THE ADVANCE.

One of the leading Local and Family Newspapers in Northern Ontario. Published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

Collingwood Street, - - Flesherton, Ont.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1.00 per annum in advance; $1.50 if not paid at the end of 1½ years. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up; and no subscriptions taken for less than one year, except when special arrangements for shorter periods are made with the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES, &c.

Casual advertisements, 8 cents per 1st insertion and 3 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertisements to be paid for when ordered. Advertisements without special directions will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

Liberal inducements to regular advertisers.

Notices among reading matter, 10 cents per line each insertion.

No advertisement discontinued until all arrearages are paid up.

Copy for advertisements should reach this office not later than noon on Tuesday to ensure insertion in current issue.

A. R. FAWCETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, - PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

GORDON'S HARNESS SHOP

FLESHERTON.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Stoves & Hollowware in Stock.

CLAYTON'S HARNESS SHOP!

FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

EUGENIA Grist Mill,

SAW and Lath Mill.

Having made extensive improvements in my Grist Mill, I am confident I can give good satisfaction.

CHOPPING DONE ANY DAY.

Good Flour always on hand.

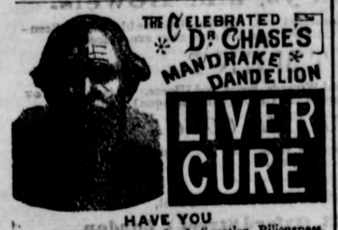
Custom Sawing,

and Bills filled on the shortest notice. Lumber and Lath always on hand.

Cash Paid for WHEAT & OATS.

M. AKITT,

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING A book of 100 pages. The best book for an advertiser to consult, be he experienced or otherwise. It contains lists of newspapers and estimates of the cost of advertising. The advertiser who wants to spend one dollar, finds in it the information he requires, while for him who will invest one hundred thousand dollars in advertising, a scheme is indicated which will meet his every requirement, *as can be made to do only slight clerical work is required by correspondence.* 189 editions have been issued. Sent, post-paid, to any address for 10 cents. Write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU, (10 Spruce St. Printing House Sq.), New York.



HAVE YOU

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, DR. CHASE'S LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE AND DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels and Blood. **500,000 SOLD**

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Dr. SHARKOSH & CO., Sole Agents, Bradford

A MODEL MOTHER-IN-LAW

Brutal Treatment of a Young Girl—Starved, Chained and Scourged.

A Buda-Pesth cable says: A story of most heartless and fiendish cruelty is reported from Czebe, a small village about eighteen miles from Deva. A little over a year ago Andril Semko, who had a daughter named Iwona, 16 years of age, married a young wife. The wife and her stepdaughter quarrelled bitterly, and when the wife complained to her husband he invariably took his daughter's part. About three months ago Iwona disappeared, and Mme. Semko accounted for this by saying that she had quarrelled with the girl, who threatened to run away, and she supposed she had carried out her threat. A few nights since some men while passing a disused root-house, situated a considerable distance from the Semko's house, heard moans. They broke open the door, and still hearing the sounds of distress, they continued their investigations and found Iwona in a deep cellar. The girl was almost naked and a heavy chain was padlocked so tightly round her waist that the links were partly buried in the flesh. The other end of the chain was fastened to an iron bar in the cellar wall, and was so short as to barely allow the girl to lie on a piece of sacking that constituted her only bed. She was reduced to a skeleton, and was covered with cuts and bruises. She told a terrible story of her stepmother's fiendish conduct. She supposes her stepmother must have drugged her and taken her to the cellar while asleep, for she only knows that she awoke one morning to find herself chained up in the way described. Her stepmother was in the habit of visiting her two or three times a week with food of the coarsest description, and on these occasions she used to whip the unfortunate girl with the greatest cruelty. The whip, which consisted of plaited cords fastened to a wooden handle, was found in the cellar. The woman also tortured her in a manner too revolting to relate. Iwona begged her stepmother to kill her, but this she refused to do, saying that it was too much fun to make the girl dance to the music of her own cries to give it up. The men told the police, and Mme. Semko was arrested, while the girl, who is in a pecarious condition, is being cared for by a charitable lady. The greatest indignation prevails, and there are threats of lynching the inhuman woman who so wantonly tortured an innocent girl.

A BUILDING COLLAPSE.

Large Louisville Warehouse Falls In, Takes Fire and Several Lives Lost.

A last (Friday) night's Louisville despatch says: Late this afternoon, during a heavy snow-storm, the front and middle part of the large four-story warehouse occupied by H. P. Forward & Co., Frade & Co. and J. B. Balmforth & Co., all cotton and commission merchants, fell suddenly, and the overturning of a stove started a destructive fire. The building was filled with cotton, tobacco, molasses and dry goods storage, and the flames spread over the place instantly. Covered by the *debris* of the building it burned fiercely. The building is in the centre of a fine block of large wholesale houses, and it looked for a time as if there was to be a conflagration, as the fire department was unable to get at the flames on account of the wreck. They soon got to work, however, and kept the flames confined to the fallen building, and at 8 o'clock the fire was out. The third floor was stored with cotton, and it was this that gave way, falling on the second floor, which in turn fell, and then, after tottering for a moment, the whole front and middle part of the building fell outward and blockaded half of the street. There were eleven persons in the building when the third floor fell. Peter Perkins, a porter, heard the crash and gave warning to seven men on the second floor, who escaped by jumping from a back window on to a shed. Chas. Stamforth, a colored porter, gave the alarm on the first floor and started for the front door. It was thought he was caught and killed by the falling walls. W. Wright, manager of the place, and J. B. Balmforth, one of the proprietors, were in their offices on the first floor and started for the door, but it is believed that they are still in the wreck, as they have not been seen and cannot be found.

HAUNTED BY HIS CRIME.

An Ex-Convict and Tramp Says he Wants to be Hanged.

A Chicago despatch says: "Oh, my God! I want to be hung; I deserve it, and this cursed ill-luck that follows me makes life unbearable!" cried a pale, slender-built and poorly-clad man to-day, as he leaned against the barred door of a cell at a police station and looked out at his visitor. Invited to tell what troubled him, he said: "My name is William Boorne and I was born in Westfield, N. Y., August 4th, 1859. When I was a child my father died and in a short time my mother married Caleb Ornes, of Steinberg, Cattaraugus County, N.Y., where the family then moved. My stepfather misused me. New Year's Eve, 1873, when I was 14, my mother and sisters went to a dance, while I stayed home with my stepfather. I got into a quarrel with him about his refusing to allow me some money to leave home. He struck me, and in my rage I picked up an axe and nearly cut his head off. I was tried for murder and sentenced to Auburn Penitentiary for life. Ten years of my life were spent in that prison, and then, by help of my relatives and on account of extenuating circumstances, I was released. Since then I have made many efforts to get work, but all have failed and I am haunted by my crime."

The man's story was broken at intervals by a sort of absent-mindedness, requiring the listener to recall him to himself by asking questions. He was found begging yesterday and was locked up. A telegram has been sent to Auburn, N.Y., to get the facts in the case.

Curious Effect of Gout.

Rev. John James Dand, vicar of Chieveley, is decidedly a lucky man. Last Christmas Day he made numerous mistakes in the service, and, among other things, read the Litany, in the course of which he prayed that Satan might be "raised up" instead of "trodden down." In the opinion of several of the members of his congregation, "his expression was foolish," like that of a drunken man, and the inference suggested by his face was borne out by the huskiness of his voice, by his stuttering and dropping the ends of his words, as well as by losing his spectacles, and playing other pranks. The Bishop of Oxford, however, and three assessors, have come to the conclusion that these were only the signs of gout and defective eyesight, aggravated by sudden giddiness, so Mr. Dand will continue for the present to show the people of Chieveley the advantages of having an educated gentleman resident among them. —*London Truth.*

A Long and Weary Tramp to Winnipeg.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Peter Dufour, one of the Batoche sufferers, arrived in the city yesterday from Quebec, whither he had gone to seek assistance, having walked the whole way, over fifteen hundred miles, with the exception of the last fifty miles. The time taken was six weeks. He followed the C. P. R. track for the greater part of the way, often finding it difficult to find food and shelter. Assistance has been procured for him here, which will enable him to make the remainder of the journey to Batoche more comfortably.

A man who died recently in the Summit County Infirmary, near Akron, O., had for a long time prior to his death been in the habit of taking a pint of laudanum every four days.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

Brilliant Nuptial Ceremony of Miss Millais.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: To-day was old style Christmas Day. The ecclesiastics celebrated it as the Epiphany, but London society called it Millais' Day, for favored ticket-holders witnessed the marriage of the artist's daughter in the morning at St. Mary Abbots, the fashionable parish church of Kensington, and in the evening the many society people not at the Twelfth Night fancy ball of the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House filled the Grosvenor Gallery, where hung 160 of Sir John Millais' pictures, dating from 1848 down to this, his happy new year. The Lord Chancellor and the Minister of the Rolls at the ceremony headed the legal spectators, for the groom is a "Templar." The Home Secretary, Sir Richard Cross, headed a long list of officials, for the groom is his Parliamentary Under Secretary. M. Waddington headed a group of foreign Ambassadors, for Mme. Waddington, who is a daughter of the late President King, of Columbia College, is an intimate friend of Lady Millais. Arthur Sullivan represented music; Browning, poetry; Val Prinsep and the new baronet, Sir Frederick Leighton, art; and Irving the drama, while quite a large contingent of the peerage spread over the edifice.

The bridegroom, Mr. Charles Welby Stuart-Wortley, is 34 years old, and is a widower. His first wife was a daughter of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the novelist, and his father was once Solicitor General. He represents in Parliament, as a Tory, the Hallam division of Sheffield. He is also well known as a crack pigeon shot. At the hands of her father Mr. Stuart-Wortley gracefully received his bride, who wore a white duchesse satin, trimmed with antique Venetian point lace and pearl garniture. A tulle veil was fastened to her head with a diamond tiara, the gift of her mother. The bride was attended by two pages, sons of her sister Effie, who married Major W. C. James, of the Scots Greys. These nephews wore costumes of pale moss green velvet, with point lace collars. One of the bride's three unmarried sisters headed a procession of six bridesmaids, wearing white silk trimmed with lisse, and carrying bouquets of white stephanotis. The Hon. and Rev. Edward Carr Glynn, vicar of the church, and the Bishop of Cork performed the ceremony. The wedding breakfast followed at the parents' house, in Kensington Palace Gate, where the eldest of the bride's four brothers proposed her health. Her father's wedding present is to be his own painting of the bridal couple and the surroundings at the ceremony, with portraits of all the participators.

AN ELECTRIC BLAZE.

Highest and Most Powerful Group of Lights in the World.

A recent Chicago despatch says: The highest and most powerful group of electric lights in the world is blazing around the tower of the Board of Trade building, at the foot of La Salle street, a little over 300 feet above the ground. While the building was in progress of construction the idea of crowning its highest point with a ring of lights was suggested by Elmer A. Sperry, a Cornell University man, 25 years old, who came here from Cortland, N. Y., three years ago and formed an electric light, motor and car brake company. Various circumstances prevented the execution of the scheme until the present time. Mr. Sperry's company puts up the lights, the Board of Trade furnishes the power, and the other expenses are paid by subscriptions from owners of surrounding property, including the Federal government and several railroad companies. There are twenty of the lights, and they are fastened to a ring of four-inch gas-pipe 29 feet in diameter. The ring hangs on steel wires three-quarters of an inch in diameter, running over sheaves placed at the extremities of four arms projecting from the tower near the top. By these ropes, which are attached to drums in the clock room, the lights are lowered when necessary to a balcony surrounding the tower at the dial, 68 feet below. The lights are of 2,000 candle power each, and are connected with a twenty-light dynamo of 29 amperes in the basement. The carbons will burn fifteen hours if necessary. The lights are to burn every night in the year. To-night the glowing crown is visible from every part of the city and for miles away. It is reported that it can be seen at Michigan City, sixty miles distant across the lake. It is thought that the light can be seen from a point in the lake off Milwaukee. The railroad yards of the city are greatly benefited by the light.

A NEW-REVEREND ON HIS MUSCLE

Geo. C. Miln, the Actor, Figures in a Street Fight.

A last (Friday) night's Carbondale, Pa., despatch says: Geo. C. Miln, the clergyman-actor, was severely beaten here last night. It appears that a telegram his agent sent from a southern city, directed to the manager of the opera house, Carbondale, went into the hands of Manager O'Hearn, proprietor of one opera house, while a letter from the agent went to Manager Nealon of another. The agent did not know that there were two opera houses in the city, and the company played at Nealon's. After the performance O'Hearn asked Miln for $25 damages and Miln told him that he could do nothing for him. O'Hearn said he would attach the company's baggage. Miln thereupon went to the opera house and had the baggage loaded upon a dray, directing the driver to take the load to the depot. O'Hearn and several of his friends came up and Miln got upon the dray, intending to see the baggage safely transported. He was immediately struck upon the head with the butt end of a cart whip, sustaining a serious wound, and the blood flowed freely. The blow was followed up by others, and Miln became covered with blood. Then he was seized by the legs and pulled from the dray. He wrested the whip from his assailant and drove him off, as well as several others who were tempted to take a hand in the onslaught. Then he mounted the waggon and drove to the depot. A constable met him there and levied on the baggage. Miln furnished bonds and left this afternoon. He will take legal action in the matter.

Fatal Result of a Fight.

An Akron, Ohio, despatch says: Roland C. Faust, aged 36 years, one of the most muscular men in the city, has died from the effects of blood poisoning. On Christmas Eve Faust, who was a saloon-keeper, got into a fight with a stranger, in which the latter was badly cut up. Faust's only wound was a scratch on the knuckle of the index finger on the right hand. A few days later his arm began to swell and soon attained twice its natural size. The swelling and inflammation increased until Faust died. It is supposed that the slight wound which he had received by cutting his knuckle on a tooth of the stranger with whom he fought led to his death—blood poisoning resulting from the wound.

Dr. Joseph Leidy lately had submitted to him spongy ice from the vicinity of Morristown, N. J. which contained great quantities of living worms, some an inch in length. They proved to be a new species of *lumbricus*, to which the common earth worm belongs. No living organisms have ever been found within clear dense ice, such as is usually served for drinking purposes.

It is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far-off, mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there.

AGGIE FUKE'S HUSBAND.

Censured by the Coroner's Jury for Want of Forbearance.

A St. Thomas despatch says: The adjourned inquest on the body of Aggie Fuke, who was found drowned in Yarwood's pond (Lake Pinafore) on New Year's Day, was resumed last evening.

Mrs. Fannie Bougher, a sister of the deceased, described the last quarrel between Aggie and her husband, which was about a missing collar button. Mrs. Bougher said: Mr. Fuke found the button in the drawer, and when she saw that he had found it she spoke pretty crossly to him; he answered back pretty forcibly; one word led to another, and Fuke ran towards his wife saying: "G— d— you, if you don't shut up I'll make you;" she retorted that she wouldn't keep still, and Fuke caught his wife by the shoulders and threw her out into the kitchen; he then closed the door and attempted to fasten it; she succeeded in getting in again, when he once more pushed her out; she then knocked his hat off, and it fell to the floor of the woodshed; I then went out after him and gave him a piece of my mind, telling him he should not lay hands on my sister; Fuke said he didn't want her in his house any more, and the sooner she left the better it would be; after storming around the house a little while Fuke left; my sister asked my advice what to do, stating that she could not live any longer with Fuke, who did not love her; I advised her to overlook it, and she said she could not, remarking: "Surely, if I go and drown myself or take poison he will have to answer for this sin;" she then left the bedroom where I was, and five minutes afterwards my niece, Nellie Powers, told me she had put on her (Nellie Powers') hat and left the house.

THE VERDICT.

"That the said Aggie Victoria Fuke, on the 22nd of October, 1885, did wilfully cast or throw herself into a pond known as Pinafore Lake with intent to commit suicide, and was there suffocated and drowned; and we further express our opinion that if the husband, G. V. Fuke, had displayed more forbearance in his treatment of her that probably we would not have had the painful duty of inquiring into the cause of the said Aggie Fuke's death."

A NEW YORK CHURCH

Plays the Role of a Soulless Corporation.

A New York despatch says: At a meeting of the Constitution Club on Wednesday night, Dr. A. K. Gunn made a report on the condition of the tenement houses of New York. He said that Trinity Church was the owner of the worst tenement houses in the city, and was the meanest landlord. The policy of the Trinity Church corporation is to never make repairs on the tenement they own, but to let it actually fall to pieces, until no one, however wretched, can live in it. Then the corporation tears it down, and builds a store, warehouse, or expensive flat house. But it never spends money to improve the condition of the poor. The building at No. 34 Laight street is owned by Trinity Church. It is inhabited by 200 people, and on the ground floor there is a liquor store. The building is in the most terrible condition imaginable. The floors of the halls are covered with filth from overflowed sinks and closets, the halls are dark, and the stairways broken. No. 63 Waits street is another tenement house owned by Trinity Church. There was an outbreak of scarlet fever there some months ago. The father of the sick children went to the Trinity Church office and complained of the defective plumbing. He was told that if he didn't like it he could get out. The cellar was filled with sewage that had leaked from broken sewer pipes, and the floors of the halls were so covered with filth from the same source that it deadened the sound of the footsteps. The Board of Health was notified, and ordered the Trinity corporation to make repairs. Dr. Gunn pointed out several other wretched tenements which are owned by Trinity Church. Geo. D. Goden and W. D. Chandler, Superintendent of the Calvary Mission, corroborated Dr. Gunn's statements. The latter arraigned Trinity Church for its "barbarous policy." Trinity Church, said he, has an income of $400,000 a year, drawn mainly from tenement house property. It was resolved to send the report to the rector of the church.

DID HE TAKE A SCALP?

The Charge Against Captain Howard Repeated with Fuller Particulars.

A Montreal despatch says: All the French Canadian papers have furious articles against Capt. Howard, who has been charged with scalping the dead at Batoche. The captain's partial denial has only increased their bitterness against him. Howard's friends here did not at first believe the charge, but now public opinion appears to have come to the conclusion that he has convicted himself. The *Post* of Monday evening not only repeated the charge, but it gave additional particulars. It says that when Howard was in the act of scalping the dead man he found that his own knife was not sharp enough, and borrowed the knife of a non-commissioned officer belonging to one of the battalions that was engaged in the fight. The *Post* challenges Howard to name any of the Canadian officers who, as he alleges, "helped themselves to hairy souvenirs," and, in the name of the Canadian militia, denies the charge. Officers who served in the campaign, and who know Howard well, speak highly of him. They say that if there is any truth in the charge they believe that it was not a half-breed, but a Sioux Indian, who lost his hair. If this can be established Howard's position here will be improved; but if it is proved that a half-breed lost his locks by Howard's knife, then there may be trouble when he returns to Montreal, as he is likely to do in a few days. There are only three men in Montreal, two staff officers and a newspaper correspondent, who were at Batoche, and they refuse to speak about it.

Burned to Death in Her Ball Dress.

A sad accident occurred at Davenport, England, on Thursday evening week, terminating fatally the following day in the death of a young lady. The two daughters-in-law of Mr. St. Aubyn, the Misses Fitzroy, had dressed for a ball, and when leaving the room to join the carriage the younger sister's dress was found to have taken fire. Her elder sister at once closed in upon her and sought to extinguish the flames. She herself, however, became enveloped, and received such frightful injuries before heartrending cries brought assistance that she died yesterday. The surviving sister remains in a precarious condition.

The Bend in Your Shoulders.

Look after the bend in your shoulders just below the nape of your neck, mesdames, for this proclaims Sarah Bernhardt's age, according to an astute critic, who says no stage artifice can conceal this evidence of 40 years, now perfectly apparent in this once delectable French artist. Women who hate to grow old will be obliged to do something more than repair their faces if this worldly observation is really true. A wrinkle, a lost tooth, a gray hair, is mere child's play to "the bend in the shoulders just blow the nape of the neck."—*Boston Beacon.*

The United States has three times as many telephones as all Europe.

"What do they do when they install a minister?" inquired a small boy. "Do they put him in a stall and feed him?" "Not a bit," said the father. "They harness him to the church and expect him to draw it alone."—*St. Paul Globe.*

A CHILD'S COFFIN EXPLODES

Why Some Men Down in South Carolina were Startled Out of their Wits.

On Friday last there was an occurrence in the cemetery at this place the like of which, perhaps, was never known before. In 1875 James A. Watson, of Clover, whose family then resided at Yorkville, lost a child, aged 3 or 4 years, by death. At that time Mr. Watson was living in Baltimore, a teacher in the Bryant-Sadler Commercial College, and he could not conveniently leave his business to attend the funeral, and in his absence only temporary burial was given the body, awaiting his return home to secure a permanent burial lot in the cemetery. This was not practicable until recently, on the extension of the cemetery grounds, since which time he has bought a lot, and last Friday, in company with J. E. Jeffreys and Dr. J. B. Allison, he went into the cemetery to remove the body to his lot. The burial-case was raised from the grave, and a natural desire to look upon the face of the child, which died and was buried in the father's absence, prompted Mr. Watson to ask Mr. Jeffreys to remove the lid covering the glass panel over the face. The lid was unscrewed and removed, all three standing near, but, observing a film on the surface of the glass, Mr. Watson requested Dr. Allison to procure some material for cleaning it off. The doctor went to a residence near by for some cloth for this purpose, and while he was in the house an explosion of gas ensued, shattering the glass, which was a quarter of an inch thick, into numberless fragments, several striking Mr. Watson in the face, cutting it severely. One piece struck the bridge of the nose, cutting entirely through it. A few pieces of the glass also struck Mr. Jeffreys, but he was not seriously hurt. The casket had been out of the ground several minutes when the explosion occurred, which was the result of the expansion by the warmth of the sun of the gas formed in it. The report of the explosion was equal to that of a dynamite cartridge, and was noticed by persons on Main street, more than a quarter of a mile distant. The face of the child was in excellent preservation, as were also its burial clothes, and a wreath of flowers on the breast seemed to be nearly as fresh as when buried.—*Yorkville (S. C.) Enquirer.*

Extraordinary Case of Mistaken Identity.

Information has just been received in Dublin of a most extraordinary case of mistaken identity. About three weeks ago the body of a respectably dressed man was found in the Liffey at Usher's Island, Dublin. An inquest was held, and a verdict of found drowned returned. On the following day a lady, Mrs. Leddy, of Cootehill, County Cavan, identified the remains as those of her brother, Mr. John McDonnell, a magistrate of Crossmaglen, County Armagh, who had been staying with her, and had mysteriously disappeared about a fortnight previously. Mr. Jordan, of Rathgar road, and Mrs. Annie Banton, of Dorset street, a nurse, also positively identified the body, and the coroner, after holding a post-mortem inquiry, directed that the remains should be given over to the relatives, who positively identified the man's clothes, though there was some doubt as to the boots and stockings. The body was interred in Glasnevin Cemetery as the remains of Mr. McDonnell, and a large number of friends were present at the obsequies. The relatives of the supposed deceased have within the last day or two written to the police authorities in Dublin who had charge of the case, stating that the gentleman who was supposed to be duly interred in Glasnevin has "turned up" alive and well, notwithstanding his permature burial. His sister, Mrs. Leddy, has also made an application for a refund of the expenses incurred by the funeral of the stranger, but was informed that there was no fund available for such an object. Up to the present no clue has been found to the identification of the unknown gentleman who was so deeply mourned and respectably interred, and it is believed that the body was a waif from the sea floated in by the tide.—*Pall Mall Gazette, December 24th.*

Female Exercise.

When William Blaikie asked a Boston audience the other night, "How many ladies in Boston could run a mile at any pace that could be called a run?" there was a general laugh at the idea. And yet there ought to be girls who could run a mile with ease. Blaikie added that if they would tell him any exercise that would do more toward making a man or a woman graceful than running he would like to know what it was. He also described a very salutary form of exercise for the arms and back, such as could be applied even in the case of young children. It consisted of a movement backward of the outstretched arms, with a simultaneous thrusting forward of the chest. In the German militia, said Mr. Blaikie, they took the big backed young fellows and straightened them up for service—that is, they put on them a kind of dude collar, two inches wide and an inch thick, and out of that the candidate emerged in about three months one of the most military-looking persons conceivable.

Smoking in the Dark.

An inveterate smoker informs me that a smoker cannot tell whether his cigar is going or not by the sense of taste alone. In other words, he says, that in the dark a man cannot decide whether his cigar is drawing without looking at the fire on the lighted end. In proof of his assertion he said that he knew a blind man—a Dr. Jeffries, at East Saginaw, Mich.—who smoked a pipe. The old doctor would puff away on the pipe without drawing the least smoke therefrom, and apparently labored under the delusion that his pipe was going beautifully. The doctor often admitted his inability to tell when the pipe was going without establishing the fact—that the tobacco was on fire in the bowl—by touching his finger to the same to ascertain its condition.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Fictions About Royal Personages.

Nobody ever pays the smallest attention to the "authorized" fictions which are circulated whenever a royal personage is ill. It is the invariable custom to assure the inquirer that very little is amiss with the patient, who is always reported to be "going on favorably," although at the very time he is known to be going straight to his grave. Plenty of people still remember that not a whisper of Prince Albert's fatal illness got into the papers until four days before his death, and then it was announced in the *Court Circular* that his malady was "unattended by unfavorable symptoms," although at that time there was scarcely a hope of his recovery. Royalties are morbidly adverse to being thought ill, and the silly craze is particularly strong among our people.—*London Truth.*

A retired newspaper man tells of a pleasant experience with Mr. Vanderbilt. "I went to interview Mr. Vanderbilt," he says, "and the big man was smilingly silent. 'Surely you wouldn't hinder a newspaper man from making a few dollars,' I said to him, facetiously. 'A talk from you is worth a great deal. I made a handsome sum out of my first interview with you.' 'Well, by George, I like a man who can make money out of me,' said the railway king. 'It takes a smart man to do it fire away with your questions.'"

A steamer laden with corn from Chicago arrived in Buffalo Christmas day. Along the route a number of lighthouse keepers lit their lanterns especially to help the vessel on her way, for the department had ordered the lighthouses to be closed for the winter.

SAD END OF A ROMANCE.

A Girl's Affianced Proves to Have Red Hair and Turned-up Nose.

A Canisteo, N. Y., despatch says: A young lady of beauty and intelligence stepped from the Erie train this morning and went to Hartsville, near here, and on her return related her story. She said her home was at Rollin, Mich., and that her name was Theda A. Strumbli. Several months ago she received a letter from George Benjamin, of Hartsville, who said he had found her name on a pasteboard box cover in a car seat on the New York Central Railway. He wanted to correspond with her, and she wrote to him. The letters became frequent and affectionate. The couple next became engaged, and New Year's was set for the wedding.

On that day the bridegroom failed to appear, but a telegram from his sister said that "George" was very low with typhoid fever, and he was continually asking for "Theda." She hurried to his bedside at his sister's request, being promised that the marriage would soon take place. On her arrival at his house she said she found that he had not been sick at all; that he had been trifling with her; that he was far from good-looking, and a shiftless fellow with red hair, squint eyes, and turned-up nose.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"My frens," said Brother Gardner, as he opened the meeting and nodded to Samuel Shin to shove another herring box into the stove, "I trust each and ebery one ob you may take a deep interest in astronomy, but de man who sots on de fence in de day time lookin' fur de ebenin' star am gwine to be hungry in summer an' cold in winter.

"A speerit of philosophy am to be encouraged in all, but de man who sots down to cold taters and codfish, an' reasons dat it was to be, an' darefore is, can't borry any money of me.

"De study of natur' am to be commended, but doan't get so enthusiastic over it dat you am willin' to see de children go bar'fut in January fur de sake of study in' deir heels an' toes.

"Pursue de study of pollytical economy, if you will, but doan' make de diskivery dat de bull subjec resolves itself into sellin' your wote fur de wery highest market price.

"De science of anatomy may well interest ebery one of you, but doan' stop short in your studies at the diskivery dat an average healthy man kin hold down a hard bottom cheer fur six straight hours widout seriously affectin' his constitushun.

"Seek to master de science of mechanism, an' doan' emagine dat you hev got de bull bizness in your pocket as soon as you hev demonstrated to de ole woman dat a dull ax am better dan a sharp one to split wood wid.

"Brudder Shin will please light two more lamps, stuff an' ole hat into dat broken pane in de alley winder, and we will purceed to bizness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Death of a Cave Dweller.

On Sunday morning week, says a letter from Scotland received by last mail, Esther Houston, a somewhat eccentric old woman, who for many years occupied a rude hut in the caves on the estate of Macharioch, Southend, Kintyre, was found dead in her primitive dwelling. Esther, who was known about the Southend district as Queen Esther, was a harmless person, and the farmers and others in the district never allowed her to want; but for some time back her health was giving way. She resisted every attempt made to induce her to leave her lonely and comfortless abode, and always maintained that she was far happier as she was, with the company of her cats and fowls, than she would be in any of the surrounding villages. The family at Macharioch House, in the neighborhood, were very kind to Esther at all times, and it is reported that when the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne were residing at Macharioch Her Royal Highness paid a visit to Esther's cave, and manifested a kindly interest in the old woman, ordering supplies of food, fuel and clothing to be furnished to her. Esther had a boat on the shore near her cave, and when she was stronger used occasionally to go out fishing.

Money in the Church.

In the venerable Archbishop Beresford, Protestant Primate of all Ireland, the Church has lost a very old prelate and the Radicals an extremely useful target, says a London paper. Dr. Beresford came of the family of the Marquis of Waterford, was son of the Bishop of Kilmore, entered the Church in 1825, became bishop of his father's diocese in 1854 and nine years later succeeded his uncle as primate. The Irish Church had always been the great pasture ground of the Beresfords, as was clearly shown by a parliamentary return of the last generation. In a period of about thirty-four years, Lord John G. Beresford held three bishoprics and both archbiscoprics, drawing revenues of $1,750,000. The Bishop of Kilmore in thirty-two years received $1,500,000. Another Beresford, Rev. Charles, drew $555,000; still another, rector of four livings, received $290,000; and there were four other minor members of the family who brought its receipts from the tottering establishment in one generation up to $4,580,000. This was without taking any account of the members quartered on the Civil Service and the Army and Navy.

A Long Lost Picture.

A London cable says: When the Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne, in 1871, the Queen ordered an oil painting to commemorate the event. Instead of entrusting the work to the pencil of Millais, Leighton or Frith, a comparatively unknown painter was selected, and he was occupied for several months upon the picture. The bride and bridegroom, the Queen and all the principal personages present at the ceremony gave him many sittings to enable him to make the portraits accurate and the composition effective. The outlines of the picture were just completed when suddenly both the painter and the painting disappeared. The Queen waited two years and then caused inquiries to be made. After a long search the unfinished picture was found in a pawnshop. The artist has never been found, and another painter was hired to finish the picture, and it has now been completed and hung in the Royal gallary at Windsor.

The Dude and His Tailor.

"Will you pay me this bill, sir?" said a tailor in Regent street, London, to a gentle masher who owed him a pretty long bill. "Do you owe anybody anything, sir?" asked the youth. "No, sir," said the tailor. "Then you can afford to wait!" and off he walked. A day or two afterward the tailor called again. The masher was not at his wit's end yet; so, turning to his creditor, he says: "Are you in debt to anybody?" "Yes, sir," said the tailor. "Well, why don't you pay?" "I've not the money." "That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition; give us your hand!"

The new oriel professor at Oxford, Mr. Cheyne, is an eminent scholar and a member of the evangelical party in the Church.

The *Silver Standard* is the name of a new newspaper published at Silver Plume, Colorado. It ought to succeed, for it has an eye to business as well as great common sense, as is proved by its motto, which reads: "Trying to Do Business Without Advertising is Like Winking at a Girl in the Dark. You may know what You are Doing, but Nobody Else Does."

My Wolves.

Three gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
Three gaunt, grim wolves there be:
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking the door,
Or peers at his prey through the window pane
Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
He shall not come in—he shall not come in;
But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
A destiny weaves man's life for him,
As a spider weaves his web for flies;
And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger and Woe,
A man must fight them whether or no,
Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
To-morrow night I shall be dead;
For the fancies are strange and scarcely sane,
That flit like spectres through my brain,
And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
When I knew not Sin and Hunger and Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men,
And I have met the three,
And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
And one is Misery;
Three pairs of eyes at the window pane
Are burned and branded into my brain
Like signal lights at sea.

Just for the Principle

A man in Copiah county, Miss., came out of his cotton field one day at noon and turned his plow-mule in the yard and threw her a bundle of fodder and then entered the house to eat his own dinner. A mangy, half-starved calf, that was grazing in the yard, wandered over to the mule and fodder and began eating. The mule backed her ears and heels, and kicked the calf so severely that it fell to the ground and died. The children called to their father: "Oh, papa! Old Bet's done killed Billy." The father immediately seized his gun and rushed into the yard, and seeing what the mule had done, in his rage discharged both barrels of the gun at the mule, killing her almost instantly. A neighbor passing along about that time inquired:

"Jones, don't you think is mighty poor business to kill a hundred-dollar mule all about a two-dollar calf?"

"Hundred-dollar mule! Thunder, its not a money matter with me. It is the principle of the thing."

Crazy Quilts.

There has been a great cry lately against silk crazy quilts. It is a good way to utilize old scraps of silk, and it is only the abuse of the crazy quilt that causes dislike. A crazy quilt is prettier without all the cross stitching, embroidered blocks, pieces of looking-glasses set in, or any superfluous decorations. The blocks of silk simply patched together with colors blending harmoniously are enough to produce a pleasing effect. It is the same with the crazy quilt as it is with everything else in America. As soon as a pretty fashion arrives it becomes abused at once by over-decoration. —*Hartford Times.*

Pile Tumors,

neglected or badly treated, often degenerate into cancer. The worst pile tumors are painlessly, speedily and permanently cured without knife, caustic or salve, by our new and improved methods. Pamphlet and references 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

At least four incorporated towns in Colorado are at an altitude of over 9,000 feet above the sea.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.—*Hot Spring News.*

"He who is false to present duty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause." A case in point occurs to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that, "I had a large abscess on each leg, that kept continually discharging for twenty years. Nothing did me any good except Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It cured me." Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration.—*The Sun.*

Anxious passenger to driver of Philadelphia street-car: "Will we reach the Broad street station in time for the 3 o'clock train west?" Driver: "I cuddent tell yo' nohow, boss. It all depends on d