of yesterday on the subject of the 'Dead March in Saul,' I have bought a flute, etc." The poor man bore up for a time, but the notes of absence went from bad to worse. "Dear Sir," they began to read, "I was yesterday so fascinated by the 'Dead March in Saul' that I propose making a careful study of this solemn measure. In these circumstances I hope you will overlook my necessary absence from the lectures for the next few days." "Dear Sir: I regret that on the first hearing it, the 'Dead March in Saul' made less impression on me than I had expected. As I would be reluctant, however, to judge the piece by such slight acquaintance, I shall, with your permission, attend to-morrow's recital." And, worst of all, "Dear Sir: "We, the undersigned, have pleasure in informing you that we have joined a music class for the purpose of practising the 'Dead March in Saul.' Unfortunately, the practising takes place during the hour of your lectures, which will prevent our attendance at the latter being as regular as we could have wished."

Dancing to Death.

When the oarsman or the pedestrian, in training for some great race, has done his work for the day, he carefully defends himself against cold or draught. When he has donned dry clothing he takes grateful rest, and each day he has well-regulated sleep. His diet is carefully selected. Everything, in fine, is done to guard, sustain and increase his vital energies, while the extra work involved in practical training goes on. Is there any kind of work or training much harder than the work done by many young girls in festive seasons? For three or four days each week—six if they get their wish—they dance (and talk) almost continuously from 9 or so in the evening to 2 or 3 or later in the morning. Arms and neck—too often, also, shoulders and bosom—are exposed, and suffer alternations of warmth and cold such as a strong, hairy-chested sailor would not care to endure, and certainly would not endure even if he went all day bare-chested and bare-armed. At one moment a fair dancer is perspiring in the warm, moist and not overpure air of the ball-room, at another enjoying a refreshing but most dangerous chill in some cool room thoughtfully yet thoughtlessly prepared for the comfort of the dancers. Unwholesome food is supplied to these much-tired girls, at unsuitable and irregular times, and to be consumed under conditions very unfavorable to health. An unwholesome excitement encourages them to exertions far beyond their strength, and keeps them (later) from their rest when rest is most necessary. They grow haggard as the season advances. Worse, in their opinion (though in truth it is nature's warning), they cease to be attractive. They grow fretful and irritable—it is the outcry of nature's safety-valve. Well for them if, at the end of the festive season, they are able to recover a part of their lost energies during a more or less prolonged period of rest and dulness. Not a few sink under the strain. The wonder is that so many survive. One would expect all who have been exposed during several seasons to so severe a trial to show the effects in an after life of weakness and sickness. But although, unfortunately, this is the case with many, there are always some among those who stand many successive seasons of such folly (there is no other word for it) who may be pointed to as living proofs that there is no real harm in the process—those, to wit, who, being exceptionally strong, have stood the strain best. Just as there are some venerable old ladies who, blessed originally with splendid constitutions, have borne, unflinchingly and apparently unharmed the barbarism of tight lacing, and are pointed out by observers as living proofs that tight lacing does no harm, but is rather beneficial than otherwise (the cause, perhaps, of their fine constitutions!) so there are always many—so stalwart is our race—who remaining still strong after years of dissipation, are supposed to prove that there is no harm but rather good in this "sowing of feminine wild oats."

Mercury as Ballast.

Some members of the New York Yacht Club propose to use as ballast during the coming season flasks of mercury. The idea that liquid ballast will aid a vessel's progress by the impact of its swaying is very widespread, and was certainly in vogue many years ago, as Lord Nelson is said to have used it in naval operations by fastening casks of water from the mainstay for the purpose of increasing the speed of the vessel. Mercury would form a superior ballast, as its heaviness would reduce the centre of gravity of a yacht lower than an equal weight of lead or iron, but it seems strange that its liquid state should credit it with some latent means for augmenting the speed of a craft.—*Engineering.*

In Patagonia they fine a man two goats for killing his wife. The law is very strict on the subject, too, and if the fine isn't promptly paid he is compelled to marry again. That makes him hustle around for the goats.—*Binghampton Republican.*

A farmer near Macon, Ga., has 400,000 willows growing on his place. He has set out 80,000 this season, and will set his entire levee with them. A ton to the acre is the average yield, and when dried they are worth $200 a ton.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The Sad Figure Seen in the Shop of a London Haberdasher.

(London Letter in Philadelphia Times.)

I have seen a thing quite marvellous in its way. I have seen a far-off result of a great war, of the dethronement of a reigning sovereign, of the exile of the last inhabitants of the Tuileries. I have seen the ex-Empress Eugenie sitting up at the counter of an upholsterer's shop pricing a curtain silk, feeling it to verify the value of its texture, objecting to its color, asking to be shown something else—something of the same kind, only different; a little more so, in fact, or perhaps not quite so much, exhibiting, as one may say, the very indecision of plain Mrs. Jones or Brown, who wishes to get full value for her money and is not going to make a mistake if she can help it. Yes, there she sat, the beautiful Eugenie de Montijo, Comtesse de Teba, ex-Empress of the French, now called, when travelling, the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. I was walking rapidly down the central aisle of the shop, myself bent on the acquisition of curtain materials for the decoration of my own lodgment, when my eyes fell upon the imposing form and the striking features of the Empress. At first I thought I must be mistaken, for who would dream that a sovereign—even an ex?—would so lose sight of the divinity that doth hedge a king as to sit down at an upholsterer's counter and hold converse with one of the salesmen? But there could be no mistake. It was she. These are indeed days of social upheavals. She was dressed in deepest mourning, the widow's garb. The long, weeping "fall" of crape depending from her bonnet was somewhat lacking in freshness, just as it is with plebeian widows after a few wearings in this moisty, misty climate of Great Britain. Her cashmere cloak, trimmed with crape, was drawn in at the waist behind, the better to adorn a figure which is still symmetrical, and the beautiful, taper-fingered hands were encased in black gloves which fitted without a single wrinkle. Nor was this celebrated lady devoid of some semblance of a courtly surrounding. Three ladies accompanied her, and by their deferential manner plainly showed how far above themselves they held the historic personage with whom they had the honor to be associated. In London, during the course of a long residence, one sees so many potentates, reigning or having reigned, so many Serene Highnesses (and also such numbers of disturbed ones), so many princelings of this sort and that, so many "high placed" and "well-born" individuals, etc., and so on, that one king or queen in exile more or less is not a matter to wax eloquent about. But Eugenie buying curtains in that far from aristocratic locality, the Tottenham Court road! At a shop, too, whose very mainspring of existence is its cheapness, combined with beauty! And in this face of later years I found the other day the very beauty of the bygone time, subdued gently by age and sorrow. The golden locks are very silvery now, the witching eyes no longer sparkle as erst they did, the form has lost its line of perfect beauty; but to my eyes the former loveliness is by no means eradicated, and a painter who before sought to show the world how beautiful was the spouse of the Third Napoleon may well find in the lineaments of the dethroned Eugenie that Mater Dolorosa whose sorrows have awakened universal sympathy, the inspiration which he would require to portray a saint. Anxious to know what impression she made upon those who now saw her for the first time I asked my companion, a bright and beautiful young girl, what she thought of her. The answer was a surprise. "Pleasant looking, but not handsome at all." "What! Not handsome! Eugenie not handsome!" "No, not handsome at all," she reiterated positively, "but very pleasant looking."

Slowly leaving the shop, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, Eugenie stepped upon the pavement. She walks with tardy and cautious tread, and carries a cane, doubtless for use at points of inequality in the road beneath her; otherwise she bears it like a fan, say, or, still better, like a sceptre. Her equipage was a four-seated brougham, drawn by two superb bays. Her coachman and remarkably tall footman wear mourning livery, emblem, like the Queen's liveries, of a woe not mitigated by the flight of time. As the group of four ladies passed over the wide pavement, Eugenie and the elder lady together, arm-in-arm, the two younger ones following, the black-coated footman opened wide the carriage door and took off his cockaded hat, holding it low, at arm's length down, until the faded flower of fickle and ferocious France was safely seated within the vehicle. Then the carriage door is shut with a snap, the footman mounts the box beside the coachman and the nettlesome bays fleetly spurn beneath their hoofs the smooth, round stones of the Tottenham Court road.

Suffering From Flies

In September and October, and indeed, in all the hot months, flies abound in the Nile Valley. Men were to be seen with their faces veiled, for no sooner did one open one's mouth to speak than flies flew in and got into one's throat. They come in myriads; their torment is terrible. In hot months, between Dongola and Ambukol, midges rise at sunrise from the river, and, darkening sun and sky, madden those who are unprotected. At sunset they disappear. In certain months, in certain places, there is a caterpillar that, appearing everywhere, works its way into one's ration-bags, blankets and clothing, and with its stinging hairs causes intense itching and irritation.

—The elaborate "icing" used on cards where a frosted surface is desired is said by the *Midland Musical Miscellany* to consist of powdered glass. It is dangerous material to have about the house, especially where there are children. The girls who manufacture the cards and breathe the sharp particles of glass die early, or soon become helpless invalids.

At the recent funeral of Gen. Frabrizi, almost the last of the heroic group of patriot soldiers who supported Garibaldi, a small company of the original Garibaldians (fast thinning), in red shirts and breasts covered with medals, but otherwise in many cases showing signs of extreme poverty, attracted the reverential attention of the crowd. All the Garibaldi family came from Caprera to attend the funeral.

GLADSTONE AT HOME.

The Official Residence of the Prime Minister of England.

"Number 10" Downing street is externally rather a mean and shabby-looking two story house, with nothing about it to indicate the official dignity of its occupant, says the London *Daily News*. On stepping inside, however, the stranger's ideas of its extent at least begin to expand. The street door opens into a hall, large, square, and decidedly dark, with a good fire burning in an open grate, an old-fashioned clock hoarsely ticking on one side of it, an old-fashioned lamp swinging from the ceiling, a side table, a chair or two, an umbrella stand and a few mats on its stone floor. From this hall one sees down a long red-carpeted passage straight in front, and there is nothing leading away at right angles with it to the left. The vistas presented by these two passages afford an idea of extent somewhat worthier of the importance of the place than that likely to be received from the outside, and when the visitor begins to explore the premises he soon finds them very extensive and rather bewildering. From what has been said of the history of the place it will be readily supposed that these amalgamated houses have some of the merits and some of the faults of the old-fashioned domiciles. One gets a general sense of rather depressing gloom, of old-fashioned respectability, rather than of anything very pompous or imposing, and, though the place generally is characterized by some inconvenient features, it is pervaded by a certain quiet and comfortable dignity of appearance. Proceeding down the passage facing the hall door the visitor may be ushered into the dining-room, a rather sombre apartment, furnished in a style in no degree above what may be found in most houses of the upper middle class. Near this room on the ground floor is an equally sombre room, fitted up and furnished as a library, and a double door opening from the same passage admits the curious explorer to that rather awful chamber in which so much of the world's history has been made for generations past—the council room. It is here that the momentous Cabinet meetings of Downing street are held. Beyond two pairs of fine fluted columns—just enough to give a little architectural dignity to the chamber—there is nothing but the associations of the room to attract any attention. There is a long table and rows of mahogany leather-covered chairs down each side, and very little else. This famous council chamber overlooks the Palace ground at the back of the Horse Guards, and its appearance, both outside and in, is vastly less imposing than many a bank house room in the city or council chamber in a country town hall. Upstairs it is very much as down below. The place is everywhere very unimposing and unpretending—comfortable, but for the most part rather gloomy and nowhere grand. Mr. Gladstone has a pleasant, cozy study overlooking St. James' Park and the parade ground. It is, of course, replete with books and pictures, but it is nothing more than a comfortable study. There are two drawing rooms, separated with double folding doors, which may be thrown open on special occasions, making a tolerably large and effective saloon. The drawing-room ordinarily used by the Premier and family is a light and pleasant apartment overlooking the park, and comfortably furnished with just about the ordinary style of furniture and knicknacks to be found in most upper-class houses. Mr. Gladstone's working-room is a large and rather sparsely furnished apartment, which, strictly speaking, belongs to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's part of the premises. It is here that the Premier transacts business with his secretaries or others who may have to do with him. In addition to the rooms that have been mentioned there are others devoted to the use of the Liberal whip and his secretaries, and there are, of course, the rooms occupied by the Prime Minister's secretaries. The whole place, it may be added, is directly connected with the treasury in Whitehall by a staircase at the back of the house. Altogether, this official residence is quite a bewildering agglomeration of business and domestic apartments, but apart from the associations of the house there is really nothing very striking or noteworthy. If it were proposed to-morrow to set up an official residence for the Prime Minister of the British Empire nobody would for a moment dream of such a place as this for the purpose. So very plain and unpretentious a dwelling as this would be felt to be quite out of keeping with the dignity of the virtual ruler of England, but whether or not Mr. Gladstone is dissatisfied with his accommodation we are not informed. The suggestion that Dover House should be taken for the purpose of an official residence originated, we have reason to believe, not with the Prime Minister, but with the Office of Works, the lease having recently fallen into the hands of the Crown. Whether the change will be made is as yet, we understand, altogether unsettled, and by those who are best informed is considered to be very doubtful.

Smoke Prevention.

The London *Contractor* says: "Concerning the suppression of smoke from the manufactories, it appears that in spite of compulsory regulations here and there, matters are in much the same state in Germany as here; that is to say, very little effect has been produced. Herr Weinlig, though proposing very decided interference in some respects, is of the opinion that any attempt to lay down a law as to the use of any special arrangement of firing would be a failure, as it could only be carried out by such stringent interference as would practically destroy many industries.

We shall never be free from the 'smoke nuisance' till we have no more burning of coal in grates. The use of gas, which has already done so much in some directions, will probably gradually do the rest. Large works of all kinds will more and more take to producing gas and using it for all purposes."—*American Manufacturer.*

The iron manufacturers are in session at Pittsburg, Pa., considering the scale of wages presented by the Amalgamated Association. The opposition to the scale offered seems to be unanimous, and a number of manufacturers favor the suspension of work rather than grant the prices demanded.