LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Collapse of a Grand Stand.

AN ABORTIVE MURDER TRIAL

Shocking Barbed Wire Accident—A Perilous Adventure.

The late Duke of Bedford made the twelfth peer to commit suicide during this century.

A son of Henry Irving, Mr. J. Irving, is about to play "David Garrick" as an amateur in St. Petersburg.

The consumption of tea in the United Kingdom during 1890 reached the unprecedentedly high figure of 5,02 pounds per head.

The Bristol Town Council have resolved to spend £66,000 in lighting all the central streets of the city with electricity, the system to be extended if found to work satisfactorily.

A Midleton (County Cork) telegram reports that at Lisgoold Races on Tuesday a stand, underneath which was a refreshment bar, gave way, and three men were severely injured.

Total abstinence dinners are becoming so frequent in London that enough dissatisfaction has been caused to produce the suggestion that invitations to such entertainments should be marked with a blue ribbon.

Excavations at Winchester have brought to light the massive foundations of the palace of William the Conqueror and the Norman Kings. One fragment of the wall is eighteen feet long and four feet thick.

The six Malay pilgrims, now in London on the way from Cape Town to Mecca, visited the Houses of Parliament on Wednesday. They expressed themselves delighted with their recent visit to Buckingham Palace, when the Queen conversed with them.

A most painful occurrence took place at Belfast on Tuesday, when two well-known magistrates—Mr. Colgan, a director of the Bushmills Distillery Company, and Mr. Maher, of the extensive linen firm of Messrs. Maher & Co.—fell dead from heart disease, the former in the street and the latter at his residence.

A debt collector in England has just been fined £5, at the instance of the Incorporated Law Society, for having represented in a letter that he was instructed by his "client" to take proceedings for the recovery of a certain debt. The whole matter turned upon the use of the word "client." It is a noun substantive sacred to lawyers, and must not be employed by other persons.

At Sligo Assizes, on Monday, Michael Considine was charged with the murder of Bridget Flannaghan, the daughter of a boycotted farmer. Last October moonlighters who visited the house fired shots through the windows, and killed Bridget as she lay in bed. Ultimately the case for the Crown broke down, and the jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

At the old Bailey, two men named Saunders and Norton were indicted for endeavouring to obtain money from the proprietors of the *People*. It was alleged that Saunders had written an account of his own suicide, and that Norton threatened an action for libel in respect of this account. The jury acquitted the prisoners.

The regulation of railroad rates has been carried to such a point by the British Government that the great railways have replied by withdrawing all proposals to expend any more money for extension during the present session of Parliament. Bills for very heavy expenditures on the part of the Great Northern Company and the Midland Company had all clauses for the extension and widening of lines struck out.

The Welsh papers describe an extraordinary incident with the Flint and Denbigh Foxhounds. Closely pressed by the hounds and to escape his pursuers, the fox precipitated himself down Garn Dingle, sixty feet deep. Before the pack could be whipped off they also went over, and when the huntsman arrived they found three valuable hounds killed outright and thirteen more or less injured. The fox got clear away.

Late on Monday night the police at Gateacre, near Liverpool, were informed that a young man was lying on the road, having been thrown from his bicycle. On going to the place it was found that the young man, who was aged 18, was the son of a publican named Tomlinson, of Hale, who had been on some business on the bicycle, and had met with the accident. The dector was sent for, but on his arrival pronounced the youth dead.

While hunting with the Green Lodge drag-hounds near Newmarket on Saturday Mr. Harry Enoch, son of Mr. J. Enoch, of Zetland Lodge, trainer to Lord Zetland and Mr. J. Lowther, was caught in the mouth by a barbed wire stretching from tree to tree, and severely injured. Several of his teeth were torn from his jaw, and he was thrown violently to the ground. No limbs were broken, but the unfortunate gentleman's face was very much torn.

The London County Council value the rental of London as "an hereditament" at about forty-two and a half millions sterling, and they calculate that, counting their assessments in the city, these figures add about a million sterling to the present gross valuation. These figures are astounding enough, but capitalised they run into a more surprising total still. At twenty years' purchase London is at this moment worth £850-000,000 sterling. Truly, a tidy piece of property!

"A sum of money is paid to any person who brings or sends in a recruit who is accepted for service in the army or militia. These sums, which may be varied from time to time, are at present 5s for any army recruit and 2s 6d for a militia recruit." This is what is written on each soldier's furlough. One soldier thinking it to be true took a recruit to Woolwich the other day, and after said recruit was accepted, asked for his five bob. For this he got into a row, and was threatened with imprisonment if he persisted in expecting it.

The Birmingham police are searching for a man named Harry Spears, an operative electrician, for causing the death of an elderly woman named Gallagher. The latter, who was a neighbour, intervened in a quarrel between Spears and his wife on Saturday night, when in his drunken rage Spears threw a paraffin lamp at her. She rushed screaming into the court in which the house was situated, and her clothes were all burnt off her before the neighbours could extinguish them. She died in the hospital on Sunday morning.

Charles Berrison, who was given up for lost on the Sutherland mountains, has turned up after most miraculous escapes. For two days after leaving Corrykinloch he wandered the hills without food or shelter, and would have perished had he not seen a deer fence, which, by following, enabled him to find a shepherd's house, the highest inhabited dwelling in Glencassley, where he was stormstayed for several days. He afterwards threaded his way over the mountains to Sallachy, southeast of Lochshin, whence after two days' rest he proceeded to Overscaig, which he reached after eleven days' absene.

The female convicts at Woking Prison, including Mrs. Maybrick, will shortly be removed to Aylesbury, the War Office, as has already been stated, being about to take over the building at Woking for barracks. Great reductions are taking place, or are in contemplation, in the convict establishments. The convict prison at Chatham is being closed altogether, and the Admiralty is about to convert it into naval barracks. The effects of this will be to throw three governors, a medical officer, and many wardres out of posts. The reason assigned for these changes is that the judges are now passing so many short sentences that some of the convict prisons have for some time been scarcely more than half full.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

For twenty years—ever since the great war of 1870-71—the relations between Germany and France have been watchful, supicious, and at times threatening to the peace of Europe.

The French have never become reconciled to the loss of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which were taken by the Germans as a part of the spoils of victorious war, and they have not ceased to cherish the hope that those provinces might one day be recovered.

On the other hand, Germany, conscious of this strong feeling on the part of the French, has felt obliged to maintain heavy armaments, and to keep a suspicious eye ever upon the conduct of her republican neighbor.

More than once in the last twenty years the two nations have seemed upon the very verge of another war, which has, perhaps, been averted only by great patience or by the mediation of other powers.

This being the state of things between Germany and France, the sudden visit of the Empress Dowager Frederick of Germany to the French capital, in the last week in February, was an event of marked importance, and had unfortunate results.

The Empress Frederick is the eldest daughter of the Queen of England, the widow of the Emperor Frederick, and the mother of the reigning German Emperor, William II. She has always been known as a woman of great ability, to whose opinions her husband paid much deference.

At first, her visit to Paris seemed to be essentially one of peace and conciliation. A great art exhibition was to be held in Berlin, and it is said that the main purpose for which the Empress went to Paris was to invite the best French artists to display their works in this exhibition.

But if the intent of the Empress's journey was a peaceful one, its result was far from reducing the friction between the two nations. The Parisians became restless, and the more extreme spirits became hostile, as her stay was prolonged; and when she drove to Versailles, in order to visit a spot connected with her husband's memory, so much ill feeling was aroused that it was thought prudent for the Empress to leave Paris promptly.

For it was at Versailles that the Germans, having conquered and desolated France, proclaimed their new Empire in January, 1871, and placed William of Prussia at its head, an event which has always bitterly rankled in the French heart. Moreover, it was her husband's connection with this historic event, so humiliating to France, which led the Empress to go to Versailles.

The fact that the Empress was forced to leave Paris so suddenly, and take refuge from insult in her native England, caused great excitement in Germany. The young Emperor hotly expressed his indignation. The German papers teemed with denunciations of the French, and it was freely predicted that the Emperor would reverse his recent policy of friendliness toward France, and recall Bismarck—always the inveterate foe of France—once more to the chief place in his councils.

Already the administration of the former French provinces of Alsace and Lorraine had been made more mild, while the regulations concerning passports had been relaxed. But after the incident of the Empress's visit to Paris orders were sent from Berlin to Prince Hohenhole, the Governor of the provinces, to maintain the regulations with absolute stringency.

On the other side, the French artists withdrew their promise to exhibit their pictures at Berlin, and at a ball in Paris the ladies pledged themselves never to dance with a German again.

While it is true that a war between the two nations may not immediately issue out of the Empress's well-meant but unfortunate journey, it is a lamentable fact that the relations between the two have become once more strained and critical, and that a slighter provocation would probably now precipitate a conflict between them than would have sufficed before the recent events ccurred.

A Starter for a Sonnet.

Will—"Help me out, old boy. I'm inditing a sonnet to her dear, pert little nez retrousse. Give me a starter."

Harry—"Open up with something appropriate from Shakspeare. For instance: "'That which we call a nose, by any other name would smell as well."

Sophie

A Mean Revenge.

Bulfinch—"Say, see here, Wooden, if you have any grievance or grudge against me, I wish you'd come to me and have it out like a man, and not try to get back at me in this underhand way."

Wooden—"Why, I don't know what you mean."

Bulfinch—"Don't know what I mean? Wasn't it you that sent that new cook book to my wife?"

A VERY UNLUCKY EXAMPLE.

An Adventure With the Prince of Wales.

"If I had to live in a place like this I should certainly go stark mad," thought I, as I followed a dapper little black-velveted page-in-waiting through the endless corridors of Marlborough House, the town residence of the Prince of Wales, who had sent to ask me for some information about Russia's progress in Central Asia, at that moment the chief topic of public interest in the British capital.

It was indeed a dismal place for the abode of royalty, and might well make any one doubt whether being "as happy as a king" were any great happiness after all. At the first glance its huge, gloomy front, towering against the cold, gray London sky, the high, blank, wooden palisade inclosing its paved courtyard, the red-coated sentry tramping to and fro with fixed bayonet just outside the gate, and the two tall, grave-looking policemen on duty within it, made the whole building look much more like a prison than a palace. So oppressive, indeed, was the dead, dull heaviness of this courtly dungeon, that it would have been quite intolerable but for the relief afforded by the pleasant face of cheery old Sir Edward Knollys, the chamberlain of the household (who met me at the entrance), and a merry clamor of boyish voices—very refreshing to hear in that gloomy place—from a distant part of the vast building, where some of the royal youngsters were having "a good time" with three or four small friends who had dropped in to see them.

But, with this exception, the general dreariness was unrelieved. The long, dark, silent passages, hung with black and filled with a cheerless twilight, were so utterly unearthly, that when I came suddenly round a sharp corner upon a white marble statue—placed in a half-erect attitude, as if ascending out of the earth—I started involuntarily, as if I had seen a ghost rising from its grave. Even the page who guided me heightened this ghostly effect, so weirdly did the funeral blackness of his velvet livery contrast with a face as pale as if he had fallen into a tub of horse-leeches, and had all his blood sucked out before he could be rescued; and I felt haunted by a nightmare feeling of being led by a ghost through the gloomy labyrinths of an Egyptian sepulchre.

All at once a door at the end of the passage opened just as we were within a few paces of it, and instantly the page "effaced himself" (as the French graphically phrase it) into a corner, with a look such as Mr. Frank Stockton's doomed hero may have worn as he opened the fatal door behind which the hungry tiger lay crouching for a spring. But instead of a tiger, there issued forth a very handsome and lady-like woman, in a tall hat and long riding-habit that almost hid the slight lameness which was her only defect—for the veriest stranger might have told at a glance, by her likeness to the countless portraits scattered broadcast through every town in England, that this lady was no other than the Princess of Wales herself.

She bowed gracefully in answer to my salute, and passed on, with the faintest possible smile flickering over her beautiful face as she saw the poor little page flattening himself against the wall in his anxiety to avoid jostling her, and trying hard to look as if he were not there at all. I could see little or no likeness in her features to those of her younger sister, Princess Dagmar, whom I had seen years before in Russia, when she landed at Peterhof to meet her bridegroom, the future Czar Alexander III. But there was no mistaking Princess Alexandra's resemblance to her father, King Christian IX. of Denmark (whom I met in Iceland during my second cruise through the Arctic Ocean), both in the beauty of her face and in the look of strange melancholy that clouded it.

No sooner had she gone by than the page pointed to the room from which she had issued, and told me in a tragic whisper that I should find there the Prince of Wales himself, and as I went in he looked after me with an air of mingled pity and awe which recalled to me at once the story of how Peter the Great, offended by the slavish timidity with which a Russian petitioner approached him, was graciously pleased to observe, at the full pitch of his imperial voice, "Curse you, you fool, don't be so scared! Do you think you're offering buns to an elephant?"

When I entered I found nothing more formidable inside than a stout, bald-headed, good-natured looking man in ordinary morning dress, who was sitting in a large arm-chair by the fire—for at that time he was just recovering from a severe attack of illness, and had not yet shaken off the effects of it. It was sad to see how slowly and feebly he moved as he rose and came forward to meet me (like a man bowed down by age instead of one who ought to have been in the prime of his health and strength) and how his hand trembled as he held it out.

"He doesn't look much like cricket or deer-stalking *now*, although he used to be a good hand at both, once upon a time," thought I as we shook hands. "I wonder what the fools who are always envying his 'luck' in being born a prince would say to this!"

The Prince bade me welcome pleasantly enough; but in spite of all that I had heard of the marked foreign pronunciation which he and his brothers had acquired from constant companionship with their father's German friends in the days of their childhood, it rather grated upon my unaccustomed ear to hear the future King of England talk with so strong a German accent that a stranger would never have taken him for an Englishman at all, but would have set him down at once as a German who had learned English remarkably well. In fact, I was forcibly reminded of the Frenchman's, "I vos speaky ze English parfaitemaw," and of the inscription over the door of the English grammar school: "Good grammar *teached* here."

Then we sat down and began to talk. The Prince made many inquiries about Russia, Central Asia, and other remote parts of the East, and it struck me at once that a man who could ask such clear and sensible questions, and could so readily comprehend the answers that he received, must be anything but the empty-headed "swell" that so many people believed him to be. On the other hand, he seemed curiously ignorant of many things with which not a few men of half his education were quite familiar; and, when he began to speak of his own travels in the East, I saw in a moment that, while honestly eager to learn all he could, he had been victimized from first to last by that idiotic code of ceremony which pronounces it to be "not etiquette" for a "royal highness" to acquaint himself in any way with the history and social condition of the towns or countries through which he may happen to pass. Go where he might, he had always been surrounded with a wall of useless formality, which hid from his sight everything that lay outside of it. Why a man who was one day to rule millions of his fellow-men should be so carefully kept from knowing anything about them, I could not for my life imagine; but such was evidently the first and great commandment of those who had most to do with the matter.

"Have you any idea what Russia is really after in Central Asia?" asked he at length. "She surely can't expect to take India from us, and if she did she could not keep it; yet, if that's not what she wants, what's the good of her conquering all those deserts, which are of no use to any one?"

"I should say," replied I, "that she has three objects in view: First, to drive out British goods, which have for years past been crowding out her own from every bazaar between the Caspian Sea and the border of China. Secondly, to have such a training-school for her soldiers as France has had in Algeria, or England in India and South Africa, where they may practice marching, fighting, and intrenching, without Europe being a bit the wiser. Thirdly, she wants to get hold of the rich mines that lie to the east of her, which, if properly worked, would pay all the cost of conquering Central Asia twice over. A slip in the last treaty with England has already given her the precious ruby-mines of Badakhshan, and the gold fields of the Tien-Shan Mountains, along the frontier of China, will not be long in following."

Several other questions of the same kind were asked and answered, and our talk seemed to be drawing to a close, when, all at once, some mischievous spirit of evil put it into the Prince's head to ask what was, under the circumstances, the most ticklish question of all.

"The papers are saying a good deal just now about a possible split between Germany and Russia," said he, "and some of them even hint that it may perhaps end in a war. Now, of course, what the two governments may say to each other in such a case means just nothing at all; but I should like to ask you, as you have lived in Russia so long, how the two nations feel toward one another—in fact, what the ordinary Russian thinks of the ordinary German, and the ordinary German of him."

"Well," said I, "I can best answer that question by quoting a story which the great Cossack humorist, Nikolai Gogol, wrote in the early part of the present century. The tale relates how a Russian peasant, being out by himself in a lonely place on Christmas Eve, was met by the devil, who tried hard to tempt him into committing a great crime, which would at once place the man's soul in his power. The Russian stood his ground like a man, and sternly bade the Evil One begone; but the demon was not to be shaken off so easily, and only became more and more urgent in his temptation. At last the pious Russian, growing angry at being persecuted in this way, called the devil 'an accursed German,' at which Satan was so deeply insulted that he flew away in disgust and never came back."

No sooner had I ended this nice little story, than it suddenly flashed upon me that I had told it to a man whose own father was a German, and the greater part of whose relatives and friends were of the same race; and (as Mr. Egleston's "Hoosier" friends would have phrased it) "I 'low I felt powerful mean." But my hearer had no thought of taking offense at this downright international joke. On the contrary, he laughed at it until he was quite out of breath, declaring that indeed it was a sufficient answer to his query; and when I took my leave of him, a later on, his last words to me were an assurance that I had told him "a great many things which were well worth hearing."

DAVID KER.

He Didn't Want to be Brutal to Him.

"That young man that visits you likes to be here, doesn't he?" said a man to his daughter at the breakfast table the other morning.

"Yes," she replied; "I believe he is happy when here."

"I should think so," continued the old man; "why, he's here a good deal more than I am, and I live here."

"Shall I tell him to make his visits less frequent?" insinuated the girl.

"Not in those words my dear," interjected the father; "I wouldn't be brutal to this young man, but you might give him a delicate hint; ask him if he wouldn't like to chip in for the rent, or something like that."

A Common Case.

Wife (laying down her newspaper)—"I see by an article here that a cure has been discovered for lockjaw."

Husband (with marked interest)—"No, you don't say so?"

Wife—"Yes, dear. It says that to render one insusceptible the germs of bacili of tetanus are first injected and this injection is followed by injections of tri-chloride of iodine at intervals of twelve hours. The resultant blood serum after this treatment is—"

Husband (interrupting firmly but kindly)—"There, there, dear, that will do. You don't need any cure. You haven't got it.'

Broke Up in a Row.

"I 'clah ter goodness," said Mrs. Evelina Tolliver, "dah ain' no use er trying' foh ter hab no soshability when folks is so berry thin-skinned an' offensible."

"Whus de mattah?" inquired Evelina's mother. "Didn' de shadder pantlemines dat yoh was givin' las night come off all right?"

"Dey stahted splendid. I wus Juno and ebrybody did say that it was gran'. But Susie Jenkins hed fer to go walk out in front ob de sheet ob de orgince. She was so black dat ebrybody took'er foh her own shadder an' she got mad an' bus' up de pahty."[Washington Post.

A Traveler Rejoicing.

Summerside, P. E. I., Oct. 10, 1888; "Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a badly sprained knee, I can testify to its peculiarly curative properties, as less than one bottle completely cured the sprain." GEORGE GREGG, Traveler for J. C. Ayer & Co.

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Moral Suasion.

Pretty Wife (pouting)—"That Mrs. Gazzan has a dozen dresses handsomer than the only good one I've got."

Smart Husband—"A homely woman like that needs rich attire to attract attention from her face, you know."

[Pretty wife subsides.]

"German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief."

Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,

A Tight Squeeze.

Bride-elect—"Let's see, dear, the wedding takes place at nine and the train leaves at twelve, and I've got to change my satin wedding dress for one to travel in. How can I do it?"

Bridegroom-elect—"Well, that will give you three hours, darling."

Bride-elect—"True. But just think, I've got to be kissed by all of my old admirers."

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