THE BALLOON BURST.

How the Most Experienced Æronaut in the World Met His Death.

The coroner's inquiry into the death a few days ago in Essex, England, of the famous æronaut Simmons has brought out a singular feature of the accident by which he lost his life and his two companions were dangerously injured, and indicates a new danger in ballooning. The evidence shows that the accident, which followed an attempt to land, during which the anchor was caught in a toll, was caused by the bursting of the balloon. The silk was unusually large and correspondingly heavy, but it was not ripped with one large rent, as would have been the case had it caught on a tree, but was found torn into several distinct pieces. Besides this, the bursting was accompanied by a loud report, which was heard not only by those near by who were watching the balloon, but by persons a considerable distance away, who knew nothing of the balloon until afterward.

Mr. Simmons was an æronaut of thirty years' experience and this was his 495th ascension. When he landed from his last previous ascent a few days before an old lady said to him, "You men cannot have much care for your lives," and he replied: "I have made 494 ascents and I don't feel very much fear now."

The balloon was the Cosmo, one of the largest ever made, holding 62,000 feet of gas and capable of carrying 2,400 pounds. The basket was of iron wire network, instead of wicker. He carried a thirty-pound grapnel and ninety-one feet of rope—too light an anchor and too short a rope, some experts say. He went up about the middle of the afternoon with W. L. Field and Mr. Meyers, the latter of the South Kensington Natural History Museum, both of whom had made previous voyages. It was intended to cross the channel to France, but, darkness coming on, the party decided to descend for the night. The country was somewhat wooded, and two or three attempts were made to land, but each time ballast had to be thrown out and the balloon sent up again. A field that seemed fairly clear was at last chosen and the grapnel let out. It dragged through a field of wheat and then caught in a large tree. In an instant the huge balloon pulled up short, swung to the ground, and began to bump up and down, straining at the end of its tether. Simmons pulled desperately on the valve rope and shouted to Field to help him. Meyers held a bag of ballast awaiting an order to throw it out. Three times in scarcely more than as many seconds the great balloon bounded up and down, struggling frantically like some immense wild beast at the end of a long rope. Each time it sprung sixty feet in the air. As it rose the third time to that height there came a sudden report, the silk collapsed, and the car with the three men in it fell to the ground. Men from the fields running up found it battered into a shapeless wreck and its three late inmates unconscious. Simmons' skull was fractured and he had suffered other injuries. He died in three hours without regaining conciousness. Mr. Field had a simple fracture of the right thigh and a compound fracture of the left leg, besides innumerable bruises. Mr. Meyers had internal injuries, and was covered with bruises and cuts.

Æronauts can give no satisfactory explanation of the bursting of the balloon. It was undoubtedly caused by the sudden stoppage, but why the strain of a quantity of gas should become excessive on that account has not been explained. It is said that there is one similar case on record.—*New York Sun.*

Old Country Sports.

On the 13th ult. Mr. Alfred Nixon, of the Catford Cycling Club, London, started from Edinburgh at 12 noon to attempt to ride to London on a "Safety" bicycle in 48 hours. He accomplished the journey in two days eight hours.

The Comtesse de Paris has earned immortal fame at Strathtay, as the gillies and keepers declare that she is one of the finest shots ever seen on the "country-side."

An interesting book might be written about the laws relating to games and sports. They begin in the time of Richard II., when servants and laborers were enjoined to use bows and arrows on Sundays and holidays, and to leave all tennis, football, and other games called "coits, dice, casting of the stone, kails and other such importune games." If any one played such "unthrifty" games they were made liable to six days' imprisonment under Henry IV. Strange to say, "unlawful" games were allowed on Christmas Day. Here are the names of some of the unlawful games: Logetting in the fields, slide-thrift (otherwise called shove groat), bowling, coyting, closh-cayls, half-bowl, tennis, dicing table, carding, hand in and hand out, and queckboard.

At the championship angling competition on Loch Leven, Scotland, on the 11th ult., thirty-two clubs were represented and the takes were generally good. The position of champion was gained by Mr. Malcolm, Stirling, whose basket contained 17 trout, weighing 18 lb. 5 oz.

Evanescent.

Wife (tearfully)—Oh, dear, dear, I've lost that $10 bill you gave me.

Husband—Are you sure? I saw you have it in the dining room and in the parlor also.

Wife—When did you see it last?

Husband—I never saw it last, my dear. A $10 bill is one of the things that doesn't last very long in this house.

A Sure Cure.

Citizen—What are you doing with that man?

Policeman—I've just arrested him.

Citizen—But he's as deaf as a post.

Policeman—He'll get his hearing before the magistrate.

Grandpa—Well, Fred, you're an uncle now; you ought to be real proud over it. Little Fred—No, I oughtn't to. I ain't no uncle. Grandpa—Why not? Little Fred—'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.

King Ja-Ja, of West Africa, is 52 years of age, and has only 200 wives. But for only one of his better halves, if such an expression can be allowed mathematically, has he any affection. She is the mother of his sons "Saturday" and "Sunday." "Saturday" is now at school in England.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

How the Ladies of New York are Dressing this Season—The Latest Way of Arranging the Hair.

A New York correspondent writes: The bustle must go! Can you imagine anything so delightful as to be able to sit on a chair away back in comfort, instead of resting one's self by sitting on the edge of the chair and bracing your shoulders against the back, causing backache, neckache and headache? Many of our best dressed ladies are discarding the bustle altogether. The effect in some cases is startling, and one is apt to remember one's school days, when our brothers compared us to a yard of pump water, and called us gawky. However, it is the fashion and quite the correct thing. I met a young lady on Broadway richly attired in a suit of sage green, plain underskirt of lighter shade, a directoire coat of the darker, long straight coat tails in the back, cut away in the front, a vest of heavy broche, white ground and pale damask roses, double-breasted; a long boa of cream lace was carelessly tied about the throat; a large hat of birds' breasts, wings and eagle's claw holding the rim against the crown, over a face, young and dashing, with a "I know I've left my bustle at home" kind of a look. She tripped along and many were the admiring eyes turned in her direction, although I heard a dude on the corner remark that "that girl was as flat as a pancake." A

NEW WAY OF DOING THE HAIR

since the bustle is being discarded is *a la coiffure Josephine.* Hair of medium length is now easily dressed; gather the hair up on the crown of the head, tie it firmly, curl the ends and pin all around the head closely, not quite to nape of neck; the bang must be pointed and narrow. It is very tedious to dress the hair in this style, but effective. Many ladies wear false curls pinned closely about their heads instead of curling their own hair; bands of steel, pearl beads or jet are worn with the coiffure. A new fad is the long cane, with silver and gold head, carried with the directoire costume and trimmed, like the little pugs waddling by the side of their mistress, with a bow of ribbon to match costume. New hosiery is displayed for the coming season in gorgeous colors. Wide stripes of delicate flesh tints and deep crimson are seen; in others checked effects are given in contrasting colors. The hosiery this season is anything but modest in colors, and the neat black hose will soon be a thing of the past. Sauntering up 5th avenue, I met a Montrealer, who came to this city not long since for the benefit of his friends—a lawyer, fair, with the air somewhat of a Sherbrooke street bank clerk; but, alas! the velvet coat had disappeared, and he was attired in the latest New York cut. The downy moustache was trimly curled and his legal highness stood gracefully poised against one of the pillars of the 5th Avenue Hotel, rolling his eyes and making frantic efforts to dissolve the head of his cane.

Big Boodle in Bets.

A regular betting cyclone has swept over the country.

North, East, South and West immense sums are staked on the elections.

If Mark Twin took his jumping frog to the Hoffman House he could get rich in an hour.

Meanwhile they are betting on a Jumping Cat that will take a leap in November.

Hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands put up every night on the Presidential result.

Old stagers say that such a gambling mania has never been heard of before.

More money will change hands on elections this year than on the turf.

And the strikes will swell immediately when bets are ripe on the battle for Mayor.

From the way citizens toss big wads of money about you'd think the whole town was populated with plumbers.

Bets of $10,000 in cold cash are chronic, and before the next week we'll see this doubled and trebled.

Billy Edwards, Captain Conner and Jim Peacock, who hold the stakes, look like Safety Deposit vaults.

There's no tariff on betting, excepting the loss of your vote if challenged; but nobody scares at that.

Whichever way the gift-edged cat jumps next month, plenty of doleful citizens will wear crape for the next year.—*New York Telegram.*

A Word With the Business Men.

If you want to be healthy you must eat regularly, as meat to-day will not serve you for to-morrow. To be well and hearty eat at every meal time—to be prosperous in business advertise regularly. Stop the one and you starve and die. Stop the other and your business takes consumption and dies also. Spasmodic advertising is like having a "feast and a famine"—more famine than feast as a rule—and is never satisfactory. To take out your card in dull times is like killing your horse because he is a little lame. It is in dull times the most advertising should be done and it is in dull times that advertising is the most effective, as more notice is taken of printers' ink then than at any other time.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

"Let Us Both Be Thankful!"

A commercial traveller, who occupied the same compartment with a clergyman, asked him if he had ever heard that in Paris as often as a priest was hanged a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied in his blandest manner: "Well, then, let us both be thankful that we are not in Paris."

Contradictory.

That was a contradictory sort of an effusion written by a discharged clerk to his former employers:

Sept. 1, 1888.

Roe & Doe.

Gentlemen: You are no gentlemen.
Respectfully yours, John Smith.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Skidmore—There goes one of the most remarkable men of the present day. Hawkins—Indeed? What has he done? Skidmore Began keeping a diary January 1st and didn't stop until last week.

—Many a proud man who holds his head erect in the street hangs it in the horse car when there he sees a lady clinging to the strap.

—No man was ever scolded out of his sins.

INDIANA'S PULPIT PRODIGY.

Pascal Porter, in Roundabout and Knee Breeches, Preaching in Cincinnati.

The little church opposite Lincoln Park has had a sensation for the past week in the shape of a 12-year-old boy preacher. His name is Pascal Porter. His parents are plain farmers. His mother died eight months ago, and his father, an ordinary man, with no great amount of either sanctity or learning, but a plain, everyday man, travels with the gifted son. He sat in the tall pulpit behind the big Bible and crossed his hands and peered at the audience with the composure of a veteran. One of the silver-haired men introduced Mr. Johnson, over 60, to make a prayer; then hymns were sung, and the boy stepped forth with the assurance of a lawyer and the elegant composure of a society gentleman. The audience was composed for the most part of married women, who always love bright children and old men. The boy preacher wore a roundabout, a little white collar about his neck, knee-breeches and buttoned shoes. The idea of his preaching to silver-haired old men recalled the story of the 13-year-old Christ who entered the temple, but the old men went up and shook him warmly by the hand. And the lad greeted them with respect, yet not childishness. When the hymns had been sung and the organ ceased expectation was on tiptoe. The audience was hushed, and placing one hand on the pulpit the boy preacher announced as a text, "Lay Hold on Life." He had found the lines somewhere in the Bible. He noted the difference between the old and revised versions, then spoke of a life of pleasure, quoted a verse from Tennyson, talked about the radiant effulgence of a gay company. Then he contrasted the pleasures of sin with the pure joy of the Christian, but he didn't detail much of the pleasures of sin, so called, nor did it appear that the innocent boy knew very much about them. He declared the joy of the Christian was the child of hope. Then he drew a sort of picture, as he called it, of Christian life. Then he concluded with: "My prayer to God is that you shall all receive eternal life where there shall be no more parting," and the kid sat down behind the tall pulpit. He preaches next Sunday evening. He is a prodigy of memory. That he knows what he is talking about is questionable. His composure before an audience is remarkable. He has addressed 3,000. He does not hesitate for a word, and when he does it is the hesitation of a person who has learned his lesson well. He has been preaching 2½ years, and was born at Volga, near Jefferson, on November 6th, 1876. Prodigies among children are not uncommon. Dr. Watts wrote hymns when he was 4 years old. Pope, the poet, rhymed as a child, and Dryden, when a boy at school, won a prize for the best essay on the miracle of Christ at Cana by simply writing:

The modest water saw its God and blushed,

which was the great poet's way of expressing that the Saviour turned the water into wine. The father of this child says that his boy began preaching at Sunday School—got right up and talked on. At any rate the child is a curiosity.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fresh from Vanity Fair.

Cashmere colors combined with black silk make an altogether novel combination, and will be stylish the coming season.

White costumes for the house are more and more popular, and are worn at all hours. The matinee gown is sometimes of white surah, although chudder cloth is preferred by those of moderate purse.

Black armure is combined with oriental silk, which includes all the rich, brilliant colors in a chaotic weaving. The petticoat is of the oriental silk, also the vest and trimming, which has the same coloring and is used as a finish to black silk costumes.

Metal trimmings are lavished on morning toilets for house wear this season. Cashmeres and soft woolens of any sort are trimmed in these fashionable passementeries. All soft demi-shades are worn for morning gowns in preference to the very delicate colors. Copper, old rose, gobelin blue and reseda are fashionable colors.

One of the new fabrics particularly appropriate for a tea gown is the double faced surah woven in two colors. The arrangement in a French model shows both sides of the silk in different parts of the costume. That it is a self-trimmed garment, saving the long lace fishu which is worn with it. Peach blow is a beautiful shaded yellow pink, which makes an exquisite tea gown, worn with a creamy lacs boa which falls from the neck to the feet.

Amelie Rives Parodied.

A parody on "The Quick or the Dead," entitled "The Rock or the Rye," has been published in Mobile. Here is a sample of it: "There was a yawping wind a-howl that night, with no mist to moisten it; yet it cringed and whimpered, snored, and was hushed incessantly, as though wet to its skin with a blizzard. Agamema was deucedly cut up by her beauless walk from the grocery, and from finding thereat no letter from Rye; for she had expected him to write, remittingly. In the jim-jam lightning she saw her own profile clear cut athward the suave and complacent sky, like acids on litmus paper; and the dry, whitey-mauve sand swirled clutchingly about her massive feet in that wetless wind. And after what thunderous fashion those feet pounded warmbathward.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Origin of a Fashion.

A charming French duchess, so the story goes, had given her promise to attend some festive ceremony at the Trouville casino. Being behind time, she put her gloves on while driving, and never discovered till she stood in the full blaze of the casino drawing room that with her black and white silk costume she had put on one white and one black glove. It appears that her maid had laid out two pairs of gloves for her to choose from, and that the duchess in her hurry had taken one of each pair. The mischief, however, could not be undone, and the odd result was that at the next fashionable assembly all the ladies at Trouville wore gloves of different colors.

Made That Himself.

"Where did young Browne get his money, papa?"

"From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He inherited everything he has in this world, except the final 'e' to his name."

SHE LOVES A BURGLAR.

Why Pretty Nellie Callahan Cursed Her Mother in Court.

In the month of July the dwellings of George E. Porter, No. 812 Fifth avenue; Henry Dreyfuss, No. 60 West 52nd street; William F. Bidall, No. 138 East 37th street; George E. Holt, No. 24 East 58th street, and Mr. Brady, No. 142 East 38th street, were robbed of over $10,000 worth of diamonds and jewellery.

Detective-Sergeants Vallely, Evanhoe and Murray, on August 3rd, arrested the burglars and found a portion of the stolen goods. The prisoners gave their names as John Donohue and Thomas Whittaker. Yesterday the burglars pleaded guilty to the five indictments of burglary before Recorder Smyth, and were remanded until this afternoon for sentence. Since Donohue's imprisonment in the Tombs he has been frequently visited by Nellie Callahan, a pretty brunette of 17 years, whom he had induced to run away from home a few days previous to his arrest. On September 14th, Mrs. Annie Callahan, No. 340 West 17th street, the girl's mother, secured a warrant for her daughter's arrest. It appears that the prisoners made use of Nellie by having her pawn the jewellery and supply them with money. A week ago Nellie called upon her mother. She was bedecked with jewels and defied her mother to interfere with her. Before Mrs. Callahan could summon an officer Nellie walked away. She was followed from the Tombs to the residence of Donohue's mother, where she was introduced as the burglar's sister. She was arrested. On searching her the detectives found in the bosom of her dress a letter from Donohue to her, in which he vowed eternal low, and wrote that he was glad to see that she would not forget him, although he was in prison. She was taken to Jefferson Market Court and Mrs. Callahan appeared against her. Nellie was defiant and said they could send her to prison, but she would never willingly go to the House of the Good Shepherd. She cursed her mother and tried to strike her. She was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd.—*N. Y. Mail.*

One of Jim's Jokes.

It would take a volume to record the many "good things" which the late James Fahey used to deliver spontaneously among his friends and newspaper associates—bright sayings and keen witticisms that would have added lustre to the humorous literature of the day had they but found their way into print, but which have perished with him, poor fellow! I remember one funny story that went the rounds of "the boys" at the time, and made every crowd roar to whom it was recounted. Jim, who was editing the *Evening Canadian*, was invited to a small affair at the Rossin, but failed to attend. Some of the fellows next day were telling him what a good time he had missed.

"I'm sorry, of course," said the genial Irishman, "but the fact is, boys, I really didn't have black clothes to go in. The only garment I could have donned, in contradistinction to my unstudied everyday attire, was an old ulster; and, as I didn't care to dress up in that ulster and make all the guests who didn't happen to have on ulsters feel jealous and bad, why, I ambled home and took to my bed. It is quite true I might have announced myself as the Man from Ulster, but it would have occasioned me too conspicuous and painful notoriety. My native instinct, you know, is to be humble and get in my two columns of stuff a day without any libel suits." T.—*Grip.*

A Queer Cat Story.

A correspondent of the *Forest and Stream* tells a story about a favorite cat that spends a good deal of her time in a cosy old armchair. Her owner last May put four hen eggs into the chair by way of seeing what puss would do with them in order to make her bed more comfortable. Strange as it may appear, puss took kindly to the eggs and in due time hatched four fine chickens. For weeks after the chickens were hatched she licked them all over every day with her tongue, caressed and fondled with them as much as if they had been her own kittens. Whenever the chickens strayed from the nursery she carried them back in her mouth as if they had been made of the finest of glass.

A Remarkable Wager Won.

A man won a wager in Washington a few days ago by lighting his cigar by the aid of a lump of ice. He took a piece of clear ice, about an inch thick, from the water cooler, whittled it into the shape of a disk, and with the palms of his hands melted its two sides convex, thus giving it the form of a double convex lens or burning glass. With it he focused the sun's rays on the end of his cigar, thus lighting the cigar. How many fires occur in this way that are said to be "involved in mystery?"

He Knew Women.

"So you're not coming to the school's picnic, Johnny," said Mr. Perkins.

"Yes, I am," said Johnny.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed Mr. Perkins, "your mother said in my presence you could not go."

"Guess you don't know women!" said Johnny, scornfully; "wait till I've asked the fiftieth time."

A Modern Trust.

Would-be customer—Will you trust me for a few things for a couple of days?

Grocer—Come around in a couple of days and I will.

Would-be customer—But I will have the money then.

Grocer—Then is when I would trust you!

He Got a Demerit.

Professor of Chemistry—Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a vial of soda. What chemical shall I combine with it to produce a valuable article of commerce?

Goodsby (waking up)—Br-r-randy.—*Judge.*

Literal Construction.

Irate Father (to young Binks)—See here, young man! didn't I tell you never to enter my gate again?

Young Binks—Yes, sir; and I didn't. I clum over the fence.

—The most curious thing about a false hood is that it can get over so much territory by simply lying around.

GUARDING HIS DEAD MASTER.

Hanged Himself and the Dog Had to be Shot Before the Body Was Removed.

The police had a savage fight this afternoon with a dog that stood guard over his dead master's body, and would not yield until fourteen bullets had been lodged in his body. Then the faithful animal fell dead beside the remains which he had guarded so well. The man, John Gynan, had committed suicide by hanging. He was a well-to-do bachelor, who lived alone at South Salem Point. His only companion was a big Newfoundland dog. When Gynan's body was discovered the dog was lying beneath, and the shoes showed where the dumb companion had tried to revive his master. While the policemen were cutting the dead man down the dog stood by with his eyes riveted on his master's face, but the moment they tried to remove the body he became ferocious. He bit both men until they were glad to beat a retreat. Then he caressed the dead man's face, whining piteously the while. The police tried to coax him away, but he showed his teeth every time they approached, and his savage growl warned them to keep their distance. The blockade continued for over an hour. Then one policeman fired two shots at the faithful brute. Then the dog plunged down the stairs to the door and again blocked the way, snapping at all who approached. He became so rabid that it became absolutely necessary to kill him. Fourteen bullets were fired at close range before he fell dead. Then the dead body of the master was carried over the inanimate form of the pet dog.—*Salem (Mass.) Corr. New York Sun.*

The Testimony

Of hundreds of druggists bear witness to the efficacy of Polson's Nerviline as the most potent pain remedy in the world for all kinds of pains. Nerviline is composed of newly discovered ingredients, and is equally good for internal or external use. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle, and test it at once. T. R. Melville, Prescott, writes: "My customers who have used Nerviline speak highly of it, and I am satisfied it will take a leading place in the market before long." Try Polson's Nerviline for pains. Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

Sufficient Evidence.

Young wife (gloomily)—Do you suppose our husbands really went fishing last Saturday?

Second young wife (confidently)—I am sure of it.

First young wife—They didn't bring home any fish.

Second young wife—That's my principal reason for believing they went fishing.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

A Lawyer Pops the Question.

Widow—But, my dear sir, what a gigantic bill of costs you have made for this short deed of conveyance.

Attorney—I merely wished to prove to you, madam, what a lucrative profession mine is, and what an excellent match I should make for you.

"Tis better not to be, than be unhappy," and no one can be happy whose system is deranged by poisonous secretions. Nearly all ills that flesh is heir to arise from torpid liver and derangement of the digestive organs. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets correct irregularities of the liver, prevent constipation and promote good health. Buy them off your druggists.

Took Him at His Word.

Visitor—Does your daughter play, Mr. Phirkin?

Father—Certainly she does, Mr. Youngheed.

Visitor—I am glad of it, I adore music myself. A piece well excuted fairly carries me away.

Father—Jennie, give us a selection on the piano.—*Life.*

"Oh! where shall rest be found?"
The worn-out mother sighs:
Stockings to mend, and trousers to darn,
Dishes to wash, and butter to churn,
While my back feels to break, and head and heart burn,
And life is a constant friction.
The summer came and went,
The matron no longer sighs,
Elastic her step, and rounded her cheek,
Work seems but play, life is now sweet,
And the change was made in one short week,
By Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Positive remedy for those derangements, irregularities, and weakness so common to womankind.

A woman in Denver was so sensitive that when her husband called her a slouch she took poison and died. An average eastern woman would have simply replied: "You're another," and in ten minutes the storm would have been over.

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Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Cure of mind wandering.
Any book learned in one reading.

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