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THE RING AND THE BIRD.

BY C. G. FURLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It is about ten years since I went to live at Mrs. Gretton's. I am an architect; my office was in Southampton Street, and it is there still, if you can see, "F. Laurence, F.S.A., Architect and Surveyor" on my door-plate any day; and it chanced just then that it suited me better to live in Bloomsbury than in the suburbs. I was writing a book on the old city churches, not by any means with a view to fame, but only as an advertisement of my qualifications which might catch the eye of the building trade; and it was convenient to be within easy reach of my subjects, and also to be so near home in the evenings when I felt inclined.

I was certainly fortunate in lighting on Mrs. Gretton's. She lived in one of those long dull Bloomsbury Streets where nearly every house displays a card with the inscription "Board and Apartments." Mrs. Gretton's did not; but having called in succession at six houses that did, I rang her bell without nothing the omission. It was fortunate I did so for more reasons than the simple one of personal comfort. But I certainly expected my chance of effecting an entrance rather the hardest and most comfortable lodgings I should see that day by asking the landlady if she had any lodgings to let.

"No, sir; I have not," she replied stiffly, "I do not let lodgings." I am willing to receive ladies and gentlemen of good character and social standing as members of my family, for my daughter and I find this house larger than we require for ourselves; but only as boarders. I do not let lodgings."

This sounded most delightful. A slice of the family joint is usually more appetising than a lonely chop; I really prefer to have a little society, especially at mealtimes; and Mrs. Gretton, though she showed the nervous excitement of a lady who seldom sees letter days, was evidently a lady. Having given her that, she considered the question of my character and, I suppose, finding it satisfactory, I was soon installed in my new home. She was a Officer's widow, and her real reason for taking boarders was the desire to keep her little pension intact for her daughter Louisa. To lay by enough for Louisa's marriage, she never having to work for her living, to accumulate a dowry for Louisa of the Fairies were her day and sent an eligible husband in her way—these were Mrs. Gretton's ambitions. Meanwhile, Louisa would perhaps have been better pleased if her mother had thought less about the future and allowed her more pocket-money now.

She was a pretty girl, and dressed wonderfully well, considering her means; but she was disappointed. The life of Bloomsbury palled her; its petty domestic duties, its dusting, its pastry-making, its monotony. On the summer afternoons she would walk up to Hyde Park and sit in one of the penny chairs, watching the carriages and the riders, and saying that she ought to be among them, that if her father had lived she would have been. And so from again with a headache, and the same pensive look that the hat she had trimmed for herself with such rare taste had not the touch of Bond Street after all.

"Agatha is better off than I am," she would say to her mother discontentedly. "She has money in her pocket, and she knows what her future is to be."

"Hush, my darling, poor Mrs. Gretton used to answer to this plaint. "You ought to pity poor Agatha—forced to go out and fight the world, and with no prospect of anything better. It's so hard for a woman, makes her so independent and unfeminine. I am sure Agatha would have been much gentler and more clinging—as a lady should be. If she hadn't lived so long on her own resources with that wretched mother of hers. But I hope that now she has our society and your example, my child, the other side of her nature will come to the front."

Excited by this conversation, and it both amused and astonished me, Agatha March was not over clinging in nature, but I had not thought of her independence and, moreover, I could imagine means of developing the soft, or rather other nature more effectively than Louisa Gretton's example. In fact, I had already cast such a thing in my mind.

Agatha was Mrs. Gretton's niece. She was perhaps rather too fond of styling herself a working woman, and I think she did so chiefly with a view of shocking her aunt, who—like most of the other ladies that any were somewhat outside the realm of home was, to take and dreadatory.

"But tell yourself a working woman," my aunt," Mrs. Gretton cried. "It sounds as if you were a factory girl. You are a lady, by family circumstances compelled to earn your living in art, which is quite a lady-like, though I wish it was flower-painting, poetry, and not those ugly architecture. Why can't you teach in a place of Ladies' Finishing Princess for its President; and I really think, Agatha, I do—that you are making the Royal Highness in calling herself a working woman."

My dear aunt, I cannot deprive me of my pleasure title, even to oblige the Princess. Besides, to say, has never entered the College of the Arts, she opened it," and Agatha saucily. She was a new her aunt regarded her opinions, and, as I say, liked to shock her. Good-tempered type of Agatha March she was to shock their aunts; they have broken the limits of those conventions that tend to fill our towns and villages with unfortunate lives, and in the first joy of their freedom, they would, or think they would, break all laws whatsoever. They will talk of marriage in a way to make your hair stand on end; they will resent your suggestion that all a woman wrote is not sunk to their reading; they will cry out against the absorption of women in the narrow things of home, and spend a watchful night by the cot of a sick child, not necessarily their own at any, even though they are pledged to deliver a lecture on women's suffrage on the following day; they are more full of exquisite inconsistency than ever woman was since time began. God bless them, these women of today! Independent, intellectual, impatient of control, they are women, first and last.

Three days after ladies constituted the Gretton menage when I finally entered it. Shortly afterwards another member entered the family, to whom I paid a deliberate few words. This was the parrot. Why Mrs. Gretton, whose business with good-hearted dogs and cats so strongly, bought that bird I do not know. Perhaps because she was so much elated by a letter she had received that morning from Colonel Farrer, an old friend of her husband's; she was expecting a visit from the Colonel, who was coming home from India, and had asked if she could take him as a lodger for a short time.

"And really," she explained to me, "when I thought of seeing the dear Colonel again—a man who moves in the society I have been accustomed to, I felt so depressed and lonely—and the poor Colonel is so depressed and unwell—and the man who brought him to the door only wanted half a crown and I thought perhaps the Colonel would be accustomed to parrots in India and—oh dear! I really couldn't help buying it."

The reasons for the purchase were perhaps rather confused, but none of us analysed them to satisfactorily. The parrot somehow, that parrot became a sort of centre round which the household converged. We all petted it; even the cat had fleas, took an interest in its doings, and strove to educate it according to the best traditions of the parrot school; teaching it such phrases as "Who killed Cock Robin?" "Polly put the kettle on," and in imitation of Sterne's starling, "I can't get out," let me out." Polly was a bird of intelligence, and picked up these sentences with wonderful rapidity. It practised them when alone and when no one was paying any attention to it, while at other times it would chatter vigorously in an unknown tongue, which I held to be the dialect of parrots, then Mrs. Gretton, who was infatuated about the creature, declared it to be "Sanskrit or Hindustani, whatever they speak where I came from."

"I believe you expect Polly and Colonel Farrer to hold conversations in Hindustani," Mrs. Gretton, I said one evening with sarcasm; for, of late our hostess had spoken of only two subjects, the intelligence of the parrot and the greatness of the coming Colonel. But it was never any use to be sarcastic with Mrs. Gretton; she always took one's words just as they were uttered.

"Well, why shouldn't they?" she said. "I am sure it would be a great comfort to have some one who could talk to it in its native tongue. I remember a poem that I learned when I was at school about a parrot that spoke Spanish, and, though it learned English, was comforted on its death-bed—just as, when it was dying—by a sailor coming and speaking Spanish to it. Of course Polly will enjoy talking to the Colonel.—Won't you, my pretty pet?"

She went up to the cage, and began cooing to the bird in that mysterious lingo which women mostly keep for babies. But the babies usually take no interest in the sentences addressed to them, whereas Polly, when questioned about his desire to talk to the Colonel, winked and nodded and squawked out, "Try it on, try it on"—he was a very slangy parrot!—in such a knowing way that I could not help laughing.

Although Mrs. Gretton behaved like a doting grandmother to her pet, Polly did not by any means reciprocate her affection; the object of his love was Agatha. He learned her name without any teaching, and would cry out "A-ga-fa, A-ga-fa!" in his most joyful squeal whenever she entered the room. When, after a fortnight's domestication, we began to let him leave his cage and move about the room, his great delight was to sit on her shoulder and rub a caressing head against her neck. How I envied the parrot at that time. Had my opinion of him then been what it is to-day, I have no doubt I should have been abominably jealous; though I must say that Polly always treated me with the utmost courtesy, and seemed in no way displeased that I should share his opinion of Miss March.

I admired Agatha March; I have always admired women who can stand alone. Such an admiration is, however, perfectly compatible with a desire that they—or at least some one among them—should not stand alone a moment longer than is necessary. There may be a certain cowardice in preferring to support strength rather than weakness; but in the vicissitudes of life a time is sure to come when the courage and capacity of the woman he loves shall be a man's salvation. To some, perhaps, the burden of a helpless wife may bring inspiration; but for me, let me have a companion who can understand the struggle, a fellow-worker who can share the aspiration and the effort; a queen, whose clear eyes can judge the labour, whose hand can give the award.

I persuaded Agatha to accompany me in my wanderings among the City churches. She had sufficient knowledge to be an intelligent companion, and she had sympathy and insight—that touch of inspiration which generally goes with the higher grades of womanly intellect. While I studied a carving or a brass, she would draw from the inscriptions on the tombstones such hints of the lives of those who lay below as made the dead congregations live again—gray ceremonies of figures half seen in the dusty sunlight. Louisa Gretton came with us once, but she did not care for the sights we saw. The churches were dull, empty, and cold; they lacked the colour and variety she craved; and Agatha and I were glad to be rid of her discontented face and restless presence. Had she been a pleasanter companion, it is quite possible we would not have desired her more there comes a time when all companions save one are wearisome and dull. On those hours among the dusty pews and worm-eaten pulpits, those walks along the crowded city streets! Don't tell me about flowery meadows and country lanes. Were I to go a-courting again, I would still choose the magic hills and dales of Holborn and Cheapside. The crowd threatens to jostle your lady, and you venture to take her arm—unreproved. Could you do that under the hawthorns? The stumbling words that would seem so flat against a blackbird's thrilling song are eloquence itself when uttered through the dull murmur of London traffic. Hearts grow closer to each other in the stress of the throng; the constant risk of being parted makes union more desired. Give mountains and lakes and "scenery" in general to those who need them; but my garden of romance lies in the busy Strand, in forgotten courts by Cornhill and Lombard Street, and in the gray silent Bloomsbury Squares.

Perhaps my book progressed but little during those days, although my studies for it were so persistent; but that really did not matter, for by the time I hoped to have Agatha's help and then we should get on quickly enough. But let me admit, that meanwhile I wrote hardly a line, and that I spent some of the money I had set aside for the publication of my "magnum opus" in the purchase of a diamond ring for my betrothed.

Mrs. Gretton and Louisa were very civil when Agatha and I came home one day and said we were engaged; very civil and congratulatory—and yet—. Now, is it not strange? Louisa Gretton did not care a straw for me; her mother would certainly not have allowed me to marry her daughter without letting me know how unworthy I was of such a boon; and yet I could see they felt a little hurt that I loved Agatha. I believe there are some women who would carry etiquette to such a point that they would like a man, purely as a matter of courtesy, to propose to all the women who won't have him before asking the one who will.

"To think of you getting engaged, Agatha!" said Louisa, with a smile that was not sweet. "I thought you despised marriage and all that."

"Did you?" answered Agatha in an elaborately quiet tone, which I knew to be dangerous. "You misunderstood me. I only despise the habit of regarding marriage as an easy means of getting a living, and shirking other work on the chance of it."

Mrs. Gretton had a reaction of kindly feeling after the first surprise, and even told me how glad she was that Agatha, who was quite alone in the world, poor girl; for that young brother of hers was worse than useless—should find a protector. But I doubt if Louisa felt much kindness.

We had been betrothed about a week; when, coming home one day, I noticed a subtle excitement pervading the house.

"What's up?" I asked Agatha.

"Have you forgotten?" she answered, smiling. "The Colonel is coming to-day—auntie's own dear Colonel Farrer. Dinner is to be on a scale of unparalleled magnificence—salmon and lamb and gooseberry tart. Louisa made the tart and the custard. I do hope the Colonel is worthy of the efforts we have made in his honour. It will break auntie's heart if he is not hero of romance."

Mrs. Gretton's illusions must have received a blow. The Colonel was not a hero of romance; he was a little, bad-tempered, red-faced man, who bolted his food and snubbed Mrs. Gretton's attempts at civility. He was vain, I should say, judging by the elaborateness of his dress, the size of his watch-chain, and a really magnificent ruby ring which he wore on the little finger of his right hand, and which in the intervals of eating he constantly played with.

"Do take a little more tart, Colonel," said our hostess; "my daughter made it. Dear Louisa makes all our pastry. I think, you know, that it really requires a lady's light hand to make good pastry; and Louisa, though not one of those modern women who attempt all a man can do, is thoroughly acquainted with all womanly duties."

"What an abominable row that bird is making!" answered the Colonel.

It was true. Polly was very obstreperous. He was dancing about his cage, flapping his wings and screaming, "Let me out; I can't get out," at the top of his voice. We were used to his ways, but I have no doubt the Colonel found the noise very irritating.

Agatha turned to the bird. "I'll let you out presently, Polly," she said. "Be a good bird now and don't chatter too much."

Polly became quiet at once, ceased to flutter about his cage, and contented himself with murmuring 'A-ga-fa' at intervals. When we had finished dinner she released him. He at once fluttered to her shoulder and there mounted, was carried up-stairs to the drawing-room, chuckling and cooing in Agatha's ear all the time.

While Louisa was making tea, her mother, undeterred by the Colonel's chilly manner, began to catechise him about his Indian career. "For I know, dear Colonel Farrer, that you have seen service. I remember seeing your name in the newspapers lately—was it suppressing dacoits or protecting some poor oppressed creatures? Probably the latter," said Mrs. Gretton with a beaming smile; "it would be so much more natural to you to protect the weak.—Do be quiet, Polly."

Polly was again making himself audible, though not in a very objectionable fashion. He was creeping down Agatha's left arm now, saying, "Who killed—who killed" in an uncertain voice, as if he could not recall the remainder of the phrase.

"He is trying to remember "Who killed Cock Robin?" I said, "He hasn't managed to pick up that phrase very well."

Polly paused to laugh in his shrillest tones, and then recommenced his march down Agatha's sleeve. To support him, she stretched out her hand, the hand on which her engagement ring gleamed modestly, and rested it on a little table on which her work-basket stood.

"Do tell us some of your adventures, Colonel," Mrs Gretton went on. "You must have had so many. Now, I am sure there is a romance connected with that beautiful ring you wear—such a splendid stone, I could not help remarking it!"

For once the Colonel looked pleased, as he twirled the ring on his finger.

"I suppose it is very valuable?" said Agatha thoughtfully.

"I should think so," returned the Colonel. "A good deal more valuable than that diamond you wear."

Agatha's face crimsoned, and her eyes flashed. She withdrew her hand abruptly, somewhat endangering thereby Polly's precarious balance. But the bird fluttered back to her shoulder, and secure there, glared at the Colonel.

"Do tell us about the ruby," persisted Mrs. Gretton.

"Oh I got it after a frontier disturbance—a thing, you know, that might have assumed serious dimensions if I hadn't nipped it in the bud. The natives pretended it was only a squabble between two religious sects; but these things always mean mischief—always. This ruby—ah—was in a sense the *casus belli*, so I—that is, it was advisable to remove it, and the Governor quite justified my action, so I retained it."

"Just so," murmured Mrs. Gretton.

"Loot!" I remarked in a tone by no means subdued; but my criticism on the Colonel's proceedings passed unnoticed, for just at that moment the parrot, safely perched on Agatha's shoulder, stretched out his head toward the Colonel and screamed in his most vindictive tones, "*Who killed Ram Asoka?*"

(TO BE CONTINUED).

AMONG THE LONDON POLICE

An Estimate of the Thieves' Profits in 1889

Murders Unavenged—Phenomenal Honesty—Health of the Force—What Shall be Done with Habitual Criminals.

An interesting story of crime in a great metropolis is to be found in the last annual report (the for 1889) of the Commissioner of Police for London. The metropolitan area guarded by the force was 700 square miles, and for the protection of person and property 15,000 men were on the rolls. Of these men, however, owing to reasons not detailed, several thousand were continually unavailable.

At the head of this list of crimes committed in spite of the public guardians stand seventeen homicides, the most of which were plainly deliberate murder, but not a single capital conviction is recorded against the names of the criminals. In four cases the criminals could not be found, one of the four being Jack the Ripper of Whitechapel. In other cases the the assailant was insane, some committed suicide, and in a few cases conviction for manslaughter was obtained. On the whole it was fairly safe to kill a man in London, quite as safe as in Kentucky or any of the American States where a feeling that the criminal "done had to" commonly influences the jury to acquit. It is likely that no State shows so seri ous a failure of justice as this report shows for London.

In the report on crimes against property, it is told plainly that stealing does not pay. Even leaving out of consideration the awards of punishment meted out to the thieves, they would scarce have made the wages of honest labor. Thus, there were but 499 burglaries, and but £3,000 worth of property gathered in, about £6 per job on the average. But of this a good part was recovered, while in 124 cases not a farthing was obtained by the burglar. Moreover, these figures represent the loss to the owners, not the gain to the thief. No statement of the actual cash receipts of the thieves can be made, but when one considers the ease with which the thieves must sell their plunder to the fences, it is reasonable to suppose that had they got ten off scot free of imprisonment, suffering only from the loss of the property which was recovered from them, they would not have made 35s a job on the average, perhaps not 8s.

There were about 1,500 cases of housebreaking, and here the same story is told. The thieves got property of an estimated value of £11,000 (the owners always estimating their losses as high as possible), but much was recaptured. Even on the basis of the estimated loss in over half the cases, the value was less than £4, while in only thirty-two cases out of the 1,600 did the value exceed £50.

The cases of shoplifting numbered 577, or seventy-three less than in 1888. The number of burglaries, too, was less than in 1888, and so, too, were the housebreakings and pocket-pickings.

Sir Edward Bradford, who writes the report, says the decrease would be still greater were it not for the leniency with which habitual and well-known criminals are treated by Judges.

On an average, however, crimes against property were 13 per cent. less and persons in 1889 than in 1888.

The portion of the report referring to the health of the force shows that 379 members were invalided, of whom 280 obtained pensions and the other were received gratuities only. The latter had been in the service less than fifteen years. Of those put on pension, 60 had rheumatism and 40 were retired because of "age, long service and debility." There were 19 cases of phthisis and disease of the lungs, 18 were affected with bronchitis, and 20 had injuries that rendered them unfit for duty.

The roll of honor gives 2,000 names of men specially commended by magistrates and others for meritorious conduct in the discharge of duty. In 100 of these cases the men had been hurt. Of the cases commended 200 were for stopping runaway horses, 40 of the 200 having been injured in doing so.

The story told in the "Lost Property Department" is perhaps the most interesting in the report. For instance, 1,160 purses were deposited in this department, besides 130 deposits of coins found in public carriages. Twelve deposits were of bank notes, one deposit alone amounting to £290, while the number of watches, valuable pieces of jewelry, &c., left there was 2,209. It is true that rewards amounting to £2,183 were paid to those who brought in the articles, but it is a very good showing for British police honesty.

In the department of accidents it appears that 140 people were run over and killed by various kinds of vehicles, while the number of maimed and injured was 5,330. Curiously enough 142 of these cases were due to velocipede riders.

A New Route to Siberia.

After fifteen years of patient, persevering effort, and the expenditure of a large part of his own resources together with funds supplied by his friends, Captain Wiggins has succeeded in demonstrating to the world that a practicable water route exists between England and Central Siberia by way of the Kara Sea. The problem which this brave navigator has solved is two-fold; first, that during a certain part of the year the Kara sea offers a trastworthy route to navigation; and second, that the Yenesei river whose storm-swept estuary deters the small craft that plies on the upper river from attempting to come down to the mouth, and which is thickly studded with small islands, can be safely ascended by large ocean vessels to a distance of nearly two hundred miles, or to a point which the upper river boats can also reach with safety. This knowledge concerning the river passage was only gained during the past season, when Captain Wiggins sent the river as far as Kajanoul, the point above referred to. In this expedition thirty-nine days were spent on the out-going voyage and twenty-six on the return. Of course, the Kara sea is passable only for a short time during the summer season. Wiggins says that vessels bound for Siberia must sail from British ports not later than the end of the first week in August, in order to reach the mouth of the Yenesei in time to make the homeward voyage the same season. He has demonstrated that within these time limits the Kara Sea really presents no bugbears to navigators. In all the fifteen voyages he has made up to last year his progress was barred by ice only once, which he started on his journey too late in the season. The importance of this discovery to the civilized world and especially to the countries of Western Europe cannot be estimated. It will be also of untold value to Siberia itself with its sweeping plains, equalling or surpassing, according to Baron Nordenskjold, both in fertility and extent the rich agricultural lands of the United States. For unless the Russian Government interposes obstacles in the way of prohibitive taxation a decided impetus must be given to the development of that country, which until recently has been a *terra incognita*, but which is yet destined to become one of the principal graineries of the world.

The Happy Effect of the Old Hat.

"If everything is to be valued in proportion to the benefits it confers upon mankind in general, then an old hat is better than a new one."

"Ah! How so?"

"A man has a new hat; he looks upon it with pleasure; it makes him happy; he is satisfied with it."

"I follow."

"A man has an old hat; a hundred people look upon it with pleasure; it makes them happy; they are satisfied with theirs."

It is estimated that in England one man in 500 gets a college education, and in America one in every 200.

Mrs. Brown—"I don't half like that friend of yours—that fellow Smith." Mr. Brown—"Do you think you are a very good judge of men, my dear?" Mrs. Brown (with expression)—"I do not think I was."

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Montreal city council has voted $5,000 to the Spring Hill N. S. sufferers.

Damage from floods and ice has been caused at several points in Ontario.

Patrons of industry held a convention in Sarnia last week for the purpose of forming a Provincial association.

The township of Westmeath, Ont., has passed the local option by-law by a majority of 32 votes.

Charles McGinnis, aged about 61, who lived alone, was burnt to death in his house in Plympton township on Tuesday night.

The death of H. Nash, another of the Springhill victims, adds a widow and three more children to the list, making a total of 55 widows and 164 orphans.

A company has been formed in London, Eng., for the importation of horses from Canada. Agents will be sent to Canada to purchase and look after proper transportation of the animals.

Sir Charles Tupper cabled full particulars of the Springhill colliery disaster to England and the friends of Canada in London have opened subscription lists for the sufferers.

A number of Canadians who have lived eight years in Dakota, have passed through Winnipeg to settle in Manitoba, and more will follow.

William M. Fullerte, Q.C., of Amherst, N.S., died at St. John, N.B., last week. He was a brother-in-law of Sir Charles Tupper.

The Senate of McGill University, Montreal, have decided to appoint professors on electrical engineering and mining engineering.

Chief Constable Grasett of Toronto in his annual report states that crime in general notably decreased during the last year.

Sarah Fox, a girl of twenty, has been arrested for the wilful murder of her illegitimate infant daughter, whose body was found in a yard in St. Joseph street, Toronto, on Saturday morning.

GREAT BRITIAN

The British Admiralty is raising wages and granting other concessions to the dockyard employees.

Mr. Balfour states that the bail of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien has been forfeited to the Crown.

Empress Frederick of Germany arrived in London on Friday night, and was very warmly welcomed.

Mr. Alexander Brown, Liberal member for Hawick, has brought an action for divorce against his wife on the grounds of adultery.

Price, Waters & Co., timber merchants, London, Eng., have failed. Liabilities £300,000.

A riot arose the other day over the eviction of colliers on Lord Londonderry's estate in Durham.

A London despatch gives currency to a report that the Imperial Parliament will be dissolved next autumn.

Mr. Howard Stinson, M.P., has called a meeting in London in favour of free trade between Great Britain and her colonies.

It is expected that a McCarthyite deputation, and another from the Parnellites, will visit the States shortly to solicit funds.

Lord Tennyson has written a short poem for the *New Review*, London, for which he is said to have received more than $40 per word.

The jury in the "Carroty Nell" Whitechapel murder case returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person unknown. Sadler, the man arrested, has been discharged.

Timothy Harrington has obtained a verdict for £5 damages in his suit against the anti-Parnell paper *Inappressible*, of Dublin.

Three hundred and fifty striking miner at Durham have been fined ten shillings each for leaving their work without giving notice.

Sir Richard Sutton, owner of the English cutter yacht Genesta, which raced with the Boston centreboard sloop Puritan in 1885 or the America Cup, is dead.

It is said that the Marquis of Lorne in his new book, "From Shadow to Sunlight," has portrayed an American girl with whom he is in love, and that the Queen will bail him over the coals.

Elizabeth Stacey, alleged to be a grand daughter of an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III., has been found in a dying condition in a squalid quarter of South London.

A special cable says the entire Irish party has given up all idea of doing anything in Parliament this session, and propose carrying on their operations in Ireland and the United States.

Two warships were launched by the Queen on Monday at Portsmouth. It is stated that before the ceremony a very angry exchange of words took place between her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, over a question regarding the Empress Frederick's stay in Paris.

A doctor summons to recover the sum of £1,700, the amount of costs awarded against Mr. Wm. O'Brien in his Lord Salisbury libel suit, has been served upon Mr. O'Brien in Galway gaol.

Mr. Charles Wood and Sir Evelyn Wood are contesting the will by which a large fortune was left to Mrs. Gibbons by her aunt, Mrs. Wood, on account of alleged undue influence.

The Paris *Figaro* announces that the Queen was so pleased with Empress Frederick's account of her treatment in Paris that her Majesty has decided to remain two days in the French capital on her way to the south of France as a return compliment.

Sir Charles Dilke has consented to stand as a Liberal candidate for the Forest of Dean district, Gloucestershire, provided that he is given assurance that a majority of the Liberal electors will support his nomination.

James C. Flynn, M. P. for North Cork, has challenged Mr. Parnell to contest any one of the divisions of Cork with him.

Two laborers employed upon the Relief railroad works at Clifton, Galway, Ireland, have struck for an increase of wages.

The London Trades Treaty Committee declares that the proposed French tariff is an act of industrial hostility towards England.

Sir William Gordon Cummings, who is hero of the recent London baccarat scandal, will shortly sail the for United States, where he will make a long visit to his brother, who owns a stock farm in Dakota.

Mr. Henry Harrison, M. P. for Middle Tipperary, on Monday seized, on behalf of the Dublin National League, all the money and papers he could lay his hands on in the Belfast branch. A very lively fight ensued.

Notwithstanding the qualified denial of Sir James Ferguson there is a general belief that Lord Salisbury's Government meditates an advance into the Soudan, with the view of reconquering that vast region for the Khedive and for England.

In the English naval estimates Lord George Hamilton calls for an increase of £358,000. The construction of the new warships is proceeding very satisfactorily, but their is great delay in providing the necessary armament.

UNITED STATES.

Minneapolis millers complain of poor business.

Many of the Mormons are leaving Utah for Mexico.

Sol Smith Russell's block in Minneapolis was burned the other day.

La grippe is raging among the soldiers at Fort Logan, near Denver.

A Washington despatch announces the death of Senator Hearst, the California millionaire and racehorse owner.

Reports continue to come in of terrible damage by the floods in California.

The governor of Arkansas has signed a bill providing for seperate coaches on railroad trains for negroes.

There is trouble in Vicksburg, Miss., over the appointment of James Hill, colored, as postmaster.

Friday night's blizzard in Arkansas caused the death from cold of several children.

A fall of snow has brightened the prospect for the wheat crop in Washington State.

The first two days of the present week were the coldest of the season in New York; thermometer 10 below zero.

Immense snowslides near Baker City, Oregon, buried three men and caused much damage to mining property.

The King of Italy wished to confer the order of Knighthood upon Police Inspector Byrnes, of New York, but the Inspector respectfully declined.

Five thousand students in the United States have signified their willingness to engage in foreign mission work.

Engineer Rob. E. Peary of the U. S. navy thinks about reaching the north pole by walking across Greenland.

A New Orleans physician states that there are at least 25 persons at large in that city who are afflicted with leprosy.

The local directors of the World's fair in Chicago have begun suits against a large number of subscribers to the stock who have not paid their assessments.

The validity and constitutionality of the McKinley Tariff Act are to be tested in the United States Supreme Court. In Washington yesterday motions were made to advance cases for that purpose.

A brakesman on a Georgia railway is credited with having severely pummelled John L. Sullivan, the pugilist.

Congress has passed the Tonnage Subsidy Bill, by which it is hoped the shipping industry will be revived in the States.

A Chicago paper says that the big type founders of the country have about effected a consolidation of their interests. The capital involved is reported as $6,000,000.

The legislative assembly of Ohio has passed a bill which provides that dealers in tombstones and monuments may, after a lapse of three years, enter a cemetery and seize the goods not paid for.

The United States Senate has appropriated $30,000 for the relief of the citizens of Oklahoma, who are rendered destitute by the drought of last season.

Several of the largest dairy companies in St. Louis, Mo., have organized a trust to be known as the Union Dairy Company, with a capital stock of $300,000.

A syndicate of foreign capitalists has obtained control of all the type foundries of the United States, and will commence work on the 15th inst.

It is stated that, in deference to her last wishes, the remains of Emma Abbott were cremated at Pittsburg, Pa., about two weeks ago. There was an attempt to keep the matter secret, as the mother of the deceased singer was opposed to that means of disposing of the dead.

The Kansas legislature has passed a bill providing that non-resident aliens shall not be allowed to acquire or hold lands in the state, and giving non-resident aliens seven years in which to dispose of their lands. If the lands are not disposed of in that time they revert to the state.

The United States treasury department has approved the action of the Buffalo collector of customs in exacting duty for Canadian natural gas. Daily entries must be made according to matter.

Two boys in Louisiana, Mo., aged twelve and fourteen, in five nights age placed a loaded gun at the head of their sleeping sixteen-year-old brother and blew out his brains.

A blinding snowstorm visited West Point, Miss., on Thursday. The mercury dropped 50 degrees in a few hours, and the weather was the coldest in years. The same experience is reported from Birmingham, Ala.

The 1,200 inhabitants of Yuma, Arizona, have been compelled by the flood to take shelter in the penitentiary, which is on high ground. For 22 miles east of the town the railroads have been washed out of sight.

Owners of farms in Minnesota and North Dakota, for 100 miles along the Red River valley of the north, from Wapeton to Pembina, are in a ferment over a prospect of losing their farms through defective titles.

Mrs. P. P. Coffey, of Omaha, wife of a mechanic, is said to have become sole heir to $75,000,000, left by a millionaire manufacturer named John O'Neill, in Bradford, England. The deceased was Mrs. Coffey's father, but disowned her for her humble marriage.

FOREIGN GENERAL.

Two clergymen and two night watchmen have been devoured by wolves near Tamesvac, in Hungary.

The past week has seen a return of the severe weather in Italy, which is causing much privation.

Anticipating a general strike in the coal trade, the German Government has ordered large supplies of coal from England.

When the Chilian rebels stormed Iquique a number of buildings were wrecked, and 200 women and children who had taken refuge in them perished.

General Booth lectured in Brussels the other night on the subject, "In Darkest England." The people seemed to be greatly amused with the lecturer's remarks.

While Vicomte Bridles was walking through his grounds near Troyes one night last week, he was shot by one of his gamekeepers in mistake for a poacher, and he returned the fire, killing one of the keepers.

Great indignation is felt at the conduct of a German sergeant at Nuremberg, who compelled a soldier to stand under an icy torrent of water in a semi-nude condition, the exposure and shock resulting in his death.

The relations between France and Germany arising out of the visit to Paris of ex-Empress Frederick are very strained. A reprisal for what is regarded as an insult, Emperor William has ordered the passport system of Alsace-Lorraine to be increased in severity.

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

The Canadian Pacific warehouse at the Sault was burned the other night.

The wrecks of three English steamers with some loss of life, are reported.

Much damage has been done by the floods on the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers.

The Toronto Board of Trade has pronounced against the city operating the street railway.

Chas. M. R. Peacock, lumber merchant, Montreal, has assigned with liabilities of about $18,000.

Mr. James Carroll, editor and proprietor of The Quebec Daily Telegraph, died suddenly the other night.

The reports of the British farmers' delegates who visited Canada are now being circulated in Great Britain.

The steamer Kathleen, built for service on the Rideau, has been sold for $10,500 to a company to be used on Georgian Bay.

A syndicate of European capitalists claims a royalty on nickel steel armor, on the ground that all such product is covered by the Schneider patent.

Sir Charles Dilke has been invited by the council of the Liberals of the Forest of Dean to be a candidate for Parliament there, and has accepted the invitation.

The Most Honored Beast.

He is the ass. May we presume to ask why the Bacteriologists never think of trying to experiment against disease by the transfusion of his blood? No living creature is blessed with a greater measure of immunity against complaints to which flesh is heir. He is the perfection of health. His name has never appeared on a veterinary surgeon's bill. None has a better name in the world's history. It was from an ass's jawbone that Samson drew strength and water. It was an ass that warned Balaam, and another that advised Caius Marius, and another that went with Origen and the rest of the scholars to listen to the lectures of Ammonius of Alexandria. The prophets, who could do, he noired his back; and a Greater than the prophets. Under the Old Law, every first born might be slain for sacrifice, except these two—man and ass. Apuleius of Megara's ass was admitted to the holy mysteries of Isis. "The ass carries mysteries," says the ancient proverb; and the wise Agrippa wrote of him: "Of a clean and innocent heart void of choler, being at peace with all living creatures; patiently carrying all burthens laid upon his back; as a reward whereof, he is never troubled with lice, or any diseases, and liveth longer than any other beast." Surely nothing but good would result from the transfusion of the blood of a creature so honored and so clo!

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

Exasperated by Her Husband's Continued Abuse She Shot Off His Nose.

CHICAGO, March 12.—Driven to desperation by abuse, the wife of a saloonman named Henry Akin attempted to kill her husband yesterday by shooting him in the head. Akin was home drunk and began quarrelling. He seized his wife and was choking her unusual. She had prepared herself for such an incident, and jerking a revolver from her pocket, fired it in his face. Their three small children screamed with fright, and the police, running in, placed husband and wife under arrest. Akin will recover, but will be spe