FITZSIMMONS LICKS DEMPSEY.

The Nonpariel Has no Chance Against the Awkward Australian Slugger.

DEFEATED IN THIRTEEN ROUNDS.

A New Orleans despatch says: The great fight, which all the pugilistic world has been talking about for weeks and which sporting men everywhere were interested in, came off last night and was won by the Australian, Bob Fitzsimmons. Those who ventured the opinion that Fitzsimmons would knock Dempsey out in a dozen rounds evidently knew what they were talking about, as but a baker's dozen were required to give the Nonpareil his quietus. Since he won the title of middleweight champion of the world seven years ago, Dempsey has successfully defended the honor and thus won the sobriquet of the Nonpareil. La Blanche, the Marine, fifteen months ago defeated Dempsey, but the victory was due to an accident. Dempsey is a very sick man. Defeat to him means absolute ruin, and his heart is broken.

The arrangements for the fight could hardly have been improved on. All along the paths and aisles there were strong guards of police. The amphitheatre has a removable roof. The somewhat chilly weather of late led to the place being well roofed to-night. Under a square of electric light stood the ring. It was 24 feet square, of turf and of river sand, and just loose enough to be springy. The ropes and stakes were padded. Four feet from the ring was another enclosure with barbed wire instead of ropes. Between the two rings were chairs for the seconds and the wire fence ensured the pugilistic parties from outside interference. Between the ring and stands was a sort of excavation in which the press stands were placed. No wires were allowed into the grounds, so the correspondents fared alike. The same impartiality was shown in the division of seats, and club messengers left the stands at stated intervals, and club cabs carried all copy direct to the telegraph office.

Fitzsimmons was the first contestant to reach the club. It was a part of his programme to reach the grounds before any of Dempsey's followers could get a sight of him. Carroll had so arranged it, expecting that the giant-like, long boned, unusual proportions of the New Zealander would strike terror into the heart of the American champion. Fitzsimmons appeared in fine condition. His skin was clear, his eyes bright, and his good nature surprising.

Dempsey arrived later and bore a serious look, with an occasional knitting of brows and a grim smile, which showed that he had made up his mind for desperate work. Dempsey was trained down as fine as a race-horse. His muscles were strong, pliant, supple and well developed. He did very little work to-day so as to pick up a few pounds by night. Although Dempsey looked perfection for his inches he was markedly overshadowed by the ungainly, awkward looking giant with swinging arms.

THE ATTENDANCE AND THE MONEY.

In the Amphitheatre of the Olympic Club to-night were assembled 4,000 leading citizens with a large sprinkling of the finest sportsmen ever seen in New Orleans at one time. The fight was for the International middle-weight championship of Australia and America and a purse of $12,000, $11,000 to go to the winner and $1,000 to the loser. The battle was fought under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and with gloves weighing five ounces. One hundred and fifty of the city's best police officers were on hand. Fitzsimmons weighed 150½ pounds, while Dempsey tipped the beam at 147½ pounds at 6 o'clock this evening.

Fitzsimmons was one pound over weight, but was sent out in company with Carroll to work down. Dempsey's seconds were Jack McAuliffe, Gus Tuthill and Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, while Jimmy Carroll and Doc O'Connel looked after Fitzsimmons' interests.

THE FIGHT.

Time was called promptly at 9.25, with Alex. Brewster, one of the ablest and most respected citizens of New Orleans, as referee. The official time-keeper was Prof. John Duffy, and master of ceremonies, ex-Mayor J. V. Guillotte.

The men came into the ring at 8.55 p. m. Dempsey offered to wager $1,000, which was accepted by Major Frank McLaughlin, the millionaire director of the California Athletic Club, but the Olympic Club officials refused to allow the bet to go on, and it was called off.

Round 1—The men shook hands and advanced to the centre, Fitzsimmons, from appearances, out classing Dempsey. They sparred. Fitzsimmons led the left and landed. Jack landed right. Bob crowded him in a corner, clinched and broke. The New Zealander followed Jack all over the ring. Bob landed heavy with the right. Jack was on the defensive and running away. Jack led with his left and missed. He then led and landed on the stomach. Dempsey led and missed, led again and countered with the left. The round ended with the honors about even.

Round 2—Fitzsimmons came up cautiously and crowded Dempsey. Bob led right on Jack's head. He led again and missed, and then crowded Dempsey into the corner and missed. Jack led with the right, a hard body blow, which was followed rapidly by an exchange. The fighting was even. Jack got away, then led and missed. Fitzsimmons landed right and left on the face, and Dempsey dodged. The Antipodean landed right on Jack's head. A clinch ensued, and the giant received a bang on the head. Another clinch, and Dempsey landed on Fitzsimmons' head. The Australian got in on Jack's nose. Dempsey countered on Bob's head. Fitzsimmons rushed the New Yorker, who closed in and clinched. The round ended in Fitzsimmons' favor.

Round 3—The men came up smiling. Fitzsimmons at once sailed in and Dempsey was crowded into the corner. Both men appeared pleasant and inclined to act cautiously. Fitzsimmons escaped a well-intentioned left-hander, and on the result sent Dempsey clean to grass with the right. Fitzsimmons almost repeated with his left on Jack's face. Dempsey clinched to save himself. Breaking away he landed with his left on the Antipodean's neck. Dempsey was groggy and kept out of reach. This was clearly Fitzsimmons' round.

Round 4—Dempsey came to the centre cautiously, feinted and led. Fitzsimmons crowded him to the ropes, and pursued him all over the ring. Dempsey turned and sent in a swinger with the right. Fitzsimmons was checked for the instant, but recovering himself some in-fighting was followed by a clinch. As they parted Dempsey sent in a vicious left hander in the stomach. Fitzsimmons replied with his right, followed Dempsey and hit him on the head, repeating on the nose with the right. A clinch was followed by Fitzsimmons landing rapidly right and left.

Rounds five and six were virtually a repetition of the fourth, Fitzsimmons having all the best of it and Dempsey simply protecting himself.

Round 7—Fitzsimmons landed two lefts on Jack's face, and a terrible body blow with the right. Dempsey tripped at the stake and Fitzsimmons stood off. Dempsey landed with the left in the stomach and clinched. The Australian literally played with his opponent, and it was only a question of the length of time the so-called Nonpareil could continue his pedestrian tactics. As the round closed Dempsey went to grass a badly used-up man, and bleeding from the nose.

Dempsey was simply bent upon dying hard. He was out-fought and out-generalled. Fitzsimmons did nothing but chase him round the ring in rounds eight and nine, varying the monotony occasionally by getting in a blow that nearly everybody wished would be the last to end the farce. Dempsey would now and then rally and do some of his old time work, but for all the impression he made he might have stood up and accepted his quietus. Fitzsimmons landed almost at any spot he liked, but mainly on his opponent's breadbasket.

In round ten Dempsey clinched on every available opportunity. He hugged Fitzsimmons half round the ring, and, as he got away, tried a wicked upper cut that barely missed its mark. He then clinched, went down and hugged Fitzsimmons around the legs. On Dempsey's resuming his perpendicular, the lank Australian gave him one, two, three with the left. Dempsey attempted a rally, but Fitzsimmons rushed him off and three times sent him to kiss mother earth. Twenty to one was now offered on the stranger without a taker, and men who had staked much on Dempsey became nearly frantic in their efforts to hedge.

Dempsey came up for the eleventh round looking very poorly. Fitzsimmons landed two terrible lefts and sent his opponent to the ground. He repeated the knock-down, then let the poor fellow gain his wind and landed a terrible right and left. The towel was thrown from Dempsey's corner, seemingly in token of defeat, but it didn't go. Dempsey was down, and as McAuliffe did not expect the gong he threw up the towel, but when the gong sounded he had one mor chance and he said the "throw-up" did not Dempsey would try some more.

In round twelve Dempsey went to grass thrice. Each time Fitzsimmons waited his pleasure and let him lead. Finally Dempsey fell twice to avoid punishment.

Round thirteen and last—Fitzsimmons was evidently tired of fooling, and, as Dempsey appeared loth to leave his corner on the call of "time," he went over. The Nonpareil tried to get away, but the Australian relentlessly pursued him, getting in punches with the right and left almost at will. What Dempsey was trying to do nobody could understand. Ultimately he faced round, made an effort to administer punishment and clinched. When he was squarely away, Fitzsimmons invited him to come on. He tried, and the Australian, easily parrying his attack, hit him hard on the jugular. Dempsey dropped like a man shot. He pluckily tried to rise, but his limbs refused their office, and as the third gong sounded in token of defeat he fell back and all was over.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FIGHT.

The battle lasted just 49 minutes, and when Referee Brewster awarded it to Fitzsimmons Jimmy Carroll, his trainer and second, jumped at his protege and kissed him time and again. Dempsey was badly punished. A swollen face, cut lips and nose, and a bad mark or two on his body were plainly visible. Fitzsimmons was not scratched. The Australian won in a walk. Dempsey is the hero of half a hundred battles. Fitzsimmons has an unbroken record of 17 wins.

The club's outlay includes the purse and $3,000 for expenses making $15,000 in all. The receipts at the gate were $30,000. Dempsey before the fight was the favorite. Last night the sentiment veered around to Fitzsimmons, but when the latter to-day was found to be thin and wan, Dempsey again became the favorite at 5 to 4.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF FITZ.

Jake Kilrain says Fitzsimmons is truly a wonder. He is as clever as they make them, and his hitting power is immense. There never was a middle-weight like him. Muldoon, the wrestler, says Fitzsimmons is a whirlwind, a terrific hitter, a two-handed fighter and a great general. "I never saw as fair a fighter in my life. He should have been awarded the fight two rounds before." When the battle was over Fitzsimmons was as full of fun as a colt. He sparred with Carroll, and tapped him on the nose playfully. He spoke highly of Dempsey as a good, game fighter.

FITZSIMMONS BORN IN ENGLAND.

Robert Fitzsimmons was born in Helston, Cornwall, England, June 4th, 1862, and is consequently about the same age as Dempsey. His first appearance in the ring was when he won Jem Mace's middleweight tournament at Timarm, New Zealand, defeating five men. He defeated James Crawford, bare knuckles, three rounds; Jack Murphy, bare knuckles, eight rounds, and won Jem Mace's tournament a second time, defeating four men. His next appearance was at Sydney, N. S. W., when he defeated Dick Sandall, amateur champion of New Zealand, in four rounds; defeated Jim Hall in five rounds for the middleweight championship of Australia; defeating Starlight, colored middleweight champion of Queensland, in nine rounds; Professor West in two minutes; Edgar, of Melbourne, in three rounds; Dick Ellis, champion middleweight of New Zealand, in three rounds; Bill Slavin, six rounds; Pablo Frank, two rounds; Jack Riddle, three rounds; Brinsmead, two rounds, and Jack Greentree, three rounds. He also stopped several others at sparring exhibitions inside of four rounds. Previous to his departure for America he issued a challenge to fight any middleweight in Australia for the championship and a stake of £50 open to $500 a side. He arrived at San Francisco seven or eight months ago, and fourteen days after his arrival knocked out Billy McCarthy at San Francisco in nine rounds, and later defeated Arthur Upton in five rounds at New Orleans. Before coming to America Fitzsimmons always fought at 148 pounds, or a little less. He has fattened up, however, considerably on this continent.

DEMPSEY BORN IN IRELAND.

John Dempsey was born at Currag, Ireland, 28 years ago. Since his pugilistic career opened he has fought 53 battles, six of which were draws and one a defeat. Among the notable victories of "The Nonpareil" may be mentioned those over Billy Dacey, George Fulljames, Tom Cleary, Jack Fogarty, Pete McCoy, Dominick McCaffrey, Dave Campbell and Denny Kelleher. Dempsey also defeated La Blanche on March 14th, 1886, after a 13-round go which lasted almost an hour. His drawn battles were with Harry Force, Bob Turnbull, Jimmy Ryan, George Wilson, Jack Burke and Reddy Gallagher. His single defeat was by George La Blanche, "The Marine," on August 27th, 1889, in 32 rounds, lasting 2 hrs. 7 mins., at San Francisco, Cal. Dempsey weighed 151 lbs. and La Blanche 161 lbs. Four ounce gloves were used and the stake was $5,500.

The New York Court of Appeals has granted a new trial to ex-Sheriff James A. Flack and William Flack, convicted of conspiracy to secure a divorce for the former.

ICE-BOUND EUROPE.

The Whole Continent Swept by Storms and Congested by Frost—Seventeen Steamers Frozen in—Wolves in France.

A London despatch says: Despatches from Germany say a strong gale is blowing at Cux Haven. Seventeen steamers, including the Hamburg-American steamer Augusta Victoria, are ice-bound. The price of coal at Hamburg is rising in consequence of the severe weather. The ports of Lubec and Rostock are closed by ice, and at both places the mercury is 27 degrees below the freezing point. From Spain come reports of new storms and a renewal of the recent severe frosts. Traffic is greatly interrupted and mail trains are everywhere delayed. Despatches from France are of a similar nature. Around the villages in the vicinity of Dunkirk, in the north of France, wolves are making their appearance, and hunting parties are being organized to exterminate them.

A TATTOOED CROSS.

A Young Married Man With the Mark of Cain on His Forehead.

A Pittsburg despatch says: While sleeping at his home at Shousatown last Sunday night unknown parties tattooed a cross on the forehead of Chas. Buss, aged 24 years. Buss married a young woman six months ago and three months later the couple separated. For several months Buss has been receiving anonymous letters ordering him to leave town or he would be marked for life, but he paid no attention to them.

Lives of others oft remind us
Married life may be sublime.

We trust to be forgiven this parody of lines from Longfellow's immortal "Psalm of Life." Husbands who are wise and thoughtful, know that the happiness of the home depends largely on the health of the mistress of the home. Many are the tasks which daily confront her. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping, if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction *guaranteed* in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Not Like Home.

The change of scene between an English village or a Scotch hillside to a bare farmhouse on a vast, grassy plain, on which it stands out itself as the only feature to be seen on the landscape, and where its postal address is Lot 2, Section III., W., must be at first trying. No trees, no hedges, no flowers, nothing that makes home look homelike. And everything has to be begun; the land has to be cultivated, the barns to be built, the implements to be bought, and all depends on whether it will be a good wheat year or not, or whether a frost may come and go far to spoil the year's work. Under these circumstances, even with the hope of prosperity in the end, would it be wonderful if the desire for higher things than the merely material should slowly be crushed out, and is there not a danger of a purely money-making, miserly, self-absorbed type of life being developed, unless influences of another and more elevating kind are introduced?—*Lady Aberdeen in the Review of Reviews.*

THE kind of people who take note of these things say it is no longer the correct thing in centres of fashion for a gentleman to lift his hat on meeting a lady friend on the street. He merely indicates by a slight gesture of the right hand and a graceful inclination of the head that he is aware of her presence and wishes to acquaint her with the fact that he holds her in great regard and is at her service. This, however, is generally taken for what it is worth. This new style of salutation is preferable to the old one at this season of the year especially. It is said that the women of Marienburg, Prussia, recently held a public meeting at which they resolved to permit and advise the other sex no longer to greet them by uncovering their heads in bad weather, and especially during the winter season. The movement has, it is said, spread to other German cities, and associations have been formed which, with the proverbial simplicity of the German tongue, are called "nichthutabnehmen" societies.

THE Toronto *Labor Advocate* follows the action of the TIMES in denouncing the private detective business, a business which is used as often to shield as to expose a criminal. Our contemporary says:

Fortunately for Canada, the private detective curse has not yet assumed its worst form. We have no Pinkerton thugs, as the plutocracy is not yet powerful enough to introduce the system. But we have private detectives—fellows who make it their business to act the sneak and spy upon the private lives and actions of citizens at the bidding of anyone who will pay for the information thus obtained—or the stories trumped up by the detective. There is no sort of legitimate reason for the existence of this class of parasites, and the whole business ought to be put a stop to by law. The regular police and detective force is amply sufficient for the protection of the lives and property of the people.

Statistics show that one-fifth of the native married women of Massachusetts are childless. It is said that in no country save France can a similar condition of affairs be found.

It is said to be the fond hope of the Hawaiians that King Kalakaua may be lost on his way home from the United States. He is very unpopular, notwithstanding his social qualities.

Some soothsayer has said that at 20 we know, at 30 we think we know and at 40 we give it up. It might be added that long before 50 we refer all disputed questions to our children.

New York State has 1,844,596 children of the school age, and of these 1,042,160 attended the common schools during 1890.

The French are a reading and writing people. Parisians send each year 33,000,000 letters, 13,000,000 postal cards and 85,000,000 newspapers.

Never cross a bridge till you come to it, and even then it is often wisdom to stay on this side.

It seems to be pretty well established that the man arrested at Olot, in Spain, is not Padlewski.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers was held yesterday in Montreal.

Mr. Garrett Byrne (Nationalist), member of the British Parliament for West Wicklow, has been declared a bankrupt.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Telling of the Scenes at Wounded Knee—The Children Badly Injured.

Mrs. Tibbles' ("Bright Eyes") Pine Ridge letter in Omaha *World Herald*: Major Butler had been on his feet all the trying day of Monday, and when the wounded were given into his charge he bestirred himself and had comfortable tents put up for some of them, and asked for the use of the Episcopal church, which was cheerfully accorded. When he went into the church the Christmas decorations were still there, but the seats had been torn up, hay thrown on the floor for mattresses and the wounded lying on the hay. There had been no time to get pillows as yet. There was a woman sitting on the floor with a wounded baby on her lap and four or five children around her, all her grandchildren. Their father and mother were killed. There was a woman shot through both thighs and her wrist was broken.

Mr. Tibbles has had to get a pair of pinchers to get her rings off. There was a little boy with his throat apparently shot to pieces.

A friendly Sioux had gone around giving an apple to each one, and this little boy showed his apple. He was a horrible sight, having nothing around him but a blanket, and his little bare, lean arms looked pitiful. They were all hungry, and when we fed this little boy we found he could swallow. We gave him some gruel, and he grabbed with both his hands a dipper of water. When I saw him yesterday afternoon he looked worse than the day before, and when they feed him now the food and water come out of the side of his neck. When we first went in the woman, who was sitting with a wounded baby in her lap, asked my companion in Sioux:

"What are they going to do to us?"

My companion said: "They are going to be good to you and take care of you if you do all they want you to do.

She said: "We will be good; we will do what they want us to do."

One young girl who had a ghost shirt on underneath her clothes, said "They told me if I put this on the bullets would not go through, and I believed them. Now see where we are," and then she cried.

One little girl was wounded in several places and her leg was broken, and her mother was wounded in the leg. The little girl, who did not seem to be more than 7 years old, lay there saying over and over, of course in Sioux:

"The soldiers are bad. I saw them kill my father. They killed my father."

A little boy was shot through the temple back of one eye, and the bullet came out of the other eye.

The woman who asked me what was going to be done to them said that some had been left alive on the field of battle. I supposed all were brought away that it was supposed would live. It was on Monday that the fight was. Yesterday (Wednesday) morning, while it was storming, some white traveller came across the field in his journey, and he said that one had evidently died but an hour before, as the dead man moved his foot, scraping the snow away. He said there were three sitting frozen stiff with their arms around each other's necks.

ANTS AS SURGEONS.

How Brazil Indians Utilize the Insects' Wonderful Grip.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method of fighting is by biting, says the New York *Examiner*.

They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after their legs have been bitten off by other ants. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death grip to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains. This knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewed together, as physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants and leaves their heads clinging to the gash, which is held together until it is perfectly healed.

Hugging in Church.

Sunday evening services in the Church of Jesus in Montreal are remarkable for the beauty of the musical programme and always attract large congregations. Young Protestants have made a habit of escorting their best girls there after leaving their own churches to hear the music, and the services have degenerated into something like a promenade concert. Consequently the rector, Rev. Father Drummond, last Sunday issued an edict that persons entering the church after half past 8 o'clock shall pay an admission fee of 25 cents. In explaining his reason for resorting to such drastic measures the rector said that the late visitors disturbed the regular worshipers. Besides the loud talking Father Drummond said he had been informed there was considerable flirting indulged in and that young men had even been discovered with their arms around their fair companion's waists. This was scandalizing to the regular worshipers and some severe steps were necessary to have it stopped.

The latest invention in haberdashery is the buttonless shirt. It is the idea of a Canadian. It is not designed to take the place of the full-dress shirt, but is likely to be a strong every-day favorite with the short-armed fat man, who feels life's emptiness when he tries to reach the button at the back of his neck. It is said that it fits well, and is the easiest garment to get in and out of that was ever invented.—*New York Sun.*

George Vanderbilt has expended $400,000 on the foundation and first story of his North Carolina castle. He employs constantly a large force of men, who are at work macadamizing the roads, laying out gardens, planting trees, building artificial lakes and doing everything possible to beautify the estate.

Modern Medicine.

Puck:

First they pumped him full of virus some
mediocre cow,
Lest the small-pox might assail him and leave
pit-marks on his brow;
Then one day a bulldog bit him—he was gunning
down at Quogue—
And they filled his veins in Paris with an extract
of mad-dog;
Then he caught tuberculosis, so they took him
to Berlin
And injected half a gallon of bacilli into him;
Well, his friends were all delighted at the quickness of the cure,
Till he caught the typhoid fever and speedy
death was sure;
Then the doctors with some sewage did inoculate a hen,
And injected half its gastric juice into his abdomen;
But as soon as he recovered, as of course he had
to do,
There came along a rattlesnake and bit his
thumb in two;
Once again his veins were opened to receive
about a gill
Of some serpentine solution with the venom in
it still;
To prepare him for a voyage in an Asiatic sea,
New blood was pumped into him from a leprous
old Chinee;
Soon his appetite had vanished and he could not
eat at all,
So the virus of dyspepsia was injected in the
fall;
But his blood was so diluted by the remedies
he'd taken
That one day he laid him down and died and
never did awaken;
With the Brown-Sequard elixir, though they
tried resuscitation,
He never showed a symptom of reviving animation;
Yet his doctor still could save him (he persistently maintained)
If he only could inject a little life into his veins.

Fashionable Coiffures.

The era of smooth hair-dressing has again passed away. The braid is no longer the smooth, natty plait; it is such a one as Tennyson speaks of, from which the ringlet may be blown, so curled and crisped are the tresses of which it is braided. Not that there is anything resembling unkemptness in the modern coiffure—far from it. The hair must look as if burnished, like Rosamond's "locks of crisped gold"; it must be well brushed, combed and treated to frequent shampooings, till each separate hair is a beautiful elastic thread of silken softness, and then it may be arranged as carelessly as the most artistic taste could desire. If the hair is inclined to straightness it is plaited up finely for some hours, or waved with an iron, and then it is fit to be arranged. Without being drawn too tightly twist the hair at the crown and let it form a soft loose coil around the twist; loosen the hair at the top of the head and just above the nape with a few dexterous pulls with a coarse comb, and pin the coil flatly down with shell pins. The front hair is arranged in a curled and (usually) pointed bang. A variation of this style of coiffure is arranged with the coil slightly below the crown and another just forward of it, and in this case the front hair is often arranged in Pompadour style. This style of coiffure is that made popular by the beautiful wife of Explorer Stanley, who wears her lovely hair arranged in the manner just described. With the hat or bonnet various styles of hair-dressing are seen, frequently clusters of loose braids at the neck, and many still adhere to the Psyche knot and the figure 8 twist on the top of the head, both of which are so becoming to certain types of features that they never can become wholly unfashion-

Good Manners and Good Morals.

We have to fall back at last for the standard of good manners and good morals not upon the few, but upon the many. The masses of the people are unquestionably more critical as to morality than any exclusive circle; and as to the essentials—not the conventionalities—of good manners, they are to be found more securely among the many than the few. We have the high authority of Mr. Bronson Howard for saying that a Bowery audience is far quicker than a fashionable New York audience to frown on anything really immoral in a play. More than one English nobleman has been forgiven in American drawing-rooms for conduct which would have caused him, if known, to be summarily ejected from a Rocky Mountain mining camp. Howells, with his usual penetration, selects a rough Californian as the man who patrols the sleeping car to be the self-appointed protector of the ladies. An unprotected girl may travel by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and meet with less of real rudeness or unkindness than she might encounter in a single evening, even from her own sex, at some very exclusive ball. The little social circles have their value, and a very great value; they furnish a part of the education and experience of social life. Where they happen to be under the leadership of a really cultivated and high-minded woman—like the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor for instance—they afford not merely a school of deportment, but of life. Where they are—as is quite as likely—under a very different style of leadership, the results correspond. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley." In all parts of the world there are women whose forms are covered with diamonds, but who still carry the habits of the alley in their souls. In the long run the safety of our national morals and manners does not lie in any of the little social circles, but in the average sense and breeding of the vast public from which those circles are being constantly recruited.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

[illegible] has been received of the drowning of Dr. E. R. Simpson, formerly of Winnipeg, with two companions while crossing Lake Pend d'Oreille, Idaho. The bodies have not yet been recovered. Dr. Simpson was practising in Hope, Idaho, for about two years, where he had taken up his residence.

Archbishop Taché, who is on a visit to Montreal, is very ill at the Grey Nunnery.

Mrs. O'Shea has been greatly annoyed by reporters and others since her arrival in Paris. She is followed about everywhere, and can't take a walk in the street without having instantaneous cameras leveled at her.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has given $20,000 to the Toronto University to be applied to the endowment of matriculation scholarships, the holders of which shall be exempt from fees during the tenure of their scholarships.

A Willows (Cal.) man has constructed a telephone from his home to his store by using three miles of wire fencing.