THE ADVANCE.

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

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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Editor and Proprietor.

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A CRUEL MASTER.

A Showman's Brutal Treatment of his Juvenile Performers.

A Vienna cable says: Considerable excitement was caused on Saturday by the trial of a man named Kuhn for cruelty to children in his employ. He has two boys aged 10 and 11 and two girls slightly older, who perform in the villages round the city as dancers and acrobats. The performances are given on a small portable stage, drawn from place to place by dogs. Kuhn returns here weekly to spend his Sunday in the city, and last Saturday night at a late hour he was arrested a few miles away. He had the four children yoked to the cart with ropes, and, whenever they slackened in their speed he lashed them with a long whip. When arrested the children were bleeding from cuts about the arms and shoulders, and were so exhausted with their exertions as to be barely able to stand. The trial revealed a terrible system of cruelty. The children were purchased for small sums from their unnatural parents. Once in Kuhn's hands they became his slaves. In training them he used the whip unmercifully, and every Sunday was spent in devising and carrying out ingenious punishments for faults, real or imaginary, committed during the weekly tours. An examination of the children showed that their backs were one mass of scars from the floggings they had received, and the eldest girl gave an account of the cruelties practised on her and her companions that was sickening. Kuhn was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and the children have been placed in homes, while an effort will be made to bring to justice their heartless parents.

FISTICUFFS IN CONGRESS.

A Land Ring Results in Another Kind of a Ring—Fight Between Two Representatives.

A last (Friday) night's Washington, D.C., despatch says: Quite a sensation was created in the House this afternoon by a personal encounter between Representatives Cobb, of Indiana, and Laird, of Nebraska, growing out of charges made by the former on the floor of the House to the effect that the Nebraska member had been concerned in a land ring. Representative Payson, of Illinois, a member of the Public Lands Committee, was explaining to Representative Gilfilan the effect of certain Senate amendments to a Bill intended to protect the rights of homestead settlers, when Representative Laird leaned from his seat toward the party and asked "Why do not you fellows (referring to the Public Lands Committee) do something to break up the land ring in the South, instead of raiding upon the North?" Mr. Payson replied that that was what the committee was endeavoring to do. Mr. Cobb undertook to defend the committee, of which he was the Chairman, and an angry passage of words occurred between him and Mr. Laird, which ended by the latter gentleman calling the former a liar. Witnesses say Mr. Cobb declared that Mr. Laird did not dare to come outside and repeat his language. Mr. Laird is said to have replied that the gentleman could not get out soon enough for him. With this the pair started through the lobby into the basement. Some one called Mr. Payson's attention to their exit, with the statement that they were going outside to fight it out. Thereupon Mr. Payson hurried through the doorway, and, coming up with the would-be combatants on the stairway, caught Mr. Cobb by the collar and remonstrated with him for pursuing so boyish and foolish a course. He succeeded in getting Mr. Cobb to retrace his steps so far as the west door of the lobby, Mr. Laird following, when the controversy broke out afresh. Recurring to the charges Mr. Cobb had made against him in a speech several weeks ago, Mr. Laird angrily declared that Mr. Cobb was a "—— liar." Mr. Cobb rejoined that Mr. Laird was a "—— perjurer," but the words had hardly passed his lips before Mr. Laird struck him a heavy blow on the mouth and nose. A stream of blood trickled down Mr. Cobb's face and he was thrown backward against the doorway. A crowd which had collected interposed, and the combatants separated, Mr. Laird taking his seat in the House and Mr. Cobb reclining in an easy chair in the lobby, where he was surrounded by friends. The bad feeling between the two members dates back some months.

A CHILD WITH RABBIT'S EYES.

Delicate Operation on an Infant—Everything Restored Except Sight.

A Chicago despatch says: Two months ago Dr. Smith, of the Eye and Ear Department of the County Hospital, performed a difficult surgical operation on the eyes of a little three-months old child, which was totally blind. It suffered from malignant ophthalmia and the cornea of one eye was terribly bulged and completely opaque. Dr. Smith dissected out the inflamed cornea and ingrafted with delicate needles the cornea of a healthy rabbit. In performing the operation care was taken to preserve the delicate structure of the conjunctiva of the rabbit eye. No hope was expressed at the time that the transparency of the cornea would be preserved after it had been ingrafted. After a month had passed and the operation had proven successful in every other way, there were some signs that the child might receive at least partial sight. So a similar operation was performed on the child's second eye, the cornea of the rabbit's eye being first laid on a piece of cork and the membranes adjoining it, which had sloughed off after the first operation being removed, the surgeon being convinced from the first operation that the vitalizing power did not proceed from these membranes. The eye on which the first operation was made has assumed its natural shape and color and the other is healing satisfactorily. They are normal in every respect, except the giving of sight. But for the operation the eyeballs would have burst.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS.

Five of its Cars Roll Down an Embankment—Two Men and Twenty-Five Trick Horses Killed.

A last (Friday) night's Portland, Me., despatch says: Information was received here this afternoon of a fatal accident to Forepaugh's circus train, on the Maine Central Railway, at Vassalboro', about fifty miles north of here. The storm having interfered with the wires particulars are meagre. The train, consisting of twenty cars, was *en route* to this city and was running at a lively rate of speed when four cars jumped the track and plunged down the fifty foot embankment toward the Kennebec River. Three of the cars contained animals and one was a passenger caboose containing a number of employees. The cars rolled over and over several times, being smashed to splinters. Twenty-five valuable trick horses were killed outright and a number of others badly injured, some of which will have to be killed. The caboose was occupied by ten men, several of whom escaped by jumping when the car left the track. They were saved from injury by the soft earth. The others were carried down the bank and caught in the wreck. Their companions extracted several of these, who were badly if not fatally injured. Two, whose names are not given, are buried beneath the wreck in the river, and were doubtless killed instantly. A wrecking train has left for the scene.

A FLOATABLE MAIL BAG.

Application for Dominion Patent for a Valuable Invention.

An Ottawa despatch says: As an outcome of the recent loss of the great Atlantic liner, the Oregon, and the inconvenience to commercial men, both in Canada and the States, consequent on the sinking of the mail bags on board the ill-fated steamer, many of which have not been recovered and probably never will be, an application has just been made for a Dominion patent for a buoyant mail bag. The inventor is Mr. Charles E. Knight Gregson, a valued officer of the Allan line. The bag is a double one, the inner lining being of corrugated rubber. It is entirely impervious to water, and can be used as a pillow or even as a life buoy. The invention is intended to obviate, as far as possible, any such catastrophe as that which happened to the Oregon mail bags. A strong effort will be made to secure its general adoption by the chief powers, and besides patents being taken out in Great Britain, Canada and the United States, applications have also been made in France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Belgium.

Mad from an Anonymous Letter.

A Providence, R.I., despatch says: About a week ago, John White, 36 years old, a loom fixer, received an anonymous letter accusing his wife, Lizzie, of unfaithfulness. He has been brooding over the matter ever since, and to-day had to be taken to the State Insane Asylum mad. He and his wife and three children have lived very happily here and formerly in New London and Marlboro', N.H. He is an expert designer and pattern-maker, and while in Marlboro' suffered mental derangement over his inventions and was confined for a time in the Concord Insane Asylum.

The head of the firm which publishes General Grant's books has gone to Europe to direct their sale abroad. He states that on his return he expects to pay Mrs. Grant another cheque for $250,000.

BEECHER ON THE IRISH CRISIS.

The Principle of Home Rule Simple But the Details Puzzling—American Sympathy for Britain.

A London cable says: The *Daily News* prints an interview with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in which he remarked upon the quiet and orderly character of the English elections as compared with elections in America. Regarding the political battle, he said that Americans were profoundly interested in the British leaders, holding them in a sort of ideal reverence. With respect to his presence here amid the strife, he said that his finding Gladstone and Bright pelting letters at each other produced a strange illusion. "From the American standpoint," he said, "the question at issue is as simple as 'A B C.' But when we come here we find details rather than principles separating the great leaders. While in the first instance our whole thought goes with Mr. Gladstone, yet when we read the arguments of other men, we admit our inability to meet them. Then we are puzzled, but on the details, not on the general scheme at all."

Reverting to the elections, Mr. Beecher admitted that the English laws were much more rigorous than the American. But he thought America's system of registration better than England's. Bribery, he said, was a great danger in the American elective system. The difficulty was to obtain laws to suppress bribery.

The dynamite fund sent to England was raised by an insignificant circle of imported wretches, to which American-born Irishmen were as much opposed as Englishmen. The American national feeling was not in sympathy with any violent form of interference. They welcomed assisting the Parnellites in Parliament, but the dynamite fund was a clandestine movement to arouse the sympathy of the Irish in order to obtain their votes, and it was a movement that had not taken deep root in America. He objected to English papers treating the American interest in the Irish question as an intrusion. He earnestly maintained that the Americans had no such intention. Theirs was a non-partisan, kindly interest in the solution of the difficulty between Great Britain and Ireland. It belonged to the region of sympathetic interest. The development of English affairs was a study, a deep, absorbing problem. I know, he said, in conclusion, that onlookers are said to see most of the game. I know also that when a man is playing chess it is never allowed that an outsider should suggest a move.

ROMANCE OF MARRIED LIFE.

Arrested for Travelling in Male Attire—Husband's and Wife's Stories.

A Syracuse despatch says: The attention of Officer Kernan was attracted this morning to two men who had a short time previously arrived here by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western train. Watching their movements for a time, he eventually arrested them and conveyed them to police headquarters for examination. Here the suspicion that he had formed that one of the two was a woman dressed in male attire was confirmed, the suspected party confessing to her sex, but denouncing her arrest as an outrage. The parties were subsequently taken before Justice Mulholland, the woman on a charge of wearing man's clothes in violation of a city ordinance. To the Justice she said that her name was Minnie Avery, 22 years old, and that she was the wife of her companion. She further stated that she was born in Tunkhannock, Pa., where her mother lived, and that she was a dressmaker by occupation. The man stated to the Justice that his name was W. L. Avery, that his home was at Boulder, Col., and that he had been the husband of the woman for two years.

"Why do you allow your wife to go around in such a costume?" asked the Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge," he replied, "my wife is crazy, and every now and then I have to humor her. I know it ain't right, but you see I humor her to the death."

The man further stated that they had been visiting relatives at Overton, Chenango county, and were on their way to Fort Lyon, where he had obtained work. Both were locked up pending further examination and a reply from the woman's reputed mother at Tuckhannock. In the woman's clothing was found a six-barrelled revolver.

The police believe that the pair are an eloping couple, and that the woman disguised herself the better to escape detection.

ROW IN THE FRENCH SENATE.

The Minister of War to Fight a Duel To-day.

A last (Thursday) night's Paris cable says: The expulsion of the Duc d'Aumale was the cause of an exciting scene in the Senate to-day. M. Chesnelong said the Duke's letter to President Grevy in no wise justified his expulsion, and that the Government had violated the principle that an officer's commission was his property. General Boulanger, Minister of War, replied that he would not tolerate an insolent letter like the Duke's. An uproar ensued, and Baron Lareinty shouted that the expulsion of the Duke was an act of cowardice. General Boulanger declared he would not permit such an expression to be applied to the Minister of War, and quitted the tribune. M. Sarrien stated that the Duc d'Aumale's letter had been written with the consent of the Count de Paris, and that the whole affair was a veritable plot. General Boulanger declared that he would fulfil his duty as a Republican Minister. M. Lareinty said he regretted that so distinguished a soldier as General Boulanger should insult any one who was absent. An order of the day was then passed by a vote of 157 to 78, approving the conduct of the Government and expressing confidence in its vigilance. Gen. Boulanger has challenged Baron Lareinty to a duel, in consequence of the affair in the Senate to-day. The duel will probably take place to-day. Pistols are the weapons chosen.

WHIPPED BY THEIR FATHER.

Two Girls Take an Axe and Chop His Head Off.

A Petersburg, Va., despatch says: Sol Joyner, an aged and inoffensive citizen of Southampton, a day or two ago went to a neighbor's, Wm. Prince, to make some repairs to that gentleman's mill. After the day's work he returned home, ate his supper, and after conversing a short time with his family he retired. That night after Joyner had fallen asleep, his two daughters, Mattie and Addie, aged respectively 12 and 18 years, went to the bedside of their father armed with an axe, with which they chopped the head of the old man into a jelly. After making sure of their deadly work the girls made their escape in the night into Essex county, where they were subsequently arrested. They have both been committed to the county jail to await trial. The only motive for the crime of the girls is revenge for a severe whipping which they had received from their father for taking provisions and wearing apparel without permission from a neighbor named J. D. Prince.

Pastoral Item.

Sunday school teacher: "Johnny, do you understand the parable of the shepherd and his sheep?"

Johnny: "Yes, sir."

"If you little children are the sheep, what am I?"

"A big sheep, sir."

Don't Fret, and Live Long.

Betsey Moody, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., known as a woman "who never fretted," died week before last aged 105. The moral attached to this incident is one that could be read at any distance by a blind man.

A BANK ROBBERY.

Theft of Bills of the Consolidated Bank of Canada—Wealthy Boston Broker Arrested for Forging the Cashier's Name.

A Boston (Mass. despatch says: As will possibly be recalled to mind, the Consolidated Bank of Canada some time ago suffered a peculiar robbery. It was having printed a new issue of bank notes, and while in the bank building awaiting the signature of the cashier to make them a legal tender, a large bundle of uncompleted $10 bills, amounting to some $5,000, was stolen in a mysterious manner. As far as known the thief was never detected, but the detectives having the case in hand kept on the look out for the bills. Lately they have been showing up with the cashier's name badly forged upon them. Taking up this clue, although the notes came from all parts of the country, the bogus bills were traced to Boston, where the case was placed in the hands of the United States authorities.

On Monday a merchant paid in one of the bills into his bank, and a few hours later he was waited on by a secret service agent, who took him into custody. He protested against his arrest, saying he received the note in good faith from Jacob Alexander, a money broker doing business at 12 State street here. This morning Alexander was arrested in his office, where a large number of the bills were found, and taken before U. S. Commissioner Hallet.

Alexander is quite a wealthy man, and moves in good society, so his arrest caused something akin to a sensation. He denied knowing that the bills were stolen, but said he believed that the Consolidated Bank was responsible for them. It was proved, however, that he knew the cashier's name was forged, and if not the forger was a connivant to the same. He also disposed of the bills at 75 per cent. discount, and still made a small profit, showing the low figure he must have paid for them originally. When he found a customer sufficiently green he disposed of the notes at their supposed value. He would also give no satisfactory account of how he came into possession of the bills. He was released on bail for the action of the United States Circuit Court.

Only a small number of the bills were recovered, he having disposed of the greater part.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

A Cincinnati Housemaid, Mistaken for a Burglar, is Fatally Injured.

A Cincinnati despatch says: Mary Riley, a rosy-cheeked, buxom servant girl, lies at the point of death in a cottage on Mount Washington with a bullet-hole in her breast. She was shot this morning by Wm. C. Keever, a son of her employer, under the impression that she was a burglar. L. C. Keever, the father of the young man, is a wealthy Cincinnati wholesale grocer. During the summer he and his family live in a beautiful cottage on the summit of Mount Washington, ten miles distant. About midnight young Keever thought he heard burglars trying to gain entrance to the house. He arose, and taking his revolver, a 32-calibre, made an investigation. Finding everything quiet he placed the revolver under his pillow and went to bed. About 1 o'clock a terrible rain and thunder storm sprang up and Mary Riley, the servant, got up to close the shutters about the house. She called young Keever, but as he was asleep and did not answer she entered his room and closed them herself. The noise awoke him, and with the idea of burglars still in his head he saw a form coming from the window, and imagining it was a housebreaker he fired. The girl made an outcry and he saw his terrible mistake. As she tottered he sprang forward, laid her gently on the bed, aroused the family and dashed out into the storm after a doctor. It was found that the ball penetrated above the left breast in front and passed through the entire body, lodging under the skin behind the shoulder blade. It is thought the girl will not recover.

Another Niagara Crank.

A Suspension Bridge (Ont.) despatch says: George W. White, a barber of Oswego, came here on Thursday with the announced intention of swimming the whirlpool rapids, clad in a cork suit about three-quarters of an inch thick. He stayed nearly all day at Clifton, and made arrangements to make the swim yesterday morning between 7 and 10 o'clock, but he failed to keep his agreement. He stopped at an hotel on the American side, and left at about 7 o'clock in the morning. He said something to the manager of the hotel about swimming the rapids, but the latter thought it was a joke. Various reports are in circulation about White having been seen on the river banks, but nothing authentic can be learned. He told the editor of the Niagara Falls *Review* if he did not show up by 3 o'clock in the afternoon he could write his obituary, and that he did not care much whether he came out alive or not. An object which looked like a man's body was seen in the whirlpool about noon, but it was sucked in by the maelstrom before its nature could be determined. Many believe that he made the attempt and lost his life, while others regard the affair as a guy. Efforts to find White this afternoon were unsuccessful. An Oswego man who is here says that he is not a crank, but a pretty level-headed fellow. The search is being prosecuted diligently.

Latest From the Northwest.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Pelkey's dry goods store was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. Loss about $9,000 on stock and $3,000 on the building.

Locomotive Fireman Wilson, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was accidentally killed near Donald, B.C.

Mr. R. T. Thompson has been nominated as the Liberal candidate for Shoal Lake for the Local Assembly.

"A" and "B" Batteries passed Winnipeg last night *en route* east.

It is reported here that Mr. Dewdney will get a second term as Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories and that Mr. Hayter Reid will become Indian Commissioner.

Mr. Robert Sinclair, lately from the North of Scotland, now a homesteader in York Colony, Assiniboine, writes: "We have had green peas for dinner on 27th June and splendid new potatoes on the 30th June. Grain is far advanced and shot out from five to eight inches, and fully three weeks ahead of last year."

The Canadian Pacific Railway authorities hold that the burning of the cars of the second through train by the bush fire at Beaver Creek, B.C., might have been prevented, and have dismissed the engineer and fireman of the train.

Extensive prairie fires are raging along the boundary at Wood Mountain, N.W.T., and threaten to sweep the country east of the South Saskatchewan.

Ways of the Amateur Editor Man.

The amateur newspaper man also circulates at ease. It is amusing to watch his efforts to attract attention. Marching with dignified step to the head of the car, he turns quickly, and casts one searching look first down one side and then down the other. His brows, firmly knit, betoken the deep thought which is "evoluting" within his mighty brain. He pulls out a notebook, applies a pencil, nods his head three times as he writes, turns again, opens the door and disappears into the next car, where the process is repeated.

"Who is that?" asked an incredulous countryman who happened to be along.

"He ar a editur," replied the small boy.

"A editur! Oh, yes, I've hearn ov em," rejoined the questioner, as he looked again over the hills in the distance.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

VICTIMS OF ALCOHOL.

The Methods Used for Their Cure in a Private Hospital for Women in New York.

"The patients here are all women," said the manager of a quiet, unobtrusive private hospital in the neighborhood of Central Park. From the outside of the building nothing could be seen to indicate the character of the occupants, and it could easily have been taken for the home of a business man of means.

"What are the special features of the institution?" continued the manager. "There is only one disease treated here, and that is drunkenness. Drunkenness a disease? Undoubtedly, the same as any other disordered condition of the body. Alcohol is a poison, and people who take it habitually suffer from chronic poisoning, just as the man does who works in a white lead factory for any length of time. The patients are all wealthy here, and, confidentially, this place is nothing more than a high-toned inebriate asylum. It would never do to call it so, as it would ruin the business entirely. It is a peculiar thing about many of our patients, that is, those who come willingly, that if there were anything said about this being a retreat for drunkards they would never come here. They are sensitive on this point, although they know what is the difficulty with them. The hospital is always full, and, in fact, patients have to be turned away every day, and I understand that places similar to this have been started further down town, to take care of the increase in the business. I can't say that drunkenness among wealthy women is on the increase, but there is no doubt that the number of people seeking treatment is larger than it was a year ago. Some of the cases are bad, and women who have formed the habit of taking morphine to quiet the nervous condition induced by alcohol are the worst. Some are brought here in the wildest paroxysms of delirium tremens, after the treatment of the family physician has ceased to be of benefit.

"Are the patients cured? That is hard to tell. The object of the treatment is to break the habit. Patients have been sent home seemingly strong and all right, who after a time come back worse than ever. But little medicine is given in the plan of treatment, and no substitute for the alcohol. Medicine to take away the appetite for alcohol is nonsense, for by giving something for this purpose another habit will usually be formed equally as bad. Whatever tends to strengthen the body is used, and no patient is safe to discharge until the inflammation of the stomach caused by alcohol has been removed. Fresh air, baths, exercise, light food and agreeable mental occupation do the work if a cure is possible. There is a class of patients who do not want to stop drinking. They spend a few weeks with us, get patched up somewhat, and go back to their excesses with the vigor of youthful indulgence. All the patients are benefitted by treatment, unless there is too great an organic derangement of the kidneys and liver. I know of some absolute cures, but they are but a comparatively small percentage of those treated. The trouble is that when they leave here, as soon as there is a reaction, however slight, from the cessation of tonics, they feel depressed and take a little stimulant to drive away the dulness and counteract the low vitality. When this is done once, it is only a question of time when stimulants are taken in large quantities for every little ailment. This sets up an inflammation which is the cause of the craving for alcohol, and the habit is formed. I have had patients under my charge, whose relatives would willingly pay any amount of money to have the habit broken. It is not a question of money at all. Millions could not cure a person who did not have a stronger desire to stop drinking than to drink. This is the real secret of a radical cure.

"The patients cannot as a rule be trusted. They will lie about their condition, make themselves appear to be well and strong, only that the restraint they are under may be relaxed so that they may have a chance to get something to drink. Even when they are brought here, physical wrecks, trembling, with shattered nerves, wild eyes and wandering minds, they will declare that they have not drunk in months, and claim that they are being persecuted by their family or friends. There are many sad cases where the habit of drinking has been formed innocently, and perhaps under the advice of a physician. Then there will usually be an honest effort to break away from the grip that is tighter than a band of iron and the mental torture induced by the effort to keep straight and the lack of confidence in the ability to do so is something horrible at times, and can only be appreciated by those who have seen cases frequently or undergone the agony themselves.

"There is one striking peculiarity about the alcoholic patient. They will agree with every statement made concerning the injurious effects of alcohol, and will acknowledge that drunkenness is the worst habit that could be formed. They will deliver temperance lectures to each other by the hour, and weep freely as they recount their misery and sufferings. Give the most earnest protestor among them a chance to get a bottle of whiskey, and they will seize it eagerly. The thought of whiskey starts the machinery of desire going so strongly that nothing can resist it, and usually until a patient's stomach is healed she will drink whiskey if she can get it until insensibility is produced"—*New York Tribune.*

Trading a Sister for a Wife.

A Raleigh, N. C., despatch says: Nearly seven years ago, in Union County, Alfred Godfrey and his wife were living together, apparently happily. The nearest neighbors were Rufus Porter and his sister Susanna. As time rolled on the fact was disclosed that a strong attachment had been formed by Godfrey for Miss Porter and that Rufus Porter entertained similar tender feelings toward Mrs. Godfrey. A trade was finally proposed. Porter was to take Mrs. Godfrey and some property as a bonus and Godfrey was to take Miss Porter. This was carried out with the consent of the women, and everything moved on peaceably and lovingly. A few years ago both families moved to Mecklenberg County, amicable relations having prevailed between them. At times the two families lived on the same plantation. It was not until last week that the tranquility in their domestic bliss was disturbed and their households divided. Some one had a warrant issued for their arrest, and the case was brought before a magistrate on Tuesday. The warrant was not served upon Porter, he having run away. The case was heard and the parties were bound over for the action of the Criminal Court. While those who had been tried and bound over were in charge of the constable, Godfrey made his escape and has not since been heard from.

For Staining Bricks.

For staining bricks red, melt one ounce of glue in one gallon of water; add a piece of alum the size of an egg, then one-half pound Venetian red and one pound of Spanish brown. Try the color on the bricks before using, and change light or dark with the red or brown, using a yellow mineral for buff. For coloring black, heat asphaltum to a fluid state, and moderately heat the surface of the bricks and dip them. Or make a hot mixture of linseed oil and asphalt; heat the bricks and dip them. Tar and asphalt are also used for the same purpose. It is important that the bricks be sufficiently hot, and be held in the mixture to absorb the color to the depth of one-sixteenth of an inch.

President Solomon, of Hayti, has been re-elected.

"GOD CURED HER."

A Young Girl Dies, Enters Paradise and Comes Back to Life.

(Macon Telegraph.)

The little town of Vernon, Lamar county, Ala., twenty-eight miles northeast of Columbus, Miss., has furnished a first-class sensation, which has set the whole country wild. Mollie Pennington, daughter of George Pennington, who resides four miles from Vernon, aged 13 years, was taken sick on the 15th ult. Physicians state that her illness represented hydrophobia. On the 17th Drs. Reed, Brown, Morton and Burns were called in to see the girl. She presented every sign of hydrophobia, attempting to bite every one around her, even herself. On the 18th she somewhat rallied, gained her consciousness, and told those around her that she would die for an hour exactly, and at the expiration of that time to shake her hands and feet and that she would

COME BACK TO LIFE.

At the time predicted she died away, and physicians present state that death was apparent, the pulse failing to beat and her body was cold. Her physicians during the hour applied all available remedies to restore her, and at sixty-two minutes exactly from the time she swooned away she astonished all by opening her eyes and jumping nimbly from her bed. She told that she had been to heaven and that God had cured her. She then told that she was returned to preach to the earth, and commenced there exhortations that amazed them all. The most curious circumstance is that she remarked immediately that she had seen Mrs. Briermore in heaven and had talked with her. Mrs. Briermore, who lives four miles away, died during the hour that the girl was apparently dead, and no one had had communication from the family. At the appointed time of evening she has continued her exhortations, telling beforehand at what hour

GOD WOULD BE WITH HER.

Ministers from all over the country are flocking to see her, and her discourses move her audiences to shouts and tears. Men of strong minds say there is something supernatural about her. She never went to school a day in her life and cannot read her name, and never heard but one sermon in her life; and the good language used by her in her discourses and Bible teachings strike her hearers with wonder. She is unusually small for her age, weighing but forty-one pounds. She has always been of a reticent disposition until within the last month she has been in unusually good spirits and talked incessantly. This statement is corroborated by at least a dozen men your correspondent has talked to, who have seen her and heard her talk. Great crowds are reported as going from all over the country to hear her.

FAITH CURE.

Paralysis of Thirty Years' Standing Cured at St. Anne's.

A Quebec despatch says: A great sensation was created throughout the city last night by the announcement that a very striking miracle had occurred at La Bonne Ste Anne in the presence of 700 pilgrims from St. John's suburbs, who went down to the shrine yesterday under the direction of their cure, Rev. Mr. Plamondon. A Miss Labrie, one of the pilgrims, who for 30 years had lost the use of her legs from paralysis, and who, in going down, had to be carried from the boat to the church in a chair, rose up, it is said, in the sight of all, after mass at which she had taken communion and venerated the relics of the saints, and walked back to the boat without assistance. This fact was announced to Rev. Mr. Plamondon by Miss Labrie herself, who ascended to the hurricane deck for the purpose, and after satisfying himself that the cure was really a certainty, the reverend gentlemen requested the pilgrims to join in singing the magnificat. He also announced that on the return of the boat to town a solemn "Te Deum" would be chanted at St. John's Church, and last evening the sacred edifice was densely crowded while the hymn of praise and thanksgiving was sung, and the bells of the church proclaimed the glad event to the community.

SUNDAY IN TORONTO.

Police Magistrate Denison Thinks That the Sabbath Observance Law May be Made Ridiculous.

Police Magistrate Denison spoke pretty strongly in the Toronto Police Court yesterday morning on the subject of Sabbath observance. Occasion for his remarks was given when Inspector Archabold had Mrs. Durnan, an Island boarding-house keeper, brought before the court on a charge of selling ginger ale, sandwiches and ice cream on the Sabbath. His Worship stigmatized the charge as frivolous in the extreme, and said that the citizens of Toronto should be thankful they were allowed to breathe on Sunday. He could not see his way clear to convict the defendant until some method could be arrived at by which people could do without eating on Sunday. The present prosecution had a tinge of the leaven of hypocrisy in it, and it seemed almost ridiculous to expect a conviction. People had to eat, and so long as they wanted to eat they had a right to seek it and buy it and have it sold to them. His Worship dismissed the case against Mrs. Durnan, and also two other charges of a similar nature against two more Island hotel keepers.

Demoralization of Parisian Society.

One of the most significant signs of the present demoralization of French society is the utter absence of respect for the dead. Only two weeks ago one of the best known painters in Paris invited his friends to a most characteristic entertainment. The walls of his immense atelier were hung from ceiling to floor with heavy black draperies, and on a bier placed in the centre of the room, surrounded by lighted wax candles, were set out the refreshments for his guests, a black velvet pall being used as table-cloth. The wines were cooled in an infant's coffin transformed for the nonce into an ice-pail. The men present were all dressed in white shrouds, while the ladies wore the deepest widow's weeds. Skulls and crossbones were disposed in the most artistic manner on the walls, while skeletons hired for the occasion appeared to emerge from behind the draperies. Needless to add that the wildest revelry prevailed, dancing was prolonged till daylight and on the following day the newspapers of the capital gave a most enthusiastic description of this original fete, marked by so much delicacy and refinement.

A few days later one of the peculiarly shaped and well known tank waggons of the Compagnie Richer, which are used for conveying the contents of the cesspools down to the barges on the Seine, was being slowly driven past one of the best known clubs of the Boulevard. Struck by a brilliant idea, twenty or thirty of the members, among them representatives of the oldest families in France, rushed out of the club and followed the waggon all down the Boulevard in procession, walking two and two with bare head and reverent mien, as if following a hearse.

Encouraged by such examples on the part of their superiors in birth and education, the lower classes flock in crowds to the café opened some time ago by the ex-Communist Lisbonne, where the tables are shaped like coffins, the tankards like skulls and where the thirsty are waited upon by young women who look refreshingly cool in this hot weather in their grave clothes.—*From a Paris Letter.*

A Minneapolis man says that in China red is thought to be a very lucky color, and that is the reason why Chinese laundrymen in this country use so much red paint and so many red curtains.

"She Noddit to Me."

[The following poem, which recently appeared in the *Bon Accord*, a weekly comic journal published in Aberdeen, attracted the notice of the Queen, and Her Majesty wrote expressing a desire to be furnished with the name of the author:]

I'm but an auld body
Lilvin' up in Deeside,
In a twa-room'd bit hoosie
Wi'a toofa' beside.
Wi' my coo and my grumphy
I'm as happy's a bee,
But I'm far prouder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—
I'm gie trig and hail,
Can plant twa-three tawties,
An' look after my kail;
And when oor Queen passes
I'm out to see,
Gin by luck she micht notice
And nod oot to me!

But I'veaye been unlucky,
And the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her veesit cam' roon',
I waved my bit apron
As brisk's I could dae,
An' the Queen lauch'd fu' kindly
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae eese to freit—
An' yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet.
She may feel for my sorrow—
She's a mither, you see—
An' maybe she kent o't
When she noddit at me!

HUMAN BIRDS.

An Experience Appreciated by all Lovers of Animals.

Arrived on board the P. and O. steamship Cotsford I took my birds to my cabin, says the author of "Parrots I Have Met," in the July *Cornhill*. The next day, Mr. Purser, going his rounds, saw the parrots there and ordered them to the butcher's. Nay, start not, gentle reader, this was not the signal for their instant execution, but the butcher has the charge of all animals on board, whether they belong to passengers or to the ship. My poor little birds! I went forward constantly to feed them, and their joy each time at seeing me again was quite pathetic. They were not only worn so fiddle-strings, but poor Dr. Johnson wore out his tail with his ceaseless efforts to thrust himself through the bars of his cage. Yes, when he retired to the butcher's he owned as handsome blue tail feathers as parrot could wish to possess. When he left he was a tailless, drooping creature. The sight of their broken-heartedness decided me that matters could not go on thus, so I made friends with the captain and got his permission for them to go back with me to my cabin. They made an extensive toilet in honor of the event. No single feather but what was set in order, though poor Dr. Johnson's tail, or rather the want of it, perplexed him sadly at first. After this, they spent their time on the deck, where every one petted and spoiled them. Arrived in England, they were put in a very large cage, but they are often loose and fly to meet me and their master when we enter the room. Dr. Johnson was the first to speak. He one day whispered "Pretty, pretty," quite distinctly. Then Joey took up his parable, and far out-stripped his teacher in the art of speaking. He is a most sentimental character and makes love and kisses in the prettiest way. He hates solitude, and sometimes, when Dr. Johnson, worn out with flying, scolding and eating, tucks his little head under his wing to enjoy a siesta, Joey gives him no peace, but pulls his tail and wings and tries to make him talk, and if this is in vain he catches hold of his bill and forcibly pulls his head from where it nestles among the soft, green feathers. Then the great anger of Dr. Johnson is a sight to witness. He cranes his neck, his eyes flash forth yellow light till the black pupil is hardly visible, and lunges forth at Joey and screams with rage. Joey sits with a placid smile. He is happy, for he has done what he wished—roused up Dr. Johnson.

Latest from Scotland.

Mr. W. McLeish, late of Dundee, has been appointed Instructor in Navigation and Nautical Astronomy in the new Imperial Naval College at Tien-Tsin, North China.

On the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's speech in Edinburgh recently the three morning papers in Glasgow hired a special train for their reporters. It made the run in 55 minutes.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Spence, Paisley, was celebrated on the 23rd ult. amidst the congratulations of many friends. Their united ages are 150 years. Mr. Spence was the founder of the well-known firm of John Spence & Sons, provision merchants.

In the Gaelic Parish Church at Greenock on the 20th ult., on the proclamation of marriage between two young people, a man rose and protested against the banns. On retiring to the session-house at the close of the service he gave in as his reason for protest that the parties were too young.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon is drawing something like £12,000 to £15,000 a year from the Spey; while Lord Abinger gets about as much in one year out of the salmon fishings in the