THAT BOGUS REVOLUTION.

The Leaders of the Rising Placed Under Arrest.

ALEXANDER SEEING HIS FATHER.

Emperor William Angry and King Milan Disgusted with the Czar.

A last Thursday night's London cable says: Sir J. Ferguson, Under Foreign Secretary, stated in the House of Commons this afternoon that the loyal troops had entered Sofia on Tuesday with the consent of the Powers. The exact whereabouts of Prince Alexander, the Under Secretary said, was unknown to the British Government, but telegrams had been forwarded to him inviting him to return and resume his rule in Bulgaria.

Prince Bismarck is said to be surprised at the anti-Russianism displayed by the Austrian and Hungarian press.

Prince Alexander has arrived at Darmstadt.

The Russian *Charge d'Affaires* had an interview with the Foreign Secretary to-day. He protested against the insulting language of the English press, and reaffirmed that the Czar had no knowledge of the Bulgarian conspiracy.

When Prince Alexander received the news of the success of his friends in Bulgaria he was deeply moved. He telegraphed to his father that he would visit Darmstadt anyhow before returning to Bulgaria.

The Russians at Reni treated Prince Alexander and his brother with indignity. They refused to allow even a servant to accompany Prince Alexander, saying "your brother will wait on you."

The *Morning Post* has a despatch from Stamboul saying: The greatest excitement prevails here owing to the belief that Russia intends to occupy Bulgaria. The military department is in a state of feverish excitement.

The *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says: "Emperor William, on hearing of the seizure and kidnapping of Prince Alexander, wrote a sharp letter to the Czar expressing amazement and indignation." When the King of Servia heard of the events at Sofia he said, "It is the greatest piece of infamy ever perpetrated in Europe. If I knew where Prince Alexander was I would sacrifice all I possess to afford him assistance." The report of the arrival of Prince Alexander at Darmstadt is now denied.

The Powers have recognized the Government formed by M. Karaveloff, with him as Premier; M. Stoiloff as Foreign Minister; M. Panoff as Minister of War; and M. Gueshoff as Minister of Finance. The provisional Government has assured the Porte that the movement in favor of Prince Alexander is not inimical to Turkey, and has asked the Porte to re-open the railway between Constantinople and Philippopolis.

The *Fremdenblatt* officially denies that Austria was privy to the Zancoff conspiracy.

The newspaper *Grashdanin* says Prince Dolgorouki will go to Bulgaria to inquire on the spot into the recent events there. The same paper says it is intended shortly to despatch numerous Russian officers to Bulgaria, including Gen. Stolypin, who is to be appointed to the chief command of the Bulgarian army.

It is characteristic of Russian diplomacy that when M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, returned to his post a short time ago, after spending a fortnight with the Czar, he gave the Sultan the most strongly worded assurances that his Imperial master had not the slightest intention of interfering in any way in Bulgaria, and that all reports to the contrary were untrustworthy. "The troops massed in Bessarabia," he said, "are merely collected there for the annual manœuvres. The Czar is determined to let things shape their own course in Bulgaria."

EDMONTON STAGE ROBBERY.

Daring Exploit of Masked Highwaymen—Passengers' Pockets and Luggage Rifled.

A Calgary despatch of yesterday gives full particulars of the stage robbery: At a quarter to 1 the Edmonton stage was stopped by two masked men on the road eighteen miles from Calgary. There were in the stage Pete Campbell, driver; J. Burns, traveller for Mr. Ashdown, of Winnipeg; the Massey Company's traveller; and a Frenchman, name unknown. The masked men wore stripes from the Union Jack over their faces and carried carbines and two forty-five calibre revolvers. They were on foot, and jumped out of the long grass ten feet in front of the horses, which they stopped, and ordered the party to descend. They then marched their prisoners into a coulee, where they went through their pockets. Mr. Burns lost $70, but another who had $70 on him was overlooked. Massey's traveller lost $30, the Frenchman $125 and the stage driver $200. The robbers then turned their attention to the stage and went through the luggage and opened the mail bags, but the mail bag containing registered letters was overlooked. The stage horses were taken out and driven away and the highwaymen disappeared. They were evidently new at the business and nervous. They took none of the passengers' watches. Last night 25 Mounted Police went out to search for them, but up till now no trace has been discovered.

KILLED A POLICEMAN.

A Drunken Man's Vindictiveness Results in a Tragedy.

A Montgomery, Ala., despatch says Harris Gunter, a well known citizen, entered police headquarters at 1 o'clock this morning with a double barrelled shot gun to kill Captain Martin, the night chief. He fired and killed Officer Montgomery. Martin was not in the room. A desperate struggle followed between Gunter and two officers, who disarmed and placed him in a cell. Gunter was on a spree, and had earlier in the night been arrested by Martin. A friend went on his bond and got him out. He then went home and returned in his night clothes with the above result. Gunter is now in the county jail.

The Romance of a Russian Jew.

A Pittsburg despatch of August 12th says: To-day a Russian Jew entered the Register's Office to take out a marriage license. He stated that ten years ago he was married in Russia. A few days after the ceremony was performed he was drafted into the Czar's army. He soon deserted, and finally reached this city, where he became a peddler. In the meantime his wife, who remained in Russia and was ignorant of her husband's whereabouts, had been granted a divorce by the rabbi in whose temple she worshipped. A week ago she arrived in this city and found her husband. There was a joyful reunion, and they at once decided to again marry. The register is in a quandary. If there was a divorce it is necessary to procure a copy of the decree before a license of marriage can be granted. This it is impossible to procure, and the register has reserved his decision.

"Only Let Us Get Out of This."

Humor mingles with pathos and tragedy (says the *Christian Leader*) even in the story of that appalling volcanic eruption in New Zealand. Mr. Morgan, a surveyor, relates that when the shower of ashes came on at Galatea, one native fell upon his knees and exclaimed, "O, Lord! if You will only let us get out of this I will give you a pound and Morgan shall keep it."

Mackerel have struck into Georgetown, P.E.I., for the first time in a great many years.

GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

An Exhaustive Review of the Irish Question.

HOME RULE A CERTAINTY.

The Ex-Premier Traces the Progress of the Irish Cause.

A London cable says: Mr. Gladstone's brochure on the Irish question was published to-day. It contains fifty-eight pages, and is similar in the excellence of its style to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Bulgarian atrocities. The brochure is under two heads. The first is "The History of an Idea," in which Mr. Gladstone summarises the following conditions under which alone, in his view, Home Rule became possible: (1) The abandonment of the hope that Parliament could serve as a possible legislative instrument for Ireland; (2) the unequivocal and constitutional demand of the Irish members; (3) the possibility of dealing with Scotland in a similar way in circumstances of equal and equally clear desire. Mr. Gladstone then passes on to defend himself from the charge of having sprung the Home Rule measure upon his friends. Replying to the charges of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain that he had conceived the idea precipitately, and to the charge of Mr. Bright that he had concealed it unduly, he denies that it is the duty of a Minister to make known even to his colleagues every idea forming in his mind, which would tend to confuse and retard instead of aid business. He continues: "What is true is, that I had not publicly and in principle condemned it; but I had neither adopted nor rejected it, and for the very simple reason that it was not ripe either for adoption or for rejection." Mr. Gladstone then goes on to point out that during all the earlier years of his public life the alternatives were, repeal on the one hand and on the other the relief of Ireland from her grievances. "It was not possible," he says, "at that time to prognosticate how in a short time Parliament would stumble and almost writhe under its constantly accumulating burdens or to premise that it would eventually prove incapable of meeting the wants of Ireland. Evidently there was a period when Irish patriotism, as represented by O'Connell, looked favorably upon this alternative policy and had no fixed conclusion as to the absolute necessity for home government, and seemed to allow that measures founded on justice to Ireland might possibly suffice to meet the necessity of the case." It was as early as 1871, Mr. Gladstone says, that he took the first step toward placing the controversy on its true basis. He opposed Mr. Butt's scheme because the alternative described in the last paragraph had not been exhausted, but even at that time he did not close the door against a recognition of the question in a different state of things, for instead of denouncing the idea of Home Rule as one in its essence destructive of the unity of the Empire, in the following words he accepted the assurance given to the contrary: "Let me do the promoters of this movement the fullest justice, always speaking under the conviction, they most emphatically declare, and as I fully believe them, that the union of these kingdoms under Her Majesty is to be maintained, but that Parliament is to be broken up." Similarly in 1874 Mr. Gladstone accepted without qualification the principle that Home Rule had no necessary connection with separation. Coming to the electoral campaign of 1885 Mr. Gladstone says his great object was to do nothing to hinder the prosecution of the question by the Tories, but to use his best efforts to impress the public mind with the importance and urgency of the question. In the second portion of the pamphlet Mr. Gladstone begins drawing certain lessons from the elections as they affect the Liberal party. He estimates the loss to the Liberal party from the Unionist schism at two-sevenths of the whole, but this fraction is distributed, he points out, very unequally among the classes. It has commanded five-sixths, he says, of the Liberal peers, but not more than one-twentieth of the Liberal workingmen. Mr. Gladstone points out that even now the Tories have failed to secure an absolute majority, and draws the final conclusion that at the first moment Liberalism is again united it must again become predominant. Mr. Gladstone sees further ground for hope in the abatement that has already taken place in the Tory opposition. "We hear no more potvaliant language," he says, "no more of the Hottentots and no more of the famous twenty years, during which Parliament was to grant special powers for home government to Ireland, and at the end of which time, in a larger or less degree, the coercive laws might be repealed, and measures of local self-government be entertained." Mr. Gladstone then goes on to point out that the Unionists are already pledged to an immediate and large concession, many of them on such a scale that they declare themselves favorable to the principle of Home Rule, and only opposed to "the awkward and perverse manner in which it was handled by the late Administration." "Look at the question," Mr. Gladstone continues, "which way we will, the cause of Irish self-government lives and moves and can hardly fail to receive more life, more propulsion from the hands of those who have been its successful opponents in one of its particular forms. It will arise as a wounded warrior sometimes arises on the field of battle and stabs to the heart some soldier of the victorious army who has been exulting over him." Mr. Gladstone then looks at the election from a geographical point of view. He points out that even in the case of England what we have is not really a refusal, but is only a slower acknowledgment. The effect of all this on Ireland he describes as follows: "All the currents of the political atmosphere as between the two islands have been cleansed and sweetened, for Ireland now knows what she never has known before, that even under her defeat a deep rift of division runs all through the English nation in her favor; that there is not throughout the land a parish or village where there are not hearts beating in unison with her heart, where there are not minds earnestly bent on the acknowledgment and permanent establishment of her claims to national existence." "Under those happier circumstances what is there," Mr. Gladstone goes on to ask, "in separation that would tend to make it advantageous to Ireland? As an island with many hundreds of miles of coast, with a weak marine and a people far more military than nautical in its habits, of small population and limited in her present resources, why should she expose herself to the risks of invasion, and to the certainty of an enormous cost in the creation and maintenance of a navy for defence rather than remain under the shield of the greatest maritime power in the world, bound by every consideration of honor and interest to guard her? Why should she be supposed desirous to forego the advantage of absolute community of trade with the greatest of all commercial countries, to become an alien to the market which consumes, say, nine-tenths of her produce, instead of using the broad and universal paths now open to her, to carve out for herself a new and narrow way as a third-rate State? Mr. Gladstone next deals with the purchase and sale of land in Ireland, and at the outset acknowledges that the most powerful agent in bringing about the defeat of the Government was the aversion to the Land Bill. The Siamese twinship of the two bills put to scorn those for whose benefit it was in a great part designed, having been deadly to both. He thinks it his duty explicitly to acknowledge that the sentence which has gone forth for the severance of the two measures is irresistible, and the twinship which has been for the time disastrous to the hopes of Ireland exists no longer." At the same time he hopes the partnership between the enemies of Home Rule and the enemies of the Land Bill, which brought about the result, may now be dissolved. Mr. Gladstone believes a measure of self-government not less extensive than the proposal of 1886 will be ultimately carried. "Nor is it for me," he says, "to conjecture whether in this, as in so many other cases, the enemies of the measure are the persons designed finally to guide its triumphal procession to the Capitol." In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone says: "If I am not egregiously wrong in all that has been said, Ireland has now lying before her a broad and even way in which to walk to the consummation of her wishes; before her eyes are opened that same path of constitutional and peaceful action, of steady, free, and full discussion which has led England and Scotland to the achievement of all their pacific triumphs."

A TRAMP HERO.

He Saves the Life of a Little Child at the Cost of His Own.

Two old tramps, ragged and foot-sore, walked slowly down the Fort Wayne Railroad track yesterday afternoon. Children who saw them coming climbed quickly over the fence and watched them pass with half-frightened eyes. Careful housewives noted their presence with frowning eyes, and a close lookout to see that they carried nothing away with them that they did not bring. Even the little dogs eyed them askance as they growled viciously or saucily snarled and showed their teeth.

Down by Jack's Run there was a little white-haired baby running along the track. He was too young to fear any one, even a tramp, and too happy picking up little pebbles and laying them on the rail to heed any danger. And right there, but a few rods away, was coming a train. The tramps saw it rods away. One of them also saw the babe. Dropping his dirty bundle, he sprang forward. It was a race for life. The tramp reached the child not a minute ahead of the engine. Catching the little one, he pitched it off the track, when it rolled down the bank, frightened and dusty, but unhurt.

The tramp was dead. Hardly a bone in his body was left unbroken. His body mangled and torn, was brought back to Allegheny and taken to Spencer & Wilson's undertaking rooms. The other tramp came back too. This is the story he told: The dead man, whose name was August Gotleib, and himself, were Philadelphia dyers. Both men had recently lost their wives and were entirely alone. They decided to go to Cincinnati and work at their trade. They started with 30 cents, walking the entire way to Pittsburg, completing the journey in twenty five days. When they arrived here they had 5 cents. After walking around town a few hours they started for Cincinnati over the Fort Wayne track, and their journey ended as described.

Henry Behring, the dead man's companion, was taken to a restaurant for supper, but could not eat, his feelings overcoming him at the tragic death of his former companion. He was provided with quarters at the Allegheny lockup. An inquest on the body will be held to-day.

Diamonds and Gems.

"Yes, there is a difference between a gem and a diamond," said a State street jeweller; "a gem is a perfect diamond, or a perfect precious stone of any kind. When a diamond merchant speaks of a gem he means something in which there is no fault or flaw, no imperfection of color, shape or cut. The difference between a gem and a diamond may be as wide as that between a 'plug' horse and a thoroughbred racer. One stone may be worth $30 and another of exactly the same size may be worth $100, or even more. Not one person in a thousand can tell a gem from a fairly good stone. The weight, also, is small index to the size of a diamond as it appears in a setting. A carat stone may appear as small as this—o—or it may be nearly twice in circumference, like this—O. A gem must be cut so correctly that a hair's breadth is far too wide to measure the plane of the different faces by. Every facet must be of precisely the same size as every other facet of like position. Its angle, too, must be geometrically correct. The glory of a diamond is its refractive power. Without light the diamond is as useless as a pretty picture, though it is a very common belief among people who have never handled diamonds that the stones have light in themselves, making them brilliant even in complete darkness. Another common error is that the diamond cannot be broken or injured, and I have known of fine stones being ruined by foolish persons who hit them with hammers in an effort to illustrate the hardness of their gems. The diamond is very brittle and is easily injured by a slight blow or fall. Diamonds will burn, too, under a heat sufficient to melt bar-iron. They are nothing but pure carbon, and they may be reduced to graphite, and finally to carbonic acid gas. The purest stones are highly transparent and colorless, but more generally there is some tint, like white or gray. Brown, blue, green, yellow and red are very rare, while black is met with once in a lifetime. In all my experience I have seen but two black diamonds. John Rise, of the Tremont House, owns one of them. The other is in New York."—*Cincinnati Sun.*

A Little Boy's Wish.

A small boy was out in the street with his older brother, waiting for the circus procession to pass. They held each other's hands, and were all excitement to see the coming street parade. Others were on the street. The crowd was so dense that the owners of teams found it next to impossible to drive their horses through the solidly-packed mass of humanity.

To clear the street, a big, burly policeman is started down the thoroughfare, using his club with effect, especially among the little children. He came up to the two brothers and forced them back on the sidewalk, a position which chanced to be under grade, and, therefore, most undesirable for viewing the passing show.

"I wish I was Dod for a minit," lisped the little fellow who had been turned back. The crowd surging around him prevented him from seeing anything in the street.

"Hush, Bobby," exclaimed his brother, "that is wicked."

"I don't care," continued the little fellow.

"Why do you make such a wish?" asked a by-stander who witnessed the proceedings and heard the conversation.

"'Cause," said Bobby, "I could get up in de sky an' see de procession, an' no policeman could mate me stan' back."—*St. Paul Globe.*

The following is given as a cheap mode of rendering fabrics uninflammable: Four parts of borax and three parts sulphate of magnesia are shaken up together just before being required. The mixture is then dissolved in from twenty to thirty parts of warm water. Into the resulting solution the articles to be protected from fire are immersed, and when they are thoroughly soaked, they are wrung out and dried, preferably in the open air.

A barrister on fire and a sanitarian blown up by the explosion of a bottle of lemon sherbet are sights not often witnessed. Nevertheless, according to the *St. James Gazette*, such a fire actually occurred in a London court not long since.

A GOLDEN-HAIRED GYPSY.

The Remarkable Romance of a Beautiful Young Girl.

Brought to the Camp of a Tribe of Nomads by Her Mother When a Baby—Reared and Educated by Them.

Just as hundreds of chanticleers began their matutinal concert in Elizabeth, N.J., on Tuesday last, an aristocratic band of English gypsies drove through the city on their way to the prairie lands. They had four of the handsomest and newest caravansaries ever seen with a tribe of nomads, and the horses were models of strength and beauty. Any of the teams would compare favorably with the costly pairs driven by men of wealth. Each animal was covered with a netting of colored thread, and on these dainty guards against mosquito stings the women of the tribe had worked portraits and forest and field scenes. Six canvas-covered waggons followed the caravansaries, and each vehicle was drawn by two horses. About thirty valuable horses were led in a procession four abreast by two stalwart young men who wore black velveteen jackets, brown corduroy trousers, wide-brimmed gray soft hats and scarlet wool shirts, with loose flowing scarfs of dark-blue silk.

No halt was made in this city by these bon-ton wanderers, but when they arrived at Lyons' farm, west of Waverly Park, they went into camp. They obtained from Clara Thornton, "The Hermitress of the Farms," permission to use a small grove through which a sparkling brook rippled. Here they erected snow-white shelter and wall tents, lighted fires under big iron pots suspended from a pole stretched on forked sticks, and then awoke the families sleeping in the caravansaries. In a few minutes several women of middle age, three venerable and swarthy dames, and a score of young women and girls in their "teens" popped out of the caravansaries. Some had on loose wrappers, all were in their bare feet, and none had their hair done up. Each one ran to the brook and performed their ablutions, after which they arraigned their black tresses in pretty styles without the aid of a mirror. On going to the tent where the men of the tribe had carried necessary articles the females put on shoes and stockings. Coffee, bread and cold ham were served for breakfast, which was prepared by the women who travelled in the canvas-topped waggons.

Arthur Mayfield is the leader of the band. His clothes were of brown corduroy, with gilt buttons, and on the little finger of his left hand was a garnet ring. A small diamond glittered on his pale-blue scarf. He received the reporter courteously in a striped white and brown tent, in which a handsome woman about 40 years old was dressing three pretty children in bright-colored clothes. She was of medium plumpness, had an Egyptian face, splendid black eyes and a wealth of black hair. Her dress was neat and clean, her language correct and her manners those of a lady. Her husband was a magnificent specimen of physical beauty. He had Roman features, a dark olive complexion, and his height was nearly six feet. He was as alert and graceful in his movements as a youth of 20, but he said he was 50 years old in April last. He fondled the two little girls after they were dressed, and when a pretty black-eyed boy of 10 years dashed into the tent he was kissed by father and mother, and a lovely young woman who had just completed her toilet.

Mayfield introduced the young woman to a visitor present as "Maple, our pet." She courtesied with ease and murmured that she would be pleased to give any information desired. That she was not a daughter of Mayfield and his wife was evident, for she was a perfect blonde with languishing blue eyes, while they were swarthy as Indians and had the blackest of black eyes. Miss Maple noticed the puzzled look in the visitor's eyes, divined the cause and quickly remarked that she was an adopted daughter of the Mayfields and the band. Mayfield then, with her permission, related the history of her life and her connection with his band of wanderers.

"Our band came from Nottingham, England," he said, "forty-two years ago. My grandfather, who had charge of the eighteen persons in the original band, selected a picturesque spot on the mountains near Wheeling, W. Va., for the permanent headquarters of the band. Until his death, in 1857, the band travelled only in the South, and the women made heaps of money telling fortunes on plantations for the wives and daughters of planters. Father had 70 men and 93 women and children in the tribe when he was chosen leader. He made a trip through the Northern and Western States with 60 people for two years, and he had just returned to the mountain home when the war broke out. Mosely and all but seven of the men were pressed into the Confederate service. It was a hard blow to me, for the month previous I married Mary Morgan, who is now my wife. I served until the close of the war, was wounded twice, and when peace was declared I had difficulty in collecting the remnant of the band. All the women had escaped to Michigan with my father, who had purchased land there. He died in October, 1863, and when I arrived at the camp during the winter of 1866 there were less than thirty of the original band there.

"Early in the spring of 1869, after repainting all the waggons, I drew from the bank the money father had deposited in my name and started for our Virginia home. Our trip was very successful, but the freshets delayed us at different points. We took in Chicago, Cincinnati and other Western cities, and during the first week of April entered New York State. One rainy night there came into camp a woman who carried in her arms a tiny babe. Her refined face was pale and thin and in her blue eyes there was a hunted look which went straight to my heart. She was given shelter by my wife, who said the next morning that she was a lady who had been reared in affluence. Her hands were as soft as satin. She had the most beautiful yellow hair I ever saw, and her eyes were large and dark blue. My wife pleaded with me to let the stranger remain with the tribe, and when I saw the baby I consented, for it was a lovely little girl. We had no children then, for our little girl had died five months before, and my heart went out to the babe.

"On our arrival in Rome my wife and I went to a lawyer named Garret with the mother and her child, and the papers were made out leaving the babe in our care in case anything happened to the mother. She gave the name of Alice Farrent, but declined to say who were her parents, where she came from or give the name of the father of the babe. At her request we did not insist upon knowing her history. We were satisfied that she was a good woman, whose life had been wrecked by a great misfortune.

"On April 13th we arrived in Hampton Village, Oneida county, and I then noticed that Mrs. Farrent acted strangely. For two days the rain poured down in torrents, and on the evening of the third day we went into camp at Clark's Mills, a village on the Oriskany creek. Baby was sick and Mrs. Farrent went to the village for medicine. As she crossed the bridge the water was sweeping close up to the string pieces. Scores of the employes of the cotton mills warned her to return. But she gave no heed, for she said she would die for the baby's sake. On her return from the drug store she was told that the masonry supports of the bridge were giving way, but she started across. As she arrived at the middle of the bridge a tree was swept against the bridge by the rushing water. A shriek from the bridge was answered by screams from both shores, and the next instant a mass of timbers whirled down the creek, which was now a broad river.

"Mrs. Farrent was rescued with the child warm on her bosom. That night the mother died. She entreated me at the last minute to be a father to her child.

"After reaching our camp in Virginia we named the child Maple for the tree that saved her. She was educated by Sisters of Charity in Savannah, where three years ago she graduated. Robert F. Clare, whose brother owns an immense stock farm in Texas, met her when he visited the convent to see his sister. He fell in love, obtained my consent on condition that he wait three years, and then started for the cowboy land to make his fortune. He has succeeded. On the second Sunday in September they are to be married in St. Louis, where he will meet her. Maple's mother was a Methodist. All she left her child was a tiny gold cross which bears the word Willie, set in pearls. Maple wears it always in the hope that she may some time meet her father, for I believe her mother was married. I am sorry to lose our pet, but I have two daughters almost as old as she. They are at school. Until our pet was 10 years old I got in trouble often about her. People said we must have kidnapped her. Twenty-seven times I was arrested in different places on that account, but the paper Mrs. Farrent signed in Rome carried me through. Maple will not follow gypsy life after her marriage. She is not one of us now, for her life has been spent in school. I will follow this wandering life to the end, but my education fitted me for another career."

TRAPPING A DUDE.

How a Plucky and Fun-Loving Lady Avenged a Masher's Advances.

One of the lady attendants in the insane department of the county jail was returning unattended from church about 9 o'clock last Sunday night, when, at the corner of Dearborn avenue and Kinzie street, she was accosted by a creature in tight pants.

"Can I see you home?" softly breathed the thing, lifting his hat and bowing profoundly.

The lady, who is full of resources, quickly recovered from the first start at the unexpected insult and gave her consent. Her destination lay a block away, and her escort beguiled the short journey with many an apt reflection upon the weather and sundry weighty topics. Now, the Dearborn avenue side of the jail building looks more like a residence than a public institution, and the iron stairs which lead to the entrance might easily be mistaken in the dark for the front stoop of a dwelling. The young man made the mistake, and, although the lady produced a bunch of uncommonly heavy keys, and the ponderous bolts flew back with a rattle and ring, he did not correct the error with himself until he had followed her fairly within the building and the door swiftly closed behind him. Curled up on a bench lay a muscular young man, who is slightly demented, so that when the lady whispered: "Catch him, John," the lunatic leaped to his feet with a fiendish shriek and made a rush for the intruder. The dude lifted a howl of terror and started around the quadrangular corridor which skirts the cells. At this juncture two of the male attendants who had been enjoying the night on the outside rushed in. Before they had time to close the door the terrified young man dashed by them, and, pitching himself headlong down the stairs, ran into the jail court. Thinking that one of the patients was escaping, the men gave chase, and were promptly reinforced by deputies from the jail and watchmen from the criminal court. Around and around the small yard the unfortunate young man ran like a rat in a barrel until gaining the stairs to the court building he upset one of the deputies and ran out upon Michigan street and vanished in the darkness. The avenged lady smiled and the captive lunatic, who is fantastic but harmless, chuckled softly as he went back to his bench.—*Chicago Journal.*

LOOKS LIKE A BOGUS WEDDING.

Who is the Rev. Mr. Frizzle, of Toronto?

The New York *Herald* of yesterday contains the following:

A happy party of two ladies and two clerical looking gentlemen astonished the clerks in the Bureau of Vital Statistics yesterday by asking for a marriage license. Acting Deputy Register Weil blushingly told them that if that was their "racket" no license was needed.

"I'm so glad," said one of the gentlemen, "we'll get married right here. My friend here, the Rev. William Frizzle, of Toronto, Canada, will tie the knot."

Mr. Frizzle stepped into an adjoining room, and in a minute the Rev. Henry James Hamilton, of Mullica Hill, N.J., and Miss Catherine Ellen Brown, of Scotland, were made one. The ceremony was witnessed by Mrs. Catherine Hamilton, the mother of the groom, and Health Inspector Lucas, who was "roped in" for the occasion. The bride said she was 21 years old and was born in India. The groom is a native of Philadelphia. He is ten years older. None of the party would talk about the courtship, but it is believed that the contracting parties were cousins and that the hasty marriage was due to a desire of having Mr. Frizzle, whom they happened to meet in the city, perform the ceremony.

As there is no "Rev. Wm. Frizzle in Toronto," it looks very much as if there was something radically wrong about the ceremony.

A Story of Amisch Hospitality.

One night an Amisch brother was startled by a noise in his chicken-house and went out to investigate. As he approached the hennery a man came through the door and started down the lane. Immediately afterward a voice from the roof whispered:

"I say, Bill, aren't you most through?"

"Yes," whispered the Amisch brother, "there's just one fat rooster I want to get."

"Here," he added a moment later, reaching out his hand, "put it in the bag."

The unsuspecting chicken-thief leaned over, and was surprised to feel a brawny hand clutching his wrist.

"Come down," said the farmer, and he thief came down.

Without a word the farmer marched his prisoner into the house, and putting him into a garret, locked the door. In the morning the farmer opened the door and looked in with a smile.

"Come down to breakfast," he said, with the greatest courtesy.

The detected chicken-thief was a farm-hand and a neighbor, and shame worked its own punishment when he saw the farmer's family around the table.

"Sit down," they said, and then they waited upon him as though he were a distinguished guest.

But the "guest" ate but little that morning, and when, after breakfast, the Amisch brother took him by the hand and led him to the door and bade him "good day," as though nothing wrong had been done or dreamed of, he went away vowing he had bagged his last rooster and that the Amisch were trumps.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

The crippling of the mother-in-law joke by the President's taking his mother-in-law with him into the North woods has been speedily followed by the destruction of the plumber joke through the suicide of a Brooklyn plumber because of his extreme poverty. Somebody will presently survive the kick of a mule and tackle a hornet without getting stung, and complete the ruin of the funny paragrapher.—*Chicago Times.*

Mrs. Gilchrist, a resident of Edinburgh, now in her 96th year, distinctly remembers seeing Robert Burns when she was between 4 and 5 years old.

A SUB-MARINE MONITOR.

Jules Verne's Dream Realized in a Boat Constructed by an American Inventor.

A sub-marine torpedo boat invented by Prof. J. H. L. Tuck was yesterday tested and proved a practical success in the presence of a large party of gentlemen interested. They went aboard the steamer Chance Shot at Eighty-sixth street, North River. The sub-marine vessel lay like a gigantic turtle lashed to the steamer's side. She has been christened the Peacemaker. She was constructed at the yard of C. H. Delamater & Co. and is 30 feet long with a breadth of beam of 8½ feet and a depth of 7½ feet. The bow and stern taper off from amidships, and the forward end of the vessel is surmounted by a dome 12 inches high, which is set with glass and just large enough for the pilot to get his head into. Admission to the boat is through a circular scuttle abaft of the dome. At the stern there is a propeller and a rudder of ordinary fashion, and two horizontal rudders with which the boat may be deflected up or down. The interior is half-filled with machinery and mechanical devices, including a powerful little Westinghouse engine. Compressed air is stored in six-inch pipes running around the interior, and arrangements are made by which air may be supplied by chemicals. A gauge registers the depth of the vessel beneath the surface. Light is furnished by an incandescent electric lamp. At yesterday's experiment, Capt. John G. Holland and Engineer John H. Kline slipped down into the iron hull and fastened the air-tight scuttle. Then the captain's head appeared in the look-out dome and the iron fish started up the river. She had not gone 100 feet before she dipped her nose into the water and gradually slid out of sight beneath the ruffled surface. The spectators anxiously watched the spot where she disappeared for three minutes, when she reappeared about a quarter of a mile to leeward and headed towards them. The Sylvan Glen was coming down the river only a few hundred feet above, and her captain was much surprised at the sudden appearance of the iron monster. He tooted his whistle vigorously and put his wheel hard aport, whereat the torpedo boat kicked up its heels and again disappeared. The Peacemaker reached a depth yesterday of forty feet and attained a fair rate of speed. The torpedo portion of the experiment was not tried. It is designed to use two torpedoes attached together by a chain and fastened to corked magnets, which will attach themselves to the iron or steel sheating of a vessel to be destroyed. They are to be fired by electricity after the torpedo boat has reached a safe distance. Prof. Tuck is working on a device by which he claims the occupants of the boat will be enabled to leave it at a depth of forty feet and return again in safety. Patents on the submarine vessel have been secured in the United States and throughout Europe. A company has been formed under the laws of this State, with M. Roosevelt Schuyler as President.—*New York World.*

THE DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.

Lots of Room for the Whole of a Thousand Century's Inhabitants of the World.

A cheap popular periodical publishes the following interesting paragraph, the idea being to endeavor to show in some way the dimensions of heaven: Any one may prove the approximate accuracy of the computation for himself by performing the several operations called for. The basis of the calculation is taken from the sixteenth verse of the twenty-first chapter of Revelations:

"And he measured the city with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs equal 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed, is 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Reserving one-half of this space for the throne and court of heaven, and half the balance for streets, we have a remainder, 124,193,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,000, the cubic feet in a room 16 feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. Now, suppose the world always did and always will hold 990,000,000 inhabitants and that a generation lasts thirty-three and one-third years, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 inhabitants every century, and that the world will stand 100,000,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in the number of the inhabitants and the duration of years, making a total of 2,979,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms, sixteen feet square to each person.

A Night Among the Lions.

Dark as the night was, all were busy around the little encampment, if I except the dogs, who seemed to be possessed of such timidity that neither words nor blows could drive them out from the shelter they had taken between the wheels. For some minutes all had become quiet, and I commenced to hope that it had been a false alarm, when a roar so loud and close as to awake the echoes of the surrounding kopjes broke the monotonous stillness of the night. Such a roar I have never heard previously or since; let him that likes say what he may, it made the earth tremble. To the reader it may appear impossible that any animal can produce a volume of sound that almost rivals the thunder in its density; but let me assure him, if he has heard a mature male lion in the full vigor of his life give utterance to his wrath, he will agree with me that there are a sublimity and grandeur in the voice, which, if they do not equal the depth and power of thunder, very nearly approaches to it. If quiet had comparatively reigned before, now all was excitement. To and fro the bullocks rushed, trying to break their *rheims*, the horses reared and pulled upon their halters as if determined to strangle themselves, or upset the waggon, while every native who was not armed seized a fire-brand and shouted and called to my animals to endeavor to still their fears. So intense was the darkness that nothing could be seen, yet William fired a couple of shots in the direction from which he imagined the sound proceeded. The blaze and report of his heavy elephant gun, one would imagine, would have driven off anything in the form of a quadruped; but not so; the lion roared again at even shorter distance than at first, causing the bullocks to become frantic with fear, and therefore to use their utmost power and strength to break loose. I thought I could trust my *rheims*, but alas! I was in error, for one more violent struggle than had previously been made took place, and they gave way, and the whole team went down to leeward as if they were stampeding before a forest fire. As the method (for it certainly is a preconcerted and arranged plan) adopted by lions when about to attack a span of cattle may not be known generally, I will briefly attempt to describe it. Lions, as a rule, hunt in family parties. A very old male, not unfrequently incapacitated from taking an active part in pursuing game, is generally to be found at the head of this *coterie*, and on him devolves no unimportant part of the programme adopted by them when a trader's or traveller's cattle are resolved upon as the victims of their ferocity and power.—*From "In the Lion Country," by Parker Gillmore, in Popular Science Monthly for September.*

"Would you," writes some one to the London *Times*, "insert the yearly appeal for consideration of the poor cats left starving when their owners are off for their pleasure? Starving animals are very hotbeds for hydrophobia."

NO BASS TO BE CAUGHT.

All on Account of Having Too Many Shad to Feed On.

A letter from Cape Vincent in yesterday's New York *Times* says: A well-known gentleman from Brooklyn came to this place a few days ago. He had heard great stories of the good fishing to be had here, and he thought he would try some of it. He had no trouble in finding a good boat—the boats here are as pretty and staunch as they make them—and a capable boatman is as easy to get as a boat. The Brooklyn man, who is called "the Judge" by his friends, in token of the official position once held by him, started out one fine morning for a good day's fishing. He did not care for perch or pickerel or rock bass. What he wanted and what he came for were the genuine black bass, gamey and full of life, that bend a lancewood rod nearly double, and require delicate playing to get them safely into the boat.

The St. Lawrence River at this point and among the neighboring islands has for years had the reputation of being good black bass ground. And not only has this been true of the river itself, but of the bays and inlets of Lake Ontario. The time has been when a man would have thought it a pretty poor day if he came in with less than thirty or forty handsome black bass ranging in weight from three-quarters of a pound to three pounds each. The fish rose to minnows and flies; they scooped in spoons; they were to be caught either still fishing or trolling, and the great sport was consequently always to be had. Maskallonge, too, were numerous enough to make it worth the while to carry a trolling line especially adapted to them in every boat. The mainland here and round the numerous islands—Wolf, Carleton, Grenadier, Fox, Powderhorn and no end of others—all furnished lurking places for the game fish. The sport attracted hither people from all parts of the country, and the reputation of the waters for fishing was spread rapidly.

The judge was lured here by stories of great catches of black bass, and he determined to do a little fancy fishing. The judge didn't catch but two bass; he was told by an old fisherman that it was on account of the shad, and he expressed surprise that shad should eat bass.

"Who said the shad ate the bass? It's the bass that eat the shad."

"Well, suppose they do. How does that spoil the fishing?"

"This way. Suppose you've had a good dinner and some one offers you another. D'ye think you would eat it, especially if it wasn't as good as the first? Why, look here," continued the fisherman as he took up one of the black bass out of the boat and cut open its body. Two little shad about five or six inches in length dropped out of the bass, followed by the partly digested remains of others. It was evident that this particular fish had had enough for dinner. He was chock full. The second bass, on being opened, showed a similar condition of things.

The fisherman, seeing the interest the judge took in the matter, went on to explain: "You see that blanked fool Seth Green thought some years ago that what this river needed was shad. And he put in no end of 'em. Nobody up this way that I know of ever saw a big shad taken out of the river, but there are millions of the little ones. They travel in tremendous shoals, and you can see 'em just covering the top of the water for acres some times. The black bass don't want any better eating. They just fill themselves with the young shad and then clear off. They don't want any more, and they won't take minnows when they can get all the young shad they want. There are enough and more than enough shad to feed all the black bass and all the maskallonge in these parts. Often just toward dusk you can see the shad jumping up in bunches out of the waves, and the bass are going for them and filling up on them. These little shad die in thousands, and they have been thrown up on the shores in such quantity that the stench from the rotting fish was too much for the stoutest stomach to bear. What you want is something to kill the shad. Kill them and you'll have all the good black bass fishing you want."

This explanation looked plausible. The judge made inquiries of boatmen, of fishermen, professional and amateur, of innkeepers and others. All agreed that the black bass fishing, the greatest charm in this neighborhood, has been greatly declining of recent years, and is now worse than ever. A man who after fishing skilfully all day long brings