TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

A Brazilian Government decree establishes civil marriage.

A new west end branch of the Toronto Public Library was opened on Saturday evening.

The Kingston medical students deny that they stole the body of S. Johnston from the graveyard.

Major Wissmann has telegraphed to the Government confirming the reports of the safety of Dr. Peters.

The Elgin Silver Mining Co. expect to be able to get enough new capital to run their mine at Jackfish Bay.

The Servian Government will demand from the Skuptchina a credit of two million florins for the purchase of artillery.

A large petition to Congressman Chipman asks him to secure the opening of the channel of the Detroit River in American waters.

Several accidents to railway employees while coupling cars with the old style coupling apparatus are reported from St. Thomas.

A man named Michael Mara fell through a hole in the wharf at West Market street, Toronto, on Saturday night and was drowned.

The Swiss Bundesrath has decided to convoke an international conference in May next to establish regulations relative to factory labor.

General Radetzky is dead. He was one of the heroes of Shipka Pass, which was so gallantly held by the Russians against the Turks in 1878.

Hon. Francis Godschall Johnson was on Saturday installed in Montreal as Chief Justice of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec.

Lady Stanley still continues seriously indisposed, and in consequence the ball which was to have been held on Thursday night has been indefinitely postponed.

A leak was found on Saturday morning in the State dam in the west side of Troy, N.Y. The structure was considerably injured. The break is being repaired.

A Nassau letter says Gen. Henry Perkins, of New York, owner of the yacht Nirvana, and formerly a staff-officer under General Sherman, died at Nassau January 14th.

John Finnegan, of Fargo, Ont., jumped off the Michigan Central train on Friday afternoon, fell under the train, and had a leg taken off. He died Saturday morning.

Captain Wm. Kennedy, who was one of the crew sent out by Lady Franklin to search for her husband in the Arctic regions, died near Winnipeg in his 76th year on Saturday.

Mary Monroe, a pupil of the Belleville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who came from Simcoe county, has died from the effects of la grippe, following an attack of measles.

Miss Taylor, daughter of Henry Taylor formerly banker of London South, died on Saturday morning in the south of France, where she had gone, accompanied by her mother, for her health.

There has been a prolonged snowstorm in Hungary and Styria. Houses are demolished, and many lives have been lost. St. Martin's Cathedral at Pressburg was damaged by the storm.

Advices from Montevideo under date of Dec. 21st assert that General da Foeseca, the head of the Provisional Government of Brazil, was dying from angina pectoris in a hotel in the suburb of Rio Janeiro.

In a street fight at Sabatha, Kan., on Thursday night, a prominent citizen was bitten in the finger by a stranger, and the man has since died in terrible agony, exhibiting all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

Buffalo Bill's wild west show arrived in Naples safely on Friday from Barcelona, having encountered a great storm on its way. All are well. The Indians astonished even old Vesuvius, to whom Col. Cody raised his hat.

Assistant Superintendent Larmour of the Grand Trunk, London, who has been unwell for the last few weeks, sustained a relapse yesterday and is now seriously ill. He was stricken with the grip and it developed into congestion.

Mrs. Dennis Walmsley, wife of a Tilbury East farmer, committed suicide yesterday She was married four years ago and the union has not been a happy one. She left behind her two little children, one of them being a baby not a year old.

The mystery surrounding the disappearance of Banker Joseph G. Ditman, Philadelphia, who was last seen alive December 11th, was cleared up Sunday by the finding of his decomposed and swollen body floating in the Schuylkill River. The body bears no marks of violence.

A terrible collision is reported to have occurred at Camp Hill, Ala., on the Savannah & Western Railway. Five men are said to have been killed, two engineers, one fireman and two train hands. Others were wounded. This is the twenty-third wreck on that road in three weeks.

Mr. Robinson, Q.C., in his argument in C. P. R. vs. the Queen, on Saturday, held that the company must have been cognizant of the speeches in Parliament, and that if the Government had built such a road as the company now claim it could not have been completed in proper time.

Gen. Brialmont, the Belgian military expert, is of opinion that war is imminent between France and Germany, and may be provoked at any moment by some trifle. He thinks France lacks in generals, and that her system of fortifications is antiquated and useless to repel an invader.

Rev. H. D. Hunter, pastor of the Congregational Church, London, formally resigned the charge of his congregation at last evening's service. Affairs in the church have been unsatisfactory for some time. He has two calls to Michigan churches, and wishes to go on March 1st.

The Council of Tilbury West have decided that "no French need apply" for offices in that township. At the municipal elections a month ago the three French members were defeated, and the new Council has put the official guillotine at work and the heads of the Treasurer, Auditor and Assessor, all Frenchmen, dropped into the basket. The only one left is Clerk Chauvin, and he is trembling in his shoes.

During confirmation service at St. John's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, Sunday evening, an apparently demented young man arose from his seat, and, pointing a revolver at Bishop Whitaker, fired at him. The ball went wide. An officer was summoned and the young man arrested. He gave his name as David Alexander, of that city. He told a rambling story about a letter which induced him to make the attempt upon the venerable bishop's life.

Wm. O'Brien has been recruiting his health, which is now fairly good again, at Glengariff, and there an agent of a London publishing syndicate went to him the other day with an offer of £1,000 for the serial rights of the novel he has just written. "Not at all," said Mr. O'Brien; "I'm not going to take money for my novel, merely that Lord Salisbury may grab it for the costs in my libel suit against him." Th i probably has no equal in the whole literature of transactions between authors and publishers.

The Straits of Menia in Wales are rendered impassible by the fury of the gale. Many sailors have been swept overboard and drowned. The Parade at Sandgate is partially destroyed. The ship Irex, bound from Greenock for Rio Janeiro, was wrecked off the Needles. Several of the crew were drowned. The survivors clung to the rigging all day Saturday and part of yesterday. It was impossible to send a lifeboat to the rescue as no boat could live in the turbulent sea, but a life-line was finally shot across the vessel by means of a rocket, and in this way the men were safely landed. Damage to property is general. Numberless houses have been unroofed. The river Shannon, in Ireland, and a number of rivers in Wales have overflowed their banks, flooding the adjacen country.

THE WORKMEN'S WORLD.

Cullings from the Labor Field of Interest to All.

Glassblowing is beneficial to the lungs.

In Europe every brewery has a chemist.

Michigan lawyers talk of a State Union.

Some Buffalo dealers sell beer at 3 cents a glass.

San Fancisco ship-caulkers work 9 hours and get $5.

The silk workers talk of a national organization.

St. Paul unions demand the closing of stores on Sunday.

The Brooklyn framers pay a walking delegate $21 a week.

Union shipwrights at San Francisco get $5 a day, nine hours.

A 73-year-old woman runs six looms in an Augusta, Me., mill.

Haverhill, Mass., has 235 factories. They employ 17,000 persons.

Boston union bartenders must not work for less than $15 a week.

A Welaka, Fla., firm shipped 60,000 shingles to Philadelphia.

The International Tailors' Union, of New York, runs a trade school.

Baltimore car drivers were cut from $1.67 to $1.50 a day. No strike.

There are only 450 table-knife grinders in the country. They don't live long.

The cigarmakers of Tampa, Fla., got a voluntary advance of $1 per thousand.

At New York 400 cigarmakers won a strike against a cut of from 20 to 60 per cent.

The Cigarmakers' National Union has $400,000, and its members work eight hours.

The Lasters' Union has cut its hours from thirteen to ten and gained an increase in pay.

All union men in Detroit will boycott barber shops not closed on Sundays after March 1st.

New York, Brooklyn and Newark bakers get $12 a week, and their average hours are ten per day.

Buffalo newsboys struck because the penny evening newspaper raised their price from 50 to 60 cents per 100.

The German-American Typographia Union contains nine-tenths of the German printers. They work 8 hours.

San Francisco bricklayers' helpers work nine hours and get $3; plasterers' helpers work eight hours and get $3.50.

New York retail merchants want a law allowing them 10 per cent. of a debtor's wages till the debt is liquidated.

The New York Clerks' Union has informed the Postmaster-General that they are worked over the Eight-Hour law.

The Working-girls' Club, of Jersey City, has classes in the study of dress-making, millinery, cooking, music, dancing and embroidery.

New York Central engineers get 32½ cents per hour, conductors, 25 cents, and brakemen, 16 cents. The switchmen demand 18 cents per hour for work over 12 hours per day.

The coopers of Minneapolis get 33 cents for the best barrel. Six years ago the pay was 53. The co-operative shop pays only $7 per week. Men hooping off after the machine get 4½ to 5 cents a barrel.

A Daughter's Objection.

Father—Wife, why has the bible disappeared from the parlor centre table recently?

Mother—Sarah has taken it away.

Father—Why?

Mother—Well, you see whenever visitors opened it they invariably turned to the family record. Sarah objects to having her age made known to everybody.

A New Definition.

Little Miss Fanny—I say, Bob! can you tell me what a widower is?

Master Bob (aged eight)—Don't know, Fanny, unless it's the husband of a widow.

Krupp, the maker of big guns, has founded a fund of $125,000 for the benefit of those of his workmen who wish to borrow money at low rates for the purpose of building homes for themselves.

—Miss Beacon Street—Have you read Max O'Rell's latest book? Miss Wabash Avenue—No, and I don't think I shall. I am sure I couldn't enjoy anything that an Irishman wrote after that horrible Cronin affair.

BORROWED ANOTHER'S BLOOD.

James F. O'Neil Held the Candle While They Opened His Veins and Lent Some of His Life to Printer Lockwood.

Tuesday's New York *Sun* has the following: William Bradley and Isaac Lockwood, printers by trade, hired a furnished room nine days ago on the top floor of Mrs. Marion Dexter's house, at 16 First street. They had pretty steady work, and used to come home together late at night under the influence of liquor. They went to bed Saturday night after an unusually hard spree. At noon Sunday Bradly came tottering down the stairs and went back a few minutes later with a pitcher of beer. He said that Lockwood was sleeping off his drunk.

Eliza Gibbons, the chambermaid, tried the door several times yesterday and found it locked. About 7 o'clock last night it was decided to enter the room. A key was found and the door was opened. The room was full of coal gas. Brodley lay on one side of the bed, drawn up into a bunch. He was dead. Lockwood lay with his head resting on the dead man's legs and his feet on the floor. He was unconscious. Every window in the room was closed tight, and the damper of the stove, in which was a coal fire, was closed.

Lockwood's skin was clammy, and he breathed stertorously. Ambulance Surgeon Henderson, from Bellevue, gave him hypodermic injections of ether and brandy, and gave him digitalis and atropia. He also pumped out Lockwood's stomach. It was 8.25 o'clock when Lockwood arrived at Bellevue in the ambulance. He was laid on a cot in the prisoners' cage. House Physician Cummings and House Surgeon Macartney had a hurried consultation. As they did so, attendants put a tube connecting with a large jar of oxygen into Lockwood's mouth, so that the patient breathed oxygen instead of air. Lockwood did not revive, and the doctors pondered whether it was worth while to try the last remedy—transfusion of blood.

"It's worth while trying," said Dr. Cummings at last.

Then he began a hunt for a man who was willing to give several ounces of his blood to Lockwood. Dr. Cummings ran into Capt. O'Rourke's room downstairs and said:

"Is there any one here who wants to give up some of his blood to save a man's life?"

Capt. O'Rourke repeated the question, half satirically to the attendants. One man said:

"Hain't got any more blood than I want myself." The others looked at Dr. Cummings vacantly and began talking about something else. Dr. Cummings walked out of the room and continued his search. In a few minutes he found his man. It was James F. O'Neill, a big, strong, fine-looking man of middle age, who was in the hospital as a patient in the first stages of phthisis. He didn't look sick at all, except that he was pale and had a slight cough. He said right off, when the doctor asked him if he would give some of his blood to save Lockwood:

"Yes, I will, and be glad to."

The preparations were soon completed. O'Neill lay down on a cot, which was moved up so that it immediately adjoined Lockwood's. The doctors—there were Drs. Cummings, Macartney, Towleston and Bowers—cut off Lockwood's clothes so that he was naked above the waist. Drs. Cummings and Macartney put on great aprons of oil cloth, and washed their hands in an antiseptic preparation, while the attendants did the same to the right arm of Lockwood and the left arm of O'Neill. All the instruments used were washed in this way, too. Lockwood breathed so hard that each time he drew in the oxygen his body shook like a leaf. The sound of his breathing was something awful. Quickly the doctors wound bandages around the fleshy part of the two men's bare arms. Then Dr. Cummings made an opening about two inches long through the skin in Lockwood's right arm, on the outer part of the arm, just at the bevel in the elbow. He cut away until he freed the median cephalic vein from the surrounding tissues. O'Neill's left arm was treated in the same way, after hypodermic injections of cocaine to deaden the pain had been made.

Then Dr. Cummings took up a long rubber tube with a bulb in the centre, and with a sharp pointed steel tube on each end, and connected the life currents of the two men. Successive compressions pumped O'Neill's blood into Lockwood. O'Neill did not flinch. Once Dr. Cummings said sharply to the nurse, "Hold that candle so that I can see."

"Let me hold the candle," said O'Neill, and with his free hand he took it and held it so that the light shone on his bleeding arm.

The doctors took over fourteen ounces of blood from O'Neill, the effect was immediately perceptible. Lockwood's pulse grew stronger, and he partly regained consciousness. The doctors withdrew the tubes, tied the veins, and sewed up the wounds in the arms. O'Neill did not seem any the worse for his loss of blood, but the doctors said he would soon feel weaker. They said they hoped for the best for Lockwood.

Marriage a Failure.

Kate—And is it true that you married for money?

Lura—Yes, but papa has succeeded in borrowing only two thousand from Charlie so far.

—Honesty is undoubtedly the best policy, but it seems to have expired long ago.

—The heaviest bank accounts belong to the people who never boast of their wealth.

There's the grip the drummer dandles
With his samples, oh, so fair;
And the grip the driver handles
On the dashing cable car;
And the grip that every Mason
Gives his brothers, short or tall,
But the grippe that brings the sneezes
Is the grippest grip of all
Ah-chee-hoo!

The Buffalo newspapers have advanced the price to wholesale dealers and newsboys.

—Some fellow ought to write a play called "La Grippe." It would run well so far as any one nose.

—Never cut a dog's ears or tail. Clipped ears are often the cause of deafness and abscess, by allowing the sand and dirt to enter, which is distressing to the animal.

—A prudent man is like a pin; his head prevents him going foo far

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

The Commotion Which Followed the Entrance of an Ill-looking Stranger on a Western Train.

The last weary traveller was stowed away for the night; the last curtain was drawn across the section, and the low rumble of the train through forest and clearing, farm and valley, was only broken by the occasional snort of a heavy sleeper. Miles and miles of the dreary solitude of Missouri night scenery were left in the distance; the train went whizzing by small unimportant stations, and now halted at some wayside tank and took in solid and liquid refreshment for the bloodless horse. But why should it now slow up in the dreariest of all the many dreary unforbidding places along the road? What ill-looking stranger was that who just entered the car and passed down the aisle between the slumberers with a scowling face stamped with a sinister brand?

"Crack!" Surely a pistol shot!

"I knew it! I've been looking for this sort of thing for the last six months!" shouted a Kansas City drummer, diving for the aisle and getting there with both feet "I surrender!"

"Crack!"

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord—besides that I haven't got a pistol," echoed a muffled voice from the sepulchre of an upper berth.

"Crack!"

A rather shapeless female form, robed in white and ruffled nightcap, bounded into the aisle and rushed at the Kansas City drummer with open mouth and a discrepancy of teeth. As she fled she tripped, recovered herself and plumped squarely into the drummer's arms.

"Oh, save me from the Jim boys. Landlord, save me!" shrieked the woman from Parsons, "save me for my darter's sake!"

"Crack!"

"Throw up your hands!" said the drummer, trying to squirm away. The woman from Parsons complied rapidly, and he slipped out on the rear platform. The train was just starting away from a ghostly tank looming up against the rosy-hued horizon of approaching day. The conductor entered the car from the other end. "Crack!" He dodged into the smoker's apartment and peered out along the aisle where the old lady was "sashaying" and balancing before the curtained sections in a stately, single-handed minuet. Capped and undressed heads were thrust without the curtains, and white, anxious faces looked up and down the aisle.

"Any train robbers at your end?" shouted the drummer above the din of the howling Parsons woman.

"Not any down my way," answered the conductor, stepping out in front of the old lady's berth. "Thunder and Mars! What's this? A soda fountain?"

"Crack!"

"Why, for the land's sake!" broke in the Parsons woman, "ef that ain't my yeast, six bottles of it, all fer Jane, and busted, busted, busted. I was afeered all along that the rattle of the keers would get the stuff a workin'."—*Drake's Magazine.*

HER GOOD-BY.

She Got Away After a While, but Meanwhile the Town Clock Laughed.

Mrs. Gabbler (arising to depart after a call on Mrs. Wearysome)—Well, really, I must go. I've staid now later than——

Mrs. Wearysome—Oh, no you haven't. You come so seldom, and——

"So seldom? Why, I call here oftener than almost any other place, and——"

"Well, I'm always delighted to see you, and——"

"Oh, thanks. But I just must go now. You'll come to see me real soon, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, indeed, and——"

"Well, do now, and—oh, were you at the concert last night?"

"Yes, and——"

"Lovely little affair, wasn't it? How charmingly Mr. Tennerson sang."

"Oh, beautifully! And I liked Miss Screecher, too."

"Oh, so did I; very much. But I really must, must go now. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by."

"Mind that I expect to see you very soon."

"Oh, yes; but don't you wait for me. You have more time than I, you know, and——"

"What! I have more time than you My dear child, I'm fairly rushed to death all the time."

"So am I."

"I really don't see where the time goes. Good-by, dear."

"Good-by."

"If you don't come and see me soon I'll—oh! where did you get that lovely chair scarf? I hadn't noticed it before. It's a perfect beauty!"

"Do you really like it?"

"Like it? It's just sweet! Di you embroider it?"

"Yes."

You did? How lovely! I wish I—but I'll never go if I stand here much longer, and I've five other calls to make this afternoon. Good-by!"

"Bye-by."

"Lovely day, isn't it? It's a pleasure to be out, and—Oh, my dear, if I didn't nearly forget to tell you about Maida de Vere's wedding, and thats' just what I came for. I must sit down and tell you all about it."

Two hours later she departs, after a prolongation of the good-by business for fifteen minutes on the steps.—*Time.*

Big Day's Work.

Mamma—Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday School to-day?

Nellie—That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give 20 cents to buy a present for the superintendent and—that Noah built the ark.

A Remarkable Adaptability.

Young Mr. Harvard—Your friend, Miss Helen, is awfully nice; we got on famously together.

Miss Mabel—I never saw another like her. She can get on with anybody.

—Revenge is sweet. That is why women are fond of it.

—The restored St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral at Buffalo is said to be one of the finest in the country. The cost of its restoration exceeded $100,000.

THE SHIRE REGION.

Description of the Country England and Portugal are Quarreling Over.

The New York *Sun* furnishes the following description of the country in dispute between England and Portugal:

Of the two large districts which Portugal, under compulsion, has agreed to evacuate, the Shire region lies north of the Zambesi and includes all the river, valley and the surrounding highlands between Lake Navassa and the Ruo River, an affluent of the Shire River, over 200 miles south of the lake. The other region is Mashonaland, a large district about one hundred and fifty miles directly south of the most northern part of the Zambesi. The Portuguese for over two centuries past have never made any attempt until recently to send expeditions into these regions or in any way to control them.

A while ago the Portuguese captain, Cardosa, led an expedition up the Shire river as far as lake Nyassa, established a chain of military stations along the river, and declared the entire region to be under Portuguese sovereignty. He informed the British missionaries, who have been in the country 29 years, that they must consider themselves as under Portuguese protection. Recently the soldiers under Cardosa's command seized one of the steamers of the African Lakes Company and hauled down the British flag which it was flying. This British company has been in the country for 11 years, has three steamers on the river and lake and a chain of trading stations, and it has done much to develop the region and promote its best interests.

About the same time a Portuguese force under Major Serpa Pinto attacked and defeated a number of Makololo chiefs along the river who were flying the British flag, and declared that they were under the jurisdiction of Great Britain.

The dispute over Mashona-land is entirely distinct from the Shire River troubles. Mashona-land has for many years been tributary to Matabele-land, whose powerful king about a year and a half ago placed his dominions, on paper at least, under the protection of Great Britain. About a year ago the British South African Company was organized, with a large capital, to carry on trade, and in November last its charter was finally signed by the British Government. This charter gives it large powers of administration, similar to those formerly granted to the British East Indian Company, and Mashona-land was included in the region which was to be its field of operations.

The news of these proceedings prompted Portugal to start an exhibition south under Lieutenant Cordon, who established himself in Mashona-land and established a military post there. Meantime the Portuguese Government issued a proclamation annexing the whole country up to the Zambesi River, the region including about all the country in which the British South African Company was to operate, and most of which had been declared 18 months ago to be within the British sphere of influence. Mashona-land particularly the country that Great Britain coveted, is said to be a magnificent plateau with a rich network of streams, a fine climate suited to European colonization and a wealth of alluvial gold.

Portugal bases her claims to these regions upon a series of conquests and discoveries made by her forces and explorers two or three centuries ago. The records of these early events give us very little idea of the country, and our present knowledge of it is derived almost wholly from the discoveries of British explorers. Until after recent British activity in these regions Portugal has not been heard of for over two centuries.

The British contention is that Portugal long ago forfeited all claims to these regions by her failure to occupy and control them, and that she never thought of reviving the ancient claims until after British interests in these districts were developing, and a large part of them had already been declared to be within the British sphere of influence.

The Complications of Modern Society.

Clara—I thought you had decided that everything was over between you and Harry, and yet you've been sitting there for over an hour thinking of him.

Maud (dejectedly)—Well, I can't make up my mind whether it would be better to sue him for breach of promise or to make up with him, marry, and then sue for divorce and alimony.

He Was Full Already.

She—Just think! Cousin Fritz while coming home from his club last night fell into the water.

He—Great heavens! I hope he didn't drown!"

She—He couldn't drown. He was so full he couldn't swallow any water.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mr. Green—Miss Wobbash may I take you under the mistletoe? Miss Wobbash—What the matter with taking me under the nose?

THE PROMISE OF SLEEP.

All day long I could not work for woe,
I could not work nor rest;
The trouble drove me to and fro,
A leaf on the wild storm's breast.

Night came, and I saw my sorrow cease
Sleep to the chamber stole;
Rest about my limbs, and peace
Fell on my stormy soul.

And now I think of only this—
How I again may woo
The gentle Sleep, who promises
That death is gentle too.

—*Amy Levy.*

—Young wife—"Charley, darling, are you perfectly satisfied with married life?" Young husband (enthusiastically)—"Well, I should say so. Why, if you were to die to-morrow I believe I would get married again next week."—*New York World.*

San Francisco molders get $3.50 for a ten-hour day. The union scale for nine hours is $3.25. One firm tried to have them work nine hours for $3.15, but lost a strike, and the ten-hour day was adopted.

Is the woman who goes to church to exhibit her sealskin sacque-religious.

—It is an unfeeling married man who declares that his wife is always pensive when she is not expensive.

A Hungarian woman at Scranton beat with a soup ladle the policeman who was arresting her husband and hurt him badly.