

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

The body of a male child was found on Saturday night in a culvert in Hamilton, Ont. The child was only a few days old, and was in a shoe box.

Hopes are now entertained for the speedy recovery of Mr. Duncan McIntyre, sr., of Montreal. His condition has so much improved that it is expected he will be able to leave his bed.

A young boy, son of Mr. Angus McLeod, of Ingersoll, was drowned Wednesday while skating on a pond there.

Thirteen animals, forming a part of the Ontario Agricultural College dairy herd at Guelph, were slaughtered Wednesday, in the presence of several prominent veterinarians, officials of the college, and others. These animals had been condemned by the lymph test for tuberculosis. A post-mortem examination was held, and it was found that all of the slaughtered animals were more or less diseased.

BRITISH.

Negotiations for the duplication of a cable between Hong Kong and Singapore have been completed. The cost is estimated at \$300,000, and it is expected to be completed next summer.

Mrs. Gladstone, who caught a severe cold on Thursday while travelling from London to Hawarden, is now much better.

Despatches received in London from private sources announce the total annihilation by the Matabele of Capt. Wilson's force, which was cut off from Major Forbes by floods.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone would have announced the arrangement made about the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's allowance more than a week ago had not the Ministerial wire-pullers begged him to keep the thing quiet until after the Accrington election.

UNITED STATES.

Dr. A. H. Ferguson, a leading surgeon of the North West, and a well-known practitioner, has been offered and accepted the professorship of surgery in the Post-Graduate Medical school of Chicago.

Mrs. Fannie Landers, an inmate of the almshouse at Brewer, Me., died on Saturday as the result of a deliberate attempt to starve herself to death. Fifty-five days ago she commenced to refuse both food and drink. When she started upon her voluntary fast she was in good health, but was depressed in spirits by the death of her husband.

GENERAL.

A despatch from St. Petersburg says that there is a famine in Central Asia.

Twenty-seven new cases and twenty-four deaths from cholera are reported at St. Petersburg. General Gourko is still seriously ill.

A rupture is threatened between Chancellor von Caprivi and Dr. Miquel, which will likely result in the resignation of the latter.

The threatened bakers' strike at Madrid has collapsed, owing to the arrest of sixty men, including the promoters of the strike.

Major Nieber, of the general staff, has been appointed commander of the balloon department of the Prussian army, which indicates the extension of the balloon service.

An Austrian force will shortly be sent into the Sudan to rescue Herr Neufelder, a merchant, and Slatin Bey, who have long been held as slaves by the Madhists.

A woman has been arrested at Udme, near Venice, who was found carrying four tin boxes of dynamite. She said she found them in a street in Venice, and thought they contained cayenne pepper.

HE WAS IN THE WRECK.

The Battle Creek Disaster—Story of a Toronto Sufferer—List of Those Still in the Hospital.

A Toronto special says:—Mr. W. H. Williams, of 41 Uster street, has just returned to his home after spending two long months in the hospital at Battle Creek. He is one of the many who were injured in the disaster at Battle Creek on the morning of the 20th of November. Although doing well, Mr. Williams, who is a traveller for A. A. Allan, will not be able to do any business for some time to come, and he is still under medical treatment.

Speaking to a reporter, Mr. Williams said that he had little to say regarding the accident beyond what has already appeared in the papers. Although his left foot was badly lacerated and his body bruised Mr. Williams was fully conscious of everything that went on, and before his wounds were dressed dictated a telegram to his wife and a letter to his firm.

Speaking of his experiences after the wreck, Mr. Williams said:—"No words of mine can express the kindness shown to myself and the others who were injured. At the Nicholls hospital, Battle Creek, we were treated as though at home with our families. Miss Cobb, the matron, and Mr. James Hannon, the surgical nurse, were more than kind. All the peevish fancies and fretful utterances common to sick people were borne with gentle patience. Dr. Reynolds, of the hospital, and Dr. Briggs, the Grand Trunk surgeon, were indefatigable in doing all that lay in their power to alleviate our sufferings. They worked day and night. Nothing daunted them. The railway company deserves great credit for the liberal manner in which it has treated the sufferers from first to last. My wife, and in fact the wives, sisters, fathers, mothers, brothers, or friends of those who lay in the hospital, were all conveyed to Battle Creek free of charge. Their board bills, hack fare, and all expenses were paid freely and promptly. Those who wished it stayed with their wounded friends until the injured ones were able to go home, everything being done at the company's expense."

Mr. Williams gave the following list of those hurt in the disaster, and who are not yet well enough to be removed from the hospital:—W. Thompson, Woodstock; Mrs. S. H. Bushnell, Brockport, N.Y.; Miss Belle Williams, Brockport, N.Y.; J. Harvey Smith and wife and their daughter Nellie, Fort Plain, Montgomery county, N.Y.; F. Turn, shoemaker, Munro county, Pennsylvania; and Miss O'Grady, Oswego, N.Y. All are gaining strength rapidly.

FOUGHT FOR FOOD.

Hangry Men in the Chicago City Hall Come to Blows.

The Chicago Tribune says:—One thousand men sought shelter from the weather in the City Hall Thursday. Some slept on the stone floor others actually slept standing up, leaning in bunches against radiators, and in the doorways of the various offices not in use. Early in the night the long corridor was so completely filled it was almost impossible to walk from one entrance to another without treading on an outstretched leg or arm. By 10 o'clock it was found necessary to open the basement to the homeless wanderers, and 300 were soon crowded just as near to the furnaces as it was possible for them to get. They were not all tramps, the proportion of "laboring men out of a job" to the professional idler being three to one.

They were hungry, too, and when a few of them entered the place with sandwiches there was a rush for the food and the sandwiches were passed from one hand to another. In an instant there were 200 men on their feet and blows were struck in all directions. No sides were taken. No one knew against whom they had a grievance and when officers commanded the men to remain quiet they obeyed and again took their places on the cold stone floor to sleep.

There was a small amount of money among a few of those in the north end of the hall. While some could not have bought a single sandwich the entire amount was enough to purchase three or four dozen. A collection was taken up and some twenty had combined their money for the purpose of buying food. While two went out to make the purchase the others cleared away a place large enough to accommodate them and spread clean papers on the floor. Here they intended to eat. All around them, however, were hungry men, and when they heard their companions talk of sandwiches they were even more hungry.

When the two returned with the food each carried a well filled box. They had no sooner placed it on the floor in front of their companions than others rushed in and seized the food. There was scarcely a crust left for those who had furnished the money to buy it. The skirmish aroused others, and soon every one along the line in that end of the corridor was attempting to get a portion of the food. In their eagerness the men trampled the sandwiches under foot and but few succeeded in getting anything at all. Those who had purchased the food resented the steal by striking several blows, and more than one in the hall received a bruised face.

Thomas Cusik, the night watchman, was sitting half way down the corridor when the trouble arose. He hastened down the hall and commanded the men to be quiet. A few officers who were in the Central station came out, but no violence was necessary in suppressing the disturbance.

Parkhurst and the Police.

Savonarola and John Knox are characters more or less medieval whose work and character most men would pronounce impossible in a modern city, and the more such men knew of the world the more certain they would have been that moral earnestness might be a good thing in Judea and Jerusalem but was likely to weigh little in New York city. Yet Dr. Parkhurst, a Presbyterian clergyman, who not only looks but acts like John Knox, has surprised New York by lifting the New York police force out of its old ruts with no lever but moral resolution and no fulcrum but publicity. Everybody has always known that the hideous social evil which stains modern life paid toll to New York policemen, from patrolman to commissioner. No sane man has probably ever doubted it, and most men would add that no sane man would ever try to prove it. In this, as in all other phases of prostitution the great mass of men of moral purpose pass by on the other side, perfectly satisfied if vice does not intrude itself on private lives but careless of its extirpation or reform. Dr. Parkhurst began several years ago a systematic effort to prove that the New York police was levying blackmail on this evil and practically licensing it. He has made innumerable mistakes. He has laid himself open to the worst misconceptions. Police and courts have united to "railroad" his agents to State's prison. Failure dogged all his early efforts. He has faced such public abuse as is rarely poured on the most contemptible scoundrel. The newspapers have been for the most part against him and scarcely any one publicly for him. But nothing in this world makes its way like moral perseverance. Two police captains in New York city have been indicted for levying blackmail, the Police Commissioners have been forced to shift captains through the city, and orders for a wholesale closing of haunts of evil resort have gone forth and are being ruthlessly executed. In fact, the Police Commissioners seem to have decided that the only way to get rid of Dr. Parkhurst is to do what he demands and give the community an object lesson of the results. New York has never had such a moral or immoral house-cleaning as in the past fortnight. In the end, Dr. Parkhurst, like all reformers who have preceded him, will be borne down. On the comfortable theory that a certain amount of evil is necessary in a wicked world, and the less said about it the better, he is all wrong. On the other theory, that it is every man's duty to fight sin wherever he finds it, he is all right, and whatever the final result, he has proved to all the world that it is still just as possible as ever for a man of moral convictions, as was first said of the founders of the church, to "turn the world upside down."

The Deepest Bore.

The deepest bore-hole in the world is at Parusowitz, Kreis Rybnik, in Upper Silesia, Germany, which attained a depth of 2000 metres on May 17, 1893, the diameter of the hole at the bottom being 7 centimetres (about 2.8 in.). Drilling was then interrupted, pending a series of thermometrical observations, for which purpose the hole is being sunk. When these are completed drilling will be continued as far as possible. The rod or the drill used at Parusowitz is composed of Mannesmann tubes, without which it is doubtful if the present great depth (through hard rock) could have been reached.

No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, can ever compel the soul of man to believe or disbelieve.

MERRY MOMENTS.

The politician isn't narrow-minded—he is willing to put himself into anybody's place.

"What makes you think he married the lady for money?" "I have seen her!"

Whisky, if indulged in habitually, is sure to spoil a man's countenance. That is, it will give him a rye face.

Brown—"A penny for your thoughts, my dear." Mrs. Brown—"They require \$25. I'm going down street to-morrow."

Judge—"Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" Prisoner—"No, your honor. My lawyer took my last shilling."

Mr. Skidds (feeling his way)—"Miss Fosdick, what salary do you think a young man ought to have to marry?" Miss Fosdick—"My gracious, Mr. Skidds, do young men demand a salary for marrying nowadays?"

"Miss De Scord's piano-playing always reminds me of a certain scriptural injunction." "What is that?" "She does not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth."

"How can you be certain that it was as late as 2 o'clock when Harry came in last night?" May—"Because he stumbled over a chair without swearing out loud."

He smiled, this victim of a cold;

At last he can endure it.

He met a man who doesn't know

Of anything to cure it.

She—"I understand you are engaged to be married to Miss Fussanfeather?" He—"Yes, she makes a perfect fiancée." "She ought to! Practice makes perfect, you know."

"Can I change my occupation under the terms of this insurance policy?" "What do you wish to be?" "A football player." "No." "Can I become a Brazilian insurgent?" "Yes."

The wife—"How did you dare, sir, to scold me before Mrs. Brown?" The husband—"Well, you know, Maria, I daren't scold you when we are by ourselves."

"Man wants but little here below" Is soothing as to sound, But doesn't count, most people know, When pay-day comes around.

Hungry Higgins—"Wot's dis? You been buyin' socks?" Weary Watkins—"Oh, dat's all right. I ain't goin' to wear 'em. I just bought 'em to hang up for Christmas."

Proprietor—"What's the row at the bargain counter?" Floor-walker—"No row at all. A party of college girls are among the crowd, and are working to the front by a flying wedge."

She—"Dearest, suppose you didn't love me nearly as much as you do now, would you marry me?" He—"You bet I would. You don't know how much I think of your father."

Waiter—"Perhaps you would like an omelet?" Uncle Josh—"No sir! Never could eat 'em. I guess you may bring me some aigs. Kind o' beat 'em up a little an' then cook 'em."

At the theater.—Will—"Say, Jack, how much did you pay for these seats?" Jack—"Six dollars and a half." Will—"Well, next time let's have our money and go to a milliner's opening."

"Here, Sammy, is a dime. Now tell me, did your father ever say what he thought of me?" Sammy—"Yep; but he'd lick me if he caught me swearin' like I'd have to tell you."

I feel quite sure she did not know The sort of bough she stood beneath, For, being kissed, she shrieked out "Oh!" And swallowed her new set of teeth.

"And why do you want me to give you a dime?" asked the benevolent old gentleman. "Well," replied the bright beggar, "to tell the truth, I'm in the soup, and I want to reverse the situation."

The world's scanty pittance gives Its teachers, priests, and scholars, But Patti sings one little song And gets \$3,000.

These tight and economic times This paradoxical lesson teach; The closer money seems to get The more we find it out of reach.

"Well, Uncle Silas, your boy is home from college?" "Yes, wuss luck." "Worse luck? Why?" "He's learned so much he can't plough up nothin' but my feelin's nor harrier nothin' but my soul."

Mr. Saphead (during the honeymoon)—"When did my itty duckie darling first discover that she loved me?" Bride (sweetly)—"When I found myself getting mad every time anyone called you a fool."

"If you refuse me, Mabel Bendersby," howled the desperate young man, "I shall offer myself to Mag Scaraway!" "Do, Mr. Waxwell!" said the proud maiden with a fierce joy shining in her eyes, "I hate her!"

The Eskimo at Home.

The worst point about the Eskimo is his greediness and gluttony. One of his ideas of happiness is to lie on his back, and let his wife drop pieces of fat or spoonfuls of oil into his mouth until he can hardly stir. But we must remember the awful climate. Much fat is a necessary food in such cold. Then they lead such a hard life; hunting the seal and the reindeer over ice fields, and harpooning whales on stormy seas in their little canoes, and setting ice-traps of slabs of ice for the wolves. Food is often scarce and hard to get; it is not to be wondered at that they make a feast when they can. But the Eskimos are a wonderfully honest people; stealing is unknown. They are so hospitable, too, to strangers, and so unselfish with one another, having all their goods in common, and cheerfully sharing the hunter's spoil together. There is also another good point about them I am sure English children would like. In the Eskimo language—which, by-the-by, contains longer words than any other; some as long as seventeen English words!—there are no scolding words, and a naughty child is never whipped. If any one "grown-up" has offended another, they all sit round in a circle, and the two sing songs against each other, making fun of one another, and the one who makes the audience laugh most is adjudged to be in the right.

"You might say \$25 blows in more money now than he ever did before." "How's that?" "Bought him a \$50 corset last week."

As the Mother Is.

It is difficult for mothers, particularly the young, or those who have not overcome the wayward tendencies of their youthful nature, to properly estimate the influence they exert over their little ones, for they are constantly surrounded by critical mothers or grandmothers, who are ever giving wholesome advice; who copy the shortcomings, morals and manners, or methods of the young mother in the difficult task, as a tiny-bender, in bringing up her little ones, and then make them the subject of scandalous criticism in the neighborhood, where she may reside. If she is all she should be those loving criticisms will only make her the stronger and better woman and mother. It is almost always true; as the mother is, so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children be blessed with an intelligent mother, who is delicate and refined in her manners and all she may have to do in her household affairs, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the parlor, and an entirely different person in every other room of her house, but who is a true mother and always a tender, charming woman she will invariably see her habit of ruling over her children, in love, evenness of temper and speech, and perfect manners, reproduced in her children. Great rough men and noisy boys, that are seldom still, will always tone down their voices and step lighter and try to be more "mannerly" when she stops to give them a kind word or a pleasant smile. A true mother will never fail to say or do all the pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow. How essential it is, then, that they rule it with that love which is born of the sensibility of the affections, and the rightly cultured emotions of the heart. Then they become a grace unto themselves and their children after them.

A Criminal Act.

We always have sympathy with the man who struggles manfully for existence in the world and fails, owing to some cause unexplainable. But we cannot find it in our heart to sympathize with a man whose failure to succeed is attributable to his own loose habits. If the latter has others depending upon him, his act is criminal. No man has a right to drag down with him innocent people. Yet, how many there are who, conscious of their wrong-doing, continue to descend lower and lower, until the final crash comes and poverty stares them in the face. In the days of prosperity they never see the dark side of life. They drift along heedlessly, doing things that are detrimental to health and damaging to business. They squander money that should be converted to the payment of honest debts. They never comprehend the dangers that threaten. They go from bad to worse, and when it is too late, regret that some influence more powerful than their own weak minds had not interposed and put a stop to their recklessness. Men who descend so fast, develop little faith in God. If they were possessed of the graces of God, their religious intelligence would direct them in the right path. God stands by them who stand by Him. He cannot be expected to guide and protect those who are continually battling against His laws. Those who fall by the wayside, while faithful to God, are lifted up by Him and started off again with renewed vigor. How delightful it is, therefore, to walk with God, and keep Him constantly in view. His is the bright side of life, even in misfortune. In His company burdens are trifles. It is His followers who deserve sympathy when they fall in their undertakings, while the reckless, thoughtless, Godless ones can expect only the sufferings and hardships that follow in the wake of an un-Christian life.

A Mechanical Soldier.

According to El Globo of Barcelona, an Englishman residing in Madrid has made a remarkable offer to the Spanish Government. Mr. Dorick Cheater—this is the name given—is the inventor, it seems, of a mechanical soldier. It is a figure constructed of iron, and carries a rifle which fires forty shots to the minute. A supply of cartridges is hidden inside the apparatus, and by an ingenious contrivance the rifle goes off automatically, the rapidity of the fire having been regulated beforehand. This is not all. When the ammunition is exhausted, the iron soldier is still formidable. The head is charged with dynamite which can be exploded by an electric current. Mr. Dorick Cheater had offered to start for Melilla in command of a company of these iron soldiers—that is, if the Spanish Government would pay him five million pesetas for his invention. It has been tested, we are told, in the presence of a number of military officers and journalists, who were immensely pleased with it. The military authorities, however, do not seem to have availed themselves of Mr. Cheater's services.

Reindeer.

M. Nordenskjold, in his voyage in the Vega to the Asiatic shore of Behring sea noticed a marked difference between the Dog Chukchs, the inhabitants of the shore, and the Reindeer Chukchs of the interior. The latter were better clothed and in better circumstances. Both showed a kindness to their animals unusual in semi-savage peoples.

The Coast Chukchs always carried dog shoes, neatly made of bags of soft leather, with straps attached, to put on their dogs' feet if cut by the sharp snow.

The herd of a Reindeer Chukch came down from the pasture every morning to meet their master. The leading stag came first, and bade him good morning by gently rubbing his nose against his master's hands. All the other deer were then allowed to do the same, the master taking each by the horn and carefully examining its condition. The inspection over, the whole herd wheeled and returned to the pasture. It would be difficult to name another beast of burden so tame and so efficient as the reindeer.

A good reindeer will travel 100 miles a day over frozen snow, and can draw a weight of 300 pounds, thus surpassing the dog by one-half in distance and two-thirds in drawing power.—[The Spectator.]

Man's value is in proportion to what he has courageously suffered—as the value of the steel blade is in proportion to the tempering it has undergone.

When one is not rich enough to devote much money to good works, one must take pains to discover how to do the most good with a small sum.

A BAD NIGHT WITH WOLVES.

Shut up in a Dark Sheep Pen With a Pack of the Hungry Brutes.

Lance Butterfield a ranchman near Gordon, Neb., is richer to-day than he was last week by the possession of some dozen wolf skins and an exciting experience with the animals they originally covered, with about twenty more thrown in to make good measure.

Situated about 300 yards from his main dwelling house is a roofed-in fold, where are placed at night the sheep having little ones, and this fold is intrusted to the care of a boy named Zekiel. But it happened that Zekiel's young affections are placed on a neighbor's buxom daughter, and it was while thinking deeply of the fascinating damsel, enjoying in anticipation the evening with her, that Zekiel forgot to secure the door to this place. He was still absent when Mr. Butterfield was awakened by his wife, who declared that there was some one in the "lamb's house," as it is called.

The ranchman was prepared to dispute this with the lady, when a series of suspicious sounds caused him to spring quickly from his bed. These sounds were of several sheep, and the young being

CAUGHT BY THE THROAT.

the cry stifled and choked, as if a cruel clutch killed it before it was well given birth to. Mr. Butterfield threw open the window and called for Zekiel, and, receiving no answer, dressed himself hurriedly and seizing his revolver, made for the spot.

There was a moon just going down, but it gave sufficient light to show that the door was partly open, and on approaching still nearer, that the sheep were huddled together in terror of a score of dark objects almost as large as month-old calves which were running about the fold, pulling down a mother sheep here or devouring some tender lambing there. At first Mr. Butterfield could not distinguish what these creatures were, but took them for dogs. Convinced, however, that whatever they were, he was justified in preventing the slaughter of his poor sheep, he drew his pistol and discharged it at the nearest, when his shrill yell told him that these marauders were wolves, and wolves of the large ferocious gray variety. He fired again and again, a wolf falling at every shot.

The robbers then tried to run out of the door, but the ranchman determined on revenge and closed the only exit and continued firing. But finding themselves trapped the animals seemed to grow frantic, and before Mr. Butterfield could suspect what was about to happen, flew at him with such force as to cause him to stagger back against the wall. His pistol was now empty and he was only able to defend himself from his bloodthirsty foes by knocking about him with the butt of his weapon. They tore at his limbs, but poorly covered by a pair of light boots that he had drawn on in coming out, and his feet and lower legs were soon bleeding freely, while the sharp fangs of the animals found the bone itself under the lacerated flesh.

Mr. Butterfield shouted loudly to his wife to bring him help, but such was the yelling, snarling, and howling in the fold that he doubted that his voice would reach her. But she heard the pistol shots and the noise of the struggle, and screamed for Zekiel, who, by this time, was approaching the house, whistling merrily. Mrs. Butterfield flew out to meet him and informed him what had happened, and gave him his master's gun to go to the rescue. Nearing the fold then Zekiel heard his employer's cries for assistance and reached him just in time to see an

ENORMOUS MALE WOLF

leap upon the exhausted man and seize him by the throat. Mr. Butterfield fell, with this monster clinging to him, and gave himself up for lost, but the boy, placing the muzzle of the gun to the wolf's head, blew out his brains.

The door being left open by the newcomer, most of the caged creatures escaped by it, but Zekiel continued to pursue them with a running fire, managing to kill half a dozen himself. But one old fellow, engaged in eating a lamb he had slain, declared war to the knife and refused to be routed, but turned on Zekiel with a determination to kill or be killed right there. The boy fired upon him, tearing open his side and sending the blood all about the fold, but the big wolf gave no token of fright, and rushed at his enemy with a furious yell. Zekiel fired again, but the ball went far over the creature's head, and before he could aim again the wolf had pinned him down.

In falling, the boy struck his head against the door sill, and for several minutes was too dazed to take any further part in the combat. The wolf bent his head to worry the remains, as he thought, but Mr. Butterfield, crawling toward the two, secured Zekiel's gun and put a couple of shots in the animal's body, but did not kill him, as he had hoped to do. The wolf whirled sharply about and, still standing over Zekiel, made a snap at the other man, which Mr. Butterfield parried by getting to one side. He then brought the gun down upon

THE CREATURE'S SKULL,

breaking the weapon short off in the barrel, and without seeming to daze the wolf at all.

The latter now abandoned his prostrate prey and ran at the ranchman, who, being now undefended, resolved to flee for his life. But his enemy was too quick for him and was almost upon him before he could reach the door. However, near this exit Mr. Butterfield found a branding iron, such as is used to mark cattle, and with this formidable weapon the ranchman prepared to finish up his dauntless foe. Raising it in the air he threw it directly into the face of the wolf, shattering the nasal bone and reducing the entire muzzle to a mass of bloody flesh.

With a shriek of agony the big wolf rolled over on the floor, clawing at the planks for something to apply to the wound, and, running up to him, Mr. Butterfield brought down the iron once more on his skull, this time breaking it, and killing the wolf. He now called his wife, and they succeeded in restoring the unfortunate Zekiel, and he aided Mrs. Butterfield in getting the ranchman to the house, for his feet and limbs were in such a state as to render walking a most painful and perilous thing.

But though it was feared at first that something serious might come of the bites, the gentleman is rapidly recovering. Zekiel, however, declares that not for all the world would he leave the door of that fold open again.