LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Telephone Between Paris and London.

ROASTED TO DEATH.

The Queen and Her Cooks.

A death by tight lacing is reported from near London. She was single, aged 22, a laundress.

One of the most old-fashioned Evangelical churches in England, Camden Church, Camberwell, is about to discard the black gown in the pulpit, and to begin chanting the Psalms, like its High Church neighbors.

The accommodations for the great Criminal Court in London are such as to educe this remark from the *Standard*: "How long, we must ask, is justice to be housed in the greatest and richest capital in the world after a fashion which would disgrace the pettiest and poorest provincial city of a second-rate European nation?"

Reports on the effect of the extraordinarily severe weather in Great Britain last week are just beginning to come in. For example, five thousand lambs and sheep perished on the Welsh hills in a single week. Bodies of wild birds have been found in enormous numbers on the melting of the snow. Fish also perished in great quantities.

Mr. Wm. King, managing director at Leighton Buzzard for a London firm of carriage builders, while out hunting with Lord Rothschild's stag-hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury, on Monday, fell from his horse in a fit and was taken up dead.

A shocking accident occurred on Sunday at the chemical works of Messrs. Muspratt at Widnes. A labourer, named Dwyer, was crossing one of the vats containing boiling liquid, when he overbalanced and fell in. His body when afterwards recovered was almost reduced to a cinder.

A young gentleman, named Nelson, belonging to Los Angeles, California, where he ran away from college, was sent ashore from the Umbria at Queenstown on her last voyage as a stowaway. He related a most eventful career to the passengers, who raised a subscription for him to return home.

Mr. John Sexton, Poor Law Guardian of Donogan, Clare, and a man named Patrick Griffin, of Cloonlakeen, were walking home from Miltown-Malbay, on Sunday evening, when they were fired at from behind a furze-covered wall at Cardu", the bullet passing in front of them. No arrest has yet been made.

On Friday evening a man named Palmer, who had just been convicted at the Downpatrick Petty Sessions, was being conveyed to the jail, when at Belfast railway station he slipped his handcuffs, made off, and managed to get clear away. The police commenced searching in all directions for him, but without success up to the latest report.

On Tuesday morning a numerous deputation of sweeps interviewed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at the Board of Trade' to ask his support in a bill—a draft of which was submitted—to require that no one should be allowed to practise as a sweep without being registered and certificated. Sir Michael advised them to get a private member to take up the matter, and have it ventilated in Parliament.

An inquest was held at Sheffield, on Saturday, on a man named William Hedley, who met his death under terrible circumstances. Hedley, who was subject to fits, was seen by neighbours sitting in front of the fire, smoking his pipe. A short time after he was found lying on the hearth with his face on the fire. His clothing was burning, while the face and head were literally roasted to a cinder. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

The following amended notice has been issued to the troops at Aldershot by Sir Evelyn Wood:—"Soldiers proceeding on leave or furlough, as well as their wives and children, will be conveyed at a single fare for the double journey at any station on any railway between which through fares are in existence, on production at the booking office of a certificate signed by the commanding officer."

An inquest was held on Wednesday on the body of Ernest Watts, Private of the Grenadier Guards, who was killed during a quarrel on Saturday night, and in connection with whose death Patrick Duffey, Scots Guards, and Thomas Rushton, Medical Staff Corps, are in custody. The jury found that deceased met his death by kicks given by either Duffey or Rushton, but they were unable to decide which. They further found that death was accelerated by the alcoholic state of deceased.

The first official trial was made on Tuesday of the newly-established telephonic communication between Paris and London. The experiment was completely successful, the voices of the telephonists at the London end being distinctly audible. M. Amiot, inspector-general of telegraphs, accompanied by his assistant, M. Thomas, went especially to London to be present at the telephoning of the first message.

When the Queen dines at the Palace, whether in public or private, the name of every dish put on the table bears the name of the cook who is responsible for it. This sounds as if her Majesty was afraid of being poisoned, but the cause is not fear but usage. The usage dates back to old times, and is of German origin. It obtained quite a century ago at Hesse-Cassel, and may be in force there still. It was a daughter of George II. who was the first to use it.

At Birmingham Assizes on Monday, Justice Wills passed sentence of 18 months' hard labor on Harry Spears (26), electrician, for causing the death of an old woman named Gallagher by throwing a lighted paraffin lamp at her, on her interfering to make peace between Spears and his wife during a quarrel. Gallagher died in a few hours in dreadful agony.

At the Birmingham Assizes on Saturday—before Justice Wills—Elizabeth Plat, of Derby, was awarded £150 damages against a cattle dealer named Davies, living at Great Bridge, Staffordshire, for breech of promise. Plaintiff's counsel described the action as rather of a business than a romantic nature, both parties being of mature age, the plaintiff, a school-mistress, being forty-eight years old. The letters read in the case were devoid of any gushing expressions of affection.

VAN GELE'S DISCOVERIES.

He Spends Nearly Two Years in Explorations on the Mobangi River.

It is nearly two years since Capt. Van Gele left Leopoldville in the two little steamers En Avant and A. I. A. to explore the Mobangi River and its tributaries. Very little has been heard from him since, though two weeks ago a short despatch was printed giving a few details of his discoveries. The Congo Government has at last received a long report from him, the substance of which has just been printed. During his first expedition, when Capt. Van Gele discovered that the Mobangi was identical with the Welle-Makoua of Schweinfurth, his instruments were not of sufficient accuracy to enable him to determine with correctness the course of the big Congo tributary. In this expedition he was equipped with the best scientific instruments, and ascertained the interesting fact that the great northern bend of the Mobangi appears on his first map thirty miles too far south. On his new map the most northern part of the Mobangi's course is about five miles north of 5° north latitude. He found that for several hundreds of miles the Mobangi has no affluents worth mentioning on its left bank, which shows that the water parting between the Congo and the Mobangi approaches very nearly to the latter river. Along the northern bend, however, he found several tributaries emptying into the river on the north bank, one of which he ascended for nearly seventy miles. This is the Kouangon River, and he did not find a single village on this stream. Another very large affluent, which he ascended only for a distance of ten miles, is the Kotto River, which is believed to be one of the largest tributaries of the Mobangi. This river be found to be extremely populous. The people are known as the Sakaras, and they are quite another race from those who live upon the Mobangi-Makoua. They are particularly distinguished by the extraordinary abundance of their hair, which they arrange in the form of a bonnet, with the brim extending over their foreheads.

When Van Gele ascend the Mobangi two years before, he was turned back near the twenty-third meridian by the fierce Yakomas, who fought him with the utmost desperation for two days, finally surrounding him on an island, where he would have succumbed to their superior numbers had it not been for his firearms. During the present expedition, by patience and tact he was at last able to overcome their ferocity. In the month of May last year he was able to enter their country in peace. Their boats at first timidly approached him, but confidence was aroated by the friendly treatment and presents he distributed. He finally made a treaty of friendship with the Yakoma chief, Dayo, who was his greatest assailant during the first expedition. The largest hospitality was now offered to the explorer, and a number of natives of the tribe took service on the steamers of Capt. Van Gele. In August last year the explorer ascended for about sixty miles the very large river, Mbomu, which is undoubtedly the largest tributary of the Mobangi.

According to Van Gele's information the name Mobangi is not likely to be applied to the Welle-Makoua, which has heretofore been regarded as its upper course. He says that the Mobangi is formed by the junction of the Welle-Makoua and the Mbomon, the name Mobangi not being known until the region is reached where these two great rivers unite. He visited King Bangasso, who rules the country along the Mbomou River for a great distance. Van Gele describes him as a most important potentate, as truly worthy of the name of King as the Muata Yamvo. All the tribes for hundreds of miles around, as far as the Mobangi, recognize his authority and pay tribute to him When the white visitor came to him Bangasso sent a lot of his hunters to catch two elephants as presents for the traveller. Two young animals were obtained, and Van Gele took them away with him, but it was not long before they died in captivity.

Then Van Gele continued his explorations about fifty miles further up the Welles-Makoua, until at last he reached a point within ten miles of the most western place which Dr. Junker visited in 1883. Here the explorer was stopped by impassable falls. Rapids had impeded his progress in various places on the Mobangi, but the impediment is not sufficient to prevent steam navigation between the Zongo Rapids and Van Gele's furthest at the falls of Mokwangou, a distance of about 500 miles. There is, therefore, on this great river two stretches of navigable water from its mouth to the Zongo Rapids, 400 miles, and from the Zongo Rapids past which he dragged his little steamers to the furthest point he reached about 500 miles long. The discoveries of Van Gele, together with those of Hodister, Becker, and two or three other agents of the Congo State, who have for two years past been exploring the tributaries, have added an immense number of facts to our map of that part of Africa.

African Tracking.

Tracking is a science, some have natural quickness and aptitude for it, others are of no use at all at it. The keen way, for instance, in which Farag Ala can follow up a native track is wonderful; the slightest sign is noticed by him. The only art that resembles tracking is "finding your way about in the bush." A clever bush native near his own home, acting as your guide, no matter how much you may have twisted and turned, or gone up hill and down dale, when asked where camp is, will instantly say, "There," and point out the direction. He knows where his home is, just as the wild bee does; he has mentally and instinctively been carrying on a "traverse," carefully noticing the angles of deflection and the distance travelled over; this he has plotted in his mind, and when asked where he is, he reads the map he has made on his brain, and lets you know the result. It is fatal to interrupt a tracker by unnecessary speaking. If doubts are cast as to the skill of the leading man, and he feels that he is not trusted, most probably confusion will follow.

A Chief of Police.

There is no body of men more liable to suffer from exposure than the police. But as an example of how they get rid of their maladies, the following is cited: Green Island, N. Y., U. S. A., Feb. 11, 1889: "I suffered with neuralgia in the head, but found instant relief from the application of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me." E. P. Bellinger, Chief of Police.

AGOWK'S ERRANT AN 'WHAT CAM O'T.

In the village of S——, Perthshire, lived Willie Waddel, wright, joiner and coffin-maker, &c. A douce, honest, hard-working fellow was Willie. A neebor o' his had happened to be owre ae morning at Dauvid Grant's and fan' him in a sair state aboot the loss o' a coo that had choked hyrsel' wi' a turnip through the nicht.

Dauvid had twa or three acres o' lan' aboot twa miles fra' S——, and was thocht to hae some bawbees i' the bank; and though he had only himsel aun Janet, his wife, tae keep, yet the loss o' the coo was a gey serious matter.

After he had heard o' Dauvid's lamentations, and had set aff on the road hame, he thocht tae himsel' he mght mak' a guid lauch owre puir Dauvid's misfortune'. It was the first o' April, and if he could manage to send Willie Waddel owre tae David Grants' wi' the strauchin' boord on a gowk's errant garrin him believe Janet was deid instead o' the coo, it wad be a gran' joke. It was nae sooner thocht upon than it was wrocht upon. As soon as he got tae S——, he gaes awa up tae a we widden erection Willie had dignified wi' the name o' the warkshop.

"Weel, Willie, what are ye thrang wi' the day?' quo' he, as he entered.

"No muckle," says Willie; "jist makin' a wee chair for Sandie McGregor's youngest ane."

"Ye'll hae to let that stan' the noo, then, an' tak' in han' wi' a job that's in a greater hurry, but ane ye'll nae like sae weel, I'm thinkin'."

"Oh, it'll be a queer job I'll no like the noo, an' wark sae slack; let's hear what it it, man."

"Weel, ye'll tak' yer strauchin' boord an' gae awa' ower to Dauvid Grant's, he's fan' in wi' a sair lyss, puir man, och, nou'! death's aye busy!"

"What," cries Willie, "is Janet died?" and without waiting for an answer, continued, "What was the matter? what did she dea o'?"

"She choked hersel'."

"Choked hersel'! Lord, bless me, that's extraordinar'! Dauvid will miss her sair, for she was a clever-handed woman, was Janet. But I mauna stop here claverin'; I'll awa' owre this minute; and throwing down his hammer, he hurried tae the hoose, an' bad' his mither mak' his parrich and get oot his Sunday claes as soon as possible, as he was wanted in a hurry at Dauvid Grant's.

(I should hae mentioned that Willie wasna married, but leeved wi' his mither in a bit hoosie off an' on wi' the shop.)

Weel, after he had gotten his parrich and himself cleaned up, awa' he gaes to Dauvid's wi' his boord ower his shoulter, and wi' na mair idea he was gaun a gowk's errand than the man in the mune. When he got tae the hoose he set the boord down at the door, and, steppin' in, got Dauvid takin' a reek o' the pipe.

"Hoo's a' wi' ye the day, Dauvid?" quo Willie, as he gaed in.

"Jist middlin," Willie, jist middlin." But take a seat and rest ye."

"I'm real vexed to hear o' yer loss," continued Willie, after he had taken a seat. "Ye'll miss her sair, I hae na doot."

"Its a bit hard job for me," says Dauvid; "but I maun try an' thole. Ye ken we're telt to bear our trials wi' patience."

"I'm vera glad ye tak' that view o't," observed Willie, "for I was feart ye might brak doon a'thegither."

"Hoot, Willie, there's no fear o' that. The thing's bad enough, but I m no gaun to brak my heart aboot it. I maun look aboot an see an' get anither, for I canna weel want ane."

"'Deed, that's true enough, Dauvid, but ye'll no be in a hurry for a while."

Oh, I dinnaken," says Dauvid; "the sooner the better, I think. I dinna see any use o' puttin aff time. In fact, I hae my e'e on ane already; but I'm feared she's a wee ower auld."

"I wadna thocht they were sea easy gotten," said Wille.

"Man, Willie, when ye hae twa or three bawbees i' yer pouch ye can get pick an' wale o' them; but I'll be a wee cautious afore I take ane. Ye see, when they're ower auld ye get little guid o'them, an' they're a lang time before they come tae be o'muckle use. I'll be cautious and get a guid ane, whame I'm at it, nather ower, auld or young."

By this time Willie's surprise had risen beyond measure. He could only sit and stare at David's calmness in wonder.

"Weel, Dauvid," at length he remarked, "I'm indeed surprised an' vexed tae hear ye speak in that manner, I think ye micht get the ane ye hae decently awa before ye think o' fellin' her gathae."

"Weel," answered Dauvid, "I dinna see hoo that wid make any difference. However, I was just intendin' to howk a hole in the yard this afternoon, an' pit her in't. Willie, I canna sell her noo, folks are sae strict."

"Dauvid Grant!" cried Willie, "dae ye no think black burnin' shame o' yoursel' tae speak tae me i' that manner, an' ye an elder o' the kirk. Ma certie! a bonnie elder! But I'll not let the maiter rest like that; I'll awa ower tae the minister and gae him an account o' yer conduct, ye auld shameless heathen. It's time he kent what sort o' elders he has," and wi' that he oot at the door.

The manse was aboot twa hunner yairds frae Dauvid's sae Willie was na lang gettin' there. The minister saw him comin', and, meeting him at the door said—

"Well, William, what's the matter? There is surely something wrong when you are in such a hurry."

"Indeed, ye may say that!" exclaimed Willie. "There's something wrang, and awfu' wrang. I wish ye wid cam awa ower tae Dauvid Grant's, for I think he's gaun oot o' his judgment."

"I wish you would explain yourself, Willie. What is wrang with David?"

"Weel, ye see, his wife Janet is dead. She choked hersel' through the nicht, an' I was sent for tae gae ower wi' the strauctin' boord. Weel, when I gaed in, naturally expectin' tae see Dauvid maist broken-hearted judge o' my surprise, wh n he began tellin' me he had the thocht of gettin' another wife as soon as possible—in fact, he has his e'e on ane already; an' when I telt him he micht aye get the ane he had awa first, od, if the man didn't tell me he wad pit her in a hole in the yaird, if he couldna sell her. But he's demented; his grief has turned his brain, I think."

"David's wife dead!" observed the minister. "I'm much surprised that I have not heard of it before, and me so near him, too. But stay a little; I'll get my hat and go along with yon."

When they got back they found Dauvid steppin' through the floor, rather perplexed at Willie's proceedings.

"I'm grieved to hear of your sad affliction," the minister began; "and I am much surprised you did not send for me. I surely might have been of some benefit in your sore trial."

"I canna unnerstan' what ye're makin' sic a wark aboot, quote Dauvid. "Ye would hae done me no guid supposin' I had sent for ye. It's me will hae tae bear the loss, an' I wasna thinkin' o' havin' ony bother aboot it."

"After what has fallen from your lips, I see there is no use trying to reason with you; and I am truly sorry to think that such a man as you are—a member of my church; not only a member, but an elder—a man of no principle, not even of common decency; but I can assure you, sir, I shall expose your conduct, I shall call a meeting of the congregation, and have you expelled. You can no longer be an elder of mine."

"Ye can ca' a meeting o' the Presbytery gin ye like!" exclaimed Dauvid, now fairly nettled, "for onything I care; but it wud be a lang time before ye wud ca' a meeting o' the congregation tae help me tae get anither, an' I'm no thinkin' I wud be muckle better o't if ye did."

"I shall stay here no longer to be insulted," cried the minister, and making his way for the door, when he was stopped by Willie, who said—

"Od, sir, ye canna richtly leave the hoose until we come to some understanding. Ye see, if that auld heathen 'll no dae the thing that's right, somebody maun do't. Ye see I hae brought my own strauchin' board, and I'll awa and get some o' the neebors and get her laid oot in a respectable and Christianlike manner."

Dauvid cocked his lugs at this, and said, "Stranchin' boord for a coo! Lay her oot in a Christian-like manner! What on airth does the man mean?" quo he.

"What dae I mean?" cried Willie; "yer wife lying deid in here, and you hae the impudence to speer what I mean!"

"My wife died! Hae ye ta'en leave o' yer senses a'thegither, man?"

"I'm afraid there's some mistake here," said the minister. "Is your wife dead, David?"

"Guid be thankit, no, sir; at least she wasna twa hours syne.

"And where is she?"

"Od, she gaed awa ower tae her brither's. Ye see, Nelly, the dochter, that was waitin' on the lady, cam hame. The lady's deed, an' left Nelly sax hunner pounds, so Janet gaed awa ower tae hear all the news. But wha sent ye here wi' the boord?" quo Dauvid, turning tae Willie, who was scratching his head and lookin' a wee foolish.

"Od, Peter Low cam up tae the shop this mornin," and telt me to come awa wast wi' the boord, as ye had met wi' a sair loss."

"Did he say Janet was deed, Willie?"

"No, he didna jist say that, when I mind; but of course I thoct it could be no other body.

"I see it a' noo,' cried Dauvid, fa in' into a chair roarin' an' laughin". "Low was ower here this morning, an' I was tellin' him aboot the deeth o' a coo, and the rogue has gaen and made a gowk o' poor Willie o'er the heed o't. Did it never strike you, Willie, that this is the 1st o' April?"

"Never until this minute," exclaimed Willie. "Weel, that coo's the gowan. Od, he has sent me on a gowk's errant and nae mistake."

"Good-bye, good-bye," cries the minister, runnin, oot o' the door, and they heard him lauchin' a' the way tae the manse.

"Weel, Willie," observed Dauvid, after the minister had left, "ye hae done me mair guid than onything I hae got this while. But dinna look sae sheepish, man; there's na harm done. I'm thinkin' o' gaun ower tae Janet's brither's, an' ye'll come awa ower wi' me and see Nellie. Od, it's hard tae say whaur a blister may licht; she's worth lookin' after, noo, my lad."

After some coaxing, Willie consented tea gae wi' him, for he had a saft side tae Nellie, and wasna ill to persuade.

On the road, Dauvid wid stop every wee bit and ejaculate, "Strauchin' boord for a coo! Dacency and Christianity!" an' syne roar as if he was gaun into a fit.

At last Willie telt him unless he'd compose himsel', and also not say a word about it when they gaed tae the hoose, he wanna gae anither fit.

At last Dauvid promised to say naething aboot it.

When they got there, Willie was puzzled what tae dae wi' the boord, for he had brocht it wi' him, as it was abit on the road hame, However, he got it smuggled in ahint the door, an' in they wint. Willie got a hearty welcome fra the auld folks, and a kind glance frae Nellie, so he soon felt himself at hame amang them.

After they had got their dinner, and Nellie and Willie close thegither i' the corner, wi' her hand in his, the servant lassie cam rinnin' an' cryin," "O, mistress, wha's deed? wha's deed?"

"Deed! Losh, bless me, lassie, there's naebody deed. What makes ye speer that?"

"Because I was ahint the door for the besom, an' there's a strauchin' boord there, an' ye ken there's nae use for it unless somebody s deed."

By this time their attention was drawn towards Dauvid, who was twistin' in his chair, wi' a face like a nor-west mune. At last he burst oot wi' a great roar o' lauchin," an' screeled and yelled until they thocht he as fairly gaen mad. After he was able to speak, he cries, "Oh, Willie, Willie, hae mercy, n' let me tell them, or I'll burst."

"Tell them, an' be hanged tae ye," says Willie i' the pet: "and well tell them the noo' for the'll har o't at ony rate."

Weel, after David had telt them the story, ye could hae led them a' wi' a strae, an' Willie himsel' caught the infection, and lauched as loud as ony o' them.

Willie left for hame, wi' mony kind invitations no tae be a stranger amang them, which he took every advantage of, for he was there four or five times a week, and at last got Nellie for a wife.

He's noo in Dundee in a big way o' daein', an', frae a' accounts, Nellie's sax hunner pounds has doubled itself by this time.

His customers are sometimes surprised when they have occasion tae gae for the strauchin' boord, tae sae Willie turn red i' the face, an' Nellie fa in tae lauchin'; but she dinna ken what you an' I ken.

"Well," said Mrs. McGudely, after her visit to a notable social event, "I have heard about society showing each other the cold shoulder, but from the way some that I saw were dressed I didn't wonder at their shoulders being chilly."

Makes the Weak Strong

The marked benefit which people in run down or weakened state of health derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves the claim that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes

That Tired Feeling

creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

"I derived very much benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I took for general debility. It built me right up, and gave me an excellent appetite." ED. JENKINS, Mt. Savage, Md.

Fagged Out

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. My strength left me and I felt sick and miserable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it." R. C. BEGOLE, Editor Enterprise, Belleville, Mich.

Worn Out

"Hood's Sarsaparilla restored me to good health. Indeed, I might say truthfully it saved my life. To one feeling tired and worn out I would earnestly recommend a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. PHEBE MOSHER, 90 Brooks Street, East Boston, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

His Unbiased Views.

Willie's composition on soap is worth printing. He writes:

"Soap is kind of stuff made into nice-looking cakes that smell good and taste awful. Soap juice always tastes the worst when you get it in your eye. My father says the Eskimose don't never use soap. I wish I was a Eskimose."

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

All in the Trimming.

The modest housewife now who knows
Her husband's word is law,
Begins to trim alas! once more
Last season's hat of straw.

And then, all through the Summer months,
While she is gaily swimming,
Her husband toils and slaves to pay
Her little bill for trimming.

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CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
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