

**TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.**

The French colonists at Pondicherry are suffering from drought and famine.

Signor Crispi's resignation has been accepted, and Marquis di Rudini is trying to form a Cabinet.

At a crossing near Ottawa yesterday a young man named Kavanagh was struck and killed by the Winnipeg express.

The trainmen on the eastern division and the C. P. R. Co. have come to an understanding regarding the wages question.

A despatch from Chili, via Lima, Peru States that the port of Iquique is momentarily expecting to be bombarded by the insurgents.

Fire at Caledonia, Livingston county, N. Y., yesterday destroyed most of the business portion of the town. The loss exceeds \$75,000.

Prof. Henoch, of the Berlin University medical faculty, reports that the treatment of children with the Koch lymph does not give satisfactory results.

Mr. Phelps, the American representative to the German Court, says he has not been offered the treasuryship, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Windom.

At Ruetzi, in the canton of Glarus, Switzerland, an avalanche swept down the mountain side, burying a party of 22 woodcutters. Three of the bodies have been recovered.

A receiver has been appointed for the estate of ex-Governor A. B. Cornell, of New York. Judgments have been entered against Mr. Cornell during the year aggregating about \$44,000.

A 12-year-old son of Mr. N. Ford, a farmer on the Gatineau, was sent out after breakfast to feed a colt in the stable. He was discovered by his elder brother a few minutes afterwards and carried into the house. In less than an hour afterwards he died from concussion of the brain, caused by a kick from the colt.

Joe Vian, aged 22 years was yesterday brought down from the woods on the Kippewa limits to his home in a dying state. While at work felling trees one fell on him, breaking the leg above the knee and crushing the right leg into a pulp. Vian had to be conveyed twenty miles before the railway could be reached, a journey which nearly proved fatal.

The coroner's inquest into the cause of the death of John Cameron, killed yesterday at Barrie while driving a load of sawlogs over the railway crossing, resulted in a verdict of accidental death. The railway people were exonerated from blame, the engineer having made every effort to stop the train, besides giving the usual warnings of danger.

The steamer Kautsford, Capt. Harrison, which arrived yesterday from Galveston, collided in the River Mersey with the steamer Drumhendrie, injuring the latter vessel to so great an extent that she soon filled and sank. The Drumhendrie had on board a cargo of dynamite. Though the force of the impact of the two steamers was sufficient to crush in the plates of the Drumhendrie, allowing the water to rush into her hold, it was not sufficient to explode the dynamite. Had the dynamite exploded both vessels would have been blown up, with great loss of life.

A new Italian Cabinet has been formed under the Premiership of the Marquis di Rudini.

Fire in Jacoby & Son's cigar factory, on 35th street, New York, caused a loss of \$100,000.

The English Government has received an official invitation to take part in the World's Fair at Chicago.

A cable despatch received at Montreal announces the death of Judge Rainville, of the Quebec Bench, at Paris.

Madame Patti was arrested at Berlin on an order from St. Petersburg, issued on the ground of breach of contract.

The rioting in Spain continues, and a serious conflict between the Conservatives and Republicans at Barcelona is imminent.

Two convicts have died in the Concord, Mass., reformatory from drinking alcoholine, a preparation used in the shoe shop.

Gen. John B. Newton, of New York, has been chosen consulting architect of the Chicago Ship Canal at a salary of \$10,000.

It is learned that Rev. W. W. Carson, of Kingston, will leave for Detroit, Mich., on March 6th, prior to accepting a church pastorate there.

At Keswick, near Newmarket, on Friday night, a man named Connell was felled with a booby jack, it is alleged, by one Lepard. His skull was fractured.

A number of Irish cousins of A. T. Stewart, the New York millionaire, are contesting his will, and a commission is taking evidence in Belfast.

The United States fish hatchery at Duluth, Minn., has received 28,000 white-fish eggs, which will be planted and hatched in about three months.

At Pierre, S. D., Saturday the 27th ballot for United States Senator was cast and no choice made. It is rumored that the deadlock will be broken on Tuesday.

Capt. C. G. Penney, of the Sixth Infantry, has been appointed Indian agent at Pine Ridge, to succeed Capt. Pierce, who has been relieved on account of ill-health.

News has been received at London of a revolt by the negroes on the island of St. Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea, belonging to the Portuguese. The garrison quelled the uprising.

While crossing from Wolfe Island to Kingston on Friday a sleigh containing Mayor Drennan and four others broke through the ice, and they narrowly escaped being drowned.

Rev. George Cooper, of Wapwallopen, Pa., was arrested Saturday on a charge of forging notes amounting to \$500. He was to have been married this week to an estimable lady.

All the miners employed in the coal mines along the line of the Louisville, Evansville and Huntington, Ind., have gone out on strike on account of a reduction in their wages.

The coal miners' strike which was inaugurated at Belleville, Ill., last Tuesday has come to an end by the operators offering the men a uniform rate of one and three-fourth cents per bushel.

Germany thinks so little of her possessions in Africa that, in a recent debate in

the Reichstag, it was jocularly proposed that they should be handed over as a national gift to Prince Bismarck.

The saw mills owned by Mr. James McLaren, of New Edinburgh, Rideau Ward, Ottawa, were yesterday morning destroyed by fire, together with half a million feet of lumber. The loss is estimated at \$125,000.

Last night about 9 o'clock two men entered the office of the Birmingham, Ala., Railway and Supply Company and gagged the clerk, J. C. Mathews, and tied his hands and feet. They robbed the safe of \$768 and escaped.

Eleven prisoners were lashed in Newcastle (Del.) Jail Saturday morning and two stood in the pillory for an hour. A curious crowd of several hundred people stood in the rain and watched the punishment inflicted.

The London Chronicle says: "Mail advices show that we have lately come dangerously near to forfeiting the allegiance of Newfoundland. We hope that Lord Salisbury has profited from the lesson of such a disregard of colonial wishes."

Provincial Detective McKee is going to Mexico to bring back to Canada, J. N. Henry, formerly a commission merchant of Chatham, who is held there on account of funds on the Bank of Montreal committed in Ontario prior to December 13th.

The joint Assembly of the Illinois Legislature went through the form of taking two ballots for Senator Saturday morning. The F. M. B. A. members were not present, and the dozen or more Republican members refrained from voting, leaving the vote 101 for Palmer.

The writ for the election of a member for North Bruce in the Ontario Legislature in the place of Mr. John George, unseated on petition, has been issued. Nomination will be on February 24th, and the election on March 3rd, two days prior to the Dominion elections.

W. B. Cuthbertson, a leading attorney of Burlington, Ia., died Saturday. Mrs. Chamberlain, a prominent Burlington lady, who was present at the death, was overcome by the sad spectacle and died in a short time. Mrs. Wisman, another well-known lady, is in a precarious condition, having also been overcome by the death scenes.

In the new shaft at Simpson and Watkins' mine at Wyoming, Pa., last evening, four men were at work sinking when a feeder in the side of the shaft was ignited from the naked lamp of a workman. A large body of gas exploded with terrific force, dashing the men against the side of the shaft, burning them fearfully and mutilating them horribly. Nat Kane and Charles Kirk, married, were killed, and Wm. Ross and Luther Michael were fatally injured.

The Indians of the Red Lake (Minn.) reservation are still carrying on their orgies. At Judas, on the Roseau River, the settlers are building a stockade and have organized a volunteer company to defend themselves. The county officials say the whole affair seems to have been started by evil disposed persons. Between 300 and 400 people have left their homes, most of them in a very destitute condition. As they have left their stock behind they will doubtless lose many cattle.

King Humbert has offered Signor Crispi a title of nobility.

King Humbert yesterday approved of the Cabinet formed by the Marquis di Rudini.

The plantation negroes on the Portuguese island of St. Thomas, in the Gulf of Guinea, have again revolted.

The employees of the coke manufacturers in the Connellville region struck yesterday, about 16,000 men going out.

The Three Rivers cattle scheme has practically fallen through, owing to the refusal of the Council to come to the exporters' terms.

S. G. Bettes, the cowboy preacher, the latest rival of Sam Jones, began a crusade in Rochester last evening. He expects to make a tour of New York State.

M. Larroumet, director of fine arts, fought a duel in Paris yesterday with M. Lordon, of the editorial staff of the Echo de Paris. M. Larroumet had both his hands wounded.

The Sultan has approved the project of the British Embassy for providing homes for freed negroes, and promises to assist in the abolition of the slave trade in his dominions.

Lord Salisbury has summoned the Conservative leaders throughout Great Britain to meet him early in March, and it is supposed that the question of dissolution will then be settled.

The action of Premier Whiteway in intervening on behalf of the British Government in the pending suit against Sir Baldwin Walker has raised the ire of the Newfoundlanders.

John Hobbs, of Gurd & Co., London West, whilst crossing the Michigan Central Railway at Inwood on Friday, was run into and his rig smashed to pieces. He had a narrow escape of his life.

Henry Prentice an employee of the Pullman Car Company, found \$10,000 concealed under the cushion of a seat in the sleeper Atlanta on Sunday evening. How the wealth got there is a mystery.

It is stated in well-informed Roman Catholic circles in Kingston that another diocese will soon be formed in the ecclesiastical Province of Ontario, the boundaries of which are not yet known.

The proprietors of the lots on Champlain street, Quebec, in the vicinity of the landslide, have entered actions against the corporation to recover damages caused by the blockade of the roadway facing their property.

A despatch from Rathfriland, Ireland, states that the parish priest of Castle Lyons, Father Ferris, died on Saturday in a league hut erected in 1881, when he was evicted from his parochial residence for non-payment of rent.

Mrs. Mary Sell stepped on a match Saturday morning at Chicago, and thus set fire to her dress. Before she could be reached by neighbors, who heard her screams, she was horribly burned, and doctors who were called say she cannot recover.

Wm. Buchanan has been arrested and held for trial on the charge of having murdered a man named Reilly and the latter's

wife. The Reillys were caretakers on a farm at Ballyjamesduff, County Cavan, Ireland. The motive of the crime is said to have originated in an agrarian dispute.

Despite its formal abolition, the slave traffic prevails everywhere in the Ottoman empire. It is proposed to establish homes at Constantinople, Smyrna, Benghazi, Tripoli, Jeddah and Hodeidah, controlled and supported by the State, where freed slaves can be hired for service and their children can be educated.

A robber in San Francisco tackled a grocer named King in his store on Saturday in the usual way, presenting a pair of pistols and ordering King to throw up his hands. The grocer instead threw a scale weight and felled the robber to the floor, after which he took the pistols and fractured the man's skull in seven places.

The Northampton Conservatives have nominated Mr. Germain to contest the seat in the House of Commons left vacant by the death of Mr. Bradlaugh. The Gladstone Liberals have nominated Mr. Mansfield. The Socialists nominated Dr. Aveling, the labor agitator and Socialist leader, but Aveling's nomination was refused by the returning officer pending the depositing of the usual sum of £100 for election expenses. The nomination was then cancelled. The polling takes place on Thursday.

**"HOW DID YOU GET HERE?"**

**A Question Never Asked in Good Society.**

It is a rule of good society that as soon as you arrive you affect to have always been there. Of other accents men boast; of social success, rarely. Your millionaire, for example—and millionaires are getting so common as to be almost vulgar—your millionaire never tires of telling you how he worked the multiplication table until cents became dimes, and dimes well soon blossomed presently into dollars, till hundreds swelled to hundreds of thousands, and the man who had been a blithe youth but twenty years before became the possessor of an uneasy tumor he calls a fortune. Once this narrative is begun no matter that you beat your breast with reluctance to hear out the tedious tale, while loud bassoons perchance are calling you to wedding feasts. Pray hear the modern Whittington with patience, good reader! The recital of this story is his main consolation for the boredom of complicated possession in which his life is inextricably involved—his recompense for the income vigilance with which he must defend his hoard against the incessant attacks of cheats and beggars, subscription papers and poor relations. But the man who has won his way in that illusive sphere we call society sends to swift oblivion all his processes. In society no man asks another, "How did you get here?" or congratulates him upon moving among better people than he did ten years ago. Theoretically society is stationary. Even while breathless from climbing, the new-comer affects to have always been atop.—From Edward Eggleston's "Faith Doctor," in the Century.

**A WONDERFUL WAISTCOAT.**

It is the Swellest Affair to be seen in a City Odorous of Swells.

The swellest waistcoat to be found in town is one of Mr. J. Clinton Spencer's, which he has just brought over from the other side. It is of a heavy basket pattern cloth, in dark blue, with little horsehoes, one of tan and one of hunting pink, intertwined, scattered over it. The buttons, five in number, are of gold enamel cut in crystal, and are marvels of beauty and workmanship, each representing a different scene—three hunting and two racing.

One is a man jumping a five-bar gate, and next to it is a woman jumping a hedge and water. A lady taking a walk is the third, and the other two are the Duke of Westminster's Ormond and Pierre Lorillard's Iracquois winning the Derby. Sleeve-buttons match them, and show Jay-Eye-See making his famous record and a hunting scene. With it Mr. Spencer wears a light covert coat.—New York Morning Journal.

**How He Does It.**

Directly over the window of a ticket office in a New York theatre hangs the legend:

Money Taken in All Languages.

And when the money is shoved through the window with a request for a ticket in Hindoo or modern Greek, the Treasurer adopts the simple plan of shoving back the change and the highest-priced seat in the house.

**Notes on Note-Paper.**

Many papers at present have the plain script initials.

The rose tints are very popular just now, and a pretty paper is of a delicate rose shade, with the monogram done in black.

Something new is a fine quality of bond paper, tinted a faint violet, with a dark purple monogram and border of the same shade.

**A Point in Bostonese Grammar.**

He—The Bostonians are a brave people; they never say die.

She—Don't they?

He—No, they say "decease."

**How It Happened.**

Harvard Lampoon: "Look at the crowd around the corner. What's the matter?"

Bagge—Oh, nothing, only a policeman killed by an accidental discharge of duty.

The value of a Scripture text and of a retort were strongly brought out during the public subscription to a church chary in Soranton. Somebody read the text which forbids doing alms before men to be seen of them; and the minister, who was scoring down the contributions on a black-board, retorted that he had heard that text quoted before by one of the meanest men he ever knew who never gave a dollar in charity.

The memoirs of Jefferson Davis, the publication of which Mrs. Davis, with the aid of her daughter, is superintending in New York, will be in two volumes, about 300,000 words.

In 1683 the Thames was frozen over in June.

**THE BRUTALITY OF A CITY**

**A Shocking Story Told by a New York Mother.**

Arrested for Abandoning Her Little Boy, She Relates a Tale of Hardship Enough to Drive any Person to Insanity, But is Held in \$1,000 Bail.

A New York despatch says: In Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday there appeared before Justice McMahon a forlorn, sad-eyed woman who had been accused of abandoning her child, a bright little fellow four years of age. The mother's name is Margaret Schmitz and the boy's is Nicholas. The child was found in the hallway of No. 149 West Thirteenth street on Wednesday night, and is now in charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to children. The mother is undoubtedly a little out of her mind. When she appeared in court yesterday in the custody of Policeman Warner, she held in her arms a baby only four days old. The infant appeared strong and well, while the mother looked ill and weak. The woman was asked why she had abandoned her boy.

"I didn't mean to abandon him," she answered, with a far-away look in her eyes, "but what could I do? This child," pointing to the little bunch of humanity in her arms, "was about to be born, and my husband deserted me. He is a market gardener in Seventy-third street," the sad-eyed woman with the babe went on. "We used to have a room in West Thirty-ninth street. I don't know the number. I have forgotten it. He ran away and left me. He knew I was going to be ill, and he suddenly disappeared. No; I don't know where he is. I wish I did."

"Sunday," she continued, "I was homeless and was walking the streets, with no place to lie down. I remember creeping into a basement as it grew late. No one saw me. I had a piece of candle in my pocket. I struck a light, and the bit of a candle burned for a little time."

"I was all alone; there was no one to help me. This child," she said, pointing to the bundle at her breast, "was born there. I had some clothing ready for it, and I remember putting it on the babe. Then I don't remember much more. I didn't want to give the people in the house any trouble, so I kept very quiet. I remember that, judge."

The mother went on to say that she leaned against the wall of the hallway, waiting for the milkman. He came at last in the early morning and she gave the newborn child some milk. Then she recollected afterwards that she walked the streets again. On Wednesday she said she became crazy.

After that she didn't know what she did. Regarding the events before that time, when questioned by the judge, her mind seemed to wander as she had wandered Sunday about the streets.

"Oh! I don't know; I don't know," she moaned in answer. "I don't want to lose my boy. I only wanted some one to take care of him till I could get well again and look out for him myself. I have had no home for quite a time, you know. I was all alone, with no one to help me."

The woman's mind was manifestly unbalanced. If her incoherent story was true, she had suffered enough to make her insane. She could not quite remember the number of the house in the basement of which she took refuge. Perhaps it was 229, perhaps it was 239. West Thirty-ninth street. "I can't quite recollect, your honor," she pleaded.

She was led down to the prison, and she will be examined by a commission of physicians as to her mental condition. The abandoned child is now in the custody of Mr. Gerry's society, and he will be cared for.

"Oh, my husband abandoned me," the prisoner began to moan again, while her case was being considered. "I didn't want to lose my child, but what could I do?" She was held in \$1,000 bail on the charge of abandoning the boy.

**Magic Lantern Wonders.**

"The magic lantern was invented long before the development of photography gave it a practical value," said an expert in sun pictures. "Photography has discovered much more serious and important use for the magic lantern. By its aid the lecturer is able to show the most beautiful photographs, magnified to big dimensions, for the benefit of large audiences. In the same way maps are projected giganticly upon the screen which would require great labor to enlarge with accuracy. Magic lantern slides for such purposes are made by photography in this way: A glass negative is obtained from an actual scene, a photograph or other object, and from this negative a photograph is taken on glass. This latter photograph is the magic lantern slide—a 'positive,' like an ordinary photograph. An interesting and familiar application of the magic lantern is made by revolving two glass discs with concentric painted patterns in the lantern, working the two in opposite ways by a simple wheel contrivance, so that the patterns are mingled in a beautiful kaleid. oscope fashion. But more curious and useful is the idea of placing living organisms within double slides of glass inclosing water, so that the organisms in question are exhibited upon the screen alive actually, for the study of the knowing and the ignorant. Even the growth of crystals, in process, is shown in a similar way, though not less extraordinary is the method practised with the aid of the magic lantern of causing figures upon the white sheet, by a simple device, to grow to be giants that threaten to devour the spectators."—Washington Star.

**The Drop of Bullets.**

The ball has a large drop when traveling any distance. For instance, take 1,000 yards. The bullet, if keeping the course it originally started out on to follow, would land a distance of over 225 feet above the bull's-eye, says the San Francisco Examiner. But it starts to drop immediately after leaving the muzzle of the gun, and at between 550 and 600 yards the ball is over 60 feet above the line of the bull's-eye and a considerable distance below the line of sight. At 200 yards it has decreased in proportion, and the aim is only 40 inches above the bull's-eye, but at 500 yards it is over 16 feet.

**WHITTIER'S WORK.**

The Good Quaker Poet Lays Down His Pen Forever.

Whittier tells us that his work is done. The white-haired poet has laid down the pen, he says, forever. The twilight is closing softly around him; the vital fires that have kept him clear-sighted and erect for more than eighty years are burning low. But it is a kindly and most delightful twilight; one that is more to be desired than the bright glare of many a splendid noon, says the New York Press. There is in it no hint of despondency or darkness. If he who sits within the purple circle glances backward it is to a glorious day whose light of freedom his own pen helped to kindle; if onward it is to the eternal stars that are rising over the changeless hills. Not to many mortals is vouchsafed such a happy, tender hour of restfulness and waiting; there are not many mortals who have so deserved its benediction.

For it was not in peaceful repose or easy contentment that the memories that hallow and the homage that surround Whittier's declining years were won. The young people of to-day think of the Quaker poet as a gentle, lovable old man who dreams the hours away before the embers of his open fire at Oak Knoll, and whose occasional verses breathe an exquisite serenity and peace. But time was when the hand of this kindly dreamer struck hard and sharply a tense chord that helped wake the sleeping conscience of a nation. Time was, and that not so long ago, when the Quaker enthusiast gathered up and fused into burning intensity in his songs all the longing and wrong and sorrow of a race in bondage. The nation heard; blood-drenched battle fields and heaps of broken shackles were its answer.

It is for his dauntless services in behalf of the weak and oppressed that the mature men and women of the English speaking race to-day hold Whittier in such veneration. It is because in the face of a great national crime he made himself the voice of the justice that is divine and the love that is diviner than justice; because his unshrinking devotion to humanity took no account of accidents of color; because when the pulpit was silent, the press dumb, he battled fearlessly and unselfishly for his fellow men, that Whittier has so rich a reverence in the love of the world's best men and women. He has been prophetic and poet all in one. There have not been many like him, and there will not be. Not only America, but the world is better and richer to-day for his life and labors. One of the bravest and purest of humanity's helpers, Whittier has simply won his rest.

**A Matrimonial Strategist.**

"Brown, I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that's simple enough! I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I have never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. As I last thought of a plan."

"I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence around it."

"My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw."

"I drove them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw."

"After this had been repeated a few times, the cattle determined to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it."

"As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle."

"When a young man I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can."

"I tell him to come as often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate."

"He doesn't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can."

"But when a young fellow that I like comes round—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house."

"I tell the girls, too, that they shouldn't have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again."

"The plan works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged."

"When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

**What Helped Him Out.**

"George, dear, I don't see how you ever found courage to ask me to be your wife."

"It was a pretty hard thing to do, wasn't it? Did I make a fool of myself, Nellie?"

The young man shifted her weight on the other knee as he asked the question.

"Not any more so than usual, George. You always acted confused and bashful, you know."

"M—yes. I suppose I was a good deal of a dunderhead," candidly admitted the youth, "but I was pretty far gone," he added in extenuation. "I was hooked in both gills."

"Now, confess, George," said she, toying with his watch chain, "didn't your heart fly right up into your throat when you—when you asked me the—the question, you know?"

"It tried to, Nellie," replied George, shifting her weight again, "but your head, you remember, was kind o' holding it down."

And Nellie didn't say anything more for a long, long time.—Chicago Tribune.

When the young Siamese Prince, now in London, passed one of his Oxford examinations, some years ago, he telegraphed the glad news to his father. In response the King of Siam telegraphed: "It is well. Two hundred have been sacrificed." There has always been considerable doubt whether the "two hundred" represented wives, captives or fat bullocks.

It is said that in Paris twice as many crimes are committed by persons between the ages of 15 and 20 as by those between 20 and 40.