THE ADVANCE.

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

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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THREE MURDERED.

Three Italians Meet Violent Deaths by a Hungarian.

A Hazleton, Pa., despatch says: Nescopec, a little station about sixteen miles from this borough, was the scene of a terrible tragedy on Sunday evening. A party of Italians and Hungarians, engaged at lumbering on the new Pennsylvania railroad, went down to Nescopec on Saturday to attend a wedding, and the whole crowd got on a spree. The stupor that resulted continued until sundown on Sunday, when one of the Hungarians, named Kolowski, picked up a fight with three Italians who had crept into a barn to sleep off the drunk. Kolowski deliberately whipped out a heavy revolver and shot two of the Italians through the head, then, throwing it aside, seized an axe-handle lying in a crib and pounded the third Italian's head to a jelly. The three victims of the Hungarian's malice died within half an hour after the first shot. The barn shows that there was an awful struggle, blood spattering over everything. Kolowski took to the mountains and is still at large.

Another Disastrous Hailstorm.

A Moncton, N.B., telegram says: The crops in parts of New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia were greatly injured and in many places destroyed by the disastrous hailstorm yesterday. Hundreds of panes of glass in houses were broken. One hundred panes were broken in the Catholic Chapel at St. Mary's, N.B. The hailstones were an inch to an inch and a quarter square.

FATE OF A TRAPEZE PERFORMER.

The Body of "Little Vic, the Queen of the Air," Found in a Dissecting Room.

A New Orleans despatch says: Victoria Grace, "Little Vic, the queen of the air," as she was called, was recognized yesterday among the bodies in the dissecting room of the Charity Hospital. She had died in the hospital without any one knowing who she was, and was about to be buried in Poster's Field, when some of the members of the profession stepped in and gave her a decent burial. Victoria Grace was 36 years old, and a native of Philadelphia. She went on the trapeze while quite a child, and travelled in late years with Barnum's, Forepaugh's and Howe's great London circuses. She made a trip to Mexico with the Oran Brothers, to Cuba with Leon De Leon's troupe, and to Central America with Clifton & McMahon. She made plenty of money, and was reputed to be well off, but spent money even faster than she made it, and, being addicted to the use of opium, gradually drifted into debt and poverty. Originally a very handsome woman, she became worn and old. Two days ago she came to this city in destitute condition, was taken ill, and carried to the Charity Hospital delirious. There she died without any one knowing her, and thence she was buried.

WHY JUDGE HENRY

Discharged Mr. Sproule, the British Columbia Murderer.

An Ottawa despatch says: In the Exchequer Court yesterday Judge Henry rendered an elaborate judgment in the case of Sproule, the British Columbia murderer, whose discharge he ordered. The judgment concluded as follows, after reviewing the case: "The constitution of the Supreme Court in British Columbia is founded on a proclamation of the Lieut.-Governor under a statute and his commission. The proclamation provides that the Supreme Court of civil justice of British Columbia shall have complete cognizance of all pleas whatsoever, and shall have jurisdiction in all cases, civil as well as criminal, arising within the colony of British Columbia." The unlimited jurisdiction thus given to the court includes the issuing of writs of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*, and the discharge of prisoners illegally imprisoned, and in the performance of that part of their official duty the judges of the court have authority to pursue the practice of the courts and judges in England, and if the judges in the latter country have established the practice of ordering the discharge of a prisoner without requiring him to be brought personally before them, the judges in British Columbia are, in my opinion, at liberty to pursue the same course, and the same power is given to a judge of this court. I have considered the objection that, having ordered the issue of the *habeas corpus*, I have no power to adopt the other means now sought for—the discharge of the prisoner; but no case has been cited or argument advanced in favor of that proposition, and I can see no reason why, if one alternative course has failed through the negligence or improper conduct of the Sheriff, the other should not be adopted. I have therefore decided to make an order for the discharge of the prisoner."

It is expected that the Attorney-General of British Columbia will appeal to the Privy Council against this judgment. If Sproule be discharged he will likely be rearrested immediately.

NEW WAY TO GET A HUSBAND.

But it Cannot be Commended as One Likely to Result in Happy Matches.

Marie Schurt, a woman of 35 years, in good circumstances, on North Wells street, thought she was old enough to marry, but, like Katisha, her beaux had all run away from her. Believing in the black art she went not long since to Mrs. Sprup, a clairvoyant, in her neighborhood, and entered into negotiations to secure a spouse by mystic means. The medium labored diligently with the spirits, and by gradual assessments, secured $90 from her client. Miss Schurt obeyed all instructions faithfully. She went to Graceland Cemetery and to other burying grounds night after night and spat upon twelve graves as she recited the Lord's Prayer backward. She unraveled woollen socks and buried the yarn in the back yard with a paper on which her desires were inscribed. She killed a black cat and tasted its blood while she mumbled some fetich jargon. She went through all the incantation and Voodoo performances to which she was instructed. At last one day when she called on the medium she was led into a darkened chamber and told to pray. In the midst of her devotions a door flew open and exposed an adjoining chamber, in which a man sat with his head bowed and arms folded. The medium then entered and informed Miss Schurt that this man was the husband for whom she had prayed sent to her by the mysterious powers which control the fates and destinies. Miss Schurt was overjoyed, and readily accepted her spirit-given spouse. She lived with him as his wife for six weeks, until last Thursday, when she was suddenly roused from her delusion. She therefore went to Justice Barker and swore out warrants against the man and woman for conspiracy and obtaining money under false pretences. The man, whose name is Philip Leonard, an expressman, was arrested and gave bail. The medium has not yet been captured.—*Chicago Herald.*

She Knew He Was Dead.

I was sitting next to Mr. Frith at dinner the other night, says a London letter in the Book Buyer, and I was mentioning a very clever portrait he had painted of himself, when a young man, which I had seen some years ago. He was telling me that he saw this identical picture in a dealer's window in Soho—it ought to have been in Frith street, but as a matter of fact it wasn't—and recognizing it he went in and inquired the price. "Twenty guineas," said the good lady behind the counter. "Twenty guineas for that thing!" exclaimed Frith. "That thing!" replied the vendor. "What you are pleased to call that thing was painted by the celebrated Frith; it's dirt cheap at that price, for he'll never paint another." "Why not?" asked the artist, smiling. "Because he's dead!" "Oh, come," replied the painter, "a friend of mine saw him only yesterday." "Not the real Frith," rejoined the undaunted one. "I know he's dead, because my husband attended his funeral." "I had to pay my twenty guineas," said Frith to me in conclusion, "put the picture under my arm and look pleasant, and when I told her on leaving the shop that I was the real Frith, she was not at all impressed, but said: 'Gar long; I dessay there are a good many o' your sort about!'"

Poetical Child of a Prosaic Mother.

The human race seems to have a weakness for weather prophecy. The various signs in which mortals put their faith are almost as numberless as the mortals themselves. On a calm, bright day last week, with only a few flaky clouds to be seen in the distance, a Chicago & Northwestern train was scudding along toward Lake Geneva. In one of the coaches was a matron, who was worried about a good many things, and among them the weather.

"I do believe it's going to rain," she said, patulantly and unpoetically, "I feel it in my bones."

"Oh, no, mamma," replied a 5-year-old miss, whose nose was flattened against the window, and whose pretty eyes were gazing eagerly at the flitting landscapes and horizon; "oh, no, mamma, it won't rain. The clouds are out in their nice blue and white dresses. When they have their ugly black dresses on, then it rains."—*Chicago Herald.*

ANOTHER CALL.

An Increased Demand for Women in the West.

The demand for women in the Northwest is only exceeded by the demand for rain. Out in Waggon Wheel, Idaho, recently, a couple of old maids were called to attend a dying brother. The brother died, but before the girls could get away the whole male population was after them, including the Mayor, Justice of the Peace and other notables. Excitement ran high, and bids were six to one on the Mayor *et al.* In six days after their arrival the battle was over and the girls both engaged. The Mayor had been cut out by a strapping young miner of 30. The weddings were set and the mother sent for, in order that proper eclat might be given. The mother arrived in due season, and at once sailed into the girls for their disrespect of their late brother and their immoderate haste. She declared the marriages off, and announced her intention of taking her daughters home with her. In despair a mass meeting was called, and the Mayor was appointed a committee to wait on the mother and persuade her to reconsider the former motion. Like all good Mayors, Chicago's included, this gentleman waited upon the irate mother. He called her attention to the great need of Waggon Wheel, and in the name of patriotism implored her not to inflict such a crushing blow on the hopes of the town. The mother was obdurate, and declared that she would not depart without her daughters. On this hint the Mayor spoke. He at once promised a compromise. The mother need not depart at all. She was fair, fat, and fifty odd. So was he. They would pool their issues. And they did. The three women are now concocting excuses by which all their belated female friends and relatives East can be brought to Waggon Wheel.—*Chicago Mail.*

TWENTY "SALS" JAILED.

Prosecuted for Holding Public Parades in Grand Rapids.

A Grand Rapids despatch says: Mayor Dikeman on Wednesday issued an edict compelling the Salvation Army to refrain from public parades or suffer arrest. They disobeyed the injunction last night, and were all locked up—twenty in all. The procession was headed by L. D. Shaw, who is conducting the State holiness camp meeting. A portion of them were bailed out to appear in the Police Court to-day. Great excitement prevailed for a time, thousands witnessing the arrest. The Mayor is determined to suppress the parades, and the public sentiment is with him.

The Police Court was crowded this morning with sympathizers of the Salvationists, and the scene was quite dramatic when the prisoners kneeled in the pen before order was called and prayed for the judge, police, city officials and the city at large. "Amens" were heard from all quarters. The trial will take place next Monday.

Massage in Sciatica.

Prof. Max Schuller, of Berlin, is convinced (*Deutsche Med. Wochenschr.*, No. 24) of the superiority of massage over other measures employed in the treatment of sciatica, and relates his experience of fifteen cases—all in males, and except in one or two instances (which were traumatic) due to exposure to cold. Most of the cases were dealt with from the first by massage, but in a few instances electricity, vapor baths, etc., had been fruitlessly employed prior to coming under his care. The patient under treatment lies on the unaffected side, with knees and hips slightly flexed. The course of the sciatic nerve is rubbed from below upward partly with both thumbs, partly with the ball of the little finger or thumb; sometimes struck with the closed finger, sometimes the muscular mass over the nerve pressed and kneaded with both hands. The pain evoked by these manipulations soon passed away, and after a short time becomes less and less at each sitting. The neuralgic pains very soon abate, diminishing after a severe and painful massage, then recurring with less severity, and gradually disappearing entirely. The power of walking improves after each sitting. On an average the treatment lasts about two weeks and a half, but in one case nine days, and in general from ten to fourteen days sufficed. One patient abandoned the treatment after five days, owing to the pain caused by it, and tried without relief a fortnight's course of electricity and vapor baths; he then returned to the massage treatment, and was cured in two weeks and a half.—*The Lancet.*

Snobbery in New York.

Snobbery is rampant now, and no line is drawn more finely than that which separates the world of fashion from trade and from "the city," as the business part of the town and its inhabitants are now called. All this is quite recent, too. I am a native of New York and I remember very well when rich merchants, doctors, brokers, Wall street operators, and even the heads of great retail shops found their vocations no bar to social recognition. Not so now. Against them all the protesting hand is raised. The banker is recognized, but not the broker. A few years ago the jolly, free, lively, richly dressed and spendthrift broker was considered no end of a good fellow. Now he is looked on as a vulgar and noisy man who conducts gambling operations for clients and drinks champagne over a bar. The doctor receives money from society. Hence he is as much society's servant as the dry goods merchant, and neither can be regarded as an equal. In a word, society in New York to-day is a power that makes its own laws and draws them more severely every season. There are only two things about it that a New Yorker finds to admire, its respect for old residents of the town and its contempt for any other society. It snubbed an earl and blackballed a lord at one of its clubs last month without a moment's hesitancy. Its members form the only leisure class we have in America. They detest trade. I'm sure that I have made a great mistake in admitting that my Boston friends had a father who was an apothecary, and that they once took a boarder to oblige a distant cousin.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Mrs. Cleveland and the Policeman.

The policeman at the door of the church offered Mrs. Cleveland an umbrella, under which she might safely reach her carriage through the rain. The average woman, under the circumstances, would have accepted the umbrella with a grateful "thank you," and carried it over herself to the carriage; but Mrs. Cleveland isn't an average woman. Instead of merely accepting the umbrella, she accepted the true and gallant blue coat as well, took his arm as if he had been a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, and went with him to her carriage. Of course the policeman to-day is in a state of delirious complimentedness which totally unfits him for duty, but he will recover with careful nursing.—*Washington Critic.*

Plump Girls in Plenty.

Certain it is that fat men and corpulent women are growing very familiar objects wherever I go. I'll warrant there are 1,000 women in this resort to-day who measure between forty-two and fifty-five bust measure, and upon whose protruding forms it would be more or less possible to play a game of cards. But at any rate there is certainly no necessity for most of the young men who engage themselves to girls down here to make any blossoming error about the physical substantiality and genuineness of their adored Dulcineas.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—Where one "man wants but little here below" three others are within hailing distance who want all.

A BRAVE BOY.

How He Risked His Life to Stop a Train—Throwing His Lantern at a Sleeping Engineer.

A few weeks ago, says the Philadelphia *Times*, there passed away an old man of three-score or more, who had led a quiet and apparently uneventful life. From a little before his middle age he had been a follower of railroad work, and for years before his death a well-known member of the "foot-board" coterie, or, as is more commonly called, a locomotive engineer. Some fifteen years ago an occurrence took place in his life that may have changed its whole current. One stormy, snowy night in December a freight train accident occurred through the breaking of a car-axle. The scene of the accident was on a portion of the road very crooked. The wreckers had been called out, and with them the young telegraph boy, whose duty it was to climb a telegraph pole, make the necessary attachments with wires, clamps, etc., and to assist in the working of other trains past the obstruction. This boy was intrusted with the important task of opening and operating an additional office. Sitting on an impromptu chair, built of fence rails and stones, at the foot of the telegraph pole, his duty was to stop all trains coming toward the obstruction and hold them until one of the tracks had been cleared. It was on a Saturday night, and but few trains—save the regular night express—were running. Clothed with unusual responsibility the lad sat through a terrible blinding snow and sleet storm, hour after hour, no shelter and no company save the constant tick of the little instrument that held him in communication with the outer world.

One o'clock has come. The night express should be there. Orders have come from the wreck, "Hold the express at all hazards." A glance at the watch tells the boy that he must take his lamps and meet the express as far above as possible. There were no air-brakes in those days. A heavy, blinding, cheerless fog has settled down like a thick cover over a deep cut in the rocks. The snow from above was still coming down in sheets. Ploughing his way through the wet snow over the uneven surface of rails and ties went the boy in the direction of the expected express, whose faint rumble could first be felt, then faintly heard. Planting himself firmly between the rails, the boy stood, a lamp in each hand, waiting to swing at the first burst of the headlight through the fog. Nearer and closer came the heavy train. One second, two, three, and the headlight commences to lighten up the banks and rocks of the curve. The fog lifts, the light gleams on the wet, shining rails. Swing goes the red lamp as the blinding glare of the powerful headlight shoots into sight at the upper end of the curve. Faster swings the red light. No answering blast of the whistle. The red light is on a desperate, almost despairing swing. No answer yet. The boy leaps over the outer rail into the ditch alongside, poising himself as he jumps, and as the great, glaring monster is upon him his right arm puts an almost superhuman force into the last swing, the lamp leaves his hand and with a crash goes through the little glass door in front of the engine's cab, right into the face of our old friend the engineer. The lad sank back into the rocky fissures of the cut, the train rushes by him harmlessly, but with a terrible shriek of the whistle. The old chain-brake snaps like an overstrained muscle and away rushes the express past that clicking instrument; on, on, into the darkness, out of hearing and beyond recall. Slowly and wearily the boy plods his way over the ties to his post at the instrument, pondering over his unheeded efforts and the result. "Hold the express at all hazards!"—and where was that express? There, with his trembling fingers upon the key of the instrument, he sat trying to tell his superior officer at the wreck that his efforts to hold the express had failed. This he did without telling of the fate of that red light. Voices are presently heard through the darkness, and ere long the swaying of several lighted lanterns is to be seen as they come from the direction of the lost train. A few seconds later the eager, peering faces of the trainmen appear, and the boy recognizes the familiar faces of the conductor and brakeman of the express. The train had stopped, but only a few yards away from the wreck, and the men had come back to pick up the operator, whom they supposed was mangled and dead in the curve above. The engineer, they say, had been badly hurt by some of the broken brake-chain. The boy is grateful and happy because it is no worse. In a minute or so the engineer—our old friend—makes his appearance. Face covered with blood, which he had vainly tried to wipe away with bunches of greasy waste; a long cut just under the roots of the hair, told where he had been hurt. Throwing his arms about the brave boy's neck, he whispered through his sobs of joy, as the tears trickled down his blood-covered cheek:

"I was asleep and you risked your life to save us all, Thank God, you threw it straight and true. I will be a different man from to-night."

'Twas so. The true tale has never before been told. That engineer's life was thenceforth a true, honest and sober one. The chain served as the pretext for the wound, and the fireman, who was nodding on his box, too, never knew the true history. Death long ago came to him in the discharge of his duty. And now that the shades of death have closed over our old friend, peace to his memory.

He has gone to that final foot-board to rest, where his "runs" will be in pleasant places. His occasional meetings with his operator friend were always gentle, kind, and full of affection, and no mention was ever made of the attempt to "hold the express at all hazards."

Becoming a Jewess.

Rev. Dr. B. Eger, rabbi, contributes the following: A Christian lady, who has been married in Canada to a young Israelite and thus become Mrs. Levy, but now residing with her husband's relatives in this city, was received yesterday into the pale of Judaism. The ministers officiating on the occasion were Rabbi Polirovicz, of Elmira, N. Y., now on a visit here, Rabbi Eger and Rev. M. Coplan, of Detroit. The lady had to undergo the prescribed immersion in the presence of trustworthy Jewish lady witnesses and the other formalities. The neophite afterwards received the name of Sarah, a daughter of Abraham, the first righteous proselyte. A marriage—according to Jewish rite—must in this case also be performed, which will take place in due course of time, when the Revs. Eger and Coplan will officiate.—*Detroit News.*

Her Power of Speech Restored.

A Leominster (Mass.) despatch says: While attempting to rescue a child from being run over four years ago Mrs. Hattie Sutherland lost the power of speech through fright. She was dumb from that eventful day until last Monday, when she was visiting in Fitchburg at the house of a friend, who observed that in a short time her voice would return, probably as suddenly and mysteriously as it left her. To the infinite surprise of both parties, when Mrs. Sutherland next tried to speak, she did so in an audible tone. The tone was weak, but yet it was loud enough to be distinctly heard. Since that sudden restoration her voice has gradually strengthened until it is about as healthy and robust as it was prior to her fright four years ago.

—After all, this world is a dangerous place—very few ever get out of it alive.

—There is nothing like prosperity to cover faults, and it may be said that money covers more than charity.

HOSTESS AND GUEST.

Don't be a Slave Yourself or Make a Slave of Your Guest.

Do not exercise your mind too much about amusing your guest, is the good advice of a writer in *Chambers' Journal*. I have often thought that in some foreign countries, and notably in many parts of America, the relation of host and guest was a sort of double slavery. The host has the comfort and amusement of his guest so painfully at heart that both undergo for the time being an amount of social misery that entirely spoils the freedom and pleasure of the visit. In our country it is different. Go to spend a week in an Englishman's house, and you may be sure that neither your host nor hostess will bother you about trifling matters unless you seem to desire it. Everything goes on as though you were not there, and yet, *per contra*, the house and its belongings are practically yours so long as you remain. I consider it the extreme of bad taste to pursue a visitor with continual offers of amusement. If treated as a member of the family and suffered to amuse himself he will generally do very well, and will feel much happier and more at ease than when he is too closely looked after. I have heard persons complain bitterly of undue attentions and continual running after, from which they have suffered far more acutely than if actually neglected. "Where is Mrs. Dash? Who is sitting with her?" cries the flurried hostess. "Good gracious! Is it possible she has been left by herself? Go at once, Mary, or Julia, or Tommy, and sit with her and amuse her until I have time to come." And all the while, perhaps, the hapless Mrs. Dash is struggling to get a letter or two written, or a bill or account made up, and is congratulating herself upon the unwonted luxury of a few delicious moments of absolute quiet. She is revelling in the thought of being left alone, when, lo! Miss Mary, aged 10, comes awkwardly in and stands sniffing in the window, or sits sideways upon the piano stool, strumming with one hand at the notes, which is her idea of keeping the visitor company until mamma comes. Or, Master Tommy, aged 12, enters with a burst of noise, and proceeds to relate to the afflicted guest how he and Jack Jones are in the same Latin class; and how said Jones is beyond him in Euclid, though inferior in something else; and how Brown licked Black for calling him a dunce—with a variety of other information, by no means interesting to unconcerned parties. To this annoyance there are few of us who have not been subjected. A greater error of judgment can scarcely be committed. To make a guest feel comfortable and at home, leave him pretty much to his own devices. To be always striving to amuse him is a poor compliment to his own resources. A hostess who cannot preserve her serenity upon even the most crucial engagements is lacking is one of the most essential qualities of an entertainer. The thoughtless spilling of her best wine, the soiling of her whitest tablecloth—nay, even the smashing of a whole trayful of her best old family china, should not cause one muscle of her countenance to change.

On the other hand, an affected ignorance respecting the contents of the day's bill of fare is at times almost as fatal as the opposite extreme. I was myself present at a dinner party at which one of the untutored stable-helpers had been brought in on an emergency to assist. "What are these, John?" inquired the languid hostess, as John tremblingly thrust forward a dish of tartlets just under her right elbow. "I don't know, ma'am, really," he replied; "but I think they're suppence apiece!"

Crisp and Casual.

A member of Plymouth Church is writing a novel in which Henry Ward Beecher figures as the hero.

A New York oyster dealer has invented a dredge with which starfish, the greatest enemies of the oyster, can be taken from a bed without disturbing the oysters.

It is a fact worth knowing and remembering that a letter mailed in a hotel envelope, which fails to reach the person addressed, is at once sent to the dead letter office, notwithstanding the ten days' returning notice on the corner.

As a usual thing, if the husbands didn't come in contact with pretty women of still less mental culture than their wives possess, the defects of the latter and their own contact with "men of ideas" wouldn't keep the divorce courts very busy.

A little girl who had been told that when it was thundering it was God talking, was out on the lawn one day not long ago playing with her dolls. Her mother, seeing a storm coming up, called to little Alice to hurry and come in. She began picking up her playthings, but before she had got them all it thundered, when she exclaimed: "Oh, Dod, don't raise such a fuss and scold so. I'm hurrying fas' as I can."

H. G. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, known as the Peppermint King, says that seven-eighths of the peppermint of the world is raised in Wayne county. The average crop is about 100,000 pounds. The average price paid for crude oil is from $3.75 to $4 a pound. To give an idea of the money that is in peppermint, Mr. Hotchkiss said that a farmer last year brought to the refinery an ordinary sleigh load, which, when measured, proved to be worth $4,000. Of course, this was in the crude oil, which the farmers distil themselves.

My Boy, Do You Smoke?

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the Government since the war to educate the "blue jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected, because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the marine corps who is in charge of the Washington navy yard barracks, is the authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease. His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is "No, sir," but the tell-tale discoloration of the teeth at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of the defect comes from the excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a reasonable statement, coming as it does from so high an authority, and based upon the results of actual examination going on day after day, and month after month.

The Eastern reporters are all in love with Mrs. Henn, of the English yacht Galatea, which has just arrived at Boston, and expend emotional English in her praise with great liberality. Here is a specimen, one of the mildest, from a Boston journal: "Lieut. Henn's charming wife is short, inclined to be stout, and has bright, fearless eyes, and a nose inclined upward, which adds a saucy, independent appearance that is very pleasing. On her arrival at Marblehead Mrs. Henn was dressed in a sailor suit of blue set off by a jaunty little hat of red."

The one baby that is said to have been born in the White House was christened "Henry Walker," is now 40 years old, and lives in Montgomery, Ala. His mother, a niece of President Polk, was visiting her uncle when Henry was born.

DIAMONDS LARGE AS FILBERTS.

Widow Barrios is the Reigning Beauty at Long Branch.

The supremely attractive woman at Long Branch this season, says a New York *Herald* correspondent, is Senora de Barrios, widow of the late President of Guatemala, who was killed in a recent engagement with revolutionists. This lady is of medium height and good figure. Her eyes are wonderfully brilliant, and charm all who come within their spell. She is in deep mourning, and is dwelling at the West End in semi-retirement. Her crape and lace dresses are the envy of the ladies and the delight of the men. One of her mourning toilets is as pathetic as a requiem. It is a floating mass of black tulle, crape and the costliest lace; and, supplemented by the raven hued mantilla gathered about her forehead and neck as only the ladies of Spanish blood can arrange it, gives to her figure and face a spirituel grace and beauty that is matchless. She leads a very quiet life in the midst of this great hotel, with its teeming population elbowing and jostling each other. Madame—for she is as frequently called by the French form of address as by the Spanish—generally breakfasts alone in her parlor. She has a luxurious suite of apartments, where the few whom she permitted to visit her in her bereavement call. As may be imagined, she has numberless suitors, prospective and present. True, she is the mother of twelve children, but she has more than a million of money for each of them. A charming flock of bright faces constitute no serious drawback to the prospects of so fair a widow so richly endowed with wealth. How many of her little ones are with her I have no means of knowing. Not many, I imagine. She is never seen walking on the verandas or in the parlor. Though she is fond of the dance, her recent widowhood forbids it for the present. At the last full dress ball she occupied a chair in the rear of the hall, and despite the inconspicuous position she had chosen, her sad, though dazzling, face was the object upon which all eyes centred. I have spoken of the effect as dazzling. This impression was doubtless heightened by the two great diamonds, large as filberts, that sparkled in her ears.

A Persian Bride.

Although the bride was very young, having, at the most, seen sixteen summers, rouge, alas! was no stranger even to her pretty face. Her hair, which was jet black and very long, was plaited into a number of tiny tails, the ends of which peeped forth from under the chagat of folded white linen she wore on her head. Nothing can exceed the ugliness or unbecomingness of this headgear; it is merely a square piece of muslin or cotton folded cornerwise and tightly fastened with a pin or tiny brooch under the chin with two ends hanging down the back, and the remaining two falling over the breast. Over this again is worn the house veil, which envelops the whole figure; it is a large square or rounded piece of muslin or gay-patterned chintz, and is not fastened on, but simply kept in its place by the arms. Her voluminous skirt was of white and pink striped satin, handsomely trimmed with gold lace, and reached only half way to the knee; the legs were bare. Often as many as twenty yards of silk or satin are employed for these skirts, which are gathered into a band at the waist and are worn over four or five petticoats very much stiffened. The more a skirt stands out the more fashionable it is. The bodice is a loose sort of a jacket of silk or velvet trimmed with gold lace; the sleeves are long, and terminated in a pointed cuff that turns back, reaching nearly to the elbow. This is worn over a calico or linen shirt. Although all dresses agree in their leading features, and all the fashions never change in the east as they do in the west, yet they differ to a great extent in detail, and afford a scope for the peculiar taste and fancy of the wearer.—*London Society.*

An Engineer's Ghost.

An old fashioned ghost story that is told and thoroughly believed by the workmen at the Worcester (Mass.) steel works came to the knowledge of a St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter. One night recently a young man named Michael Gleason, who works at the heating furnace, was walking through the mill, which was well lighted with electricity. He passed the boiler-house and saw a strange man standing inside with his hand on the throttle of the engine, which had not been fired up. The man looked at Gleason with a stern and earnest gaze. Gleason says he hailed to him sportively and asked him if he was going to start up, when the man turned his head slowly and fixed upon him a steady glare. His countenance did not change and his eyes seemed to jump out from their sockets. The man was a stranger to Gleason, who had worked in the mill a long time and knew everybody. Turning quickly, Gleason ran to the other end of the mill, terribly frightened. Drops of perspiration stood out on his face, he was white with fear, and he suddenly swooned away. He was cared for by his companions, and when he recovered he told what he had seen. He described the man's appearance minutely, even to the striped jacket which he wore, but no one knew him until, at length, one recalled that it was a perfect description of an engineer who was killed two years ago at the very spot where the strange man was seen by Gleason. The apparition has been watched for, but has not been seen since.

Shaving at Fifty Miles an Hour.

"Practice is everything," said the Pullman conductor, who stood in the stateroom engaged in a performance which so many men find difficult even under the most favorable conditions. "Years ago I began trying to shave myself on the cars. At first I didn't dare try it when the train was running, but gaining confidence with experience, I soon got so the motion of the car made no difference whatever. Now I can shave myself just as well at fifty miles an hour as standing still. Dangerous? Not at all, except that it would be rather awkward to have an accident occur, a collision, or a derailment when you had a razor at your throat. But accidents are awkward any way, razor or no razor. Why I know an engineer who regularly shaves himself on his engine. He is a young and handsome fellow—one who likes to look nice all the while—and when he gets out in the country where there is a clear track he lets go the throttle and takes up his razor."—*Chicago Herald.*

Modern Conundrums.

When is a thief like a seamstress? When he cuts and runs.

When is a cow like a bullet? When it ust grazes.

Why is a modern strawberry box like an hour glass? Because when empty it is hard to tell which is the top of it.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Public Opinion* writes At Southport, Liverpool, there are a great many horses for the use of visitors to ride on the sands there; they are all white. A friend stopping there for a month could not help noticing this, and asked the question why they were all white. The answer was, "They are white from age." Well, there are plenty of white horses 4 years of age and upwards. Now, the question is, did any one ever see a white foal, and, if not, when do they become white? As this seems to be a puzzle to all the horse dealers that I have spoken to, and also to the veterinary surgeons, I shall be glad if some of your readers can give the answer.

Henry Golden, who calls himself Texas Parsley, and claims to be the half-breed chief of White Cloud, an Indian chief, has joined the Methodist Church in Richmond, Va., and is drawing large audiences as a revivalist.

THE GRIST-MILLS OF HUMANITY.

What Civilization Did for Our Teeth—Advice to Chew Everything.

One of the best known dentists of the city was in a communicative mood the other day when a reporter was having a little tooth carpentering done. Naturally the subject turned upon the preservation of the teeth, and the doctor was easily induced to express his views, which he did about as follows:

"When primitive man dined on tough meat in a raw or half cooked condition, tearing the flesh with his teeth and gnawing the bones like a lion little need had he to look after the state of his grist-mill, for the vigorous action, the firm pressure of the gums, the rough friction against bone and gristle, in short, the energetic exercise of the whole mouth, kept his mills in perfect condition. Our primitive friend lived to a ripe old age and then died with a mouthful of sound teeth.

"But alas! with the glories and amenities of civilization came the new process of cooking and changes of diet, much less favorable to the health of our grist-mills. Meats were made tender by thorough exposure to heat; vegetables were reduced to a soft papaceous by the same agency, and fine white bread became the staff of life, so that the teeth had little or nothing to do, no hard work to keep them clean and strong or to make the gums firm and healthy. To make matters still worse, having little or nothing to chew, we lost the good old habit of chewing, and even our soft foods were swallowed without the little mastication that they needed. This lack of use produced feeble nutrition and lessened power of resistance, and soon organic acids, decomposed food, etc., wrought havoc upon the tooth tissue, eroding and eating away the enamel and dentine till one fine day a sharp pain sternly called attention to the fact that civilized habits are not compatible with sound grinders.

"In the causes of decay given above are shadowed forth the two principal means which it is necessary to adopt in order to preserve the teeth; that is, cleanliness and use. Use your teeth in chewing your food; chew everything you put in your mouth vigorously and thoroughly, whether it is jelly of pigeons' brains or leathery beefsteak. If you do this, and let nothing pass the portals of your mouth without having first given the teeth some vigorous exercise upon it, not only will the teeth be firmer and stronger, but the whole mouth will be healthier and the digestion improved. To further this object avoid cutting the meat into such microscopic bits that it can be, or is likely to be, swallowed whole, and avoid undue haste in eating.

"This proper use of the teeth should be supplemented with a vigorous use of the toothbrush upon the teeth and gums, especially the latter. Vigorous friction in this way is a substitute for that before spoken of as being so beneficial to our primitive friend when he gnawed bones and chewed gristle. It engenders an increased flow of blood to the gums, stimulates them and improves their nutrition. Brush them every day till they bleed, and it only makes them firmer and healthier, until finally no amount of brushing will make them bleed. Next comes cleanliness. By means of toothpicks and rinsing the mouth with water after each meal keep the interstices of the mouth free from particles of food.

"A popular error that should be corrected, and by whom better than by doctors, is the idea that the first or milk teeth should be pulled out as soon as they are decayed or show signs of looseness. Let it be remembered that when the milk teeth are extracted before the proper time a narrow and contracted or more seriously deformed jaw results. The rapidly growing jaw of the boy or girl closes in upon the space left vacant by the lost tooth, absorption of the alveolar process takes place, so deforming the jaw that when the second teeth come they find no room and become crooked and irregular. In short, an irremediable error has been made."—*Chicago Herald.*

Talking About Hot Weather.

"Talking about hot weather," said a brakeman, "that we had the other day was nothing long side of what I've seen down on the Southern Pacific. I was breaking down there last summer, and in some o' them dead, desert valleys o' Arizona, where rain never falls and the sun's always blistering, I've seen weather that'd remind a man of what's in store for him after he leaves this vale o' tears and boardin' houses. One day last summer we were running along in that country when an accident occurred such as I s'pose was never known in all the history of railroading.

"All of a sudden the locomotive was seen to be bouncing along like a ball, an' the engineer was so frightened that he shut off steam as quick as he knew how and whistled like sin to call all the men forrerd. We rushed up ahead and he told us what had happened,