THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Ottawa has this year laid ten miles of granolithic sidewalk at a cost of $65,500.

Patrick Renaud, a Montreal laborer, was blown to pieces by an explosion of dynamite.

The Governor-General and party have arrived in Ottawa from their trip to the Northwest.

Messrs. H. & A. Allan of the Allan Line have let contracts for a 10,000-ton freight steamer.

For the past year 5,137 vessels locked through the Canadian Soo canal, carrying 4,577,397 tons of freight.

The Thirteenth Infantry Regiment of Hamilton, scored their fourth victory in the Gzowski Cup competition.

The four-year-old daughter of Mr. John Draper, of London, was terribly burned through her clothes catching fire.

Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, of Montreal, has donated $1,000 to the General Hospital in Winnipeg, and $500 to St. Boniface Hospital.

Mr. Alfred Baylis, a grocer, keeping store at the corner of Bay and Cannon streets, Hamilton, committed suicide by taking strychine.

There is good reason for believing that the Dominion Parliament will be summoned for the despatch of business the first week in March.

The number of immigrants arriving in Canada for the season just closed is officially reported at 21,341 compared with 21,398 last season.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade is preparing 1,000 invitations to be sent out for a business men's convention, to be held on February 4.

At Wentworth, N.S., Mr. Fred Cochrane's house was destroyed by fire and his two children, aged two and four years, were burned to death.

The Toronto Railway Company got judgment in the Exchequer Court for $56,000 the amount of customs duties wrongfully collected on its steel rails.

While Lord Aberdeen was in Winnipeg, a sneak thief entered his private car and stole his fur cap and other articles. The thief was arrested.

Col. Thomas J. Hirley, treasurer of the Ontario Gold Mines Company, off New York, is at present in Montreal to interest Canadians in the development of Ontario mines.

Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, has decided that a dairy school for the Maritime Provinces shall be conducted in January, February, and March, at Sussex, N.B.

City Solicitor Meredith of London has informed the Council that, in his opinion, the corporation has no power to pass a by-law prohibiting the sale of milk within certain dates—that is, to stop Sunday milk-peddling.

The Ottawa civic Finance Committee has adopted Sir Oliver Mowat's curfew bell legislation, and on and after January 1st children under sixteen will be warned to leave the streets at 8 p.m. in winter and 9 p.m. in summar by the ringing of bells.

Amongst the probable Government measures at the next session of the Dominion Parliament are bills to give the two Controllers Ministerial status, to revise the Franchise Act, to amend the Civil Service Acts, and to provide for a plebiscite on prohibition.

Mr. Frank Maxwell, a teacher of modern languages at Winnipeg, quarrelled with his wife, and she left him, and took a position as housekeeper. Mr. Maxwell called to see her, and she threw a dipperful of boiling lye into his face. Maxwell is frightfully burned, and will probably lose his eyesight.

The Grand Trunk Railway management is considering a number of improvements in its Montreal property. One is the city's proposal to run the tracks on a viaduct, which will do away with grade crossings, and the other is the purchase of the entire block of buildings facing the Bonaventure station for its new offices.

GREAT BRITAIN.

John Stewart Bligh, sixth Earl of Darnley, is dead. He was sixty-nine years of age.

The cruise Indefatigable sailed from Portsmouth to relieve the cruiser Mohawk on the North American and West Indies station.

Counsel for Edward J. Ivory, alias Edward Bell, the alleged Irish-American dynamiter, have obtained a postponement of his trial in London until next month.

United States Ambassador Bayard was present on Thursday at a luncheon in the Bristol Grammar school, and presented the prizes. He made a very felicitous speech.

There is good authority for stating that the French Embassy in London, which will shortly be relinquished by the Baron de Courcel, has been offered to M. Ribot, ex-President of the Council.

The action for breach of promise brought by Miss Helen Grant, of Dundee, against Mr. James M. White, ex-M. P. for Forfarshire, was called in the Edinburgh Court Session on Friday, but was postponed until next sessions.

UNITED STATES.

Prof. Hermann, the magician, died at Great Valley, while en route to Bradford, Pa.

The largest electrical power station in the world is to be constructed at Berlin, near Hartford, Conn.

Hon. H. L. Pierce is dead, aged 71 years. He served two terms in Congress and was twice Mayor of Boston.

James Smith, a mulatto, was hanged at Upper Marlboro', Md., on Friday, for the murder in July last of Miss Margaret Brown.

An ordinance for a four-cent fare on all the street car lines in Chicago was passed by the City Council on Monday night.

The daily application list for relief in Buffalo is steadily growing, and the department is now caring for 447 more families than for the same period last year.

The steamer Germanic, which arrived in New York on Friday, had a very rough passage. Miss L. S. Sayre, of London, Ont., was severely hurt by being thrown against a writing desk.

The United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has ordered a favorable report on Mr. Cameron's resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba.

The war feeling in the United States is growing. There is talk of armed companies being formed at various points to fight Spain or to free the Cubans.

Rev. Barada McKane, of the M. E. Church at St. Louis, Mo., his wife and son on Tuesday narrowly escaped death from rough-on-rats, which was accidentally mixed with their food.

Mr. Burton, of Ohio, on Thursday introduced in the United States House of Representatives a joint resolution, directing the President to conduct negotiations with Great Britain to secure, if possible, the abrogation of so much of the treaty of 1817 as forbids the building of warships on the great lakes.

John C. Bodewig and George W. Johnson were sentenced at Detroit to serve 20 months each in the House of Correction, and to pay a fine of $2,500 each in addition. During the A.R.U. strike, two years ago a Grand Trunk passenger train was wrecked near Battel Creek and the fireman of the locomotive was killed. Bodewig and Johnson were arrested for the crime and finally convicted.

According to commercial advices from New York, business throughout the United States shows practically little or no change outside the passing activity of the holiday demand, and this is over as far as wholesale houses are concerned, except for small sorting-up orders. The volume of holiday trade noticeable that in several lines cheap has been a good average, but it is goods have been in unusually increased demand. Outside the special seasonable requirements there is little doing, and no movement of any consequence is expected until the middle of next month. Some grades of iron are quoted lower, and uncertainty exists as to the future of prices. The boot and shoe industry is dull. The tendency of prices continues mostly downward.

GENERAL.

Li-Hung-Chang has bought a residence in Pekin, and intends to settle there.

Four additional battalions of Spanish troops embarked on Thursday for the Philippine Islands.

MM. Godart and Surcorfi, the aeronauts, are about to organize a balloon ascension to the North Pole.

M. Deucher, of Thingau, has been elected President of the Swiss Republic, and M. Ruffy, of Lausanne, Vice-President.

The rebellion in the Phillipine Islands is spreading and bands of insurgents infest the outskirts of the city of Manila.

The French Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday adopted the credit asked for to meet the expenses of the visit of the Czar and Czarina to Paris.

Passengers arriving at Key West from Havana report that Antonio Maceo, is alive and well, and is in the Province of Matanzas.

An explosion occurred in Cremer's match factory, in Bavaria, demolishing the building, killing fifteen women and children, and seriously injuring seven others.

According to advices received from Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, there is no truth in the reported escape of ex-Sultan Murad from his place of confinement in Constantinople.

It is understood that an English syndicate has obtained a concession to build and maintain a long railroad in China, which will be a powerful counter-check to Russian designs.

A despatch from Caracas says that President Crespo will not yield to the popular demand for the rejection of the protocol arranged by Great Britain and the United States to settle the Venezuelan boundary question.

THE PARTING HOUR.

There is something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a page—
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or black frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind.
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears;
But does not Hope the rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than the one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend, a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
O take it not unkind
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.
God wills it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way;
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?

ALL IT WOULD HOLD.

Miss Coldeal—Have you a picture of your fiancee, Mr. Chumpleigh?

Cholly Chumpleigh—No. I carry her portrait in my head.

Miss Coldeal—Oh! A miniature, I presume.

IMMEDIATELY.

He—I am going to kiss you when I go.

She—Leave the house at once!

SOME WRONG VERDICTS

MISTAKES WHICH CAUSED THE RUIN OF INNOCENT PERSONS.

The Fatal Element of Gossip in Sensational Trials—The Murderer Williams—The Miller of Heerensee—The Two Foresters—An Austrian Tichborne.

On very slight evidence a colored sailor came very near being mobbed on suspicion of identity with the London mass murderer Williams, and Andrew Tenkler, a poor Austrian peasant boy, paid the penalty of another man's crime on the scaffold. Williams's mode of procedure consisted in entering houses through kitchen windows for the purpose of robbery and diminish the risk of telltale witnesses by murdering every occupant of the building, from the grandmother in the invalid chair to the little boy in his trundle bed. No living person had seen him face to face, but somehow the rumor got abroad that the twilight terror was "a black fellow," and besides starting a mob after every colored stranger that misimpression greatly aided the real criminal in continuing

HIS WORK OF BLOOD.

The seafaring darkey was rescued by the police after being felled by a shower of brickbats, and on regaining his consciousness got the mob, too, to their senses by proving that his ship had arrived only that very day, and was released before a hundred sensation mongers contrived to recollect that they had seen him lurk about the scene of the last butchery, or that he had chased them four blocks with a knife a foot and a half long.

Poor Andrew Tenkler did not get off so easy. A rich old miller had been murdered in his bed, and after a week's rookery-castle of surmises, suspicion fastened upon a young fellow who had been employed about the mill a year ago and saved every copper of his wages for household plans of his own, till he had been discharged on account of a quarrel with his rather cross-tempered employer. He failed to account for his whereabouts on the night of the murder, and from the moment that fact became known, aggravating circumstances came down on him like a whirl of dry leaves in November.

His discharge, with various insults added, it was known, had cut him to the quick, and his brother had urged him to seek employment on the Traunstein Railway, but he refused to leave before he had got even with the old miser. He could pick up jobs anywhere, they had heard him say, and he wanted the miller to see that he could get along without him. "That mill will burn down some day and send old W. to where he belongs," one witness had heard him remark in commenting on the miller's overbearing treatment of his employes. About a week before the commission of the crime he had tried to swap a little pocket pistol for a dirk knife. Now that pistol was gone, and he had more than probably traded it off for a knife somewhere.

ON BEING ASKED TO PROVE

An alibi, he replied that he had passed the night at a song and dance tavern, but a troop of unimpeachable witnesses recollected that he had merely dropped in to get a drink, and then slipped out into night and darkness. The moon rose at about 9.30 that evening, and a little after 10 the wife of a tollgate keeper noticed a fellow in a soldier cap approach her turnstile and hang back somewhere, till a teamster stopped to pay his toll, when the man in the cap sneaked through on the shade side of the wagon, and had vanished before the driver started his horses. That driver, too, had noticed him, and mentioned a suspicion that the night prowler was going to steal a ride, if nothing more valuable, but when he stopped to investigate the suspect had disappeared like a night mist.

Weeks after it was ascertained that some soldiers of the Linzer Garrison had deserted about that time, and a neighbor, when too late, recollected that young Tenkler's night rambles might be accounted for on a very different theory. He had a sweetheart who preferred him to a rival with a violent temper, a fellow who had often threatened death on the spot to any trespasser on the proscriptive ground of his affections, and whose reputation for reckless vindictiveness might have made Tenkler unwilling to explain his absence on that fatal night. Had he sacrificed himself to save the reputation of his sweetheart? A reviewer of the strange case suggests that the poor fellow had come to consider the Prosecuting Attorney his personal enemy, and might have imagined that the testimony of his inamorata would be rejected, and compromise her without saving his neck. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree and executed after the barbarous fashion still practiced in Central Europe—i. e., had his head cut off by a functionary with private doubts about the justice of the verdict, and who in the consequent state of nervousness failed to finish his job.

AT THE FIRST STROKE.

They chopped him to death, and gossips wondered why the widow of the murdered man refused to witness the act of retribution. She refused to admit callers during the whole week following the second tragedy, and soon after sold her mill and removed to Linz, where she got quietly and unobstrusively married to one of her husband's customers, an athletic grain dealer, who had visited her mill at two monthly intervals, and sometimes had accepted an invitation to stay all night. He was a model of physical manhood, and in the prime of bushy-bearded attractiveness, but given to drink and rather dangerous in his cups.

"You must not suppose that you can do to me what you did to poor W." (her first husband), one of the servants heard his wife say when he had struck her in the face. On being discharged soon after the eavesdropper repeated that remark, and gossip promptly began to rage again, and the bushes soon swarmed with amateur detectives—this time, however, on the right trail. Circumstantial evidence attained proportions that could be no longer ignored, and the ex-grain dealer suddenly took to his heels, but was recaptured and, like Louis XVI., ascertained that the attempted hegira had not improved his chances of acquittal. His wife, too, had been arrested, and fearing the truth of a rumor that her husband was going to save his head by turning state's evidence, resolved to forestall him by making a clean breast of the whole affair, while he was still wasting the Court's time with half-way admissions. He in his turn then became abundantly communicative, and with all their contradictions on secondary points their confessions left no doubt that the executioner of Andrew Tenkler had chopped up the wrong man.

THAT GLARING INSTANCE

Of murder by jury made the authorities rather cautious to proceed against the suspected enemy of a man who had vanished as if the ground had opened to swallow him, cap and boots. Had he been murdered and buried out of sight? What else, in the name of common sense, could have become of a wealthy young fellow who had no earthly reason to run away?

But haste had proved its perils, so they continued to investigate his antecedents, and in the meantime offered a reward for his discovery, over or under ground. A letter from Passau advised them to save further expense. The writer, under the lost man's signature, informed them that he was still very much on the right side of his coffin lid, but that for reasons not needing specifications he found it expedient to live incognito for a year or two. To settle all their doubts he had called upon a number of mutual acquaintances, but added that nothing would induce him to drop his mask again before the expiration of the next 18 months.

This reappearance in the flesh could not well be questioned, eye witnesses being too numerous and positive; but his visit had in every case been limited to a few evening minutes, and his present disguise baffled the ablest detectives. The mystery, in fact, seemed to defy solution, when the original reward was claimed by the discoverer of his mangled remains. This time identification was conclusive, but the delay of 10 or 12 weeks had given the murderer ample time to hide his tracks. The double ganger probably was some accomplice of his and, besides a gift of impersonation, must have had a considerable talent for the

IMITATION OF HANDWRITING.

The causes celebres of the Pittaval collection include the still stranger case of two assistant foresters (Government Game Wardens) who quarreled and soon after vanished from their wonted haunts—the one having been murdered and the other flung into prison for life. Long years after the real murderer turned out to have been a gentleman poacher, a well-to-do innkeeper, who indulged his passion for adventure by midnight hunting trips, and, to avoid exposure, first tried to bribe and then killed a forester who caught him in the act of quartering a deer.

Inferences based on a previous quarrel also came near misguiding the investigators of a recent dynamite mystery. A whole family of Polish factory laborers had been blown up by an explosion that shook the neighborhood like an earthquake, and gossips at once flew to the theory of an old family of Polish factory laborers had been blown up by an explosion that shook the neighborhood like an earthquake, and gossips at once flew to the theory of an old family feud, till it was learned that dynamite cartridges had been pilfered from a neighboring quarry by youngsters, who had used them with the above results, but possibly for the original purpose of scaring the belated visitor of a female relative.

SAD PARTING.

The Lawyer's Son Missed a Legacy by Closing Up a Case.

It was a solemn scene.

After many a hard-fought battle upon the field of his profession, sometimes for and sometimes against the appointment of administrators and executors, the old lawyer was receiving his final subpoena and leaving a possible will complication for his own heir's attorneys to write caveats upon.

"My son," he murmured, at the same time beckoning him to draw a little nearer, "both real estate and personal has been left to your mother and sisters, but I have provided amply for you. In addition to a long lease yet to run upon the offices, and an abundant supply of stationery and pens, I bequeath to your use the Slowmove case and—"

"But, father," replied the son, as he proudly reared his head aloft in self-approval, "during your illness and consequent absence from office I devoted a few hours to the Slowmove case and was able to adjust the matter in a perfectly satisfactory manner to all concerned, and the case is now closed up forever."

"What!" shrieked the dying man, "closed it up! Why I lived upon that case for 20 years, and expected that it would always provide you with a moderate income. My son—you had better—leave the—law business alone. Be—a—"

But both the fond parent and his parting advice to his eldest son were lost to his bereaved family forever.

A KING'S POCKET PIECE.

Charles I.'s gold pocket piece, presented by the King to Bishop Juxon at the time of his execution, has just been sold at the Montagu sale in London for $3,850, by far the highest price ever paid in England for a single coin sold by auction. The previous record price was $2,500, paid for the Simon petition crown. The Juxon medal, aside from its historical interest, is unique, being a pattern five broad piece engraved by Thomas Rawlins, and the only one struck. Every step in its history, from the Bishop's hands to Mr. Montagu's is clearly established. It was sold in 1854 for $1,300, and 10 years later for $1,725.

IN THE NAME OF SPORT.

SCENES AT THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT NEW YORK.

Sickening In Its Brutality—The Modern Prize Fight is Not in It With the Six-Day Bicycle Race—The Riders Have Undoubtedly Shortened Their Lives—Scenes at the Finish.

The greatest endurance race the world has ever seen ended at 10.10 p.m., on Saturday night, at Madison Square Garden, New York, when Teddy Hale, the Irishman, won with plucky Rice second and Reading third.

More than 12,000 persons screamed and howled with the maddest enthusiasm as the end was neared. It was a race until the very last hour.

Twenty-seven men started last Sunday night. Twenty-five of them hoped to finish. Fifteen did. Twelve of these broke the former record for 142 hours of 1,600 miles. Maddox practically made the distance for which he was trained, 1,650 miles, and finished in eleventh place.

The end saw twelve human wrecks. Never did men finish a long-distance race so terribly exhausted. Some of them were raving lunatics. Even Hale was completely out of his head the greater part of the time.

The position of the men did not change after 4 p.m., when all the riders left the track for an hour, during the sprint races. The long-distance men were then shaved, shampooed and bathed, and dressed in their finest garb for the finish. They looked infinitely better for a few minutes, and began to ride swiftly, while cheer after cheer went up.

Maddox started a tremendous pace in his effort to pass Moore. Rice and Hale rode weakly. After five miles the Wilkesbarre man was scarcely able to move. Bouquets and floral pieces flooded his training table, but he knew nothing about them. A bouquet was handed to him, but he threw it down. "It's poison," he said.

FLOWERS AND WINE FOR HALE.

Hale was simply smothered with flowers. Bottle after bottle of champagne was sent to him in floral boxes.

Hardly any of the riders were neglected. The adoration of the women commenced as the end drew near. Hundreds of them waved their handkerchiefs and joined in the cheers as the gritty men plodded along their weary way.

There were 6,000 people in the Garden at 4 p.m., and the number increased from that time on.

They were there to cheer Rice. Half the time the young man didn't know the applause was for him. He wabbled painfully on one lap.

Opposite the training quarters the cry was started, "Rice, Rice, Rice, Rice." It was impossible to say how many throats hurled forth the cry. There was something infectious and tremendous about it. It pierced the dull brain of the exhausted man, and he tried to ride faster. Then the Wilkesbarre men started a yell of their own, made for the occasion, "R-I-C-E, who are we? Who are we? Friends of Rice from Wilkesbarre."

They yelled it constantly and fiercely, but only for a little time could the terribly exhausted man of pluck understand it. His head was drooping constantly.

At about 7 p.m., when there were only three more hours to ride, Rice left his whele on the Twenty-sixth street side of the track, opposite the trainers' quarters; He shook his fist at the electric light. "Stop throwing stones at me," he said fiercely. Then he sat down on the rail.

A score of trainers rushed to his side. "Come, Joe, get up and ride," they said. "I won't," he replied. "How can I ride when they are all throwing stones at me, Look where they struck me, on the head. I can put my fist in the hole."

CARRIED TO HIS WHEEL.

He could not walk. They carried him to his wheel. He started uncertainly. Again came that soul-moving cry, "Rice," "Rice," "Rice," "Rice, howled in concert as he moved. Men and women screamed and howled with tears in their eyes. It woke up Rice. With wavering, trembling hand, he took off his little brown cap and then the crowd seemed to go quite crazy.

Hale, too, lost his head completely and wanted to leave his wheel. "You promised me a pneumatic saddle as big as a pillow," he said, "and I can't ride until I get it."

Plummer, the manager, had to promise Hale $2,500 to go on, and the Irishman seemed to think he would get it, which shows the sad mental condition he was in.

Maddox rode a three-minute gait for an hour, and fell fainting from his wheel, while two men passed him. Reading seemed to think he might tire the crazy Rice, but he could not.

About 8.30 the race was practically ended, although some of them remained on the track.

Hale was one of them, and between 9 and 10 o'clock he made a mile in 2.40 which seemed impossible for a man who had ridden 1,900 miles in 141 hours.

Pierce also showed remarkable speed under the mad cheering, and little Taylor was ready for a go. But he was a painfully sleepy colored boy. About ten minutes before the race was over he and Rice collided, and Taylor had to be carried from the track.

OUR HAIRS NUMBERED.

The number of hairs on the human scalp varies from 90,000 to 120,000. A single hair can support a weight of two ounces and is so elastic that it may be stretched one third of its entire length and then regain its former size and condition.