FOREIGN.

The catch of codfish on the coast of Labrador is reported to be unprecedentedly large this season.

Advices received in Constantinople from Tarsus, Asia Minor, say that a mob has attacked the American Mission school at that place.

The Canadian-Australian steamship Warimoo went ashore four miles east of Garmania Point Saturday. The passengers and crew are all safe.

At a meeting of the Republican and Carlist Deputies held in Madrid Saturday the members present pledged the two parties to oppose the payment of the Moro claims.

It is understood that Italy has decided to send an expedition of twenty thousand men to Abyssinia in October.

Elaborate preparations are being made throughout Prussia for the celebration on September 2nd of the victory of the Sedan.

Advices received at Constantinople from Moosh say that the Turkish authorities are placing obstacles in the way of the distribution of further relief by the Armenian committee.

Another effort is to be made by the Scotch breeders to obtain the removal of the embargo on Canadian cattle. It is proposed that the British Government should remove the restriction until Christmas so as to test the matter.

The Japanese Consul at Vancouver, B. C., has received word from his Government that passports will not be granted to any more Japanese to leave the country for Canada unless they have sufficient money to engage in farming or trade.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

For Future Use.

"A pagfuess to apologize for an offense is not worth much unless it is accompanied by a disposition not to repeat the injury.

Johnny and Jenny were quarreling and Jenny began to cry.

"Oh well," said Johnny, "don't cry I'll take back all the mean things I've said."

"Yes, you'll take 'em back," sobbed the girl, "so you can have 'em just ready to use over again!"

Oh, Rare Ben Jonson!

Ben Johnson is the name of a distinguished Kentuckian who has recently been appointed to an office in that state.

"By the way!" said a gentleman who met him, "your name is Ben Johnson, I believe. Do you spell it as did your famous namesake on the other side?"

"Oh, no," responded the colonel, "he was an Englishman and dropped his h."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Familiar.

Countess (to new valet)—Johann, I observed yesterday, to my intense horror, that you clean my husband's clothes and your own with the same brush. I must strictly prohibit any such familiarities for the future.—Hoparder Zeitung.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

"If you please, miss," says Simpkins, in a patient voice, that signifies he has made the announcement more than once to us, "luncheon is served."

CHAPTER XIX.

We have never quarrelled before, Paul and I, never. We have had little disputes about this, that, and t'other; he has been jealous, I provoking, but we have never actually quarrelled till to-day.

I was certainly very rude; but what business had he to take up a newspaper and read it right before me, after I had said what I did? I lost my temper then—always an easy matter with me—and my manners along with it, and threw a thin little book at him, and it just shaved his nose.

He looked up and said, "Don't do that again, Nell!" And his cold voice so provoked me that I threw another one, and could have wept for shame when it struck his newspaper, and then fell beside the first; for he neither spoke nor moved, nor looked at me.

I always thought men remained on their knees until they married. I know a good many of them keep up pretty quickly afterward, for the cold plunge of matrimony once taken, they have an awkward knack of remembering Byron's words:

"Love is of man's life a thing apart
'Tis woman's whole existence."

though I never heard before of a lover behaving as Paul is doing.

How the minutes drag—the ugly, empty, dull minutes! The hands of the clock are always standing still, for I am sure that it is hours that Paul and I have been parting apart, with this leaden silence between us. I was very rude to him just now, and when he held out his hand to me and said, "Nell, did you mean what you said just now?" why did I not jump out of my chair and say "No, no, no" instead of saying, "Yes, certainly!"

The piece of mango from his hands lies staring into the fire rather wearily; I think he look full at me, but, as my open optic is more suggestive of mirth than anything else, he looks away again. It is full a minute before I take the pep and discover that he is to all appearance, following my example, and meeting slumber or pretending to, I had no idea Paul was so sulky! He looks very handsome with his head lying back on the cushion, and I am just thinking when he peips his eyes and looks at me as I hastily shut mine. After all it is very like a game of bo-peep, and it is not much longer I shall first outlaughing, which would be dreadful; for I could do into terms of surrender in the middle of breathless giggles?

I wonder what will bring him into a state of repentance quickest—reproaches? If I could be very huffy dig, to speak to him! Hi! Hi! Paul! I don't know the way, and he takes them. What ever? He would not know when I began, unless I made a series of horrible faces; and he might consider them purely vicious, and take no notice. Tears? The very thing. Great, scorching, uncompromising tears, that may mean anything or nothing. If I cry I can get them up, there's the rub; tears never came easy to me at any time.

My tears comeout; and though I scrub my eyes and nose and cheeks into a high state of redness, they remain dry as bones.

I am putting away my handkerchief, feeling that my last weapon has broken in my hand, and that nothing is left to me but unmitigated flight, when I catch Paul's eye, and discover that he is absolutely—he absolutely laughing. I stare at him for a minute in amazed silence; is this his way of going down on his knees?

"Have you quite finished trying to pump up those tears?" he asks, passing his hand over his face. "I have been watching you for some time, and I am sure you must have hurt yourself with that piece of cambric."

"I am going," I say, jumping up. "Oh, I had no idea you could behave so ill! I thought you liked me."

He snatches at my skirts as I pass him, and in a second has perched me on his knee, holding me there with a firm grasp that I cannot shake off. Tears, real tears are in my eyes now, but they do not fall; he shall not think that what is a laughing matter with him is a crying one with me.

"Now, Nell," he says, and there is no laughter in his voice, it is very grave, "I want to know what you mean by this sulky behavior?"

"Sulky behavior! I never heard of a man giving such a thing as that to his lady-love before, and I thought Paul was so hopelessly, drivelingly, besottedly in love with me."

"I think it is you who have been so stupid," I say, blankly.

"What did you say to me when I asked you to—"

"Don't! do," I say, hastily; "we have this kissed all that before."

"And do you call that a proper way to speak to me?"

"No answer."

"Do you call it a proper thing to throw books at my head?"

"Do you call it a proper thing to read a newspaper before me?"

"Straight; if you are sulky and will not speak to me,"

"You were sulky too."

"I spoke to you."

"I gave you a kind word."

"In a most ungracious manner."

"I had better not speak to you at all," I say, with dignity; "perhaps you will allow me to leave you, Mr. Vasher."

"Presently. Now, Nell, do you think that because we are lovers we are to be so sure of each other's feelings? The most passionate love that ever existed between man and woman would make neither hay nor consideration did not form a part of it. Do you think I would wound you as you did me ten minutes ago; do you think I could ever make such a speech to you as you did to me?"

"Only ten minutes ago" I say, looking at the clock, "it seems like ten hours."

"Are you sorry that you made it, Nell?"

I lift my head and look him in the face silently, and for a minute I have a sharp, short struggle with myself then, for I love him dearly, I say "Yes."

"Little darling," he says, clasping me closer, but—oh, wonder of wonders!—he does not kiss me; does not even try to. "We've a deal of time we have wasted, to be sure! But that is not all; there are the books."

"The books," I repeat; "what of them?"

"You have not picked them up yet."

"Did you suppose I was going to?" I laughing at his joke, which is excellent.

"I am sure you will."

I look at him quickly, fancying my ears have played me false, but he is grave enough.

"Do you mean it?" I ask, slowly.

"Most certainly."

"Then I never will," I say, with spirit.

"Oh! I did not think you were so mean, Nell; I had said I was sorry too."

"What did I say to you after I had picked up the first one?" he asks.

"That I was not to do that again."

"And you threw another the next moment, so you were not only rude, but disobedient."

"Are I your daughter?" I ask, turning round to look at him with a hovering smile.

"No, miss, but I am your lord and master, and you are bound to obey me."

"Don't be so sure of that," I say, putting my head on one side to look at my finger engagement ring of big opals and diamonds—the "jewels of calamity," as I call it. "If you are such a tyrant now, when we are only courting, what would you be if we were married?"

"I don't feel a bit miserable now, or sorry or ashamed. He is talking to me; there is not a dreadful wall of silence built up between us.

"Do you expect me to tell you I am pleased with you when I am not?" he asks, gravely. "Would you like me to be a hypocrite? I cannot say one thing and mean another, shut the same with you; when you are vexed I should like you to speak out and have done with it."

"I am very much vexed with you now," I say, with dignity. "I wish to get out lest you keep this very minute and you will not let me."

"You shall go when you have picked up those books."

"Then we shall stay here until we are fossils," I say, swinging my foot. "Simpkins will be here presently to say dinner is ready; are we to eat it as we are?"

"The dinner can wait."

"Only I can't wait for my dinner," I say.

There is a little pause, during which I look into the red hot heart of the fire and take counsel with myself. Clearly he is not to be managed by dignity, and I don't mean to give in. Nevertheless, I have no mind to sit here much chance till we turn into fossils. I will try coaxing, and see if that will bring him to a proper frame of mind; I steal my arms round his neck and hold up my mouth to be kissed, but he does not bring his face a jot nearer to mine, and, for the first time in my life my offered caress is repressed. If he had slapped me he could not have astonished me more.

Nell," he says, Nell," and he looks into my eyes with a vexed and strong pain in his own, "could you not give up your willfulness for once to please me?"

For a little space I look at him; then slip out of his arms and sit down on the hearth-rug. There the books lie, nasty little toads! How I hate the man that wrote, the printer that printed, and the person that brought them here! I turn them over with the point of my shoe, and take a covert look at Paul; his head is turned away, thank Heaven! or I could never pick them up, never. A thought strikes me; and I smile to myself as I scramble up into a chair, and lift up one of the volumes between my two feet and hold it toward him.

"Paul," I say, in a very small voice "Paul, here it is!" He turns quickly, but on seeing the fashion in which my offering is made, he resents himself.

"That is not the way, Nell," he says; "and is it fancy, or is there a keen disappointment in his voice? I lower the book to the ground and consider for a little while, then I jump up and kneel by his side.

"Paul," I say, wistfully, "won't you let me off, dear? I'll never throw any more at you big or little, never!"

He turns and looks at me.

"I misunderstand you, child," he says; "I thought you would have done it; but never mind."

"And so I will," I say, heartily. "I would pick up a whole library full rather than you should look at me like that."

And I stoop down to gather up those nasty, nasty little volumes; but Paul snatches me in his arms.

"My plucky little girl?" he cries; "after all she has not disappointed me. Do you know, child, that I had made up my mind just now that, with all our love for each other, we should never hit it off if you were too proud to own yourself in the wrong!"

"Only I did not pick them up after all," I say, shyly. "How do you know I ever intended to?"

"Did you not?" he asks, pinching my cheek; "I know better."

"If I have come out of the ordeal well, sir, so have not you! A more pig headed, self-willed, obstinate person I never met and how you could bring yourself to behave in such a way to a lady—"

"Why did you provoke me so, then?" he asks, quickly; "have you forgotten what it was that you said?"

"Hush!" I say, putting my hand over his mouth. "At any rate, I will kiss you now."

"If you please," says Simpkins the ubiquitous, "them! dinner is waiting!"

HARVEST.

CHAPTER I.

The 10th of December has come and the hour of Paul's departure—a black and bitter day—and I am bidding him farewell: not in the old school room, or by a warm fireside, but out here in the cold, raw winter's day, with the wind blowing wildly, dismally in our faces; with the dead leaves whirling about our feet like a host of restless spirits and with a dull, hard, cold sky above, and a desolate sweep of barren landscape stretching out before us. We are standing by the old stile where we first met, and our faces are not gay and warm as they were then, but pale and cold, his with the fretfulness of a man who hates to part with the thing he loves best on earth; mine with the restless misery that only a woman's heart knows who sees her treasure go forth into the world and knows not if it will come safely back to her. It is such a little while that he purposes to be gone—only ten days, a mere nothing—why, therefore, do I feel such a draggling, heavy foreboding at my heart? why do I hold his hand in both mine, and look at him as though I were taking my last fill of gazing on him for years? Why do I kiss him again and again, with a passion I never knew until to-day, as I could kiss him no more tenderly if he lay dying in my arms. Ah! why, indeed! I have had a dream, but that is nothing; I have an instinct but that is nothing—something above and beyond these seems to tell me that our parting to-day is for evil; there is sorrow in the air, there is dread in the rustling leaves, a keening of mortal anguish in the sobbing wind, a dark shadow passing like a doom betwixt my love and me.

"My sweetheart, he says, "how pale you are! I should not have let you come out in this cold—"

"You promised," I say, buttoning his coat closer about his throat with trembling fingers. "You will come back, Paul; you are sure you will come back?"

"Come back to my pearl, my darling? Ay, that I will! You are not yourself," he says, looking into my face; "you are ill, suffering; I cannot leave you like this, dear. I shall take you back to the house."

"No, no!" I say, faintly, "but you are quite sure that you must go?"

"Quite sure, little one; if it had been possible to get out of it, you may be sure I should have done so. But it is such a little while, you will scarcely have realized that I am gone before I shall be back, and then, Nell—"

"We shall be very happy if you come back," I say, dreamily. "Take care of yourself Paul; do not forget that any harm to you passes straight through me, and that every hour you are away I shall be wearying for you. Do not let any one put me out of your head; do not forget me."

"Forget thee!" he cries, kissing my lips again and again; "who could forget thee? not I, Paul. Write to me twice or thrice, darling; it will pass the time more quickly to you, and I will write too; but I never was a good scribe, pel, so you must not expect much. Of course I shall scrawl you a line from Marseilles."

"Ten days!" I say to myself, as he smooths the hair back from my forehead with his brown hand. "Only ten days! what could happen in that time?"

"Don't flirt with George while I am away," he says, jealously; "you will have lots of opportunities, you know."

"Poor George!" I say sadly; "I don't think there is much fear."

"Darling," he says, "I shall give up this train, and take you back to the Manor House."

"No, you will not, Paul; for where would be the good?"

"Yes, you will go," I say, gently; "you will kiss me once, Paul, and then you will go."

And so he takes me in his arms and kisses me many times.

"Good-by, little sweetheart, good-by," he says, and at last he goes away.

Half-way across the field, he turns and looks at me. All unconsciously I hold out my arms to him, and he comes back.

"Do not forget," I whisper, "that here, where I kissed you first, I kissed you last."

There is one more swift embrace, a passionate clinging of hands, and he is gone; and I stand staring at him, with aching, burning eyeballs, and a heart heavy as lead. I watch him over the brow of the hill, turning often as he goes. Then I go along the meadow with halting, lagging steps, and presently meet George with his dogs at his heels.

"Is that you, Nell?" he asks, and mechanically I put my hand in his and look dully into his face.

"You are ill!" he exclaims; "had you not better go home at once?"

"I am going. He is gone," I say, looking up into my companion's face with a chilly smile, "and I think my heart is broken."

"He will come back," says George, soothingly; "it is only for a little while. Can't you live these few days without him, Nell?"

"He will never come back," I say, standing still. "Do you not hear the fairies and spirits whispering it—"He will never return to you, never, never! That is what they are saying quite plainly; and I—O God!" I cry, standing still, "He will never be my Paul any more, never any more. I can see it—the dream!" I shudder from head to foot, and stagger. George holds me for a moment, then I shake the blindness from my eyes, the lassitude from my limbs, and break away from him. "Hark" I cry, holding up my hand; "surely that was his step—listen." But no sound comes to us, and, though I run to the bend of the meadow and look around there is no one to be seen; all is blank and bare, and chill.

"It is too cold for you here," says George; "come away home, Nell!" And he puts my hand under his arm and takes me away.

"It sounded just like his step," I say over and over again; "could he have come back?"

"Do you know," I say, in a whisper, "that when he was saying good-by to me, I seemed to see as clearly as the daylight that we were saying good-by to each other, not for a little while, but forever. It was a second sight."

"It was a fancy," he says, doubtedly. "Who could possibly come between you? Who has the power to do it?"

"A woman," I say, dreaming; "her words sounded empty enough to me once—they have a different meaning to-day." "But how can she, do you mischief," asks George, "if you and Vasher thoroughly understand each other?"

"I will tell you my dream first," I say, slowly—about her afterward.

"I thought I was in a church crowded with people. Among them I saw the faces of mother, and Jack and Alice, and you and Dolly, and many others that I knew. Before the altar-rails were standing a man and woman; the marriage service was being read, and he was putting a marriage ring upon the woman's finger. Both of the figures seemed familiar to me, but something seemed to hold me back and prevent my seeing distinctly. No one heeded me although I was standing at the foot of the altar steps. When the service was over the two turned and descended the steps; and as they stood face to face with me, the cloud lifted, and I saw Silvia Fleming in her marriage-robe of white and her marriage-ring of gold, and on her beautiful face as she looked at me was that slow, faint dawning smile that I know so well—I turned my eyes away from her to look at the bridegroom, and there, with a terrible face of shame and horror, stood Paul Vasher. 'Nell!' he cried, and held out his arms to me; and though I knew he was that woman's husband, I strove to get to him as madly as he was striving to get to me, but we could not reach each other. Then church and crowd, and bride and bridegroom, faded away, and in their place I saw the field of ivy, and Paul coming quickly across it to meet me, and I seemed to know that the picture of the wedding had been a hideous dream and that now I was awake, and the familiar trysting-place looked so natural and familiar, that all my misery fell from me like a veil, and the blood leaped in my veins for joy. And he came nearer and nearer with his dark glad face, and we were but a hand's-breadth apart, when there came between us a woman, fair as a rose, with a marriage-ring upon her finger; though we tried to grope around her, we could not find each other, for between us she stood smiling, always smiling—and in calling madly upon him I awoke."

"Fearful!" he asks. "Nell, Nell, it is not like you; to believe in such folly—you all Topsy run out of the house and was killed outside, Hessie was thrown down the embankment with her head nearly severed from her shoulders. Hannah Gordon's head also was nearly cut off. The bodies were put in coffins, and we left Hwasang for Sulkow about four o'clock on Friday afternoon, August 2. Herbert died about three hours after, just below Colong. We took the body in a chair and had a coffin made for it at Sulkow.

A Rescuing Party.

"We reached Sulkow about 8 a.m. Saturday, and telegraphed to Foo-Chow for a steam launch. We left Sulkow in native boats at 3 p.m. and on going Sunday morning met a steam launch going towards Sulkow taking soldiers. We engaged it to tow us to Foo-Chow. Soon afterwards we met the rescuing party in a launch. The party consisted of the United States Consul and two English missionaries bringing full supplies for the sufferers. When I was thrown down my teacher's wife called on some Hwasang men around to save me. There were four men there to only one Vegetarian, but they would not help me. She came and tried to pull me away as he was beating me. The Vegetarian kicked me. When the Vegetarian who beat me started down hill to come to our house three others were with him, but these ran off after some Chinamen, so I escaped with only one prosecutor. There were about 50 Vegetarians, but I only saw one man, who attacked me, who shouted "Here is a foreign woman." He had a trident spear. Some had swords. There was at least one gun, for I heard it fired off. The natives say there were more. Uong, the Ku-Cheng magistrate, came to Hwasang on Friday evening, August 2, with 100 soldiers. He viewed the bodies, saw the injured, inquired their names, and made an account. He did what he could to help us to get off to Sulkow.

"MABEL HARTFORD."

The Cause of the Trouble.

The evidence already obtained shows the massacre at Hwasang was planned at least a week before hand. The foreign Consuls have the names of the leaders in it, and some of the participants. An official of Foo-Chow sent 210 soldiers into that section on the 24th of July to prevent the Vegetarians from murdering the Chinese. The Vegetarians thought the missionaries had caused the troops to be sent and decided to kill them. They began immediately to gather at a certain designated place. In passing through the villages on their way to the rendezvous the Vegetarians publicly declared their intention to destroy chiefly churches and kill the Christians. The officials knew of this, but did nothing to protect or even to warn the foreigners. The night before the massacre a native pastor in the city of Ku-Cheng heard that the Vegetarians were going to kill the foreigners on the morrow. He wrote a letter of warning to Mr. Stewart, at Hwasang, but delayed sending it until daylight. The messenger arrived half-an-hour too late. Dr. Gregory was in the city of Ku-Cheng at the time, but he was not notified. The foreigners had no suspicion of the intended slaughter.

American Mission Looted.

A mob has looted the American mission chapel at Inghö, 50 miles from here. Unless prompt and effective action is taken there is danger of great riots in other places. The Chinese soldiers sent to Ku-Cheng to protect foreign property plundered the Stewart residence. No American gun-boat has come here. The situation is critical.

An official on his way to the city from Ku-Cheng was killed yesterday. The anxiety is increasing. There is no American protection.

London, Aug. 10.—All the papers in the morning will have editorials urging the necessity of energetic action in China to protect Europeans. The Times will say:—"We are far from desiring to insist upon a policy of armed coercion. Probably a steady policy of holding the Pekin Government immediately and strictly responsible would suffice."

Diplomatic Interview.

The Chinese Minister had a protracted interview with the Marquis of Salisbury to-day.

Missions Attacked.

Constantinople, Aug. 10.—Advices received here from Tarsus, Asia Minor, say that a mob attacked the American mission school at that place, maltreated several of the students, and threatened the missionaries. No details of the affair have yet reached here.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 10.—A representative of the Associated Press waited upon the Rev. James L. Barton, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He said: "The St. Paul's American Institute at Tarsus was instituted five or six years ago by Col. Shepherd of New York. The president of the Institute at the present time is the Rev. D. Christie, D.D. The Institute does not belong to our society. I know there has been considerable trouble among the students, and during the past year and last winter several of them were arrested and taken out of the school for being implicated in some revolutionary movement. There are about 15 students at present, I think."

Shanghai, Aug. 10.—The Americans here have sent a cable despatch to President Cleveland, protesting against United States Minister Denby's action in consenting that the British Consul should represent America in the Sze-Chuen inquiry. They recommend a re-construction of the commission by sending an American official of adequate rank, and the exclusion of implicated Chinese officials. They also recommend that a marine escort accompany the commission.

CANADA'S TRADE.

Increase in the Volume of Trade Especially With Great Britain.

Washington Aug. 12.—The extent of the competition of Canada with the United States in foreign markets is pointed out in a bulletin to be issued by the Secretary of Agriculture in a few days.

The bulletin is the fourth of the "World's markets" series in course of publication by the department, and embodies the reports of thirty of our Consuls in the Dominion. It shows that the total exports of Canada increased from $89,000,000 in 1887 to $118,000,000 in 1889, or thirty-three per cent., the imports from $109,000,000 to $123,000,000, or thirteen per cent. and the total trade from $198,000,000 to $241,000,000, or 21 per cent., during the same period. The largest proportional annual increase was in 1892, when the value of the total trade exceeded that of the preceding year about eleven per cent. During the years 1888 to 1891 inclusive, the trade of Canada with the United States exceeded that with any other country, but since then the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has taken first rank, with the United States second. An important exception is that a large share of the agricultural products going abroad from Canadian seaports are cereals and flour in transit from the United States. Of 127,000,000 of such products shipped last year, $9,000,000 was United States merchandise. Of late years increased attention has been given by the Government of Canada to dairy interests, encouraging the dairy associations throughout the country, and passing strict sanitary laws regulating the manufacture of cheese and butter. No adulterations can be used, and the importation, manufacture, and sale of oleomargarine and other similar substances are prohibited.

Though the quantity of butter exported decreased from ten and one-half million pounds in 1888 to five and one-half millions in 1891, nearly fifty per cent., the value declined from $1,700,000 to $1,100,000, or only about thirty per cent. This indicates improvement in the quality of butter exported.

The export of cheese has increased notably. While in 1886 it was 6,111,750 pounds, valued at $6,250,343, in 1891 it rose to the large figure of 154,977,480 pounds valued at $15,188,191.

The statistics of the fishing industry and forest products show that the value of the former in 1891 was over $20,000,000 and of the latter over $80,000,000. In wood pulp in 1891 the United States alone imported from the Dominion to the value of $362,010.

BERLIN NEWS.

Kurschinski Changes His Counsel—Investigating the Customs Shortage.

Berlin, Ont., Aug. 12.—The prisoner Kurschinski, lying in gaol charged with murdering "Doctor" Jannerel, has changed his counsel. At first he retained Lawyer C. Blizer, of this town, to defend him, but his friends have retained Mr. J. A. Mowat, of Guelph, instead. Mr. Mowat successfully defended Reinhardt, the Little Germany man accused of murdering Michael Hauss some years ago, and the prisoner's friends think that if Mr. Mowat could get Reinhardt off he can do the same with the present alleged murderer. Detective Grier, of Toronto, arrived in town last night to work up the case, and this morning he and Detective Klippert drove out to the scene of the murder. At the instigation of the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Mowat, a number of doctors were allowed, to examine the scratches and bruises on Kurschinski's face this morning in order to express an opinion at the trial as to whether they were made by a limb of a tree or by a man's hands. The prisoner will appear before the Magistrates again next Wednesday, and will then likely be finally committed for trial at the Fall Assizes.

All the books, papers, and everything else relating to the Customs office here during the past seventeen years have been shipped to the inspector's office in Toronto, where they will be thoroughly examined by a staff of efficient clerks. The Government wants to get down to the bottom of this matter and have everything straightened out before an appointment is made to the vacant position. The missing officer, Bowman, has not been heard of since his disappearance.

Advices received at Constantinople from Moosh say that the Turkish authorities are placing obstacles in the way of the distribution of further relief by the Armenian committee.

A Gaulier's Memory.

Some of the feats of memory which Sir George Trevelyan ascribes to Lord Macaulay have been accounted rather "tall," as the Americans say, but in Theophile Gautier, it seems, Macaulay might have found his match. The time for reading was insatiable, and he consumed grammars, prospectuses, cookery books and almanacs as greedily as works of science and imagination. Whatever he read he remembered, and his friends, when in doubt on any point, used to say, "We have only got to turn over the leaves of Theo."

On the evening of the day on which a new volume of Victor Hugo had been published he was dining with some friends. In his clear voice, without inflection and monochord, so to speak—his eyes gazing steadfastly, as though he were reading from afar a book visible to himself alone, he recited the 158 verses of "Les Aleuns," not repeating himself once, never hesitating and not mistaking a single syllable. We were astonished and said to him, "You have learned it by heart, then?" To which he replied, "No, I read it this morning while I was breakfasting."—Westminster Gazette.

Religious Training of Japanese.

Little or no importance is attached to the religious training of Japanese children. Whether the parents be Buddhists or Shintoists it matters not, for in either case the children rarely take any part in the religious life of their parents or elders, and indeed usually grow up in blissful ignorance as to what it is all about. True, they may be occasionally taken to the temple and taught to rub their palms together, clap thrice and incline their heads toward the shrine as they toss their offering of rin through the wooden grating of the huge money till. They may have some vague notion that there is something meritorious, in all this, but nothing more, although every Japanese home has a latticed niche, or kamidana, dedicated to the service of the household Lares and Penates, or Daikoku and Ebisu as they appear in Japan.—Dr. W. D. Eastlake in Popular Science Monthly.

A Complete Outfit.

Princess Clementine, mother of the Prince of Bulgaria, is the heroine of a good story. The princess is a daughter of the late King Louis Philippe. One day she asked her sailor brother, the Duc de Joinville, who was starting for a cruise, to bring her back the complete dress of a redskin chieftain's wife. The duke returned in due course and distributed presents among his sisters. "This is for you, Clementine," he said as he put a string of glass beads on the table.

"Very pretty," said the princess, "but you promised me a complete dress."

"This is a complete dress," replied the duke. "I never saw them wear any other."—London Tit-Bits.

CHINESE MASSACRE.

Details of the Murder of the Missionaries.

CRUEL CHINESE FANATICISM.

Neither Age Nor Sex Evoked Pity—More Trouble Anticipated—Great Britain Urged to Take a Firm Stand—A Rescuing Party—Diplomatic Interview.

New York, Aug. 10—A special cable despatch to the World from Shanghai, China, says:—The statement of Miss Mabel C. Hartford, the only American at Hwasang at the time of the massacre, is as follows—:

"August 1, at 7.30 a.m., I heard shouts. They were yells of the servants, who rushed in shouting to me to get up, for the Vegetarians were coming, tearing down the houses on the hill belonging to the English mission. A few minutes later a coacher came to my door and told me to run. I put on my clothes and rushed to the door. I was met by a man with a trident spear, who yelled: 'Here is a foreign woman.' He pointed the spear at my chest. I twisted it to one side, and it just grazed my ear and head. He threw me to the ground and beat me with the wooden end of the spear. A servant came and wrenched the spear away; then told me to run. I jumped down the embankment and ran along the road. A servant came and pulled me along until I got up on the side of the hill. I then lay down there to get more breath. After resting twice I reached a secluded spot, and lay there. All this time the yells went on, and two houses were burning to the ground. After awhile the yells stopped. I supposed the Vegetarians had gone away. A servant went to see how matters were. He returned in half an hour, telling me to come home, that five ladies of the English mission had been killed and some had been wounded, but that my house—a rented native house—had not been troubled at all. I went home to find Miss Coderington much cut on the head and beaten all over; Mildred Stewart, twelve years old, the knee cut and bleeding very hard; Herbert Stewart, six years old, cut on the head and almost dead; Baby Stewart, with one eye black and swollen. The second Stewart girl, Kathleen, eleven years old, with the second boy, Evan, three years old, were beaten and pierced with a spear; but not seriously injured. The boy vomited all day, but we thought it was from fright."

Killed the Foreigners.

Mr. Phillips, of the English Mission, who lived in a native house, some distance away, escaped all injury, only arriving in time to see the bodies of the dead, and hear the Vegetarians say, "We have killed all the foreigners." At first we heard that some foreigners had escaped and were in hiding, but Mr. Stewart did not come, and we feared the worst. Mr. Phillips went to the ruins and found eight bodies, five burned and three burned so as not to be recognizable. Dr. Gregory arrived at dark, and dressed the wounds of the patients. Coffins were made, and the bodies were put in them. The bones of the burned were put in boxes. Another burned body was found, making nine grown people massacred.—R. J. Stewart and his wife and nurse from Ireland, called Lena, Nellie Saunders, Topsy Saunders, of Australia, who lived in the upper house called the Stewart house, Hessie Newcombe, of Ireland; Elsie Marshall and Lucy Stewart, of England; and Annie Gordon, of Australia. The first four were burned beyond recognition. Topsy ran out of the house and was killed outside. Hessie was thrown down the embankment with her head nearly severed from her shoulders. Hannah Gordon's head also was nearly cut off. The bodies were put in coffins, and we left Hwasang for Sulkow about four o'clock on Friday afternoon, August 2. Herbert died about three hours after, just below Colong. We took the body in a chair and had a coffin made for it at Sulkow.

A Rescuing Party.

"We reached Sulkow about 8 a.m. Saturday, and telegraphed to Foo-Chow for a steam launch. We left Sulkow in native boats at 3 p.m. and on going Sunday morning met a steam launch going towards Sulkow taking soldiers. We engaged it to tow us to Foo-Chow. Soon afterwards we met the rescuing party in a launch. The party consisted of the United States Consul and two English missionaries bringing full supplies for the sufferers. When I was thrown down my teacher's wife called on some Hwasang men around to save me. There were four men there to only one Vegetarian, but they would not help me. She came and tried to pull me away as he was beating me. The Vegetarian kicked me. When the Vegetarian who beat me started down hill to come to our house three others were with him, but these ran off after some Chinamen, so I escaped with only one prosecutor. There were about 50 Vegetarians, but I only saw one man, who attacked me, who shouted 'Here is a foreign woman.' He had a trident spear. Some had swords. There was at least one gun, for I heard it fired off. The natives say there were more. Uong, the Ku-Cheng magistrate, came to Hwasang on Friday evening, August 2, with 100 soldiers. He viewed the bodies, saw the injured, inquired their names, and made an account. He did what he could to help us to get off to Sulkow.

"MABEL HARTFORD."

The Cause of the Trouble.

The evidence already obtained shows the massacre at Hwasang was planned at least a week before hand. The foreign Consuls have the names of the leaders in it, and some of the participants. An official of Foo-Chow sent 210 soldiers into that section on the 24th of July to prevent the Vegetarians from murdering the Chinese. The Vegetarians thought the missionaries had caused the troops to be sent and decided to kill them. They began immediately to gather at a certain designated place. In passing through the villages on their way to the rendezvous the Vegetarians publicly declared their intention to destroy chiefly churches and kill the Christians. The officials knew of this, but did nothing to protect or even to warn the foreigners. The night before the massacre a native pastor in the city of Ku-Cheng heard that the Vegetarians were going to kill the foreigners on the morrow. He wrote a letter of warning to Mr. Stewart, at Hwasang, but delayed sending it until daylight. The messenger arrived half-an-hour too late. Dr. Gregory was in the city of Ku-Cheng at the time, but he was not notified. The foreigners had no suspicion of the intended slaughter.

American Mission Looted.

A mob has looted the American mission chapel at Inghö, 50 miles from here. Unless prompt and effective action is taken there is danger of great riots in other places. The Chinese soldiers sent to Ku-Cheng to protect foreign property plundered the Stewart residence. No American gun-boat has come here. The situation is critical.

An official on his way to the city from Ku-Cheng was killed yesterday. The anxiety is increasing. There is no American protection.

London, Aug. 10.—All the papers in the morning will have editorials urging the necessity of energetic action in China to protect Europeans. The Times will say:—"We are far from desiring to insist upon a policy of armed coercion. Probably a steady policy of holding the Pekin Government immediately and strictly responsible would suffice."

Diplomatic Interview.

The Chinese Minister had a protracted interview with the Marquis of Salisbury to-day.

Missions Attacked.

Constantinople, Aug. 10.—Advices received here from Tarsus, Asia Minor, say that a mob attacked the American mission school at that place, maltreated several of the students, and threatened the missionaries. No details of the affair have yet reached here.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 10.—A representative of the Associated Press waited upon the Rev. James L. Barton, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He said: "The St. Paul's American Institute at Tarsus was instituted five or six years ago by Col. Shepherd of New York. The president of the Institute at the present time is the Rev. D. Christie, D.D. The Institute does not belong to our society. I know there has been considerable trouble among the students, and during the past year and last winter several of them were arrested and taken out of the school for being implicated in some revolutionary movement. There are about 15 students at present, I think."

Shanghai, Aug. 10.—The Americans here have sent a cable despatch to President Cleveland, protesting against United States Minister Denby's action in consenting that the British Consul should represent America in the Sze-Chuen inquiry. They recommend a re-construction of the commission by sending an American official of adequate rank, and the exclusion of implicated Chinese officials. They also recommend that a marine escort accompany the commission.

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SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body, indulged by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither as an early sacrifice to the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life:—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

WM. A. WALKER. WM. A. WALKER. MRS. CHAS. FERRIY. CHAS. FERRY.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED

Wm. A. Walker of 59½ Street says: "I have suffered untold agonies for my very life." I was indiscreet when a young and ignorant. At "One of the Boys" I contracted Syphilitis and other Private diseases. I had sores in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, throat and limbs came out, confusion, became thin and despondent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury. Doctoring day by day. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I took the New Behind Treatment course of mail in a few weeks. Their treatment