WHAT COULD SHE EXPECT?

The Reward of a Faithless Wife—Her Lover Weds Her Daughter.

In 1882 Jacob J. Schwinn one day found himself without a consort, his wife Lavinia having departed with Charles A. Boeck. The couple went to Hamilton, Ont., but afterwards settled in Toronto, where Boeck kept an umbrella store. Schwinn instituted divorce proceedings, but the matter was dropped and Schwinn died later on, leaving his property to Betsy and Lavinia Schwinn, his daughters. About two months ago Boeck came here from Toronto and abducted Lavinia, a girl about 17 years of age. The other daughter, who is much younger, was taken seven years ago. Lavinia had been living on Genesee street, near Oak, with Mr. Wagner and Mrs. Wm. Schwinn, who were her uncle and aunt. A nice sequel has now taken place, the girl Lavinia, it is said, having married Boeck, leaving the mother out in the cold. Boeck and the girl are reported to have visited Buffalo, obtained some of her clothing and then departed. The property left to the girls cannot be touched until they reach their majority. Mrs. Schwinn, their aunt, is a trustee of the estate. It is thought that Mrs. Jacob J. Schwinn will probably return to Buffalo. —*Buffalo Courier.*

The Great Chicago Fire.

To-day is the anniversary of that awfu Monday which dawned upon a ruined city eighteen years ago—a city of crumbled walls and smoldering embers, a city of homeless refugees. Far to the northward the billow of fire was still sweeping, devouring as long as there was anything to devour, inundating homes and property, and turning into ashes with its fiery spray the hoarded savings of the people. The fugitives took refuge on the lake shore, even pressing into the water as far as they dared, while upon them rained cinders. Truly to them it seemed that the world itself was come to an end. The signs were fulfilled. The elements had melted with fervent heat; the moon was as sackcloth and the sun as blood; the heavens rolled together as a scroll. In the mad rush for a place of safety the common instincts of humanity, the consideration for the comfort of others which makes life ordinarily endurable, were all forgotten. "Save himself who can;" was the universal cry. The avenues of escape were choked with vehicles, and many fell never more to rise. Scarcely less awful than the vision of the Apocalypse must have been that day. The features of the people, distorted by fear, blackened by cinders and reddened by the heat, in little resembled those of human beings. They were more like those of "shapes hot from Tartarus." It is hard to picture all this. It is hard to think of Chicago, now so populous and so prosperous, lying an open waste from DeKoven street northeastward to Lincoln Park; yet so it was. The southwest gale swept the flames before it, and in that mighty reverberatory furnace iron burned like resin and solid stone crumbled into flakes. All day long the fire raged, ever eating its way northward. Night came and the cool rain fell upon thousands of homeless ones whose only shelter was the sky and whose only bed was the earth. Surely if ever there was occasion to despair then was that occasion. The hoardings of a lifetime had been destroyed in a moment. Capitalists were penniless. There was nothing left but standing-room; yet that was enough. The mournful toll of the court house bell as it crashed downward from the blazing cupola was not the death-knell of Chicago, as was feared. The great fire was only another exemplification of the great economic saying in regard to civilized as well as savage communities of men: They live from hand to mouth. So long as there were hands to work and a place whereon to work the city could not perish. A writer of the time says that within a week Chicago was as well off as ever. This may have been an exaggeration, but it is certain that in a very short time it was as though the great fire had never been. "All gone but energy" was a business sign frequently seen in the days which followed hard after that disaster. Nothing more was needed. The prophecies that Chicago would rise again have all been fulfilled. She has risen again, and more glorious by far than ever before. – *Chicago News.*

The Invention of the Thimble.

There is a rich family of the name of Lofting in England, the fortune of whose house was founded by such an apparently insignificant thing as the thimble. The first ever seen in England was made in London less than two hundred years ago by a metal worker named John Lofting. The usefulness of the article commended it at once to all who used the needle, and Lofting acquired a large fortune. The implement was then called the thumbbell, it being worn on the thumb when in use, and its shape suggesting the rest of the name. This clumsy mode of utilising it was soon changed, however, but the name softened into "thimble" remains.

A Door on the Track.

A Wilmington, Del., despatch of Sunday says: A south-bound Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore freight train dropped an iron door on the track between Charlestown and Northeast, Md., which derailed a passenger train about 9.45 o'clock yesterday morning. The train was partly wrecked. Fifteen passengers were hurt, including Mrs. W. B. Guild, of Evansville, Vt., seriously.

—Mr. Topheavy—"Will you share my lot, Penelope?" Penelope—"Yes, if there is a brown stone front on it."

The Hotel Dieu at Windsor was consecrated yesterday by Archbishop Walsh.

The French Government has promised never to claim a single dollar from Mexico of the debt contracted under the reign of Maximilian.

The social sensation at Halifax, N. S., is the news from London that Major-General Sir John Ross, Commander of the British Forces in Canada, residing at Halifax, has been granted a divorce from his wife, Lady Mary. The causes leading to the separation have long been a source of scandal in home and colonial military circles. Sir John will soon marry the beautiful young daughter of a magistrate at Pictou, N. S.

A STRANGE PROCEEDING.

A Buffalo Juror's Note to a Hamilton Man Engaged in Important Litigation.

(Buffalo Courier.)

When the case of the Ontario Canning Company against William Burgess, on trial in the Circuit Court, was adjourned on Tuesday afternoon to yesterday morning, and the jury were leaving the court-room, one of the number, Addison Rice, reached over and handed a small note to Egerton DeCew, the Secretary of the Canning Company, who happened to be standing near by. It was addressed: "Mr. Carpenter. Keep this note." At the first opportunity Mr. DeCew gave it to Mr. Carpenter. Imagine that gentleman's surprise when, upon opening the note, he found its contents to be as follows:

Mr. Carpenter—I shall be foreman in this jury. If you want help come to the Stafford House, corner of Carroll and Washington streets, at 7 p.m. Look on the register for my name. A. RICE.

N. B. Destroy this note.

Mr. Carpenter, who is the President of the Ontario Canning Company, immediately turned the criminating letter over to Lyman Baker, his attorney, asking if that was the way justice was done in Erie county.

Mr. Baker, Judge Corlett and the other attorneys in the case had a consultation, and when the court convened yesterday morning Juryman Rice was called to the desk by Judge Corlett and confronted with his remarkable epistle.

"Did you write that?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, sir," responded Rice, although considerably abashed, "and I can explain it."

"You appear here at 2 o'clock," said the Judge sternly, and he would hear nothing further at that time. The trial then proceeded with 11 jurymen.

Shortly after 2 o'clock court reconvened, and Mr. Rice was once more called up for examination. Upon being given permission he proceeded to make an explanation of his words and action, stating that he had desired to enter into business relations with Mr. Carpenter with reference to the sale of some canned goods.

Judge Corlett evidently thought this excuse a very poor one. "The import of the note is perfectly clear," said he. "You intended to negotiate in regard to the verdict in this case. There can be no connection between your being a foreman on the jury and canned goods. The court cannot overlook an offence as serious as this, for it strikes at the very foundation of the administration of justice.

"You have been guilty of contempt, and as the offence was committed in open court summary action can be taken. The sentence of the court is that you be fined $50 and confined in the Erie County Jail for 30 days."

A FEMALE ENOCH ARDEN.

The Strange and Romantic Story Recently Revealed by a St. Louis Divorce Case.

In a divorce case filed the other day in the St. Louis Circuit Court, entitled Marian Miller vs. Louis Miller, there is a most strange and romantic history, says the New York *Morning Journal*. Twenty-five years ago Louis Miller, then of St. Petersburg, Russia, was married to one of the nobility of that city, a beautiful lady of high birth, possessing all of the accomplishments that education and refinement could bring. After the marriage the couple settled down in their native city. The country was at that time threatened by the Nihilists. Miller decided to leave his native land and try his fortune among a free people. Bidding his wife a few months' farewell he came to this country and settled in St. Louis. Here he entered into business and accumulated a fortune. During all of this time he was sending money to his wife and receiving letters from her, but in a few months after he left home his mother, with whom he left his young wife, died, and the wife left to join her friends, 500 miles in the interior of Russia. All of this time the mails were very irregular, and, by orders of the Russian authorities, letters hardly ever reached their destination. The young wife received no letters from him and he received none from her, until one day a letter came to him with the sad tidings of her death. Years passed. During all this time the young wife could get no news of her husband. Thinking him lost she concluded to visit this country and learn if possible what had become of him. Bringing with her their son, who had grown to manhood, she landed in Baltimore, and the son came to St. Louis and engaged in business. Meeting some friends one day they asked him where his father was, and he told them the story of his father's life. They said the son looked like a man they knew, and he sent to his mother for a picture of his father, which was shown his friends, who took him at once to that gentleman. But in the meantime, in July, 1887, the father had married again and was living in fine style in this city. His first wife came to see him and the meeting between them was one of joy and sadness. Both wives, it is declared, loved the husband, but the good judgment of the last wife did not forsake her, and she said she would release him to again live and love his bride of years long gone by. Acting on this resolution she has, as stated, employed counsel to bring a suit to release her and him from the ties that bind them together.

Serious floods have occurred in the Tyrol.

Senator Hardisty is reported to be in a critical condition.

Ex-King Milan, of Servia, and President Carnot exchanged visits yesterday.

Count Von Moltke's health is failing a little and he will spend the winter in Italy.

Thirty-five hundred coal miners are on strike at Lens, in the Department of Pas de Calais.

Ex-Queen Natalie was permitted to have a two-hours' interview with her son, the young King, on Saturday.

A handsome statue to the French explorer La Salle was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago, on Saturday.

The steamship City of New York was on Saturday night released from the bar on which she had grounded, near Sandy Hook.

The visit of the Czar to Berlin was not characterized by much popular enthusiasm. He left Berlin last night for St. Petersburg.

Six new cases of fever were placarded on the Hamilton road, London, yesterday, on George street and three on Oxford

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

He Gives His First Impressions of the United States.

(Frank Leslie's Newspaper.)

Frank Leslie's illustrated weekly has done me the honor of desiring to have a brief memorandum of the first impressions America makes on an Englishman. The natural answer would be, especially for one overwhelmed with pleasant engagements as I am, that the impressions of a traveller who has but passed over some thousand miles of these vast United States must of some necessity prove trivial and valueless. But, on the other hand, first impressions are always the freshest, and Talleyrand showed his usual cynical sagacity when he remarked to a young politician, "Never act upon your first impressions; they are always right."

Well, then, as I have passed from Canada down to Washington, and from Washington through Baltimore and Philadelphia to this great and wealthy metropolis, my chief impression has been the absolute practical identity of manner, mind and national life between our two countries. I have found myself everywhere in a transatlantic England. I do not say this in any foolish idea that to be "quite English" is a point of perfection. You may just as well remark that we resemble you; but there the fact is that bygone writers must have exaggerated most absurdly the supposed distinctive American traits, or else that you have ceased to exhibit them, for I have asked myself a hundred times, wandering in your streets and journeying on your railways, "Am I really in the New World, or dreaming of it in the old one?" Half an American as I am, by marriage and by sympathies, I must confess that it has been wholly delightful to observe this unmistakable and minute identification of the races, and it fills me with hope that, whatever other nations may quarrel and come into armed conflict, America and England—vainly divided by the ocean—will by and by establish an International Tribunal composed of the worthiest and best-trusted men on either side, and will refer to their judgment under the laws of right and reason—without appeal—every question which threatens to disturb the natural alliance that, in my opinion, furnishes the very best hope of mankind. Next, your magnificent distances, although I knew them well upon the map, amaze and absorb me in realization. It is wonderful for a British Islander to discover what a mere step upon your broad States a thousand miles make, and to conclude from what he sees what must be the life, the enterprise, the opulence, the energy, the natural and industrial resources, the boundless future possibilities of the territory he has not seen. A feeling of gladness and confidence about the earthly part of man's development beyond all expression has possessed me in perceiving how strong and sound your national vitality is; how little you are really spoiled in courtesy of manners, in civic kindliness, in social grace, and in reverence for law by your large liberties.

An Englishman no doubt notices here an absence of deference and of formal attention; but he also notices the presence of a nearly universal and most manly and frank comradeship, the blossom, perhaps, of a wider and healthier air. I am far from saying this to flatter America. The impertinence of such an intention would be rebuked by its absurdity. I would be like the little girl who was taken by Sydney Smith to see the turtle-tanks at Birch's in Cornhill, and when she stroked the largest among the collection, her uncle inquired: "Why do you do that, my dear?" "I do it to please the turtle, uncle." "My child," replied the Canon, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter." A man who should, as it were, pat the cupola of your Capitol at Washington to gratify New York, would be similarly ridiculous. Your nation of 60,000,000 stands well beyond the reach of compliments. History rather waits to see if you will deserve the gifts and opportunities which destiny has brought you "in both her hands."

To speak of the countless delightful persons whom I have had the happiness to meet, is obviously forbidden; suffice it to say that your countrymen and countrywomen oblige the Englishman to quit each of their towns and cities with regret, so that

He drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

And then, how beautiful America is! I certainly did not know the vales of the Susquehanna and of the Delaware were so fair; or the gardens of Washington so gracious and spacious; or your homesteads generally so pretty. I better understand now Mr. Lowell's verses:

Binding the gold of war-dishevelled hair
On such sweet brows as never other wore.

But nobody, to my mind, has better understood, or expressed more nobly, the present and future greatness and the natural charms of America than your true poet and patriot, Walt Whitman, my interview with whom, when I offered him the tribute of a profound admiration, will be one among many happy memories of this journey.

I should not be an Englishman, however, if I did not grumble, and you must allow me to denounce and execrate the cobble-stones of your New York streets that rob the Briton of sleep by night and rack his bones by day; the snake fences, which waste alike land and lumber, and torture the eye of an artist; the lack of official luggage-porters at your railway stations, and those monstrous, ugly, unpainted telegraph poles, with which you mar the vistas of your finest streets. But your public buildings often astonish and enchant me; your colleges, libraries, museums and observatories leave positively no excuse to American youth. They must henceforth create and not import poets, authors, artists, sculptors, scientific geniuses and astronomers. You really owe us, with all your glorious chances, a galaxy of great names.

Such, then, sir, are some among those first impressions which you have been pleased to invite. They will appear to you, I fear—as to myself—entirely commonplace, but I prefer—at least while in America—to show myself grateful even at the cost of being dull. I am, sir, yours obediently, EDWIN ARNOLD.

Smith, who pleaded guilty at Amherst, N.S., to the charge of manslaughter of Jas. Barron, has been sentenced to twenty years in the Penitentiary.

CURING COLDS.

Hints That May Save Life if Taken in Time.

When one becomes chilled or takes cold, says *Youth's Companion*, the mouths of myriads of little sweat glands are suddenly closed and the impurities which should pass off through the skin are forced back to the interior of the body, vitiating the blood and putting extra work on the lungs and other internal organs. Just beneath the surface of the skin all over the body there is a network of minute blood vessels, finer than the finest lace. When one is chilled the blood is forced from these capillary vessels into one or more of the internal organs, producing inflammation or congestion, and thus often causing diseases dangerous to life.

The time to treat a cold is at the earliest possible moment after you have taken it. And your prime object should be to restore the perspiration and the capillary circulation. As soon, then, as you feel that you have taken cold have a good fire in your bedroom. Put your feet into water as hot as can be borne and containing a tablespoonful of mustard. Have it in a vessel so deep that the water will come up well toward the knees. Throw a blanket over the whole to prevent rapid evaporation and cooling. In from five to ten minutes take the feet out, wipe them dry and get into a bed on which there are two extra blankets. Just before or after getting into bed drink a large glass of lemonade as hot as possible or a glass of hot water containing a teaspoonful of cream of tartar with a little sugar if desired. Should there be pain in the chest, side or back, indicating pleurisy or pneumonia, dip a small towel in cold water and wring it as dry as possible. Fold the towel so that it will cover a little more surface than is affected by the pain. Cover this with a piece of flannel and both with oiled silk or better, with oiled linen; now wind a strip of flannel a foot wide several times around the chest.

The heat of the body will warm the towel almost immediately, the oiled linen and flannel will retain the heat and moisture and, steaming the part, will generally cause the pain to disappear. Should there be pain or soreness in the throat you should treat it in a similar manner with wet compress and flannel bandage. Eat sparingly of plain, simple food. Baked apples and other fruit, bread and butter, bread and milk, milk toast, baked potatoes or raw oysters may be eaten. By following the above directions intelligently and faithfully you will ordinarily check the progress of the cold and prevent serious, possibly fatal, illness.

To Measure Brick Walls.

Readers in many branches of trade will be glad to know this method of estimating brickwork, which is obtained from an authority on the subject: Ordinary bricks are about eight inches in length and with the mortar joint about half that in width, so that each brick on the flat will give a horizontal surface of about 32 square inches, or four and a half bricks will cover a square foot. As ordinarily laid there are nine courses to every 24 inches or four and a half to the foot. Four and a half courses with four and a half bricks to the course will give 20¼ bricks to the cubic foot. Waste, cutting and closer joints will easily require an allowance of 21 bricks per cubic foot, which will be found a very convenient figure for estimating the number of bricks required for a wall of given height and thickness, as it thus becomes unnecessary to find the cubic contents of the wall, but merely to multiply its face area or the product of its length and height in feet by seven fourths of its thickness in inches, which, as the thickness is always some multiple of four inches, is a very simple process.—*The Artisan.*

Miss Jennie Flood, daughter of the bonanza king, is the richest unmarried woman in California. She works a great among the poor and has no time to fool around with idle young men.

REGULAR DULL SICKENING.

Then he came with a whoop and a howl,
To seek the editor's blood.
A brawney printer caught him foul,
And stabbed him through with the office towel,
And he fell with an awful thud.

A new and cheap musical instrument in the toy stores is the "ocarina." It is made of clay, is sweet-potatoe shaped, and its tone is somewhat fluty.

AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

The turkeys now forsake their glee,
And breathe a long-drawn sigh;
They scan the calendar and see
Thanksgiving drawing nigh.

It is a great deal easier to write a vivid love letter of 16 pages than it is to hear it read two years afterward in court.

There is to be a great function in Windsor in December on the occasion of the unveiling of the colossal equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, by Sir Edgar Boehm, which is to be erected in the Great Park as a memorial of the Jubilee. The Queen and all the members of the Royal family who are in England will take part in the ceremony.

Sir Wm. Tindal Robertson, whose suicide by cutting his throat was reported from Brighton in the cable despatches on Tuesday was a first cousin of Mrs. Kendal, the English actress.

Messrs. Rich and Harris want a new and original name for the great minstrel company which they are to put on the road next year headed by George Thatcher. They offer a prize of $100 for the one word to follow Thatcher's ——, illustrative of the immensity of the organization. Letters may be addressed to Manager Wm. Harris, Howard Atheneum, Boston.

Sims Reeves, the famous English tenor, in his book of reminiscences makes the following extraordinary statement about Macready: "Strangely enough, this passionate man did not consider himself sufficiently irascible by nature to depict anger on the stage, and therefore employed (as I myself have seen) two unfortunate supers, whose business it was to make faces at him, tread on his toes, kick him and otherwise provoke him, until he was in a state of exasperation bordering on the demoniac. 'More!' he would growl, as he stood at the wing preparing to make a terrific entry; 'more, you beasts!' until an exceptionally severe kick happening to coincide with the moment for his sudden appearance, he would knock down each of his hired tormentors and rush upon the stage like a maniac."

A SPANISH HIDALGO'S PRAYER.

Peculiar and Ludicrous Mixture of Family Pride and Dread of Death.

One of the most peculiar and comica mixtures of a dread of death and family pride occurs in a prayer which a Spanish nobleman composed for his own benefit, says *Texas Siftings*. The prayer reads literally as follows:

"O Lord, Thou seest before Thee one of the greatest of all sinners of this wicked world, His Highness Grand Marshal La Meilleraye, Duke of Mazarin, Knight of Alcantara, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Grandee of Spain of the first class, Governor of Estramadura, Count de Menard, Baron la Porte and Grand Honorary Protector of the Church of St. Rochus, where His Highness partakes of the sacrament five times a year, his offertory never being less on each occasion than 100 pesos.

"His Highness condescends to acknowledge that he is the most unworthy of all sinners; and, O Lord, be kind enough to take his title and his long line of illustrious ancestors into consideration and condemn him not to the purgatory of the common herd.'

This Marquis La Meilleraye, who condescended to acknowledge that he was a sinner, never took the sacrament unless his coat of arms was stamped on the consecrated wafer. This is historical. He "condescended" to die in 1664. He was a typical hidalgo.

Great Railway Projects in Siam.

Even Siam is moving, and intends somebody, at any rate, to be civilised by railways. The surveys for the intended lines from Bangkok to the northern and eastern provinces of Siam are being rapidly pushed forward by a staff of surveyors under Sir Andrew Clarke, his arrangement with the Siamese Government being that the actual cost of these surveys is to be repaid to his firm. When Siam is properly opened up, its mineral wealth is certain to lead to a company "boom" on no small scale. At present both malaria and the labor question forbid mining enterprise.

Quite Proper.

Miss Charmington—Haven't you kissed the bride, Mr. Mopsey?

Mr. Mopsey—Oh, dear, no; it wouldn't be proper, would it?

Miss Charmington—Goodness, why not? I'm going to have the young men kiss me when I'm married.

Mr. Mopsey (eagerly)—Oh, pray invite me to your wedding, Miss Charmington

A Heavy Sinker.

Clarissa (on the ferryboat)—O, Charles has fallen overboard!

Maud—He can swim, and the land is close by.

Clarissa—Yes, but think! He has a piece of wedding cake which he brought from the reception in his pocket.

"'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 of your druggist.

Why He Wept.

Mrs. Sadface to Tommy, who has stolen a jar of preserves—My boy, I know you are sorry. I see it in your face.

Tommy, meditatively—Yes, mamma, I am. There was a bigger jar on the shelf that I couldn't reach.

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.

Very Laudable.

"Do you want to hire a man, mister?"

"No, I can't say that I do. Are you looking for a situation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I hope you will get one. I like to see a man with aspirations towards a hire 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 weaknesses so common to womankind.

A Fertile Scheme.

"I see the race of elephants is gradually dying out. What shall we do for ivory, do you suppose, Mr. De Dude, when they are all gone?"

"I'm suah I don't know, Miss Bonsoir, unless—ah—we buy up all the old pianos, don't you know."

"Baby McKee" fairy lamps are the latest. They are of delicate china, with hand-painted wild roses on shade and globe.

A strong company has been formed in Montreal to operate a line of steamers on the Ottawa river, between that city and the capital.

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