THE QUEBEC MOB.

The Frenchmen Disperse Without Doing Any Mischief.

A Quebec despatch says: The expected riot last night ended in a complete fiasco From 7 o'clock crowds could be seen wending their way towards Dufferin Terrace, undoubtedly bent upon mischief. Probably three-quarters of an hour had elapsed before the local "bouters" made their appearance upon the band stand. At about 8 o'clock a few juniors presented themselves in front of the platform and harangued the crowd. Their chief aim was that the crowd should disperse and not trouble further, because the local authorities intended making a thorough test case of the Salvation Army parades. Notwithstanding the most vehement appeals upon the part of the haranguers, about one thousand persons assembled and proceeded towards St. Rochs. In passing the Army barracks *en route* a number of thoughtless youths in the procession emptied the chambers of their revolvers in the air, hoping to frighten the inmates of the barracks. The police made no endeavors to arrest the criminals. From this point to St. Rochs the crowd was momentarily augmented until its numbers reached fully six thousand, when all together proceeded through the various streets of St. Rochs singing national songs and then headed towards Upper Town, vowing vengeance on the Salvation Army and with the full intention of wrecking their barracks. The crowd in their procession were completely disorganized. One feature which was principally noticed was the absence of the English-speaking classes. After leaving St. Rochs the mob wended their way up one of the by streets until they reached St. John street, when, as though a thunder-clap had fallen, almost the whole crowd broke up. Not more than 200 proceeded further.

SLOWLY ROASTED TO DEATH.

A Prisoner Burned Alive in the Presence of a Crowd of People.

A Webberville, Mich., despatch says: The cry of "Fire!" aroused the people shortly before midnight last night, and they rushed from their homes to find the town lockup in flames. It was a one-story wooden structure standing alone in an open square. Above the crackling of the flames cries were heard from an inmate of one of the cells. When the citizens arrived the doomed man was seen frantically beating the bars of his cell and crying for help. The people were powerless to rescue him and in the presence of the crowd he slowly roasted to death. Some of the crowd made ineffectual attempts to rescue him, but were driven away by the heat. The pale face and glaring eyes of the miserable wretch were framed by the black, unyielding bars of his cell door. Little by little he was forced back, but only when the bars became red hot did he abandon all hope of escape. The horror of the situation proved such a frightful mental strain on the prisoner that he became insane, tearing his scorched clothing off. He dashed himself against the bars and grabbed the red-hot irons in the vain effort to escape. An odor of burned flesh pervaded the air and made many of the people sick. Frantically cursing the crowd for not helping him, the roasting man rushed madly around the narrow inclosure while the spectators stood rooted by horror to the spot. Gradually his cries grew weaker and he was seen to sink to the floor and soon all was over. The prisoner was Newhall Tyler, 38 years old. He had been jailed for striking a boy on the head. Tyler had been on a spree, and the boy had annoyed him. He fired the prison, hoping that he would be released thereby.

SAVED BY RUNNING A MILE A MINUTE.

An Engineer's Race Down a Steep Grade to Escape a Runaway Train.

A Youngstown, O., despatch says: Allan Cowden, a well-known locomotive engineer, has just had a thrilling experience. While coming down a steep four-mile grade into Marquette the train broke in two. Realizing the danger of a collision, Engineer Cowden endeavored to pull away with the cars that remained with the engine, but the rear section steadily gained, until the pace of the flying trains became fearful. A mile out of Marquette he thought of the many men at work in the yard who might be killed by the runaway train and devised a plan to save them. Ordering the fireman to cut loose from the train he crowded on every pound of steam. As the locomotive shot forward he sounded three long blasts of the whistle, indicating that he wanted to keep the main track and for the switchman to send the train on the siding. The switchman on duty responded, and as the engine passed over the frog at a mile a minute, he turned the lever and the two sections of the train dashed into the siding and piled the cars up in an indescribable mass. Cowden had saved his life and that of his fireman, besides twenty employees in the yard, but the train was a total wreck, which, however, it would have been in any case.

An A. O. U. W. Insurance Case.

A London despatch says: Susan Drury, formerly of this city, now the wife of Mr. O'Connor, also formerly of this city, was at one time engaged to be married to Geo. W. Child, of Detroit, who, at the time of their engagement, became a member of the A. O. U. W., and had named his fiancee as his beneficiary. Child afterwards married another woman, and made an attempt to change the policy, so that his wife would receive the benefit of it at his death. Mrs. O'Connor protested against any such change being made, and the officers refused to make any alteration unless the original policy was produced, and as it was in Mrs. O'Connor's hands she refused to give it up. Child now granted power of attorney to one Galloway in the hope that he would be able to get the policy from Mrs. O'Connor, but before the attempt was made Child died. The Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. filed a bill in Wayne Circuit Court to determine to whom the benefit was to be paid. Judge Look decided in favor of Mrs. O'Connor.

It is no longer fashionable for girls to kiss each other. This will naturally enlarge the sphere of man's duties in this respect, but we guess the men can stand it.

H. Rider Haggard denies that he is coming to America immediately. He may come over next fall.

HOT SHOT FROM POWDERLY.

Grumblers in the Knights of Labor Get a Severe Drubbing in Print—The General Master Workman Says the Men who Talk so Much About Forming a New Order are Just the Men who Would Destroy it if Formed.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Powderly's second letter to the Knights, published here in the *Journal of United Labor* to-day, is considered a "corker." He gives the growlers and so-called secessionists a sound drubbing. Mr. Powderly seldom indulges in talk of this kind, but when he does hit a blow it comes straight from the shoulder.

"When I hear men talk of seceding from the organization, with the threat of starting an improved Order," he says, "I fancy that they know but little of the trials, the dangers, the odds against which they will have to contend, and I feel that the amount of energy necessary to build up a new Order, if properly applied in the old one, would make it invincible.

Powderly pitches into the "assassinators of character" with much vigor, and asks that slander shall cease and honest criticism take its place. "Let me ask a question of the member who now and then publishes a column or half column of abuse of the general officers, charging them with all sorts of shortcomings. What are you doing in your own locality to make the lot of the toiler easier? Can you expect of me to give my whole, undivided and cheerful attention to my work while those who should be my lieutenants are furnishing the enemy with the ammunition with which to attack me?

"Attack if you will, criticise if you please, abuse if you choose, but do not forget that right where you live, in your own town or city, within sound of your own voice, you will find the degradation of the workshop or factory. You will find the curse of poverty in the tenement house. You will find the evils of child labor; yes, if you listen, you will hear the moan of starvation, and the wail of men and women urged to sin because of hunger and cold.

"From an organization numbering less than 10,000 members when the first General Assembly was held, we have seen the Knights of Labor grow until over 700,000 men and women claim membership at one time. While that vast and industrial army was being gathered together, while the seed was being sown, men who were pioneers were making sacrifices that the Order might live in history as a power for good. They never found fault with the Order because of their misfortunes, for the reason that they felt that it was theirs to do or to die. They were not working for self nor the present, they worked for posterity and the future."

WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

How a British M. P. Got Into Difficulties With His Creditors and His Mistress.

A London cable says: The examination of Mr. Borlase, ex-Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board, was continued in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. He admitted having borrowed £1,000 from Madame de Quiros, who was formerly his mistress, but he said the money was his own, and she had simply restored it to him. He had never promised to settle £1,500 upon her. She asked him, he said, for £500 down and £1,500 a year, saying that she was going to get the same amount out of another man. He dined at her house after borrowing the £1,000, when she tried to murder him. After getting the sum mentioned he borrowed £2,700 from her, giving his acceptance for that amount. He heard afterward that this money had been given to her by another man. Mr. Borlase said that his average income was £2,000, and that his money had been largely expended in political life for elections, dinner parties, etc. Ever since he entered Parliament he had been involved in financial troubles. The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS TRIAL.

Men and Women Who Lived in a Nude Condition—Good Subjects for Hypnotization.

A London cablegram says: The *Chronicle* gives a strange account of a trial in Tolax, a village in Malaga, Spain, of some religious fanatics of strange practices. They originally went naked like Adam and Eve before their fall, but the authorities interposed. Since then they have inflicted wounds upon themselves in imitation of the crucifixion, and burnt all their goods, believing a higher power would provide food. When put on trial they were hypnotized in court by medica, specialists like Irving in "The Bells," and proved good subjects. It is even alleged that, on being ordered to perspire, they broke out into a profuse perspiration. Others, pricked with pins, gave no sign of pain. This is the first time such a scene has happened in a court of justice in Spain. The probable result of the trial will be a nominal punishment.

Somewhat Discouraging.

A city gentleman imagines that he has a great talent for painting. He has painted for many years, but with very little success. An old friend called at the would-be artist's studio, not long since, and said candidly:

"Why don't you stop spoiling canvas and wasting good paint?"

"I'm not discouraged," was the reply; "in a few years more I may eclipse even Raphael."

"Eclipse Raphael," sneered the candid old friend; "Why, you are 40 years old at least, and nobody has bought one of your pictures yet. Don't you know that at your age Raphael had been dead five years?"

A Sensational Death in Monck.

Very sensational rumors are afloat concerning the death of Mr. C. J. Cook, a merchant of North Pelham, which occurred a week ago. The cause of his sudden death was variously attributed to blood-poisoning, the bursting of a blood-vessel and a convulsive fit. It is now stated there are strong suspicions that he was poisoned. The rumors have not yet taken definite shape, but there is a prospect of some sensational developments within the next few days.

"How deliciously clean he looks," said a Washington (D. C.) belle of Joseph Chamberlain.

LOVE MADE HIM A WANDERER.

The Romantic Story of a Ragged Old Nobleman in Evansville, Ind.

An Evansville, Ind., despatch says: A few nights ago the police found Henry Gabling unconscious in the gutter. Gabling has long been an inmate of the almshouse, and often, when away from the institution, has been seen tapping kegs in front of the saloons in an effort to wring out a drink of stale beer. When taken to the station-house the officer found an ugly wound on his head. They told the poor wretch when he came to consciousness that his days of life were few and sent for a preacher to visit him. To the clergyman Gabling told a romantic story. He is an Austrian by birth, a Count in rank, was carefully educated and had a wife picked out for him. But he didn't marry her. All unknown to his aristocratic relatives, the scion of an old nobility had quietly fallen in love with a peasant girl. Have her he would, and his parents, finding all other methods unavailing, secretly had the girl gotten out of the way. One morning the young Count left home without saying aught to any one of where he was going. The hour grew late and the hope of the household did not return. Messengers were sent in all directions but returned without tidings of the missing one. The fleeting days, months and years brought no word of him. Gabling had discovered the trick played on him and had started out into the wide world, hunting for his girl and hoping to find her. For years he went to and fro among the capitals of Europe, but he didn't find her. He roamed over country roads in all quarters of the continent and the isles of the sea, but the fair face of which he was in quest lived only in hope and memory. Then he came to America, where he went to work as a book-keeper. From Cincinnati he went to Louisville and then came here, where for years he held responsible positions. In despondency he took to drink and it has wrecked him. He is 80 years old. Of his childhood's friends he knows nothing and of his lost love he hasn't found a trace.

VITRIOLIC VENGEANCE.

A Young Man's Face Disfigured by His Discarded Sweetheart.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: Miss Maggie Lloyd until a short time ago was the pretty cashier in the largest dry goods house in this city. She resides with her aunt, the wife of Dr. Frank Rieser. Miss Lloyd is well connected and highly respected. In the same establishment was Mr. Howard Potter, nephew of the leading member of the firm. He held a responsible position also. The young people became lovers, and finally their friends were told they were engaged to be married. Recently it was noticed that Mr. Potter's attentions to Miss Lloyd were falling off, and finally he informed the young lady that their engagement must be cancelled. This happened last Sunday night. He called on Miss Lloyd at Dr. Rieser's and said he would not marry her. This was in the parlor. The young lady was laboring under a high state of excitement, and she handed Potter a glass filled with dark liquid and asked him to take a drink of wine. He refused in alarm. He refused a second time. She then pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and with her left hand held it over his eyes, and dashed the glass, which was full of vitriol, into Potter's face. Frenzied with pain he rushed into the kitchen, washed his face and hurried out toward his home. He got no further than a neighboring restaurant, when a doctor was called. Since then he has been confined to his room. The doctor was with him three hours this day. Potter will probably be disfigured. Miss Lloyd is quite melancholy and does not know the extent of Potter's injuries. Dr. Rieser says he found the lady afterward entirely out of her mind in the parlor, wondering where she was.

STOOD ON A HOT STOVE.

Inhuman Punishment of a Child Who Went Skating Without Leave.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Little Willie Van Hontrie, a colored boy, 6 years old, hobbled into the Municipal Court on Friday and told Judge Curtis how John Williams, of No. 40 Grove street, had punished him for going skating. The child's mother is a domestic in a family at the Back Bay, and pays the boy's board and lodging at Williams'. The child went out skating on Thursday, and when he returned Williams took off his shoes and stockings and stood him on a hot stove until both feet were blistered. Williams confessed the deed and said he must do something to keep the child at home.

The Bones of John Knox.

Although a Scotchman, I am free to confess that my countrymen do not deserve to be held up as examples of how people should reverence great men and the places with which they have been associated, as the case of Knox will show. The place of his birth is disputed, and the house in which he lived and died was wantonly razed to the ground. The precise spot in which his bones repose is unknown, although it is said to be somewhere in Parliament Square, and under the uplifted hoof of the leaden horse of which Charles II. sits in the guise of a Roman Emperor. No monument marks the grave of the great reformer, and lawyers and their clients, as they bustle out of and into the Court of Session probably trample every day on his unhonored head.—*Edinburgh Letter in London Standard.*

To Give a Better Grip.

A Boston inventor named Swinterton has brought into successful use a new form of locomotive driving wheel. The tire is not turned round, but is polygonal, the facets being from one to two inches long. A new and powerful locomotive has just been constructed in Boston, with but one driving wheel on a side; the wheels are 210½ inches in circumference having 105 flat facets two inches long. The theory is that the bearing of two inches on the rail gives increased grip in starting or stopping a train. It is estimated that one driving wheel with the facets is more powerful than the two or more which are usually employed, and the parallel rods are dispensed with.—*Rochester Democrat.*

Henry August von Bulow, a nephew of Herr von Bulow, the famous German pianist, is soon to marry Miss Annie Snyder, of Philadelphia.

RAN AWAY WITH A BARMAID.

A Romantic Elopement of an Aristocratic Youth and a Poulterer's Daughter.

(From the Birmingham Post.)

A romantic elopement has just occurred in connection with one of the oldest aristocratic families in the kingdom. The chief actor is a high-spirited youth, whose age is given as not more than 17, and who is the only son and heir of one of the county families of East Worcestershire, and whose name occurs in Domesday Book. The father of the youth is a retired captain of dragoons and his mother is of a distinguished Scotch family, a member of which, for his services in the Indian mutiny, was raised to the House of Peers. Three months ago the young heir was introduced at the close of a boating excursion by the private secretary of his father to a barmaid aged between 21 and 22, at a wine and spirit vault in Stourbridge, whom the secretary pronounced "the prettiest girl in England." It was an affair of "love at first sight," and the young fellow declared he would never marry any one else. A friendship sprang up, and family entreaties and threats were alike in vain. The young man declared that if his wishes were thwarted he would end his life with a revolver. At this time he was on a vacation from his college at Cirencester. The family communicated with the detective police of Birmingham, and for weeks past private detectives have watched the barmaid's movements night and day. She is the daughter of a poulterer living in Wolverhampton. Detectives, solicitors, and clergymen have also visited the girl's home on behalf of the family to try to obtain information of the heir's whereabouts, for it was discovered that he had run away from college. Very little information was, however, forthcoming, and, though one interview was secured at the hotel between the young man and his mother, the only result was his declaration that if he were taken by force he would be taken home on a stretcher. Authentic news was received on Sunday that the couple had eloped and had been married at, it is believed, a country church near Liverpool. The bride has herself communicated this information and has asked for forgiveness. The young heir's family are naturally greatly concerned. The young fellow has, during the latter part of the proceedings, backed up his independence by putting forward "his solicitor" when it has been threatened by his family. An attempt to secure a special license only a few days before the successful elopement was frustrated by the registrar happening to possess private information of how the matter stood. In his second attempt, however, he seems to have been more fortunate.

In connection with the announcement of the romantic elopement the following advertisements, taken from local papers, will be read with interest, as supplying the needed key: "Foster-Devitt—On the 26th inst., at St. Mark's, Winshall, Derbyshire, by Rev. G. Clarke, Percy Reginald, only son of Capt. Foster, Stourton Court, Stourbridge, to Alice Dora, youngest daughter of John F. Devitt, Wolverhampton." "Notice—Capt. Foster, of Stourton Court, near Stourbridge, hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible for any debts his son, Percival Reginald Foster, may contract."

Some Christmas Novelties.

Large fans in the stiff coque feathers are made to resemble tulips in different colors.

A high lamp to stand on the floor is shaped like a helmet, and rests on a tripod of three battle axes.

A turkey's claw in brass clutches a glass inkstand that has an owl's head in oxidized silver as cover.

For a smoking set, a brass tray holds three brass cuffs of different sizes, and a collar, in imitation of linen.

A fan in pale blue gauze is a mass of loops of narrow, pale blue satin ribbon. The sticks are of wood inlaid with silver.

A silver lamp suspended from a standard has a design in perforated holes and jewels, through which a candle shines.

A low silver candlestick has an attached screen of copper. It is studded with jewels, through which the light shines.

An oxidized silver paper-cutter has a handle formed of two monkeys, one upholding another who holds the blade.

A novel holder for a whisk brush is half of an ornamental drum fastened to a brass shield. A chain hangs it on the wall.

A small ornamental mirror is upheld by two oxidized silver kittens, while a third climbs up behind and looks over the top.

A clock about a foot in diameter has a wheel on the face. The figures are between the spokes. The hands are fastened on the hub.

A large silver disk has a small clock in the centre; above is an oxidized silver star, and on the edge of the disk, the crescent moon and face.

Small snowshoes have satin bags stuffed with horsehair fastened to them, in which to stick hairpins, and are to be hung beside a lady's dressing table.

In silk purses, gray with steel beads is the newest style. A gold ring is fastened securely in the middle of the purse, and is intended to be hung on a chatelaine.

Finishing His Education.

"You are quite a linguist, I believe?"

"Yes, I am familiar with four or five languages."

"What are they?"

"I speak French, German, English and Greek, and I can read and write in several languages that I cannot speak fluently."

"Do you write Russian?"

"No, but I do the next thing to it."

"What's that?"

"I'm practising on a typewriter."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Mrs. Dinah Mulock-Craik was unique among authors as regards her habits of work. She never began a work for publication which she did not finish before beginning another. It is thought that she did not at her death leave a line of unfinished manuscript.

In a forthcoming novel Walter Besant, the popular English writer, gives a description of the millennium. It is interesting as offering a striking contrast to affairs in England at present.

A frightened deer dashed through the main street of Salina, Pa., the other day, and although all the sportsmen in town turned out as soon as they saw it, the deer escaped.

SUED BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

He Prescribed While in a Trance, but the Patient Died.

Judge Courtney, of Brooklyn, had a very peculiar case before him yesterday. It was brought by Geo. W. Parrett, a clairvoyant and manipulator, who holds forth at No. 17 Willoughby street, against Joseph Mann, who has a boot-blacking establishment on Washington street, near the bridge. Parrett wanted to collect the sum of $22.50 for clairvoyancing Mann's young son, and being unable to collect the same, brought suit to recover it.

When the case was called Parrett testified in his own behalf. He said that he was called to treat the child, and after going into a trance prescribed for it. When asked, however, by Mann's lawyer to go into a trance and show the Court its effects, he declined, saying that there were too many influences present. Judge Courtney suggested that perhaps it would be better to adjourn the case until some time when the "influence" would be numbered among the absent, but as neither side desired this, the case proceeded. Mann testified that his child was taken sick and upon the advice of his friend, George W. Brooks, he called in Clairvoyant Parrett. Then, to the amusement of the Court and spectators, he told how the "doctor" sat in a chair and, after shaking and shivering for some time, went to sleep and then began to talk. The witness said that he had paid Parrett $5 for some medicine furnished for the child, but which had not done him any good. The child, who was about 11 months old, died soon after.

George W. Brooks testified that when Mr. Mann's child was taken sick he advised calling in Mr. Parrett. He was present and Parrett's actions during the trance frightened them all.

Judge Courtney dismissed the case.—*N. Y. World.*

Hang This Up.

Farm animals are hurt more by medicine than by the lack of it. When an animal needs medicine it needs a competent physician.

Pure water and a variety of wholesome food regularly given, with comfortable shelter and kind treatment, are the best preventives of disease.

A mortgage on the home makes the fireside gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness.

Some men look at the sky only to forecast the weather, see more beauty in a dollar than in a bed of flowers, and will hear the crow in a cornfield quicker than the lark in the air.

Better is it to have one pair of trousers with money in the pockets than two pairs with empty pockets.

The horse knows all that the colt learned, and boys tormenting the colt are not teaching it what it should know.

System worked ten hours a day and was done. Hap-hazard got up at 4 in the morning, hurried all day and was doing the chores at half-past 9 at night.

Job had much patience, yet it was fortunate for him that he did not join fences with a neighbor who kept breachy stock.

The man who fills his ice-house provides himself with a conservator of health and a servant of pleasure.

The man who is too poor to take the TIMES or to buy his wife a new dress without grumbling is rich enough to afford fine picking for Bohemian oat swindlers and patent gimcrack frauds.

What "America" Means.

The meaning of the name Amerigo has been often discussed, the only thing certain being that it is one of those names of Teutonic origin, like Humberto, Alfonzo, Grimaldi or Garibaldi, so common in northern Italy, which testify to the Gothic or Lombard conquest. Americ, which occurs as early as 744 A.D., is probably a contracted form of the name Amalaric, borne by a king of the Visigoths, who died in 531. A Bishop Emrich was present at the council of Salisbury in 807, and Americus Balistaurius is mentioned in the Close Rolls (thirteenth century). It has been conjectured that the stem is *im*, from which we get the name of Emma. The meaning of this is not known with certainty, though Ferguson thinks it may denote "strife" or "noise." Since, however, the name is probably of Gothic origin, and since the Amalungs were the royal race of the Ostragoths, it is more likely that the stem is *amal*, which was formerly thought to mean "without spot," but is now more plausibly connected with the old Norse *aml*, labor, work. The suffix *ric*, cognate with *rex*, *reich* and *rick*, means "rich" or "powerful," and, therefore, the most probable signification of Amerigo is "strong for labor."—*Isaac Taylor, in Notes and Queries.*

A Profound Reflection.

"Grandpa," inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"

"Yes, my child. Everyone in this world must die when his time comes."

"Well"—long pause—"what I'd like to know is, who'll bury the last man?"

A Frivolous Question.

A.—"How is it that you seem to be always in such good health?"

B.—"I make it a rule never to go to bed with a full stomach."

"Well, if your stomach is full, do you sit up all night with it?"

Two of Boston's Greatest Men.

Miss Wabash (from Chicago, to Boston friend whom she is visiting)—"I do want so much to see Mr. Lowell before I return."

Mrs. Culture (of Boston)—"How unfortunate that both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Lowell are in Europe at this time."

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of the week may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton George Washington and Winfield Scott.

—The man who says "I will" will succeed nine times, while the fellow who says "I'll try" fails once.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has decided to send squads of his soldiers to Zululand and South America. Some of his forces have already reached Jerusalem, and the streets of the holy city resound with their "amens" and the jingle of their tambourines.