

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy and Pointed.

DOMESTIC.

A new daily paper is to be published at Ottawa.

There is a strike among the employees of the Perth car works.

The total majority of Mr. Gagnon in Kamouraska is 59.

At Bracebridge, the steamer Flora Barnes was burned to the level of the ice.

Another instance of friends having to ransom bodies stolen by Montreal medical students is reported.

At Kingston a party of eight women were immersed recently by a sleigh breaking through the ice.

A man named Simpson was scalped by a falling brick at the new public building at Hamilton.

The Canadian Pacific have just secured a large space at the Amsterdam exhibition, which opens next May.

Timothy Milloy, murderer of Mr. Nesbitt, at Longue Point, was committed for trial at the March Assizes.

Quite a scene occurred at the recent annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company.

H. F. Depard's block at West Lynne, containing \$20,000 worth of general merchandise, was destroyed by fire.

It is expected that the services of the extra staff employed on the census will be dispensed with after next June.

Carl Oslon, the interpreter at the immigration agency, Ottawa, missing for about two weeks, is said to be in Chicago.

The late Bishop Pinsonneault was buried with much solemnity and little pomp, his will forbidding it.

Otto S. Weeks, Q. C., a leading barrister of Nova Scotia, and M. P. for Guysboro, has been arrested for wife beating.

At Moncton, N. B., the gymnasium building belonging to Sackville Collegiate Institute was burned down recently.

The second officer in command of this year's artillery team at Shoeburyness will be selected from "A" or "B" battery.

Miss Hermiane Letellier, the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Governor Letellier, was reported dying on Thursday last.

Miss Costigan, daughter of Hon. John Costigan, has been married to Mr. Walter Armstrong of Frand Falls, N. B.

Messrs. Gobier & Co.'s dry-goods store, Montreal, has been damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars by fire.

Charles Smith, a colored man, made a dash for liberty, out of St. Vincent (St. Paul Penitentiary), but was re-captured.

Hy. Bulmer has been asked to be a candidate for the mayoralty of Montreal. Three thousand names were signed to his requisition.

A painter named George Baker, living with his step-daughter at No. 63 Dalhousie street, Ottawa, tumbled down stairs and killed himself.

A Kingston lady, for a second time, has relapsed into a sort of trance, having little feeling, and dreamy appearance, and the condition of utter helplessness.

A man named John H. Hill, of Turtle Mountain, formerly of Milton, Ont., where he has a family, attempted to cut his throat near Waukap.

The Federal bank is suing J. H. Blumenthal, at Montreal, for \$1,567, part of the paper deposited by the absconder, Louis Lewis, Blumenthal's son-in-law.

Captain Abbie Thompson says they have come to Kingston to stay; that at Kingston the Salvation Army will be found when the angel Gabriel blows his trumpet.

The Lunenburg, U. S. bank, was robbed of \$5,000, by a young man named Guy, who when arrested disclosed the hiding place, and the whole amount was recovered.

As Alf. Ailworth, clerk in Smart's Bank, Kingsville, was locking the bank door he was pounced upon by three masked men, gagged, and dragged into the bank, and witnessed the cleaning out of the safe.

UNITED STATES.

Night watchman Lynch was badly burned at the New York dock fire.

The Newhall House inquiries closed. The verdict is not yet made known.

There is much ill-feeling existing among the students of Hillside College.

The decrees of the United States public debt for January was \$13,636,883.

The ship Black Hawk, from New York, lost seven of her crew on the passage.

Sam Wakefield (colored), ex-state senator suicided by shooting at New Orleans.

An extensive salt producing field has been discovered at Warsaw, New York State.

It is rumoured Secretary Frelinghuysen proposes to resign on account of ill-health.

Congress has voted by two to one not to put a duty of ten per cent on quinine.

The House Ways and Means Committee has decided to report a bill preventing the importation of adulterated tea.

Henry A. Bowen was indicted for corruptly endeavouring to influence the juror Dickson in the star route case.

Foreman's gas building at Dayton, O., a \$100,000 structure, was destroyed by an explosion of coal gas. One man was killed.

A Port Colborne, Ont., boy, sued his late master, a Buffalo druggist, for discharging him and throwing him through a window. He got \$1,000.

Mrs. Green, widow of a member of the chamber of commerce, New York, has donated \$57,000 to the chamber for the benefit of unsuccessful merchants.

Young Carlile, the murderer, was lynched at Kansas. He confessed he was influenced to the commission of the murder by reading of the exploits of Jesse James.

At Erie, Pa., Geo. Riddle was discovered with a terrible gash in his skull above the

eye, and upon regaining consciousness made oath that he was set upon by three sons of Jos. Bettolini, an old Corsican, whom Riddle slew in that city thirty years ago

GENERAL.

The murders of Lord Mountmorris have been arrested.

At Alexandria great distress prevails among the poorer Europeans.

Bismark is indisposed, and will probably be confined to bed for several days.

The St. Petersburg banking house of Jacobson is reported to have suspended.

Information relating to crimes committed in Ireland, continues to come up freely.

The British gunboat Foster has gone to the Isle of Sky to over-awe the crofters.

The Czar and Czarina will proceed about the middle of April to Moscow for coronation in May.

A number of warrants are still out in Ireland against the members of the secret organizations.

The German Progress party's attacks on the army have greatly irritated the Government.

A steamer and two other vessels were wrecked off Lundy Island. The crews of all three were drowned.

No agreement has been arrived at between Austria and Roumania in regard to the Danubian question.

German officers in the employ of the Porte have drawn up a plan for the reorganization of the Turkish army.

Members of the criminal societies in Ireland are becoming terrified, and are offering to turn informers.

At Bombay twenty-three persons have been killed and twenty-eight injured during a panic in a wool factory.

Mr. Chamberlin, speaking at Swansea, said the next session of Parliament would be interesting, but not exciting.

The bill proposing a loan of 76,155,000 marks for railway purpose has been introduced into the Prussian Diet.

The barque Eliza, from Burges, Nfld. has arrived at the Island of Jersey. Her commander, Capt. Cox, is dead.

The cantonal Government of Neuchatel has issued a proclamation condemning the recent attack upon the Salvation Army.

John Kynaston Cross, member of Parliament, says the Indian cotton trade is proving that England may well stand by her own strength.

An injunction was applied for in London at the suit of the Cunard Steamship Company, restraining David MacIver from trading under the name of Burns & MacIver.

Absurdities of Men's Dress.

"Knee-breeches are coming into use in Boston," said a fashionable Blank street tailor.

"For every-day wear?"

"No, not yet; but that will come soon enough. I mean for evening parties. I am making a pair of knee-breeches for a young man to wear evenings when he goes in full dress. Several of our 'toniest' young men are wearing them at dinners and at parties. In New York a number of young men moving in the best circles have resolved to wear knee-breeches with full dress."

"One result of Oscar Wilde's example and preaching, I suppose?" ventured the inquiring newspaper man.

"Oh, no; Wilde didn't start it. Haven't you heard of Gotch? Don't you know that Gotch says that men are comfortably and conveniently dressed, but that beauty is conspicuously absent in their attire?"

It appears, observes the Boston Herald, that this rival of Oscar had put his ideas regarding men's dress into print. Trousers are not economical, inasmuch they get baggy at the knee long before they are worn out, and they are always getting dirty at the ankles. They are not specially adapted either for cold or wet. On a wet day it is the part from the knee downward that catches the rain and necessitates the changing of the whole garment. Indeed, it is the way in which they ignore the knee-joint which renders trousers so practically objectionable. It is at this joint they drag, and not only spoil their own shape, but inflict a sense of tightness over the whole body by means of the braces.

Why are buttons placed on the back of a coat? Mr. Gotch remarks that the tailors say that they are there to "mark the waist." But why should the waist be marked? As a matter of fact, the only reason for the existence of these two buttons is that they are a survival from the time when they were of use, when men buttoned back the long flaps of their coats to walk more freely, or found them useful in sustaining the sword-belt. Another rudimentary organ may be found at the end of the sleeve. There is always a cuff marked generally by a double row of stitches, which performs no useful service, unless it is to remind us that our forefathers had facing to their sleeves, and that the little buttons which still appear at the end were of real use when the sleeves were tight at the wrist. Another inevitable feature of the coat is the collar. In old times this collar was of some service; it was large and turned up well in inclement weather; in order to allow of its buttoning properly around the neck, a nick was necessary. But, though we hardly ever think of turning up an ordinary coat-collar, and find it of little use if we do, we still preserve both it and the nicks as survivals. The stove-pipe hat, too, is only the carcass on which our ancestors were wont to display ribbons and knots and other gauds. In itself it is both ugly and uncomfortable. Then we wear absurd neckties that do not tie and pins that do not pin.

Sunlight in Stables.

All barns, stables, sheds and other buildings intended for the shelter of domestic animals should be so arranged as to command all the sunlight possible. For this purpose invariably place the stalls on the eastern and southern sides of the building. The windows should be large and sufficiently numerous. There is no fear of too much sun light, either in the house or in the barn. We have no right to deprive our animals, any more than our children, of that which has been diffused so liberally.

A DAY IN A COFFIN.

A Girl's Remarkable Story of How She Was Saved From Premature Burial.

"Here is a young woman who has had as curious an experience, I think, as any you ever heard of," said a Greenpoint lady to the reporter. "Clara, show him the plate."

Miss Clara Munce, who was sewing upon a dress for the lady who spoke, laid aside her work, and, going to a drawer in the sideboard, took out a silver coffin plate, which she offered for inspection. It bore the inscription:

CLARA MUNCE,
Died June 3, 1864,
Aged 16 Years.

"Why, to whom does this refer?" asked the reporter.

"It refers to me," replied Miss Munce quietly. "It was on my coffin—at least I suppose I may call it my coffin, though I was not buried in it. I occupied it, however, for some hours, and had it not been for the intelligence of a lady who came to attend my funeral I should have been in it now. My uncle took it to his home in Chicago, where he is fond of showing it to his friends and telling my story. I kept the plate, which I seldom allow any one to see, for the recollections it awakens are not pleasant."

"When I was a young girl I was in very delicate health. I used to fall into trances, in which I knew all that was going on around me and heard every word said in the room where I lay, but I could not speak or make the slightest sign of life. My body grew gradually colder, but ordinarily I aroused myself with a start within ten or fifteen minutes. The doctor said it was a form of epilepsy, and warned me that some day or other an attack might be prolonged and mistaken for death. It always affected me under the same conditions. After sleeping, as consciousness slowly returned, I found myself wide awake, but unable to speak or move."

"After the doctor's caution I began to grow afraid of myself. It was a horrible sensation. I decided to go to sleep at night, and, though drowsiness overpowered me at last, I awoke unrefreshed. During the day I was languid and tired, but I dared not lie down, for I knew by experience that if I slept by daylight I was almost certain to fall into a trance on awaking. As a consequence of all this mental disturbance I became seriously ill, and I was ordered to the country; but before arrangements could be made for me to go I was stricken down with brain fever, and my life was despaired of."

"Now, before the fever attacked me, and while I was confined to my bed by the sickness brought on by anxiety about my condition, the trances seemed to disappear. When I slept I was refreshed, and awoke at once to full vigor, and not, as formerly, by slow degrees, to wretched helplessness and immobility. I think I should have escaped the brain fever had it not been for the doctor. He told me that the epilepsy was only muzzling its forces for an attack more vigorous than any I had yet experienced—as a storm sometimes lulls before it sweeps everything before it. He frightened me terribly, and my brain gave way."

"The brain fever was conquered, but I was very weak—so weak that I did not rally. The doctor, always cheerful, said I never would. I lay for days neither asleep nor awake, but not in a trance, for I could move and speak feebly. 'She may go out like the snuff of a candle any minute,' said the doctor in my hearing, and I never verified his prediction by going out at once."

"One day—it was June 2, 1864—I felt that I was really improving. Life seemed to be coming back to me. The doctor had not noticed it, but I knew by the unwonted distinctness with which the rumble of the Greenpoint waggons struck upon my ear that I was gathering new strength. At last I grew tired, and, for the first time in several weeks, I slept soundly and healthily."

"I awoke slowly, with the rigor of limb that I knew so well. An unutterable horror took possession of me as I felt that I was in a trance and remembered the good doctor's capacity for blundering. My fears were well founded, for half an hour later, when the nurse came to look at me, I heard her utter a quick exclamation of alarm, and hurrying away, she called my mother and sisters. The doctor was summoned, and arrived when all my relatives in the house were around my bed. He felt my pulse, put his hand upon my forehead, forced open one of my eyes, and examined the pupil, little thinking that I saw him as plainly as he saw me, and sorrowfully remarked: 'I feared it. She is going fast!'

"Oh, the misery of that day and the night following! On the morning of June 3 my body was cold and stiff, and while my mind was as active as ever I knew that I looked like a corpse. My friends thought me dead, and when the doctor came they stood aside, silent and weeping, and made way for him to approach the bed. He looked at me steadily for a few seconds, and then said reverentially: 'Yes, poor creature, she is gone!' and he covered my face with the sheet."

"And this was the man who had first told me that an epileptic fit might be so prolonged as to be mistaken for death. My indignation at that moment absolutely overpowered my fear. Otherwise, I believe I should have died on the spot."

"For more than two days I lay motionless on the bed. Tuberoses were strewn over me. Friends came to see me, and reminded each other of good qualities in me that neither by myself or others had ever before been suspected. I heard it all. No body spoke of me except as a corpse; none noticed what I am sure must have been apparent, that my face had not lost the color of life, and on the night of June 4 I lay beside my open coffin! On the morning of the 5th I was put into it, for I was to be buried that day."

"I had heard the inscription on the plate read aloud, over and over again: 'Clara Munce. Aged 16 years. Poor girl. So young to be carried away. But she was always delicate!' Oh, why could I not speak? I could not even try to speak or move. All volition seemed to have died in me, and I could only pray silently that I might die too before the last rites were performed, but I felt that there was little chance of that, because I was full of life."

"The undertaker's men were in the room, waiting to fasten down the coffin lid. Kisses unnumberable had been pressed upon my face, and I had given up all hope of life, when an old lady, worth all the rest of the visitors put together, elbowed the others out of her way, and stood beside the coffin. She was my Aunt Jane, and she had come from Albany to see her favorite niece for the last time. Her presence seemed to calm me, for we loved each other so well that I could not think it possible that she would allow me to be buried alive. She was stooping to kiss me when she suddenly started back with the very simple and homely remark:

"'Why, her nose is bleeding!'

"It was perfectly true, though up to that time nobody had noticed it. My mental agony had made my nose bleed."

"Now, the doctor knew quite enough about his business to be very much startled at seeing fresh blood flowing from a body that had been dead two days. He examined my face and said hastily, as he for the first time noticed the color, 'Take her back to bed.'

"The suddenness and immensity of the relief restored all my faculties, and as the men took me up I said, with hardly an effort, and in perfect natural tones: 'Thank you, doctor. How are you, Auntie?'

"I think I have told you nearly the whole story. I recovered very quickly, and have never had a trance since. The doctor still practices medicine in Greenpoint, and is considered one of its best authorities on diseases of children, and whenever he sees me he tells me confidentially that from the first he had a 'latent suspicion that the vital spark lingered somewhere,' but I do him the justice to discredit the statement."

—New York Sun.

A Touching Incident.

Three persons stood together under a gas light. A few doors adjacent was a saloon, and through its half open door came snatches of coarse laughter and licentious song, interjected with occasional oaths. Of the three figures standing near at hand one was a man apparently of middle age, well-formed, and bearing upon his bleared and rum-sufused countenance memories of better days. The other two were females, apparently his wife and daughter. The face of the elder woman was pale and anxious, while that of the younger was pitiful and sad. Only fragments of their conversation could be heard, but it was clearly evident the wife was eagerly imploring the partially imbruted husband to go home with them, but he refused, and tried, in a maudlin way, to induce them to leave him alone.

Just then there came merrily trooping around a corner close at hand a group of young people of both sexes, who were evidently returning from some festival or entertainment. As the party came into High street, they commenced singing, crossing the street. Their voices, well blended, poured forth a flood of harmony upon the still night air, and as the group of singers gradually disappeared in the distance, snatches of melody came floating back upon the ears of the listeners, including the group of three before referred to. They ceased talking and listened. The stolid rum-blotched features of the man worked convulsively as the sweet cadences wafted back to his ear from the increasing distance, growing fainter, then merging in echoes, and finally ceasing altogether.

What was he thinking of? What hidden chord of memory had been thus evoked within him—even through the blinding haze of drink, which held him mind and body fast within its clutch? Were the memories of the old times, purer, better days, when he sat with mother, wife and child at his own and their fireside a sober, trusted, self-reliant man? God knoweth—He and the man himself; but as the fragments of melody rolled back upon his awakening senses they awoke other echoes within his soul, echoes of the past—as he beheld himself now in contrast with what he had been; and without a word of further parleying he allowed the two waiting ones to slip their arms within his own, and quiet as a lamb he went with his own flesh to their home; and the three disappeared into the shadowy night, he walking uncertainly, but uttering no word. What had moved him thus? What was it that had thus touched his heart as with a magician's wand, causing the unseen tears to surge up within his soul as they had not before, perhaps, for years? It was not much, but it was enough; for the merry group was singing "Home, Sweet Home."

A Sub-Marine Treasure.

In 1780 the British man-of-war Hussar was wrecked in Hell Gate, having on board about \$9,000,000 in guineas. In 1794 an expedition was sent out from England, and for two seasons attempted to raise the wreck, but was forbidden to work longer by the United States Government. In 1819 another attempt, was made by an English company with a diving bell, but with no success. Since then a number of companies have organized only to meet with failure. Withing the past five years a new company has been set on foot, using the latest sub-marine armor and appliances. A sloop firmly anchored about 100 yards from the New York side of the East River, three-quarters of a mile above Ward's Island, is the company's headquarters, and marks the spot where the Hussar sank, with her bows pointing to the north. The stock is divided into 48,000 shares of \$100 each. Cannon, cannon balls, manacles, gun flints, silver plate and bones have been found. One day a brass box was brought to the surface. It was full of jewels, with a necklace of brilliants. It was left for a moment on the deck, and disappeared, never to be seen on board again. A lump of silver, made of various coins agglomerated by the action of the water, has been found, together with scattering gold coins. But the main treasure remains yet to be found.

Table tipping—Feeling the restaurant water. The best chest protector—A dollar to the baggage man. The small boy is fond of the pantomime at the theatre, but objects to "slipped pantaloons" at home. The prudent man picks up a pin, and the imprudent boy picks up pins all night in the tenpin alley, and does not make much either.

TOPICS FOR WOMEN.

WALKING.

It would be money in the pocket, and a relief to the heart, and a sedative to the nerves of the great American people—women-kind—if they knew how to walk. They are physically; if they had more of their bones and blood in their system, they would not labor under the delusion of a breach of good manners for professing to belong to a social class more than a hundred and twenty years ago. They have good heads and good hearts, and the prevalent spasm for being over and allows you to see that tendency of both brains and bodies length without breadth or thickness mount high, but go neither holding enough. They are full of new gropings and grasplings; they are inventions and innovations; they are thought necessary to amalgamate brilliancies and vagaries in science and make practical wisdom come out of what we most need. And walking, by a natural doctrine (evolution) being doth beget health appetite for food, and food makes blood, and blood left to itself develops brain power. When the shoulders widen—being equal—the mental process is also. This is a fact in mental progress.

WOMAN'S WORK, AGAIN.

An exchange asks why women rather clerk in stores on starvation wages than do household work for which they would be well paid. There is no doubt about it. The young lady who does house-work or domestic service is termed, is to a certain extent, a social outcast. The one that clerks in a store writes in an office receives some recognition. A young society girl may escort her to the opera house, social gathering without violating good society, but let him escort her to a hired cook to a fashionable party, and his sisters would not know her. It will be said that society has various grades and that while a young lady in place and take a high position in another. This is all very true. The spirited young lady wants to go to the highest grade, and she will work through the kitchens of others as a servant, is not the road that leads to Let society recognize the dignity. Let the honest working girl feel that she hires out she has not forfeited to social recognition. Let them have virtue and culture, and not that are the passport to good society.

IDEAL WOMEN.

"I try to do my best; but I find so far from reaching my ideal." A girl said this the other day at the Congress after listening several days to many able papers and talks and speeches.

"From reaching your ideal," asked an older woman.

"My ideal of true womanhood."

"But no one woman can expect her ideal of womanhood."

"No I suppose not," admitted thoughtfully. "I suppose I ought to reach it, though, but I find it is not so. The crowd drifted past me with it the wistful, earnest look of the dropped conversation was not so. But suggestions awaken thoughts. A man-hood, as a whole, can be more than ideal. This grand abstraction present much to a lofty mind; it is thin, poor, weak and low in the thought of another. This fragile woman was holding in the clear of her mental vision all the strong points of the score or more of exceptional who have been discussing some of the best questions of the day. Mrs. Hove sight, Mrs. Livermore's eloquence, Stone's concentrated purpose, all a special excellence of each speaker was taken part in these long sessions of work, successively noted for me. No wonder she found her tired legs into a minor key. A crocus may bloom in a light snow drift; but a snow-bank hurled upon it in an instant is simply crushing. It blooms at the warmth of spring; but is hopeless by the heat of a July sun."

My young friend is carrying with her some of the sadly heavy thoughts which nowadays fall unpyrrhic upon the girlish shoulders. I hear of her as being uncomplainingly faithful to her trusts; yet moving on as one who patiently for firmer foothold and a pathway on a toilsome road, and a self: is not she nearer to her own ideal self than many of these who would better know and more freely.

A SHIFTING BOG.

The shifting bog which is threatening overhwhelm a part of the town of Castlereagh in Ireland, is a very interesting phenomenon, and one of the most singular in the heavy rain which have of late prevailed in various parts of Europe. Thousands of acres of land have already been overgrown by the bog, and several farms have been destroyed. To those who think that only as a low, swampy piece of ground may seem strange that it can change place and move across the country, however, are not necessarily low for some of these of Ireland present a peculiar appearance. They grow by the accumulation of vegetable matter, and when softening in this case, by long continued rain, encroach upon the neighboring country. It is to be hoped that some means will be found to stop the advance of the bog of Castlereagh.

Lily's Prayer.

Not long since Lily, a little girl of after saying her evening prayers, began to indulge in an original petition of her own, varying it according to her moods. She was aware that she had not been particularly good on a certain day, and her evening prayers were thus supplemented: 'O Lord, make Lily a good little girl, and if at first you don't succeed, try again.'