

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

SIXTY MINUTES SELECT READING.

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

It is reported that eight thousand Afghan troops have been defeated by the Ghil...

A public meeting has been held at Newport to demand the expulsion of the...

The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has announced that a treaty has been entered into by...

The Hungarian Prime Minister has proposed a plan for the settlement of the outstanding question in Croatia.

Fifteen hundred dollars has been received from a New York committee appointed to raise funds for his defence.

The British Consul at Scutari, Albania, was killed while hunting recently. He was badly hurt. The intended assassin escaped.

Following repeated anti-Jewish disorders at Waterbury and other districts of South...

A dispatch from New York it would appear that the Democrats of America are generally in favor of the tariff question being...

It is reported that the man who bought the remains of the noted Bender family of...

It is reported to have again broken out in Canton, the natives considering the punishment inflicted on the tide-waiter not...

The German Government is stated to have addressed a diplomatic note to France, protesting energetically against the hostile...

The Bishop of Confort, at a meeting recently, asserted that millions of Catholics had been lost to the faith in America, and...

A report comes from Ottawa that Col. Williams has made a formal complaint against Major General Luard, and that the...

A large nihilist depot containing arms, dynamite, and other explosive materials has been discovered at Charkoff in connection...

Secretary Polger has decided that green uniforms are free of duty under the new tariff...

The matter of the exhumation of Shakespeare's remains has been settled. The city...

Madagascar, a League organ, states that an official intimately connected with the...

An order has been issued regulating the taking of any kind of parcel into the passenger coaches, even a lunch basket being...

All is quiet at Canton. Halphong advises that 750 French troops under Colonels...

A church congress at Reading has discussed the proposed alterations in the marriage...

Madagascar, a League organ, states that an official intimately connected with the...

It is reported that the informers in the...

The Chamber of Deputies will have to judge between MM. Grevy and...

The steamer Melbourne arrived at Marseilles from New Caledonia with Joseph...

Five hundred letters were deposited in the New York post-office recently for despatch...

The London Times has a report from an Copenhagen correspondent of a Copenhagen...

Alarming reports prevail that the Spanish Cabinet will demand of the French Government a public apology for the insults to the...

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever produces it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.—Balguy.

The Resuscitated Husband.

A Galway gentleman was wont to tell the following humorous story of unexpected resuscitation: "That many people are buried alive, is beyond a doubt. I know an instance that I will relate to you, which I may say happened in my own establishment, for our huntsman, Jack Burke, was the subject of it. Jack had a dangerous illness—a fever, I think it was—and, to all appearance died. He was duly buried, and as duty waked; and such a wake and funeral was never remembered in Galway; for Jack was a universal favorite, a character and a war, and crowds came from far and near to the burying. The bewailing cries were so loud as the procession moved along the road, that they could be heard a mile off; and by the time they reached the churchyard, all were hoarse with crying. It is the custom in these parts to carry the coffin three times around the church, after which it is laid by the side of the open grave. All present sink upon their knees in prayer, the men reverently uncovering. The immediate relatives of the deceased close round the remains, and for some minutes there is total silence. The contrast between this death-like hush and the loud cry of the funeral wail is striking, and the appearance of the motionless kneeling crowd very impressive.

"On the present occasion, the path round the church was rough and stony, and the ground uneven with graves; so that poor Jack, while being carried his three rounds, was badly jolted in his coffin. "A rousing leap we had to take, surely, when we came to Tom Grady's tombstone," said one of the bearers afterwards. "Enough to wake the dead, it was. We couldn't put our feet upon the new clean grave, and the decent man not a week inside; so there was nothing else but to hop it."

"Whether or not consciousness was jolted into Jack by this 'hop,' is uncertain; but certain it is that the dead silence customary after laying down the coffin was broken. Not by the usual smothered sobs, but by vehement thumpings at the lid! It was quickly opened, and Jack sat up. After staring around with an air of comical bewilderment on his astonished friends, a great-coat was thrown over his graveclothes, and he was helped up on a jaunting-car, and in this plight driven home.

"The old woman who had been left behind to keep the house when all went to the funeral, and who was telling her beads over the kitchen fire, was nearly frightened out of her senses at the apparition. There was some difficulty in persuading her that it was Jack himself, and not his ghost, she saw.

"Meantime, Jack had drained a bowl of milk that was on the dresser, and now looked wildly about.

"'Is it wanting anything ye are, my poor fellow?' said his friends. 'Lie down now, and compose yerself. A drop of spirits, with a bit of nourishment and a stretch on the bed, will do ye good, after the start ye got, finding yourself—God save us!—in the coffin. There now, be aisy, do!'

"But Jack would not 'be aisy.' He kept glaring about him and searching for something; staggering here and there, looking behind doors and shutters, and peering into cupboards.

"'The saints be good to us!' whimpered the old woman; 'his mind is gone—gone with the fright. Masher, darlint, what ails ye? Is it the hunger, the long fast that's putting ye stray? Sit down, for the love of the blessed Virgin, and I'll fry you a shave of bacon, and mix a tumbler of punch in a second, to rise your poor heart and put life into you. Do now, avic?'

"'Arrah, will ye get out of my way, and lave me alone,' cried Jack. 'It's my stick I'm looking for—my stick, for my wife, bad luck to her! when she comes home. And if I don't give her such a lambastin' as never mortal woman got before, my name isn't Jack Burke, that's all!—Look here!' he exclaimed, plucking at his shirt—which had seen better days—while he panted with rage and weakness. 'Six brand-new shirts, whole and sound as the day they left the weaver—without rent or tear, patch or darn—I left behind me; and look at the rags she dresses up my poor carcass in! making a fool of me in the coffin when I'm dead and gone, and bringing me to shame before the neighbors and the country. Ah! the stingy one I to grudge the decent linen to the boy that owned her! Only let me catch a hold of her, and see if I don't make her four bones smart for it!'

"With much difficulty, poor Jack's wrath was calmed, and he was got to bed by his friends, Mrs. Jack in the meantime wisely keeping out of the way. He never forgave her the ragged shirt—to him, the feature in the affair.

"To 'make an appearance' at their burial is the ambition of the lowest orders of Irish. They will undergo privation, sooner than pawn or wear the sacred undergarment laid up to 'dress the corpse in.' Thus it was that the indignity to his remains was so paramount in Jack's mind, that ever after, it completely set in the background his narrow escape from the dreadful fate of being buried alive.—Chambers' Journal.

Double Duty for the Baggage Man.

The other day a woman shipped her husband's remains and a dog over the Central. At Albany she appeared at the door of the baggage car to see how they were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the baggage master, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh, he's comfortable," replied the baggage man.

"Anybody been sitting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," answered the baggage man.

"Does it seem cool enough in here for him?"

"For who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

"I think so," grinned the baggage master.

"Does the jolting appear to affect him any?"

Another English Enoch Arden.

Upwards of twenty years ago a husbandman, a native of Cumberland, married a girl belonging to the county. The newly married couple went to reside with the bride's friends. The bridegroom, however, could not agree with them, and in the course of a few months he left his wife and went away, no one knew whither. The woman had reason to believe that her husband, after leaving her, took his passage in the ill-fated steamer London, which in the year 1866 foundered on her voyage to Australia. Seeing in the list of those who perished a name similar to that of her husband, the woman concluded he was dead. Shortly after her husband's departure she gave birth to a daughter, and the two lived together for a long time without any particular incident occurring to change the current of their daily life. After waiting for many years the woman married a miner residing in a village near Maryport, and the pair have since lived happily together. The daughter of the first husband is now married, and has gone to Newcastle to reside.

A few days ago the first husband made his appearance at the residence of a sister in Wigton, and to her he had stated that he had been for some time living in Newcastle. He then made enquiries respecting the wife he had left, and was surprised to hear that she had a married daughter living in Newcastle,—the very town that he had himself been residing in—and that the wife he had deserted was married again. His sister was unable, however, to give him the address of his daughter; and after waiting upon some of his relatives at Maryport—to whom he had announced his intention of searching for the daughter he had never seen—he proceeded to the residence of his wife, not far from the town, in order to obtain his daughter's address. The second husband was not at home when the wanderer made his visit, and the woman was in the house alone. He knocked at the door. When the woman opened it she failed to recognize him and asked him what he wanted. The man asked if she had a daughter alive, and if so, where she was living. The woman wished to know his reason for asking such a question, and inquired if he was any relative of her daughter's husband. "No," he replied, "I am a nearer relative than that."

The woman then invited him into the house, and gave him the address, which he put into his pocket and prepared to leave the house. As he was crossing the threshold he turned, and looking her full in the face, said, "Well, Eliza, you have got married again, and I hope you will do well by your husband and live comfortably. I am your daughter's father."

The poor woman knew him then, and, almost fainting, cried in a thrilling tone, "Oh, Jim!" but before she could recover her composure he had walked away. He has since left the country.—Maryport Advertiser.

Thrashing a Prince.

One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter the Great's private chambers in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite minister of the Czar, approached, attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling on his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him, yet the young man would not move, but ordered his highness to step back.

"You fool," shouted the prince, "don't you know me?"

The recruit smiled and said,—

"Very well, your highness; but orders are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The prince, exasperated at the fellow's impudence, struck him a blow in the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, your highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you in."

Peter, in the room, hearing the noise outside, opened the door and enquired what it meant, and the prince told him. The Czar was amused, but said nothing at the time. In the evening however, he sent for the prince and the soldier. As they came together, Peter gave his own case to the soldier, saying,—

"That man struck you in the morning; now you must return the blow to that fellow with my stick."

The prince was amazed.

"Your majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.

"But I'm an officer of your majesty's household," objected the prince.

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards and an officer of the household," said Peter.

"My rank, your majesty knows, is that of general," protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you may get may come of a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the czar, the recruit was next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Orinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the imperial service of Russia.

A Circus Loving Preacher.

A story is told of a Toledo, Ohio, preacher on a brother minister that will bear repeating. Recently a circus was in the city, and the ministerial curiosity was so awakened that an outside view of the stretch of canvas would not suffice. The minister had compunctions of conscience against the gratifications of what he fancied might be a questionable desire. However, his liberality of belief would permit of the children going and of their seeing all there was to be seen, provided they had some good-sized masculine protector with them. But, unfortunately for him, he had no children, and was, therefore—to use an unorthodox expression—"in a hole." Finally he hit upon a plan. He went to his brother preacher and tried to borrow his 5-year-old boy as a companion to the circus. But it wouldn't work, the preacher remarking: "I've waited a long time for my boy to get big enough to go to a circus, and now I want to use him myself."

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THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The Monarch in His Rich and Luxurious Home.

Sacredness of the Young Man's Person.

The ruler of the 250,000,000 of which the Chinese nation probably consists is now within five years of his majority, and is an occupant, while yet a minor, of the same apartments in which lived the Emperor who preceded him on the Dragon Throne. There, says the North Carolina Herald, he eats with gold-tipped chopsticks of ivory. There he sleeps on a large Ningo bedstead, richly carved and ornamented with ivory and gold, the same on which the noble-minded Emperors Ang Hsi and Chien Lung used to recline after the day's fatigue last century and the century before. Like one of the living Buddhas who may be seen in a lamasery on the Mongolian plateau, he is knelt to by all his attendants and honored as a god. There is this difference, that the respect felt for him is more profound than for them. The seclusion in which he is kept also is far more complete. The building in which the Emperor resides is called Yang Hsin Tien, and is a little to the west of the Ch'ien Ch'ing Men in the middle of the palace. At the back of the central gate, on the south side, is the great reception hall. When ministers of State and others enter for an audience, at four, five or six, in the morning, according to custom, they have to go on foot to the centre of the palace over half a mile; if they enter by the east or west gate, and when they get on in years they can appreciate the Emperor's favor, which then by a decree allows them to be borne in a chair instead of walking.

SEVEN MAGNIFICENT COMPARTMENTS.

The rooms of the Emperor consist of seven compartments. They are provided with the divan or kang, the peculiar institution of North China. The kangs are covered with red felt of native manufacture, and the floor with European carpets. The cushions have all embroidered on them the dragon and the phoenix. Pretty things scattered through the rooms are enlaid in variety, and are changed in accordance with any wish expressed by the Emperor. The rooms are all thirty yards long by from eight to nine yards deep, and are separated into three different apartments, the throne room being the middle one. Folding doors ten feet in height open into each of these apartments to the north and south in the centre of each. The upper part of these doors is in open work, in which various auspicious characters and flowers are carved. At the back, paper is pasted to admit light to the rooms. The front is ornamented with gilding, sculpture and varnish of various colors. These doors remain open even in winter, because during that season a thick embroidered curtain of damask is hung in the doorway, which by its weight keeps its place close to the door posts and prevents cold air from entering. In summer this is replaced by a curtain admitting the breeze on account of its being made of very thin stripes of bamboo. The silk threads used in sewing the stripes of bamboo together are of various colors, and passing through the whole texture of the curtain from the top to the bottom are very agreeable to the eye. These summer and winter curtains are rolled up to give air to the rooms when required. Exit and entrance are effected on each side of these curtains by side doors. Along the whole front of thirty yards there

is a covered flight of steps fifteen feet wide. The roof over this rests on two rows of pillars. The pillars shine with fresh vermilion, both within the rooms and on the steps outside, and are decorated with sculptured work, partly gilt and partly varnished. The Hoppo who lately returned from Canton gave the Emperor a present valued at \$8,000. It consisted of chandeliers holding 500 wax candles each. His Majesty has also some electrical machines and numberless foreign curiosities.

HIS MOTHER AND HIS STUDIES.

The Emperor was vaccinated when an infant before his high dignity was thought of; otherwise it would have been difficult to vaccinate him, for his person being sacred when Emperor, no mortal can touch him. His mother, the Princess of Ch'un, who is a sister to the rank of Empress Dowager when he is sixteen, and his father will also be made Tai Shang Huang. At least this is to be expected by precedent, so that after three years we shall again have two empresses dowager, but in this case they will be sisters. The Princess, his mother goes in to see him once a month, and kneels when she first speaks to him, but rises afterward. His father does so too. The Emperor studies Chinese daily for an hour and a half, and Manchu also for an hour and a half. He spends two hours in archery and riding, and in winter amuses himself with sledging. He has a little brother of five, whom it may be hoped the mother takes with her when she goes to the palace. The teachers who instruct him kneel to him on entering, but afterward sit. The Emperor has eight eunuchs who constantly attend him, besides an indefinite number for special occasions. He has his meals alone, and the eight eunuchs wait round him, restraining him if he takes too much of any one thing. His schoolroom is at the back of the Yang Hsin Tien already described, and the hall for conference each morning with Ministers is a little to the east.

The Burglar under a Couch.

Nine out of ten women probably look under their bed every night before retiring to rest in search of the much-dreaded burglar, and possibly no woman in a thousand millions has discovered that often-looked-for visitor. What happened on those rare occasions history says not, although, considering the universality of the search, some general rule as to the measures to be taken in case of discovery ought by this time to have been pretty well established. In default of such standing orders the example of Mrs. Crolly, whose case is reported from Dublin, may be commended for imitation by the rest of her sex. Finding a man concealed under a couch in her drawing room, she immediately locked him in, sent for a constable, and then, without waiting for the arrival of the police, she armed herself with a revolver, re-entered the drawing room, and threatened to shoot the intruder if he stirred. He remained motionless under the sofa, under the cover of Mrs. Crolly's revolver, until the arrival of the constable, when he was carried off in custody. But how many women, it may be asked, have either the nerve or the revolver of Mrs. Crolly? Those who lack either or both will probably console themselves by reflecting that there is no woman who cannot scream and, with few exceptions, a scream is as effective for scaring a burglar off the premises as a dozen revolvers.—Pall Mall Gazette.

**THE MAN**

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