THE GALLOWS

Execution of Lachance, the Bui strode Murderer,

HE ACKNOWLEDGES HIS GUILT.

ARTHABASKA, Que., Jan. 29.—The execution of Lachance, the Bulstrode murderer cook place, according to law, this a. m., at 8 o'clock. The inhabitants of the district were on the way to the place of execution from a early hour this morning notwithstanding the severe weather. The interest in the affair was very great, as both the parties were well known in the vicinity. When the murder first leaked out the investigation placed it on Lachance. The parents of the unfor tunate man were so affected by it that they could not remain in the country, but left for the United States to try to relieve their minds from the agonizing thought ever present be fore them. The appearance of the prisoner this morning suggested nothing of brutain. but rather the reverse. He has a short and slim frame. His appearance indicated a man of about 20 or 21 years of age, and that the deed for which he suffered the extreme penalty of the law was not premeditated by him, but was the result of his fevered state of mind in being frustrated in his designs, in itself a punishable offense. He slept but a very few minutes during the night, but this morn ing took a very hearty breakfast. He appeared to be somewhat stupefied by his position, as if he did not fully realize it. Father Restor was with him during the whole of the past night. At 8 o'clock, the expected time, there were outside the walls at least 1,000 covering for his head, and as a consequence, shivered greatly, as the air was biting. Father Restor addressed those who assembled to witness the execution, and stated that Lachance mouth opened and blood and water came out of it. As the spectators witnessed the horrible contortions of the malefactor, their sympathetic feelings were aroused. Nevertheless they did not lose sight of the dreadful deed which ended in this man er for the guilty man. After the body was suspended fifteen minutes it was cut down, and an inquest held by the Coroner. The body was then coffined and buried in a corner of the jail yard.

INFERNAL MACHINES.

A B rmingham clockman recently took an English detective into his confidence. He stated that in April, 1879, he was in London on business, and in a restaurant on Cheapside met with two strangers, with whom he entered into conversation. One of the men was'a Russian and the other a German. The men produced some rough designs. On announcing his readiness to perform the work, he was told that he was to assist in the proparation of infernal machines. One machine had to be arranged so that it could be fixed under the ground a little way, and from the place where the "crutch" was fixed over the pendulum wire a little contrivance had to be constructed by which a small lead pipe could be attached, and through this pipe a wire had to be carried. A second machine was to have to be carried. A second machine was to have vances to the tree. He laughs in the face of the prisoner. He peers into his eyes. With his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement have made to a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement have made to a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement have made to a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement have made to a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement have made to a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement have made to a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork has been determined to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an movement has a reliable to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an account of the clockwork has been determined to the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an account of the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an account of the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an account of the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs an account of the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his keen knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his knife he reaches out and severs and the clockwork his knife he reaches out and the c movement being made to explode the charge at any time, from one minute to forty-eight 'not come. The teeth shut hard, the eyes grow or more hours. The third machine was to be stony in their gaze, and that is all. The swift, or more hours. The third machine was to be more simple, having to be so constructed that it could be put under a garden wall or any pathway. This contrivance was to be worked with very thin wires. Another machine was a dynamite bomb, to be placed under the seat of a private carriage. The last machine sketched out by the conspirators was to be of miniature size, so that it might be easily placed within a bouquet. A thirty hour movement of the placed within a bouquet. A thirty hour movement was a size, and state state that the sharp kinder and the place are all. The swift, sharp knife severs the other car, and the fields shout with pleasure at the glassity figure before them. They hope to hear screams and shricks, but they are disappointed. The blood trickles down—a chill shakes the old man—and then his white lips are pressed closer than before.

Not one Indian now, but the whole circle. They crowd around him with sharp knives, and each seeks some new torigre. Fineers placed within a bouquet. A thirty hour move-ment was required similar to that found in and each seeks some new toriure. an American alarm clock, and the charge are unjointed, the nose is sheed off, cords and might either be of nitro-glycerine or dynamite. The men told him that an attempt would shortly be made to wreck the royal train on act they draw back and hope to hear his its journey to Moscow. The clockmaker asked time to consider the proposal and arranged time to consider the proposal and arranged his compressed lips. His wide open eyes the proposal and arranged his compressed lips. His wide open eyes lot.

It is east that folly to explain and to explain and to demur, but in vain. The crowd roared him demur, but in vain. The crowd roared him is poursed by the same he finally led the way across the snowy fields to his freshly corded tiers of hickory in the lot.

It is east that folly the conditions are exposed of the proposal area. Street Railway Station, Birmingham. They met according to appointment and adjourned.

They had one more torture. With devilish undertake the work, and, despite their persnasions and threats, persisted in declining their overtures. After the departure of the about the tree and shouled till the hillside men he was continually apprehensive of Nihilist violence.

AN AFGHAN IN FIGHT. An Afghan never thinks of asking for quar-

ter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger and clings to life until his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol trigger or use a knife in a dying effort to maintain or kill his enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battlefields of Afghanistan than perhaps they had ever been in India, if we except the retribute days of the mutiny. To spare a wounded man for a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspiciously walked past him. * One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wits about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard won field There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground and unless care and caution were exercised the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a Kaffir just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn love of fighting in extremis is prompted doubtless by fana-ticism, and we saw so much of it that our men at close quarters drove their bayouets well home, so that there should be no mistake as to the deadliness of the wound. The physical courage which distinguishes the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us was worthy of all admiration; the tenacity with which men, badly armed and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their posi-tions was remarkable, to say nothing of the sullen deggedness they showed when retiring. But when the tide of the fight was against them and they saw further resistance would involve them more deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent that one could scarcely believe the fugitives hurrying over the hills were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling steep hills, or making their escape by fleetness of foot; and the host generally dissolved with a rapidity which no one but an eye witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them, they turned like wolves and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as men ever sold them; but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other.—Calcutte

CUT OFF.

Now stand and look about you. Here are the dying camp fires of a company of soldiers. To the right the ground is broken into swel's like green waves. On the left is a scraggy plain. Ahead, seeming only two or three miles away, is a mountain range. The soldiers will have to ride a long ten miles to

reach it. You can see their backs as they ride over the crest of a swell half a rule away. Now look behind you Twenty tuffed heads are pesting over the ridge, not 300 feet from the camp-fire—twenty pairs of eyes glint and gleam and blaze bate as the cavalry disappear. Now twenty Indians rise up and peer and look. They were hiding there a full hour before the troop left, but they were not strong enough to give battle. They waited on in necessary to observe signals at a great dishopes that some would linger behind and fall tance.

VOL. XXIII.

RICHMOND HILL, THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 1,176.—NO. 36.

victim. Like tigers they hugged the grass like snakes they wormed themselves along fire devils they bided their time.

Hah! Every redskin has disappeared like a flash. The clank of sabres has almost died away in the distance, and no bird utters its note near the deserted camp. What is the

Thud ! shud! thud!

It is the hoof beats of a horse. A trooper returns at a gallop, searching the ground with his eyes. There it is—the iron pin with which he stakes his horse. He overlooked it in packing up, and has returned to make good his loss. He gives one anxious look around him, and then dismounts. The pin is in his hands when there is a rush of feet, and he straightens up to find himself the center of a circle of demons. Not a yell has been uttered —not a shot fired nor a bow bent.

He is a brave old trooper. He bears the

scars of arrows and bullets, and he has sent more than one red man to his long home. See how pale he grows as he looks about him and sees the circle complete! See the despair in his eyes as the devils mock him! The troop spectators, but not many had permission to get inside the jail. At eight o'clock the prisoner made his appearance on the scaffold grip, but after a moment his fingers relax and it falls to the grass. If he had raised it to ary. As he came up he had his coat thrown strike a dozen arrows would have entered his over his shoulders, and was without any body before the blow fell. He is trapped, and

there is no hope.

Before the troopers have missed their com-Restor addressed those who assembled to wirness the execution, and stated that Luchance admitted his crime. The bolt was then drawn. He writhed in a most marked manner. His mouth opened and blood and water asme out trail. Three or four miles away he sees a mouth opened and blood and water asme out. line of blue for an instant as the column sweeps over a ridge. Now it fades out, and he is doomed. There is a malicious chuckle from every gavage throat, and the trooper feels a chill creep over him at the sound.
The gallop slackens. There is no hurry.

The cat has the mouse and enjoys its sufferings. Over ridges—across little valleys skirting hills—and here is a lone tree beside a purling stream. Behind it is a hill.

Between it and the creek is a level spot of ground a hundred feet square. The red riders dismount, pull their prisoner from his horse and the animals are turned loose to crop the rich short grass.

Despair first nerves a man to take desperate chance. Then it unnerves him and chills the blood. An hour ago the trooper's face was like bronze. Now it is as white as the snow lying on the crest of that grim mountain fifty miles away. But he is no coward. A coward will lament and beg and entreat and demand mercy. The old man shudders as they bind him to the half grown cottonwood, but no word passes his lips. He does not look at the Indians, but over their heads at the green plain
—the groves—the silvery thread winding
around the glorious sun which is warming the
heart of every living being beyond that circle

of savages.

Now an Indian leaves the circle and adear, and waits for a scream of pain. It does

an American alarm clock, and the charge are unjointed, the nose is sliced off, cords and

met according to appointment and adjourned to a neighboring coffee house, where he was glee they ran here and there in search of asked to sign an agreement pledging him to whatever would burn, and a fire was kindled the strictest secrecy on penalty of death, and around and upon the bloody feet. The flames promising \$500 on completion of the work. Wavered and sputtered among the blood wet He told the men he had made up his mind to grass, and more fuel was heaped on. The grass, and more fuel was heaped on. The morning breeze fanned the blaze into brighter life, and as it mounted up the savages danced

> The flames take hold of clothing and flesh but the stony eyes look through the veil of emoke without a quiver. The horses scent the roasting flesh and stand with heads high in air. the Indians sniff it and dance with greater energy. All of a sudden the prisoner straightens up, his head drops forward and the flames burn away at a corpse. The sun mounts higher, passes its zenith,

and when it is low in the west a troop of cavalry sit on their borses around the lone and blackened tree. The soldier was missed, and here is the end of the search. An officer rakes over the ashes and uncovers a few buttons, the heel of a boot, two or three bones, and whisere to himself :

And these red demons are wept over by uilanthropists, prayed for in churches, made the wards of charity, and petted by a govern ment which fondfy dreams that they have souls! Attention, company! Forward—right wheel! M. Quad.

THE LADIES WANTED SOME BREAKFAST.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough and the ship was be hind time. It was 10 o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain and begged for a little coffee, at least, for his ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calting his officers around him. The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand; and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast. This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up at Yreka. Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the high seas" and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the captain of the ship. But this Californian neither knew the law ner cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head. Dear Dave Cotton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting nt each other .- Joaquin Miller in the Cali

-Experiments by Prof. Cohn. of Breslaw with the cleetric light show that letters, spots and colors are seen at a much greater distance through the medium of electric light than by day or gaslight. The ensation of yellow was increased sixty fold as compared with daylight, of red six fold, and blue two fold; showing

How the Newly-Converted Miser

Overreached. Probably the largest wood sled ever built in county, says an exchange, was one devised by 'Souire John McClellan.

For a number of years it was one of the local curiosities of the Town of Woodstock, Conn., the early home of the McClellan family. The narrator's father, who saw it frequently when a boy, says it was night hirty-two feet in length by three in breadth. The Leams were of squared eight inch timber, with study to match, and the "shoes" or runners, were over a footin width. For drawing it there were two "tongues," or poles, in the forward end

It was never used save on one special occasion, when the seam consisted of fifteen yokes

of oxen. The story of its origin is as follows; In the parish where 'Squire MoCellan re-

sided it was the custom every winter for such of the men who had wood lots to give the parson a cord of hickory wood each, and thus make up to him a winter's supply of fuel. The 'squire, in particular, was always punctual in December with his cord of nicely prepared hickery.

In that parish there was a man who had the reputation of being "snug," niggardly and apt to shirk his due share of the burden of paying the minister. Indeed, his remiss-ness in this matter had been a standing grievance in the place for many years.

One autumn there was a revival of religious interest in the place, and many members of the church were stimulated to earnest labor, and to live more strictly. Among these was the penurious man above alluded to, whom we may conveniently designate as Brother Z—. Not a little to the astonishment of his neighbors, who had had ample experience of his miserly dealings, he arose in prayer meet-ing one night and exhorted to liberal givings, not only to the parson, but to all benevolent objects. Waxing exceedingly earnest in language and tone, he declared, among other things, that he would that winter give the minister a load of wood. "Yea, brethren," he exclaimed, "The Lord has opened my heart! I will give him a load of wood, and a big onc. I will give him the biggest load you

can draw from my woods to his yards."

This unexpected outburst from so drouthy a source was the parish wonder for a week Many thought that Brother Z— must be near his end.

"Truly," said 'Squire McClellan at the deacons' meeting, "the Lord must have opened Brother Z——'s heart; but," he added with characteristic Scotch shrewdness, "it may soon close and may never open again. It behoves us in the parson's interest, to avail ourselves of it. Let us build a sled that will carry ten cords—and do it at

So thought the others and the monster sled was privately but expeditiously framed in a back yard, and, early one snowy morning in December, Brother Z was amazed to see drive to his door apparently all the ox teams in town, drawing the titanic sled accompanied by a shouting throng of teamsters, and all the small boys in the

The 'Squire was riding on the sled. "We've hear that you have lately had a fine lot of hickory chopped.

Brother Z ———, however, seeing the mag-

nitude of the sled, tried to explain and to

It is said that fully ten cords of wood were loaded upon the big sled, under the squire's supervision, and then, to the tune most vociferous gee-having, the enormous load was successfully sledded to the parson's doorway.

The worthy minister, equally amazed, but more agreeably so, issued forth to learn the cause of the uproar.
"Good people, good people," he cried, rubbing his hands, "What meaneth this? Have

the windows of heaven opened?" "Nay, nay, parson!" exclaimed the squire, but the Lord has opened Brother Z ——'s heart, and that so great a gift could have is sued from so small a receptacle is one of the wonders of saving grace. Question not, but take it, and keep ye warm." The minister had roaring fires that winter.

but it was long before Brother Z --- recovered his equanimity.

TRUE USES OF SUNDAY. A Pastor's Plea for the Opening of Libar

ies and Museums. A large congregation gathered Sunday morning in the Anthon Memorial Episcopal Church, New York, to hear the rector, the

Rev. R. Heber Newton, discourse on "The True Use of Sunday: A Plea on Behalf of the Workingman's Petition for the Opening of Museums, &c., on Sunday." The text was the twenty-seventh verse of the second chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark: "And he said unto them. The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

Mr. Newton said that the question of Sunday observances was an old one, that had come down to us along the centuries. There was the same controversy in regard to it among the Jews when Christ came, and it had never ceased to be a point of argument up to the

present day. The original Sabbath was observed as a other peoples besides the Jews. many the spirit of religious degrees observance was more and more stamped upon it, until it began to seem as if man was made for the Sabbath and not the Sabbath

In Deuteronomy the meaning of the com nandment ordering its observance is clearly explained. The seventh day was set aside for the higher life of man, when he should be delivered from toil in seeking bread, and could devote his energies to building up his manhood. As the Sabbath became more and more devoted to religious observances it became an end to itself. It was devoted to the culture of the soul alone, which, although the most important part of manhood, is yet not the whole of it. The original object was to cultivate all branches. Jesus on several occa sions protested against their narrowing of the field, and he must have understood well the danger of mere license. He did not wish it sufficiented in the dead orthodoxy of custom. nor have it separated from innocent joy and healthful culture.

We have read of the old New England Sundays, devoted to prayer, song, and long sermons, and many of us recall childhood, when our joyous natures were suppressed, libraries that he could live, but he is now getting along closed, and only the Bible left out to read. It finely. His head, which was once round was as if it was denied that there was anything was pressed by the accident out long and else in the Kingdom of God but a high spirit-ual faculty. The true use of the Sabbath for quarters of an inch taller. The terrible some is a day of rest. Men are working squeeze which his head received has made harder and harder every day, and do not him cross-eyed, but, strange as it may seem, realize it. On the right and left they are his mind is as clear and bright as it ever falling about us from overwork, while yet in was." their prime. In olden times laboring men worked out of doors, and drew in health and strength from constant contact with nature. They could afford to devote one day to their fracture.

'SQUIRE M'CLELLAN'S SLED. spiritual needs. But in our time these laborers are operatives in factories, toiling mechanics, working ten hours a day for six days. Worn out in body, exhausted and endays. Worn out in body, exhausted and enfeebled, they crowd into tenements. What are we going to do with them? They should have the Sabbath as a day of rest, as a day of physical culture. This does not apply to those who have manifold opportunities for culture during the week, but to those toiling millions who have no other chance. I seek for them an opportunity to build up a foundation

for something better. A few years ago street cars were forbidden to run on Sundays, and the workers were told to swelter away in tenements and to love the God who kept them away from green

fields. A true use of the Sabbath is the culture of the mind. There are more chances of making a Christian of a cultivated than of an ignorant man. Education broadens the faculties, elevates the intelligence, and gives a knowledge vates the intelligence, and gives a knowledge of higher objects. The libraries and museums should be thrown open to business menclerks, and others, who have often nothing but a bare bedroom to go to. It, would give them opportunities to read and educate themselves. At present great numbers of people, who work six days cut of the seven, are practically tically debarred from enjoying the great libraries and art collections in this city. Imagination will not make men, but it helps to elevate them. Contemplation of great works of art create in a man a desire to live for something higher and better. I plead that in these centres of culture there may be given to these classes opportunities of cultivating this side of their manhood.

The Sabbath should be a day of spiritual

culture for those who do not lack opportunities of physical and mental culture during the week. They can rightly devote it entirely to their religious feelings, and will be the better and holier for it.

ROBBING AN EDITOR.

Soon after the completion of the plank road between Detroit and Lansing, a period of twenty-seven or twenty-eight years ago, the editor of a newspaper located about half way between started for Detroit one evening on the wagon of a teamster. After traveling about an hour the vehicle was stopped by a highway robber. The teamster shelled out about \$12, but when the editor showed up the "pot"

only reached fifty cents.
"You've hidden your money in your boots!" shouted the robber, and he made the editor pull them off. No more cash being found, the robber insisted that coat and vest should come off for a close search, but at the end of the search be angrily demanded:

"What sort of a man are you to set out on a journey with only fifty cents in your "I am getting my ride for nothing, and I

was going to pay my expenses in Detroit by advertising the hotel at which I'stop." "How much advertising will you give me to let you off?"

"A straight column per week for four weeks.'

"Well, I'll take it, and the teamster is the witness to our bargain. I'll send the copy in time for the next issue."

The robber presently moved off into the

Free Press.

AN OLD LETTER.

George Washington will be remembered by was also the father of his country. It is not on record that he ever visited Guelph. That tion of an old chimney in Guelph, Richard Mahoney run across a letter written one hundred years ago, by George. The manner of its getting to Guelph is one of those things which no fellow can find out. The paper is of good texture and tolerably well preserved, although somewhat yellow. The letter is as

" New Windson, Jan. 29, 1781. "DEAR SIR: I could have wished, as Gen. eral Howe is about to make his journey (in onsequence of leave formerly granted him), that you could have remained at the Point. till his or General Patterson's return, but, as his seems inconvenient from a pressure of family matters, I yield my consent to your immediate departure thence, provided Gen. Heath sees no particular inconvenience reulting from it at this time.

"I am, dear Sir, "Your most obedient servant, " GEO. WASHINGTON. "Brig.-Gen. Glover."

TWO REJECTED LOVERS.

The following story is told by a gentle-man who is intimate with President Hayes and President-elect Garfield and whose personal truthfulness is youched for by lleveland, Ohio, Herald: "In the little village of Bedford, only twenty miles distant from Cleveland, there lived, some thirty years ago, two charming and attractive girls. ne of these President Hayes had become an ardent suitor; but the parents of the young day of rest and of worship, and not exclusively for spiritual purposes. It was a so the ground t at young Hayes was poor social institution, and existed among among are evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future The marriage was broken off, and the lady is to day married and well known to Cleveland people. The other young lady had received some attentions from young Garfield, and was well disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as the reason of their opposition the poverty of Garfield and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The most remarkable coincidences of the courtships were that both young ladies lived in a village of not more than five hundred inhabitants and both refused two future Presidents of the United States, because of their poverty."—N. Y.

PUT A NEW HEAD ON HIM.

Evening Post.

One of the most extraordinary stories ever told appears in the Erie (Penn.) Dispatch and reads as follows: "Brakeman Snodgrass, of Corry, met with an accident at that place while making a coupling that has probably never before been experienced by any man who lived to tell the tale. He had his head

WHAT LANGUAGE DID CHRIST SPEAK?

Was it Aramaic, Greek, or both?-A Learned Orientalist's Opinion.

At their weekly meeting on Monday the Baptist preachers compared theories and conjectures as to the language spoken by Jesus of Nazareth in his conversations with his disciples and his sermons to the multitudes. Yes terday a reporter for the Sun asked one of the most distinguished Oriental scholars of the country for his opinion on the point.

"The discussion of the Baptist ministers as reported in this morning's papers," said the eminent Orientalist, "does not give me a high

opinion of their common sense. The connection between Erse and Phonicean is too remote for serious consideration. As to the language spoken by Jesus, we must remember that in his time not one but three languages were in use in Judea. The pure Hebrew had long before died out and been succeeded by the Aramaic, which was a kindred language, received from the Babylonian conquerors. This was spoken by the peasantry and lower classes. Latin was used by the Roman officials in all formal proceedings. Greek was employed by the upper classes, by merchants and by most of the inhabitants of cities. Hence the superscription on the cross was written, as we are told by Luke, in Greek and Latin and Hebrew.

"That Greek was extensively employed is proved by the fact that all the apostolic epistles were written in Greek, and that Paul's discourses were delivered in Greek, except upon one occasion, when it is expressly mentioned that he arrested the attention of a Jewish mob by speaking to them in the common tongue. Greek was, in those days, what the lingua franca is now in Oriental countries bordering on the Mediterranean—the medium of intercourse between people of different nationalities. It was more than this. It was like French among the Europeans of the last century. All the noble Roman youth Senate were carried on in Greek.
"At all events, Greek must have been

spoken by the Saviour, at least a part of the time, for the occasions on which he used Aramaic words are specially mentioned, as for instance, in raising the dead girl, in opening the dumb man's mouth, and when he uttered his last words on the cross. If all his sayings had been in Aramaic, these special phrases would probably not have been singled out as they were, and the interpreta-tation of them given in Greek. Of course, when he spoke to the peasantry and rustics generally he used the language with which hey were familiar, and which was, as I have

said, the Aramaic.

"The case may be illustrated by that of a Catholic missionary in Wales or in a remote district of France. In Wales he would speak English in the cities, and Welsh in the country and the small towns. In France be would speak French in the cities, but elsewhere the peasant dialect, whatever it might be, of the ocality which he was visiting; and he might, for certain official purposes, write documents in Latın."—N. Y. Sun.

The robber presently moved off into the woods, and as the vehicle once more rolled over the plank the editor rubbed hir words together "Yes, I scon most of the fight," responded the gentlefinan on the hydrant to the eager inquiries of the reporter. "You know the a chance to pass off a bogus half dollar, got a splendid item of news formy local and worked up a column ad. to help tide me over the dull season! I tell you the Herald will be on a season! I tell you the Herald will be on a season! The tall fellow balanced to corners, and tripwould be a cotillion so I chasseed to one side.

The tall fellow balanced to corners, and tripped the little fellow across the cartrack. He

impact an and wolked account a way to be a consistent of the second and the little fellow across the cartrack. He opening and went in. " For two minutes it was all hands around.

till the little fellow got a hip lock and flung many people as being the person who owned the big one. Then he got up and schottisched a little hatchet and couldn't tell a lie. He after the little one, and got in on his ear. The little fellow forward toed and lifted him under the chin. Then they had a grand change place did not exist when George was laid for wind, and ladies in the center, which away. But, in poking about in the founda-fetched 'em both down. Then the quadrille fetched 'em both down. Then the quadrille was lively, you bet! The big one reeled off and caromed on his eye, and then it was gents the same for about three minutes.

"You'd think they were walking for a cake The little man varsonvienned about like ahot wire, but the big one stood on the forward and back till he got a show, and it was seat your partners for the little man. Oh! you can bet she was a redown from the start to the finish, only I like to have seen the little fellow mazonrka him."

" May I ask your business?" inquired the reporter. "I play for parties. You might publish my card and give me a lift."—Ex.

A TERRIBLE END.

A Woman Saturates Her Clothes with Kerosene and Sets Fire to Them. London, Jan. 29 .- A terrible affair is reported from the township of Westminster. Last summer a woman of middle age and of German extraction entered the family of Mr. Thomas Wilkins, and though she appeared to be a tramp, was received as a domestic. On Thursday evening last, about 7 o'clock, the woman went into the kitchen, where she made up a large fire, the family taking no notice, as she was in the habit of doing such things, but it appears that after build-ing the fire she took off all her clothes except her undergarments and saturated them with kerosene. It is thought that she poured oil they were soon all aflame. Mr. Wilkins, hearing piercing screams, rushed into the kitchen and saw things as described. He threw his coat about her and succeeded in smothering the flames. Dr. McLellan was quickly on the spot, but despite all bis efforts she succumbed to her terrible injuries some hours no more to be apprehended. afterwards.

HIS VIEW OR TROUT EATING.

A gentleman traveling in Virginia last summer had occasion to take a stage ride in order to visit the natural bridge. Riding on the seat with the driver, he fell into conversation with him, and found that he was an old hunter, who was a veteran in killing deer, bears and smaller game. Passing a stream, the traveler inquired if it contained fish.

"Lots of 'em," was the reply.
"What kind?" " Mostly trout," said the driver. "All these mountain streams are full of trout."

"They must be fine eating," was the next remark. "Fine catin'!" exclaimed the driver. "You just go up to the mountain and ketch half a dizen trout about twelve inches long, clean 'em without weshin' 'em, rub in some salt, roll 'em in Injin meal and bake 'em in the ashesgood estin'! why, stranger, they beat ham!"

THEY BOUGHT OPTIONS. How Two Connecticut Men Lost \$450.000

speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A to exhibit any very alarming symptoms of In granting a motion to make a second answer Judge Barrett said: "The defendants present sacrilege.

a most extraordinary answer and affidavit They acknowledge the receipt of enormous that these sums have been absorbed and sub-stantially assert that they can furnish no comprehensible particulars as to the process of absorption. This, they say, is in accordance with the custom of the Produce Exchange, of which they are members, the plaintiffs' money forming part of a common fund, the transactions being mostly what are called options. They cannot assign any particular option to the plaintiffs, and after the transfer of options they cannot trace them upon their tooks so as to determine by whom the sums lost thereby were actually paid. All this is simply a meaningless jargon, and the defendants may as well understand, once for all, that the law will not tolerate such trifling. They had retter act fairly in the matter and make a clean breast of it; either frankly confess the plaintiffs' claim or give them data sufficient in law to justify the absorption of their money and property. If the difficulty arises from the existence of a common fund, let them give full particulars with regard thereto and show how plaintiffs' connection therewith caused the absorption of their part of the margin."—New York Dispatch to Philadelphia Times.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

TAPIOCA Sour .- Make a good beef soup with two pounds of meat and bone, and two and a half quarts of cold clear water, simmering for four or five hours and adding an onion, some parsley and carrots. Put in a very little salt. Let the stock when done get cold. Take the fat off the top and re-heat the soup, putting in a tablespoonful of tapicca to a quart of stock. Season to taste, and add a few

drops of lemon-juice.

MUTTON CUTLETS, TOMATO SAUCE.—Take half a can of tomatoes (selecting the most solid part) and stew them twenty minutes last century. All the noble Roman youth learned to read, write and speak Greek, and on one occasion even the debates of the Roman Senate were carried on in Greek.

Senate were carried on in Greek.

All control of the Roman Senate were carried on in Greek. flour. Mix this smoothly, and when thoroughly cooked add the tomato, which must first have been passed through a seive; stir the sauce well. Broil quickly over a hot fire half a dozen well-trimmed mutton cutlets, arrange them on a hot platter and pour the tomato-sauce around them. This dish should

be served smoking hot to be good.

LOBSTER SAUCE.—Add to a half a pint of drawn butter sauce the chopped meat of the tail and claws of a lobster, a pinch of the coral which has been previously dried in the oven and pounded, a little salt and a little cayenne pepper. The bits of lobster should be about the size of a dime. Sprinkle what is left of the pounded coral over the fish when served. Put the fish over the fire in cold water with a little salt and vinegar in it. Boil gently till done and drain thoroughly.

BAVARIAN CREAM.—Make a cream with a quart of milk, nine sheets of the best French gelatine, sugar to taste, and the yolks of eight eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in a little warm water take the boiling rolk off the fire and add the gelatine; when it has cooled a little add the eggs well beaten. Flavor it with any essence you like, strain it and divide it into three basins. Color the first a deep red with coshineal, the second green with spinach greening, and leave the third to its original color. These operations must be done while the cream is still warm, and it must be kept so in a bain warie during the following projumped up and polkaed around until he see set pour in a similar layer of the plain cream, and when this is set pour in a layer of the green cream. Go on pouring in layers in the same was until the mould is filled. When the cream is quite set turn it out and serve. Care must be taken, in pouring in each kind of cream, to get each layer the same thickness. This is best done by measuring with water how much liquor will go to make a layer of the required thickness, and then getting a cup which holds just that quantity, and using it to measure the cream.

> --Father Michael O'Reilly, pastor of St Columbkills Church, Carondelet, has sued the St. Louis Globe-Democrat for \$50,000 damages for printing a story of an alleged fight between the priest and a carpenter, in which profane and indecent language is ascribed to Father O'Reilly.

-The Irish constabulary comprise a division of 12,000 infantry that could in fortyeight hours be either brought together in four origades - one for each province -- or concentrated at any point in Ireland. When so concentrated the force would be ready to take the field at once, being drilled to act in battalions, and having three hundred officers who have gone through the same training. The officers are an inspector general, deputy nspector-general, assistant inspector-general, county inspectors, first and second-class, and sub-inspectors, first, second and third-class, The pay ranges from £225, the lowest, to £700

year, the highest. -Depredations in Galicia by bands of rob bers crossing over from adjoining Russian territory are reported in Vienna journals. Private houses have been assailed at night, forcibly entered, the inmates bound and maltreated, and all valuables that could be found carried off. In one case a church was robbed of its sacrament plate, the priest being forced on her undergarments to. She then laid the to deliver it up. When assistance came the clothes she had taken off on the stove, where robbers were, in each instance, gone; but the tracks of horses remained to show that they hai'ed from the other side of the Russian border. Fifteen years ago these depredations were frequent; but the vigilance and energy of the authorities had almost wholly checked them, and inspired the belief that they were -A short time ago some Russian peasastu

were drawing water from a well in Gadiatch, when one of them spied a picture of the Virgin floating on the surface of the liquid. They were soon joined by two village girls. who, the picture being pointed out to them, declared that, only two hours previously, they had seen it flying about in the air, and watched it as it gently descended into the well. This story spread throughout the district of Gadiatch like wildfire, and as soon as it came to the ears of the landowner upon whose property the "holy well" was situated, he lost no time in building a chapel over the spring. To this chapel the population of the much less than was expected. This induced district has since repaired in daily increasing him, although the trip was one primarily for numbers, leaving the churches empty of their dredging, to extend the work of sounding; congregations even on Sunday's and saint's and he accordingly ran a line of soundings days, so that the local clergy eventually ap- nearly along the warmest band of the Gulf plied to the police authorities for an official Stream, commonly called the axis of the investigation of the alleged miracle. In comstream, for a distance of 150 miles, from investigation of the alleged miracle. In com-pliance with this requisition, the Stanovoi of Gadiatch forthwith betook himself to the north on which he obtained depths varying chapel serzed the miraculous picture and from 233 to 450 fathoms, where it was sup-deposited it in the police office. Subsequent inquiry has brought to light the fact that the to 1,000 fathoms. At the northeast end of inquiry has brought to light the fact that the to 1,000 fathoms. At the northeast Virgin's counterfeit presentment had been this line, in about latitude 33 deg. 30 How Two Connecticut Men Lost \$450,000 purchased of a traveling peddler by the specu-In the fall of 1879 D. and N. G. Miller, of lative landowner above mentioned, who had Bridgeport, Copp., placed \$450,000 in the bands of E. A. Keut & Co., brokers, of Broad santry, for the creation of a sacred shrine street, N. Y., with instructions to use it in speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A handsome sum by appropriating the money

AROUND THE WORLD.

-Among other duties entailed on a new Viceroy in Ireland by his first drawing-room is that of kissing the cheek, not only of each fair debutante, but of every lady present,

-The Rev. John A. Huegli of Detroit has brought a suit for \$5,000 against the man who accused him of withdrawing from the Roman Catholic Church and joining the Lutheran in order to marry.

-Tom Davis had some photographs taken at Zanesville, Ohio, and gave one to Lizzie Murray in the presence of Ida Bridwell, who wanted one, too. Tom would not part with another picture, and Ida at once committed

-After a performance of "The Black Crook" had proceeded naltingly for an hour at Lynn, Mass., the manager informed the audience that the dramatic company did not know their parts, and the play would be concluded with the ballet alone.

—There is a goose at Littlecote Farm, in Wiltshire, England, which is known to be nearly ninety years old, and may be a good deal older. It was presented to the father of its present owner on his tenth birthday (in 1808) and it was then considered aged. -The address against total abstinence

which the Rev. Dr. Crosby lately delivered in Boston has led the Rev. Dr. Mallalieu, of that city, to pray in a public meeting for "that Rip Van Winkle of the temperance cause who was here on a recent occasion, and give him a baptism of common sense." -Frank Thomas arrived at Rochester, Minn., on his wedding trip, and there saw the opportunity to steal a mule. If he fled with

the beast, he must leave the woman behind. The mule was sleek, fat, and handsome, while the bride was scrawny and ugly. He deserted his wife and stole the mule. -Wade Sipple is dead. In the days of reckless gambling on Mississippi steamboats, he was a famous thief. His exploits in steal-

ing the money which the professional gamblers won were extensively related. But of late years, when out of prison, he got a living by petty pilfering, and died poor at 80. -The English and Scotch volunteer corps. acting upon instructions from the Govern-ment, have taken steps to secure their stores and armories. In some instances the locks of the rifles have been removed, in others the

arms themselves and the ammunition have been removed to the nearest barracks. The Jesuits are reported to be negotiating for the Imperial Hotel at Dover, in England, which is to be occupied by a number of the brethren expelled from France. They have leased Park House, near Sidmouth, a large, fine place, with extensive grounds, and

commanding charming views of the sea.

The parents of a little girl at Calais, —The parents of a little girl at Calais, Me., declare that she was cured of St. Vitus dance by placing her for nine successive mornings on the back of a donkey, with her face to the east and saying: "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The treatment was devised by an aged Free Mothodist

Methodist. -Dr. Oscar Jennings, a physician of standing in Paris, writes to the London Lances that in the treatment of mental disease he has constantly used music, which calms and soothes the mind, and is too precious an agent to be neglected. Concerts form a part of the regular treatment in many asylume. It will be remembered that Saul found satisfaction in music.

—Bayard Dally of Logansport, Ind., shot his betrothed wife, Annie Beckly, last month because she refused to give him a dirk with which to kill a rival. She was given up to die, but surprised everybody by slowly recovering; and a few days ago as soon as she could stand on her feet, she was married to

the man who had nearly murdered her.

—A singular story as to the proceedings of Prince Bismarck in Turkey is told by a correspondent of the London Standard. In the Turkish empire there is a large quantity of property belonging to the mosques, known as "Valuff" property. An agent was sent by Prince Bismarck to Turkoy as long ago as 1865 to gather information respecting the value of this property in the different pro-vinces, to discover whether it might not be delivered from the "dead hand" and render-ed serviceable to the purposes of the State, and to estimate the income obtainable from it, under a rational system of administration.
The calculations based on the facts collected were worked out under the superi of Herr Busch, who estimated that in Euro pean Turkey the "Vakuff" property was worth

over £260,000 000.

—The question whether Charles H. Bighop of Boston, killed himself intentionally re-mains unsettled. He had a good-natured struggle with his barber over the possession of a vial of cyanide of potassium, which the workmen in the shop used for removing dye stains from their hands. He professed a desire to swallow the poison, but was under-stood to be joking, and laughed as loud as anybody. Having got the vial he drained its contents. Even then it was thought he was fooling, and had not really swallowed the stuff, but he died in a few minutes. No motive for suicide has been discovered, and it is conjectured that he was moved by foolbardi-

-There are now in the field between 16,000 and 17,000 men fighting on the colonial side in the South African war with the Basntos, of whom nearly half are European colonists and the remainder natives. The expense of this force is enormous. The direct war expenditure cannot be less than from £350,000 to £400,000 por month; and as nearly all these men are citizen soldiers, taken from their families and their business, the indirect loss must be nearly if not quite as great. -The English Chancery Paymaster 'colds

at this moment the enormous sum of feventy-seven millions sterling for chancery suitors, but is likely, very shortly, by virtue of a new act. to receive the whole of the money paid nto court in the Common Law Division. What sum in hard cash this gentleman will eventually represent it consequently becomes lifficult to conceive, imagination equally failng to reckon the amount of misery and hap piness bound up in the huge money bags of which he holds the strings.

-The New England Divorce Reform League is a new Boston society, with such men as Gov. Long, Theodore Woolsey, Presi dent Chadbourne and President Chamberlain as members. Whether the intention is to discourage divorce altogether, or to merely reform the ways of procuring it, does not clearly appear. In an address recently delivered in that city, the Rev. Samuel W. Dilke said that divorce was a Yankee notion, and was spreading in New England faster than anywhere "It is the native American element which generally avails itself of the divorce laws," he declared, "and the increase of licentiousness in New England and the destruction of unborn life are to be attributed to the looseness of merals caused by the releasetion of the marriage bond."

—In his recent dredging expedition from Charleston, S. C., across the Gulf Stream, Commander Bartlett of the United States Coast Survey was surprised to find the dentities north, the depths suddenly increased, in a distance of fifteen miles, from 457 to 1,386

-Pefer X., of the Berlin News, printed this otice in his paper the other day: " If you speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating to the lard looked how of a good servant girl who wants a surrounding country. This ingenious gentle-printed his experience as follows: "You can only be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating to the prigrims who had flocked know of a good servant girl who wants a surrounding country. This ingenious gentle-printed his experience as follows: "You can only be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A need to be speculating to be speculating to the prigrims who had flocked know of a good servant girl who wants a surrounding country. This ingenious gentle-printed his experience as follows: "You can only be speculating to the prigrims who had flocked know of a good servant girl who wants a surrounding country. The printed his experience as follows: "You can only be speculating to the prigrims who had flocked know of a good servant girl who wants a surrounding country. This ingenious gentle-printed his experience as follows: "You can only be speculating to the prigrims who had flocked know of a good servant girl who wants a surrounding country. This ingenious gentle-printed his experience as follows: "You can only be speculating to the printed his to the printed his to the printed his to the printed h father's wife-never."