ECCENTRICITIES OF LOVE.

Philip Koehler Weds His Pretty Marie Louise and Introduces Johannes Grunwald—The False Friend Wins the Wife's Affections, She Gets a Divorce and They Marry—Later, Philip and She Meet, the Old Spark is Rekindled, and They Hope to be Reunited.

A New York despatch says: There is something new in love, matrimony and divorce. Johannes Grunwald and Philip Koehler are natives of the same village in Germany. They were schoolboys together, and learned the tailoring business on the same bench. They sailed across the Atlantic in the same vessel, and began business as tailors in Brooklyn, and in course of time bought houses. Koehler married a blue-eyed, golden-haired German girl, and he was very proud of his Marie Louise. They had a pleasant home, and Koehler invited his old friend Grunwald to call on them and see how happy they were. Grunwald visited the house, not only once, but several times, and at length Philip's eyes were opened to the fact that Johannes was smitten with Marie Louise. The record does not show how long the insidious Johannes had plied his wicked designs before Philip awoke to the fact that his wife's affections were estranged. When he became too sure of the sad truth there was a disagreeable scene, and the result was an action by Philip against Marie Louise for absolute divorce, with Johannes as co-respondent. Four years ago Lawyer Fuehrer obtained a decree of divorce in the Supreme Court in favor of Philip, against his wife. Thereupon Grunwald did not desert the erring Marie Louise. The pair immediately journeyed to Hoboken, where they were married. They returned to this city and took up their abode in Grunwald's dwelling. There they appeared to live happily enough for a time, but at last Marie Louise's conscience began to upbraid her for her faithlessness toward Philip. When Philip and she happened to meet she blushed and he felt his pulses quicken. In short Philip once more fell in love with Marie Louise, and they began to meet in secret. It was a second courtship. Then Johannes began to have his suspicions. He observed that his wife was very often absent from home, and his jealousy was kindled. Johannes followed her unperceived and saw her enter the abode of her former husband, Philip. When she came out he confronted her, and there was a little unpleasantness. Philip looked on from the window of his dwelling. She treated Johannes with scorn, and told him she was done with him and intended to go back to Philip. Johannes has retained a lawyer to commence an action against Mrs. Grunwald. The complaint makes Koehler a co-respondent. After the decree is obtained Marie Louise will probably be remarried to her Philip.

This is a remarkable case. When the Supreme Court granted a decree to Philip Koehler, dissolving his marriage with Marie Louise, it inserted a clause prohibiting her from marrying again during the lifetime of the plaintiff. Now the same court is asked to dissolve a marriage which it has already solemnly prohibited. It will probably find some ground for granting the divorce under the decision in the celebrated Voorheis case, in which the Court of Appeals held that a marriage valid in one State is valid in another. There can be no question as to the validity of the New Jersey marriage.

A WRECKED SPIRIT-RAPPER.

One of the Formerly Famous Fox Sisters Charged With Neglecting Her Two Sons.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Kate Fox Jenckin, aged 50, of No. 158 East 84th street, was arraigned in the Harlem Police Court this morning charged by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children with failing to take proper care of her two sons, aged 13 and 12 respectively. Mrs. Jenckin is one of the Fox sisters, the original spirit-rappers, who commenced their career in Rochester thirty years ago, and who afterwards travelled over the world astonishing all who attended their seances. Mrs. Jenckin's husband, who has been dead for some years, was an eminent English barrister. Of late Mrs. Jenckin is said to have been given to intemperate habits and her children have suffered. She was held in $300 bail to answer, and the children were committed to the Juvenile Asylum. Mrs. Jenckin said to a reporter that she has not lost her powers, although her poverty and misfortunes had interfered with their exercise. She said Luther R. Marsh had called upon her frequently for consolation since Mrs. Diss Debar's incarceration in the Tombs, but by the advice of her counsel she had refused to see him. The once talented, vivacious and successful spirit-rapper is now a total wreck.

Suicide of a Trick Horse.

A Kingston, N. Y., despatch says: The horse named Hornet, which for years has fired off a pistol, jumped a rope school-girl fashion, rocked in an arm-chair and rope attachment, *a la* "Rock-a-by-baby," leaped over four horses and a mule, and which in other respects has been one of the chief equine performers in Professor Bristoe's troupe of twenty-three performing educated horses and ponies, deliberately committed suicide here this afternoon. Professor Bristoe calls his show Eques-Curriculum, and he is booked here this week for six evening and two matinee performances. The Kingston Opera House stage is located in the second story of the building. While Hornet was being carried up in the elevator, and when almost at the stage door, it balanced itself, rubbed its head against an attendant, neighed and jumped out on the flagging stones beneath. It was then shot to put an end to its sufferings. There was a big crowd at last evening's performance, and it is said all the rest of the horses, a number of which had witnessed Hornet's death, acted strangely.

Prof Huxley has been ordered to Switzerland for the benefit of his health.

Fashion prophets declare that silk is again to become as generally worn as it was before jute and other nefarious admixtures shook our faith in and preference for this elegant material. The price of the best brands of silk is rising, and it has been officially announced that it will be a long time before these can be purchased at the wondrously low rates at which they have been sold for many years past.

FRENCH FOOLS FIGHT.

A Duel With Swords Caused by Teasing a Duke About the Ladies.

A Paris cable says: The duellists are at it again. The encounter which cost M. Dupuis, the artist, his life on Sunday was followed by another on Tuesday morning. The principals are the Duc de Grammont, a well-known sportsman, and M. Raimbault, son of Louis Napoleon's ecuyer, a fellow-member of the Cercle de la Rue Royale. Both gentlemen are dreadful lady-killers, and it seems that both have lately been paying court to the same beauty. Sunday evening, as the Duke and M. Raimbault were sitting at the green table at their club, with a knot of friends, M. Raimbault began to tell spicy stories of his rival's conquests. At first he drew the line at banter, but presently the banter became perilously pointed. The Duke grew fidgety, but M. Raimbault did not notice it. The appreciation of his friends seemed to stimulate his fancy. At last he went beyond bounds altogether. Nothing happened, however, till he chaffingly accused the Duke of having used his name to ingratiate himself cheaply in the good graces of a lady. "The other night," said M. Raimbault, "I called on a lady who shall be nameless. She refused to see me. I sent my card in a second time, with the same result. A third message proved equally fruitless, but this time the lady gave me a clue to her coldness." Here he paused, and, pointing mockingly at the Duke across the table, said: "Look here, Duke, when you go there again, don't use my name and get the door shut against me." There was a laugh, followed instantly by a dead silence as the Duke, turning pale and red with wrath, suddenly rose, leaned across the table and slapped the joker in the face. After this, of course, a meeting was unavoidable. The duel came off very quietly at the favorite duelling ground on the racecourse at Le Vesinet. Weapons chosen, swords; the hour, 1 p.m. General de Bauffremont and the Marquis de Lagrande were the Duke's seconds. M. G. Espeleta and Alfonsa de Aldama acted for M. Raimbault. At the third engagement M. Raimbault pricked his adversary in the groin and the combat ceased. The wound is about an inch in depth, but not dangerous. After the duel the Duke was taken home to his wife, where he is now sleeping quietly. It is rumored in the clubs that he will withdraw from the Cercle de la Rue Royale.

POISONED BY THOUSANDS.

Thirty-Eight Hundred Indians Killed by Strychnine in Brazil.

A New York despatch says: On April 18th was published from Rio Janeiro an account of the alleged poisoning of a large number of Brazilian Indians by one Senhor Joaquin Bueno, whose name, judging from the character of the statement, ought rather to have been Malo. The story showed that Bueno had already poisoned 3,800 Indians, and was meditating the murder of more. The correspondent stated that he merely gave the news as a rumor from the Sao Paulo frontier, and that there was then no opportunity for verifying it. According to late and reliable news from Taubate, which has just reached here, there was something more in the story than mere rumor. Bueno, who resides at Sao Joe dos Campos Novoz, stated that he had under his orders about seventy people employed in the persecution and extermination of Indians. Some days ago they attacked a village and put to flight all the Indians. As soon as the assailants found themselves in possession of the village, being furnished with a considerable amount of strychnine, they set about poisoning all the wells containing water, and the wine and provisions, and after putting into execution this treacherous deed, withdrew without touching anything else. Some days afterward Bueno and his followers returned to the village, and even from a distance they comprehended the horror of the sight from the clouds of crows hovering over the site of the crime, where they found scattered 3,000 corpses.

A DREAD TRAGEDY.

Seven People and Fifteen Animals Burned to Death in a Barn—Suspicions of Foul Play—The Hired Man Missing.

A special from Arlington, Neb., says: At 6 o'clock yesterday morning fire was seen on the farm of the Widow Freeze, one mile out, which was supposed to be the barn of her son-in-law and family, who lived with her. A *posse* of citizens went out at 8 o'clock to see if all was well, and were horrified at finding the charred remains of seven human beings, only identified by their statures, as follows: Old lady Freeze, Fred. Gratchuschen, his wife and three children, and Fred.'s brother Louis. The remains were scattered in different parts of the barn, among the horses and cows, some fifteen of which were also burned. One theory is foul play, another that each one of the family aimed to save an animal and all failed and were suffocated. A daughter who is away visiting is the only survivor of the family, but it is reported that the hired man cannot be found. It was a horrible and pitiful sight, the laying out of the charred remains of the whole family, which fell among twice their number of dumb brutes. The wife was found under a horse. The coroner has been called. No feud has existed in connection with this family and no enemies are known.

Mrs. Gladstone Talks.

A London cable says: The fashion of turning social into political gatherings was again followed on Saturday evening, though at a house of no importance. What importance the matter had was lent by Mrs. Gladstone, who arrived on the scene to excuse her husband's absence. The host, to her surprise, called on her for a speech. This speech, kindly and genial and altogether informal, to her surprise, was reported in Sunday's papers. Exercises of this sort, with the publicity which attends them, are supposed to counteract in some mysterious way the activity of the Primrose League. Lady Sandhurst's name figures in the report, but this is the Dowager Lady Sandhurst, not Lord Spencer's sister.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will spend the Whitsuntide recess with Sir William Harcourt, at whose residence Mr. John Morley will be a guest at the same time.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

Important Deliverance by the Toronto Presbytery.

A Toronto despatch says: An important discussion engaged the attention of the Toronto Presbytery yesterday on the question of the real relation of the Church to the State in the matter of legislative enactments, and the relation of Church Courts to the individual liberty of members as to the use of intoxicating beverages. The questions arose from the report of the Presbytery's Committee on Temperance, dealing with questions sent down by a committee of the General Assembly. These questions were considered by many members of the Presbytery as interfering with the individual liberty of members, as they made inquiries as to voting for the Scott Act, temperance measures, for municipal officials and other public officers. At last meeting of the Presbytery Rev. Dr. Kellogg submitted resolutions embodying a principle which would limit the action of Church Courts in the matter of specific legislative measures. These resolutions came up for discussion yesterday in an extended form, and after a long debate, in which part was taken by all the prominent members, three resolutions were carried, the last and most important of which reads as follows: "That while this Presbytery therefore holds it to be the duty of the Church to exhort her members conscientiously to bear their part as citizens in seeking to free the community from the curse of drunkenness, they yet regard it as beyond the authority given by Christ to His Church for any Church Court to pass any official judgment as to the specific method in which the civil power may best deal with the evils of the liquor traffic, seeing that in no such deliverance could she justly claim to be speaking from the Word of God and with the authority of Him whom alone she is appointed to represent, provided always that nothing in this resolution shall be construed to deny the right of petition when required by the civil magistrate as specified in the Confession of Faith, chap. xxxi. 5."

TOWED BY A WHALE.

Remarkable Adventure of a Schooner as Told by the Cook.

A Gloucester, Mass., despatch says: A letter has been received from the cook of the schooner H. B. Griffin, Captain George Nelson, now on a trip for salt cod on the Banks, in which a very strange occurrence is narrated. She arrived on the Banks a few weeks ago and found fish exceedingly plenty. One day, which was moderately fine, and while the crew were all out in their dories attending their trawls, the captain and cook remaining aboard, as is customary, the sails being reefed and the vessel at anchor, the two occupants felt a sudden jerk and a moment afterward the vessel was going through the water at a rapid rate. They rushed on deck to find the cause of the commotion, but none was discovered until suddenly a large whale came to the surface to blow, with the anchor attached to his side. The marine monster had evidently been swimming near the bottom of the ocean, where he became attached to the fluke of the anchor. Once on the surface the maddened whale tore through the water at a frantic rate, so fast as to nearly submerge the bows. The captain saw that they were rapidly losing sight of their crew in the dories, and would leave them alone on the ocean, so he cut the cable and freed the vessel. The jibs and foresail were hoisted, and they returned and secured their crew, who had filled their dories with finny freight. The vessel was put on the course for Newfoundland, where a new cable and anchor have been secured.

THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

Fraser, ex-Secretary of the Stogell School District Board of Trustees, has been sent up for trial to a higher court by Magistrate Moore for the embezzlement of some of the school funds.

It is proposed to establish an institute for mute children shortly.

Bishop Machray sails for England on May 20th. He will deliver a discourse at Cambridge on June 11th, and is under engagement to preach in Westminster Abbey.

John Ancaster, a farmer at the Broken Head River, was dangerously gored by a bull.

Levi Wederick, a young man from Jarvis, Ont., died suddenly at Rapid City of brain fever.

An estimate of the total grain export from Manitoba to Port Arthur up to May 1st gives the following figures: Wheat, 6,500,000 bushels; wheat in flour, 750,000 bushels; barley, 350,000 bushels; oats and oatmeal, 700,000 bushels; total export to date, 8,300,000 bushels. It is estimated that there are yet to arrive at Port Arthur from Manitoba 2,000,000 bushels wheat and 200,000 bushels coarse grain. The amount of wheat now in store at Port Arthur is 2,694,165 bushels.

The Greenway Government is making arrangements for locating an agent for the Province at Liverpool, hoping by this means to save to the Province many immigrants that are now being sent to the Pacific.

Immigration Agent Graham reports that applications have been received at the office during the month of April for 8 mechanics, 491 farm laborers and boys, 272 for ordinary laborers and 62 for domestic servants. He has not been able to supply more than 25 per cent. of the demand.

Rev. Joseph Hogg, of Moncton, N.B., will be called to the pastorate of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in this city.

The books of the Wolseley Red River expedition have been handed over to the Provincial Library by Col. Houghton, D.A.G., who leaves shortly for Montreal.

Death of a Centenarian.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: Norman McDonald, of Big Brasdor, Cape Breton, is dead, aged 110 years. He was the last known survivor of Waterloo, he having fought in that battle under Wellington when 37 years of age. He was borne in the Isle of Harris, Scotland, in 1778, and after serving in the British Army in various parts of the world he emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1833, when 55 years old. He was a man of great activity, and up to two years ago did considerable work on his little farm.

The Swiss temperance apostle, M. Rochat, is carrying on a vigorous crusade against intemperance in Paris.

ROYAL MOURNING.

Costumes Worn at a British Royal Drawing-room in Commemoration of Kaiser William.

A drawing-room at which every one must wear court mourning is not a very bright function, says a London letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*. On Friday the court went into half-mourning, which admits of extremely curious combinations of black with other colors, the wording of the rule being: "White dresses or black dresses, with colored flowers or ribbons." The effect is often more strange than pretty. For instance, one lady wore a black dress and train, the latter being lined with sea-green satin, and there were also several other very unbecoming gowns of black and yellow, black and blue, and black and red. Grey was much worn, and there was a great number of beautiful dresses and trains of brocade, interwoven with silver. A particularly striking one was of black and silver brocade, the corsage being trimmed with silver lace, while the train, which was of black striped satin lined with some silvery material, was ornamented with silver cords and tassels. Many ladies must have been glad when they found so few royalties were present, for it is very trying to have to make ten or twelve very low court courtesies, without a moment's rest. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of black gros de Sicile, handsomely trimmed with jet. Her train was of black and gold brocade, bordered with gold and jetted galoons. Among other ornaments Her Royal Highness wore the magnificent tiara presented to her on her silver wedding day by a number of ladies, and the large diamond butterfly given by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons. Princess Christian's dress was of black lace, with a bodice and train of striped velvet. The Crown Princess of Denmark looked very well in her gown of black broche velvet and gauze over black velvet. Her train was of black velvet trimmed with feathers and jet. Her Royal Highness' diamonds were remarkably fine. Princess Victoria, who is tall and nice looking (though none of the Princesses will ever be as handsome as their mother), wore a white satin bodice and train over a jupe of white tulle. This dress formed a pleasant relief to the black ones worn by the other Princesses. Lady Bective presented her daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour. She looked sweetly pretty in a dress of white silk and moire, made in the fashion of the empire. The skirt was quite plain with a bordering of ostrich feather tips. A moire sash was tied loosely around the waist and knotted at one side while the train was of white corded silk. Lady Olivia carried a posy of lilies of the valley, tied with moire ribbon. The two brides who attracted the most attention were, of course, Lady Cairns and Lady Crossley. The former was all in white and the latter wore white and silver brocade, ornamented with white ostrich feathers and silver cords and tassels. Lady Dudley's gown was of white satin trimmed with sable, and her pearls were the envy of all beholders. Lady Delaware wore white satin and gray brocade. The Duchess of Roxburghe and the Duchess of Buccleugh were both in black; the train of Her Grace of Buccleugh being an exception to the general rule, for it was absolutely without trimming of any kind. One of the prettiest gowns at the drawing-room was of gray-striped satin, the skirt being of silver gray crepe, caught up with bunches of thistles and powdered with silver thistledown. The train was trimmed with gray crepe dechine and silver gauze, in which lay bunches of the thistles, and the effect was really quite bewitching.

Books Bound in Human Skins.

Following the example of Mr. Joseph Zaehsndorf, who lately bound two Elzevir editions in human skin, another London binder has executed an order to encase a copy of Hans Holbein's "Dance of Death" in the same ghastly integument, certainly a very appropriate covering for this work. These are not the only instances, however, where the casing of "human form divine" has been utilized. In the library at Mexborough House, near Metheley, Yorkshire, there were formerly two books, Sir John Cheek's "Hurt of Sedition" and Braithwaite's "Arcadian Princes," both bound in the prepared skin of Mary Bateman, the "Yorkshire witch," who was executed early in the beginning of this century for murder; but these disappeared during the cataloguing of the library for sale, when one of the former Earls of Mexborough was in difficulties. Yet another instance: When the writer was last in Paris, he was shown a small book by a dealer, who solemnly avowed it was bound in a portion of the skin of the notorious Louvet de Couvray, and which he valued at 1,000 francs, and for authentication of which he produced a long pedigree.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Effects of Headwork.

One of the hardest things in the world is to condole with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement. If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be printed about the condolences people offer to the bereaved. But up at Sacramento some time ago a hard-working Irishman fell out of a fourth-story window and broke his neck. His wife was, of course, in great distress. After the funeral a neighbor called to offer her sympathy and condolence. "It was a very sad thing, indeed." "Indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-story window." "An' was it as bad as that?" asked the visitor. "Sure, an' I heard it was only a third-story window."

Harry and His Sick Father.

Little Harry, aged 4, had a very sick father, and on being asked by a sympathetic little friend, "How's your papa?" he answered tearfully, "Papa's better—that is for the better land.' Again, in a few words, he electrified his family by asking, "Do they have billiard tables in heaven?" On being told "no," "Well," he said, "I guess papa would rather not go there then."

"Ethereal Mildness" spreads her deceptive wiles to-day, and the trustful citizen proceeds to secure his regular annual "spring cold." Beware the jade! "She's fooling thee."

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer, who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

Lord Brougham, in a letter to a friend, writes: "Drink is the mother of poverty and the nurse of crime."

QUITE A SHOW.

How Lord Lansdowne and His Wife Take in a Play.

I attended an amateur theatrical entertainment here in Ottawa recently under the guidance of Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician. The entertainment was under the patronage of the Governor-General and the Marchioness of Lansdowne, his wife. The entertainment was given in the rather shabby local theatre. At 8 o'clock the orchestra, or the "band," as they call it there, had about half completed the overture, when an aide, hurrying down the aisle, whispered to the leader. In a moment the strains of "William Tell" gave way to "God Save the Queen." The entire audience rose immediately and remained standing while the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, accompanied by the ladies of the suite and the Governor General's official aides, slowly marched down the aisle and took seats on sofas which were arranged fronting the stage in the space between the audience and the band. As the Governor-General and his companions took their seats and the audience subsided, my attention was directed to the odd costume worn by the handsome men, aides of the Governor-General, who flanked the Vice-Regal party. The conventional evening dress was qualified by blue silk coat lapels and by buttons of gold on both vest and coat. The effect was that of the parti-colored costume of an eighteenth century beau. The performers were unusually clever. They were all members of notable families, the hero being played by Lord Frederick Hamilton, a British M.P. and a brother of the Marchioness. His light comedy talent was not unlike that of Mr. Charles Wyndham. The appearance of the audience was very handsome. It was well dressed and well appointed in every respect. I noticed some very beautiful faces scattered through the house.—*Ottawa Letter.*

The Old, Old Story.

Love is an old story—so everybody says—a well-worn tale, ancient as the world; and yet there is always a bloom about it as fresh as that of the new-blown rose, from under whose blushing leaves the little god is wont to launch his arrows. Where is the man who has ever had one of Cupid's Simon Pure shafts tingling in his bosom that ever forgets it? (By Simon Pure I mean, of course, the sharp, golden article he usually depends on when he picks out his mark, and not the dull, jilting, leaden-pointed dart with which he once so spitefully pierced the breast of Appolo's "best girl.") Forget it? Oh, no! Time may roll on to white his head and crinkle his brow, yet never to wipe out the recollection of that delicious wound. What would he not give if he could but obliterate the cruel, intervening years? What would he not sacrifice in the way of piled-up wealth and honors and power—yea, every earthly consideration, could he but once more stand in the radiant threshold of manhood, hand-in-hand with love? When she strung his days with enchantment—when with a touch she recreated the earth and sky—and for him; when, at her bidding, the fields and woods and brooks and birds and flowers danced their service on his sense and filled the universe with one sweet mixture of grace and melody and perfume!—*Jonathan Easy's Difficulty in May Table Talk.*

Rules of Courtship.

Don't disagree with the girl's father in politics, or her mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him.

Don't put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you may hear it read in after years.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening.

If on the occasion of your first call she looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early, and stay away some time.

In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A Heart-Breaking Discovery.

Anxious Father—Why, what's the matter?

Little Son—Me an' Dick was playin', we was Abe Lincoln an' splittin' rails, an' we got that big board all chopped up mamma came out an' took the wood in the house for kindlin'.

"But you didn't want the wood, did you?"

"No-o."

"Then what are you crying for?"

"I've just found out I—I ain't been playin'. I—I've been workin'—boo, hoo!"—*Omaha World.*

About Newspapers.

An advertisement in a daily reads; "Splendid opening—village wants newspaper." There are a good many villages that want newspapers, and the inhabitants thereof think that all a publisher has to do is start a newspaper and success is assured. As a matter of fact, taking Ontario all over, one-half of the newspapers published could drop out of existence and then leave only a moderate living for the balance.—*Clinton New Era.*

A stout, red-nosed man in an hotel offered to wager a sovereign that he could close his eyes and simply by taste name any kind of liquor in the place. The bet was taken. "This is genuine port," said the fat man tasting from a wine-glass; "and this is whiskey;" and so on. A wag then poured a few drops of water into a glass and handed it to the taster. "This is—ah—ah—this is——"—tasting it several times. "By Jupiter, gentlemen, I have lost the bet! I never tasted this liquor before."

"Did your son take the valedictory," college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability in her offspring. "No, indeed, he did not she replied with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy that ever saw."

A six-ton car, carrying an electric battery of force sufficient to propel it forty miles without renewal, made a satisfactory trip through the streets of Baltimore on the passenger railway tracks the other day, surmounting heavy grades and stopping and starting readily.