For some time Toronto has enjoyed an immunity from swindlers of any kind, but the lull was only that before the tempest. It has come with a rush, and \$15,000 has gone in the hands of a few charp swindlers. The banks were made the victims of the "deal," and have lost very heavily on it. Those which suffered are the agencies of the Federal, Quebec and Bank of Commerce. Two escaped out of the general loss, and these, the Banks of British North America and Montreal, only by a deeper America and Montreal, only by a deeper knowledge by the tellers than the swindlers bargained for. About ten days ago a man representing himself as Walter Gardner, an American cattle dealer, who intended to make Toronto the location of his business, came into the Bank of British North America and presented a draft on the London branch for \$600. He had a preperly drawn out draft, and although the manager could not doubt its genuineness he had a suspicion that all was not right. So impressed was he with this belief that he gave orders for no deposits to be taken from the new customer till further orders from him. He received confirmation of the genuineness of the signature in a few days, and Gard-ner drew his money. This was all the transaction he had with the institution, which loses nothing. He next turned his attention to the Bank of Montreal's branch here, and presented to Mr. Crawford, the accountant, a draft purporting to be from the head office on New York for \$5,500. He asked for the money, and said that the bank had his signature forwarded from Montreal to identify him. Mr. Crawford asked him why, if he was coming to Toronto, he brought a draft on New York. He also noticed that the signature sent from Montreal for identification of the payee of a draft on London for \$2,100 was forwarded in case he wanted to each the London draft in Toronto. Taking this into consideration Mr. Craw-ford became doubtful, and examined the draft more closely. It had a nasty appearance, and looked as if it had been dried with a bad blotter. As Mr. Crawford had worked with Mr. Clayton he knew his signa ture and could not recognize this as it at all. He decided to withhold payment in the absence of the manager, and so settled the attempt at swindling. A telegram from Montreal said that an order for a draft received in the interim was a forgery The Federal Bank was next victimized and in opening an account Gardner deposited a draft issued by the Quebec Bank at Three Rivers, on London, for \$5,700. He drew \$4,000, leaving the remainder to his credit. The draft has since been found to be false. In doing the same kind turn for the Bank of Commerce he deposited a bogus draft drawn by the Quebec Bank at Three Rivers. It was payable to himself at sight. The gentlemen with whom the swindler had dealings describe him as a man of medium height, wearing dark clother, silk hat, lower part of the face clean shaved, with a slight moustache. He was cf a very respectable appearance, had a shrewd look, and cunning looking

The Toronto banks concerned in the swindle by the man Gardner will suffer to the extent of \$16,000, which has been pretty evenly divided amongst the three. A young man named Dean, who was a clerk the employ of the swindlers, says he got the situation through an advertisement, and worked in their office at 28 Front street east. A large roward has been offered for the detection of the scoundrels. There seems to have been an accomplice in the person of a man named Conrad Wilkinson. Gardner is about 35 years of age, 5½ feet in beight, dark complexion, slimly built, dark side whiskers and moustache, and dresses in black clothes and a plug hat. Wilkinson is about 21 years of age, 5½ feet in height, slim, and of fair complexion, with a clean shaven face. It is thought that both men have left Toronto, and yesterday descriptions of them were telegraphed all over the

eyes. He told all that he was dealing in

horses, and paid \$2,500 for one pair in Lon-

# A GHASTLY FIND.

Discovery of the Remains of an Old Bi. Cutharines Resident.

last (Friday) night's St. Cath despatch says: For several days past the residents in the vicinity of the store lately occupied by E. & C. Gurney, on St. Paul street, have been considerably exercised over a very disagreeable stench which provailed in the neighborhood, and many were the conjectures as to its origin. morning it became more and more apparent, and Mr. A. Grobb, in company with Messrs. G. Lynd, J. Haynes and J. H. Wood, decided on instituting a search to discover its whereabouts. On entering the premises over the store they were almost stifled by the stench, and on bursting open the door of one of the rooms a most horrible sight met their gaze. On a bed in one corner lay an almost unrecognizable corpse, presenting a terrible and siokening sight. examination the remains proved be those of Mr. Nathan Pawling, an old and well known citizen of St. Catharines, who must have died some eight or ten days ago, and has since lain in the position in which he was found. The deceased was an unmarried man and occupied rooms by himself in the block. Th authorities were notified and took charge of The deceased has a brother, Mr Wm. Pawling, trunk maker, Ontario street As he was frequently absent from the city engaged in peddling sewing machines and other articles, his non-appearance was not likely to attract attention. He was more over somewhat of a recluse and had no intimate associates. At one time he was a schoolmaster. He was confined in Toronto Asylum for the Insane for a time. His death was undoubtedly from natural causes. In the clothing of the deceased was found \$25 in money and a gold watch and chain, and in the drawers of a bureau a considerable quantity of jewellery and other articles. The personal effects were taken in charge by the coroner. Dr. Good man, who deemed an inquest unnecessary and gave instructions for the interment o

# THE DIAMOND MINES.

Terrible State of Affairs at Cape Colony

Failure, Suicide and Smallpox. A New York despatch says: H. B Joseph, a passenger by the barque Lee from Cape Town, gives a shocking account of the failures in the diamond mines of Cape Colony, incidental to which were ten suicides of leading men caused by commer-cial depression. The most terrible stories of starvation come from the copper region sspecially from the neighborhood of great Manamaculand mines. Among the persons who committed spicide was Her mand Wiligoroot, who blew out his brains. Most of the colonists are returning to Europe. The smallpox epidemic last year in the colony greatly damaged its business interests, and the supplementing of this by lack of rain and by the diamond smash had caused numerous business failures, and Europeans arriving at Cape Town flud few safe investments for the money they bring. It will take the colony years to regain wha it has lost in recent months.

Mental pleasures nover cloy; unlike those of the body they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

world is a dude's eyeglass.

gives us a good steer.

# THE YORK HERALD.

VOL.XXV.

RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 1,305 NO. 18.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

Finding of a Baughter, Long Lost, in an A Man Gives Reasons for Taking Isis Asylum.

A Montreal despatch says: In the year 1867 a man named Albert Turner was employed in the Grand Trunk Railway offices here, and at that time had living in the city a wife and three children. Two of the latter were boys and the other a girl of only 2 years of age. At the close of that year Turner's wife died. His father took charge of the children, and Turner emigrated to the then rich gold fields of California. Turner's father kept the children for some years, but when the girl was 8 years of age she was entrusted to the care of a Mrs. Bousquet, of Craig street, who was an aunt of the girl. After a short time she was sent to the Providence Convent and the aunt seemed to have lost all interest in the child. After the child had been in the convent a year she was considered not only to be of very weak intellect, but accordingly sent to the care of the nuns at Longue Pointe Asylum. In 1873, Albert Turner returned to Montreal from Galifornia and went in search of his children and found all but the girl. Mrs. Bousquet was dead and no one seemed to know what had become of the little waif. A month or so ago Turner bear. had become of the little waif. A month or so ago Turner heard incidentally that a Mrs. Grouix, an old woman living on St. Urbain street, had been very intimate with Mrs. Bousquet, and in consequence he sought her acquaintance. She, however, would give Mr. Turner no satisfaction, and he in despair, and of course only too anxious to get knowledge of where his long lost daughter was, told the facts of the case to deputy high constable Contant, who worked very hard to find out whether who worked very hard to find out whether or not the missing girl was in the land of the living. At length, after weeks of the mest laborious work, the discovery was made that she was living at the Longue Pointe Asylum. Hither Mr. Contant and Mr. Turner went, and from unmistakable preofs the latter discovered his long lost deauther. This collectorized was retorded. daughter. This only occurred yesterday, and the father was overjoyed to find her a most levely girl of 18. She had never been insane, but had received the most cateful direction from the number. education from the nuns.

### DISEASED MEAT.

What the Collingwood People Had to

Eat. A Collingwood despatch says: About two weeks ago a valuable steer belonging to Mr. James Irwin, a farmer living near Ravenna, became bloated to an enormous size, and the daugner was permuded to appeared to suffer such agony that it was appeared to suffer such agony that it was laughed many a time at a fellow killed. On cutting it open it was found that the caul, or "apron fat," and the kid-for a girl. But that was before I was in killed. On cutting it open it was found that the caul, or "apron fat," and the kid-ney suet were putrified and the carcase ney suct were putrified and the carcase gave out a most sickening smell. It was at first decided to boil it down to tallow, but after several days a Collingwood butcher visited the farm and offered to buy the hindquarters for \$5. Mr. Irwin's hired man accepted the offer, and although Mr. Irwin himself said he would not undertake to sell the meat for food for \$1,000, the butcher brought it to Collingwood, and it is alleged sold it to his customers. No action has been taken by the authorities, and the Enterprise, which unearthed the matter, is very severe in its criticisms on the police and the Mayor, whom it calls the Czar of Collingwood.

# The New Niagara Bridge.

engineers and others were present to witness the event. In order to give the false work and derrick a fair test, the stone, which weighed one and a quarter tons, was allowed to descend at lightning speed to the distance of about 40 feet and then suddenly stopped by the brake above, the experiment being successful. The stone was then gradually lowered until the bottom was Another stone was immediately lowered and the strain on the work was terrific. When finished the stone work will be 20x40 feet in each pit and 60 feet high. There are some stones to be lowered which weigh four tons apiece, and the dan ger is great, though no disaster is expected. The derrick is managed by a steam engine, tracks are laid on top of the false work, and a single stone is lowered about 30 feet from the top of the bank to a car : the car is then pushed to the front and the stone lowered to the bottom.

# John Bright on the Chappel Tunnet.

"There is a supposition," said Mr. Bright, "I should have supposed it was necessary to have gone to Bedlam to discover any man who could have enter-tained it, there is a supposition that with 35,000,000 persons in Great Britain and Ireland, of whom 8,000,000 are grown men, we could not defend a hole in the earth not more than about twenty feet wide."
Mr. Bright also ridiculed the idea of "a great military authority," that France would send over boats and seize this end of the tunnel, and then at its leisure transport its army through the tunnel. advised his hoarers never to take the opinion of high military authorities except in cases of actual war, and he believed that f we had had a civilian of capacity in the harbor of Alexandria on the 11th of July last, there would have been no bombardment, no burning of Alexandria, no slaughter of 3,000 or 4,000 lives, and the calamity would have followed that there would have been nobody ennobled and no pensions given. His own impres-sion was that the Channel tunnel, if it were made, would be of enormous value to this country, as it would be of great value to all Europe; but far greater value to this than any other country, except, perhaps, France. In conclusion, he said that he had left his colleagues because he believed Duty made it necessary it to be his duty. he should leave an official position with dignity and emolument connected with it, but dignity and emolument, and all that office could give, were valueless unless accompanied by the belief that they were held in consistence with one's duty in the honest endeavor to serve the people who had given him and shown him so much of their trust .- St. James' Gazette.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, endurance. Efforts, to be permanently mill on times out of the was useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit lations,—Hartford Courant. all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—Cârlyle.

"No," said Fogg to an acquaintance of will be placed in this church. bibulous temperament—"no, I don't think you would ever succeed as a musician." "Why not?" asked his friend. "Because," Just the loveliest spectacle in the orld is a dude's eyeglass.

Good fellow, the butcher. He often replied Fogg, "you could never get past the fraction, sweetly, "your bad habits are fast to penitence." first bar."

A SHICIDES LETTER

Own Lite-Disappointed in the Ciri

Sinte He Escapes Present Misery. The other day, at Delhi, Iowa, a young man who gave the name of Rufus H. Eaton shot himself through the head. On the body was found a letter, without date or signature, in which he said he was a Baltimorean. Nothing can be learned of morning until night. such a person, but the name may have been an assumed one. The letter was as beel: an assumed one. The letter was as follows: "I am going to take my own life, having made up my mind to do so more than a year ago. Although I do not think that anybody cares a pin about my reasons, yet it will give me some satisfaction to state them, and anybody who finds this paper need not read it if he does not wish to do so I am 27. it if he does not wish to do so. I am 27 years of age, a lawyer by profession, but not very much so far as practice is concerned. I was born in Baltimore, and I might be a hereafter. I have arrived at the conclusion, however, that there is not anything worse than what I have gone through, and I'll chance the future state. But I'll not preach. Two years ago I met a young lady, it don't matter where, nor what her name was. She was pretty. I was, as usual, a fool. I had the education of a gentleman, but not the means to live up to my desires. I had run through coniderable money, and had not the industry to make a livelihood at my calling. Well, of course, I FELL OVER HEAD AND EARS IN LOVE

with this girl. She liked me, I think, but she had sense, and she never let her sentiment run away with her prospects. I drank some, and gambled some, and was as wild as a young fellow usually is. Though I generally wore good clothes, my pocket-book was usually very flat. Well, when her parents saw that my visits to the daughter were growing frequent, they immediately interfered. 'You know my ohild has been tenderly raised,' said her fatter.' and she cannot marry a man who father, 'and she cannot marry a man who cannot properly support her. I like you, but you see how it is. A man should not marry unless he can properly support his wife. The mother was just as stern, and the daughter was persuaded to man's carriage and pair and his bank account better than she did me, and much better than she did him. I begged and pleaded, and get the same answer all the time. You know what I did then. I went to

DRINKING HARDER THAN EVER.

the new Canada Southern bridge at Niagara Falls has been successfully lowered to its place. The foundation is about 250 feet below the top of the false work, and a large number of officials of the road, civil engineers and others were present to mitrous. 'I'll insure my life for \$15,000 in different companies and make the policies over to you. You pay me \$2,500 a year for two years; let me have a little burrah for that time, and when it's over I'll agrée to kill myeelf and you will get the money. In that way you make \$10,000 and I have some fun. Jim laughed, but I insisted, and finally we drew up an agree-ment to that effect. I got out policies in the different life insurance companies. He holds them and the agreement He paid me \$200 a month during the last fifteen months, although I don't believe that he ever thought of holding me to the agreement. But he was of a speculative agreement. Dut he was or a speculative turn of mind any how, and although he hardly believed I would kill myself, he knew that if I had the money I would soon drink myself to death, and he was

WILLING TO TAKE THE CHANCES. The time is not up yet, but I guess I'll let him make the extra money. He'll be sur-prised and not at all sorry. Nobody else cares, for the girl I mentioned has since married the bank account, the carriage and the middle aged gentleman. This is no case of temporary insanity. I have as much sense as anybody. I made a contract, and I'm carrying it out. Bury me wherever you like. There is \$35 in my vest pocket, and that will pay expenses and my bill so far."

The Latest Blandkerchief Nonsense.

Fans and parasols will not be foremost, as it looks now, in the line of devices for bewitchery. You have seen the trick of the old-fashioned actress, and it is sometimes practised by the young ones of the period, in producing a letter on the stage. She never takes it from a pocket, but always from her bosom. That is peculiarly seductive, she calculates. How the baldie must envy the inappreciative missive Well, handkerchiefs are being used by fash ionable New York girls on the same allur ing principle. The dainty batiste article ing principle. The dainty batiste article, trimmed with fine lace, instead of being consigned to a pocket, is thrust half way into the bosom, a button of the bodice being left open for the purpose. Thence it is occasionally drawn out, warm, scented and sentimentalized, to be employed with tre mendous effect in flirtation .- From Clara

### Belle's Letter. eyelones and Sewer Gas.

The chance of being killed by a cyclone is so absurdly slight that it cannot be calculated. There are a thousand chances of lying by the quiet and inaudible attack of the sewer gas in our own houses to one chance of falling before the crush of the tornado; and yet the average newspaper reader is a thousand times more worried about the tornado than he is about the altogether past calculation is its powers of sewer of to-day. Hence he is just a mill on times out of the way in his calcu-

The church which Eugenie intends Solitude is a powerful aid to reflection building at Flamborough, Eng., in mamory and imagination. The higher faculties of her son, will cost \$350,000. The coffins necessarily dwindle in a perpetual bustle.

"B'lieve I'll try to mend some of my bad certainly in an excellent state of repair."

Miss Willett.

There is no name so odious to young girls as "eld maid," and there is no class so thoroughly despised. Sarah Willett was an old maid. She had, in all probability, been disappointed in her youth. hence her cognomen-" A disappointed old

Among her many excellencies, Miss Wil-

morning until night.
She loved to moralize, and she knew how. She fairly hated the men, and totally despised women. It made her frantic to see the young ladies come in to supper with bright dresses, curls, crimps, rats, rolls and the thousand little things which make up a woman's toilet; and when from the opposite side the gentlemen threw admiring glances she could have annihilated the party, and looked upon the wreck with-

"Weak minded, simple, foolish, dis-graceful, bold, branch creatures?" she would say, "how do they ever expect to settle in life after such efforts to attract the attention of the opposite sex? Of women, woman, when will you ever learn the way in which God designed you to walk? Mrs. Berry, it makes my heart bleed to see such carryings on. The bold faced things."

Mrs. Berry pitied her case, and perhaps

for that very reason and the hope of gain-ing the sympathy of Mr. Dickson and other parties, detailed Mies Willett's sufferings word for word. But Mrs. Berry's boarders were not

sympathetic. They laughed heartlessly, and a number of the abused young ladies gathered in the parlor that very night, and with their pretty heads close together laid the foundation of a villainous plot, which, if well carried out, was to seriously disturb the peace of mind of Miss Sarah Willett. Of course, she was jealous, the mean old maid—but they'd "fix matters."

Nellie Dobson, the belle of the party, was

stairs; "and for my part I shall leave unless there is different work. It grates upon my sensitive nature, and makes me eel as though I should faint whenever I "It shall be attended to, Miss Willett. I

was just beginning to think myself that the young people were getting a little careless. I'll speak to them.' She kept her word to the letter, by going immediately to the parlor, and nearly throwing them into convulsions; and

thereupon there was another gathering of pretty heads, and a continuance of the villainous plot.
"Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling," went the doorbell one day as they all sat at the table. "That's the postman, I know!" called half a dozen voices, and every eye turned

'No, it is not for you, Miss Nellie, nor you, Miss Rose; it is for Miss Sarah Willett."

Miss Willett arose in her stately manner and received the missive, and, to show the impulsive young girls how devoid she was of impatience and curiosity, sat down without looking at it, and ate her dinner as though nothing had happened, and took an

unreasonably long time in so doing.

But there is an end to all things, and to
Miss Willett's dinner as well, and at length she walked out in her usual dignified manper, until she reached the upper hall. After that we are not positive as to her progress, but Bildy, the chamber girl, declared that omething must have happened, for the ould maid ran as though the ould feller imself was afther her."

In her room she opened her letter, and

Miss Willett: If I dared I would call you Sarab, but as yet you have given no signs to me that might warrant such familiarity, and so I can only say Miss Willett. Although I am a plain, not to be considered, miserable sort of a wretch I save dared-yes, had the audacity to raise my eyes to you, and hope you will find a place in your woman's heart for pity, if not for love. I cannot sit day after day, seeing your lovely face before me, and nearing your voice without feeling for you an adoration almost akin to worship. Miss Willett, most considerate and compassion ate of beings! hear me, I beseech you, and lend me a pitying ear. Smile upon me, and give me a few words of encouragement, and thus save me from distraction. Yours in anxiety and love. Gerald Dickson.

Gerald! Ab, what a name! and Miss Willett, the strong-minded, never-to-be-coled Miss Willett, actually folded her hin hands over the white paper and

"Smile upon me; give me a few words of encouragement."
"I will! This very afternoon shall the unhappy creature receive relief. How much good we can do in this world if we are only willing. Poor Gerald!"

Perhaps that afternoon was the longest that she ever spent, but supper hour came and she was at the table betimes. Soon he came in and sat down opposite.

He seemed remarkably jolly, under the circumstances, and disposed of an alarming amount of cold meat and biscuit; but this fact Miss Willett imputed to his good common sense and desire to keep up appear As he arose and passed her chair sho

lightly touched his arm.
"I will see you in the parlor, Mr. Dickson, as soon as I complete my supper."

The gentleman bowed politely.

"I shall be most happy."
Five minutes later she was there and

The gentleman's eyes opened perceptibly.
"I am sure, Miss Willett, I am very grateful, but at present I am very oomfortably situated.

you write this?" taking the letter from her

"No. madam, I never was-I may say-"No, madam, I never was—I may say—guilty of doing such a thing," said he, after looking it over. "You have been sold, madam! I am already engaged, and if nothing serious occurs, I shall, in all probability, be married in a few weeks to Miss Nellie Dobson," From behind the curtains which shaded

the bay window came an audible titter, which finally swelled into a roar, and Miss Willett fied. Not an hour after she was directing a

hackman at the door, and from that day to this has never been seen by any of Mrs. Berry's boarders.

### Drank a Tear.

"Boys, I won't drink lessen you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment. "The idea," one of them replied, "that

bachelor in the wholesale tea business, you should prescribe conditions, is laughraised his eyes and looked smilingly at them.

"Weak minded, simple, foolish, distributed the chief of the mixed dripkers, and I won't the chief of the mixed dripkers, and I won't the chief of the mixed dripkers, and I won't the chief of the mixed dripkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"Re want's to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy. "No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take

my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water." "What, water!" the boys exclaimed. "Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article with all of you. Lemme tell you how I came to take it: Several days ago as a came to take it: Several days ago as a passel of us went fishing, and we took a fine chance of whiskey along, an' had a heep of fun. Long toward evenin' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drunk up all the whiskey an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out thar drunk an' told it around town with a mightly bluster. We son got a hold Of course, paramaid—but they'd "inx maid—but they m

biled up and dipped up a cupful an' fctch it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me, she leaned over ter hide her eyes an' I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drunk the water an' the tear, an' raisin' my hands I vowed that I would never hafter drink my wife's tears agin; that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You oys know who it was that left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."-Arkansaw

Araveller.

Matrimonial Advice. The young woman said her lover was coming on the midnight train and she was going with him to the next station to be toward the door.
"For me?" "For me?" was the indiang a business," and would give the young lady some advice, and here is what she said:
"We be hard."
"Married. Whereupon the "marrying had much experience in the "marrying had much experience in the "marrying had much experience in the "marrying dad much exp Whereupon the old lady said she he is liable to get killed at any time. Besides, he has such a nice chance to flirt. Never marry a military man, for he's liable to go to war and get shot. Besides. his gorgeous clothes attract the attention of the women. Never marry a hotel-keeper. My first husband was a hotel-keeper, and fell through the elevator opening and broke his skull. It riles me when I think of that man. Never marry a travelling man, for he's always away from hum. Nobody knows what these men are up to when they are away from hum. Never marry a steam boater. My second husband was a steamboat captain, and got blowed in 4,000,000 pieces! I always get terribly mad when I think of that man. Never marry a dry goods man. Dyes in cloths is so injurious. They never live half their days. Never marry a grocer. My third husband was a grocer, and he was killed by a molasses barrel fallin' on him. When I think of him I'm completely disgusted. Never marry a carpenter. My fourth husband was a carpenter, and fell off a scaffold and was smashed to a jelly. May he sleep in peace! Never marry a machinist. My fifth husband was a machinist. I'll never forget the day be was brought home on a board. I didn't recognize him. A belt had come off a pulley and hit him plum in the face, and spread his nose all over his countenance. I promised him on his dyin' bed that I'd never marry another machinist." Just then the train rolled in, and the old lady asked: "Child, what business is your lover in?" "Insurance business." "Ch, You don't mean to marry him. mercy : My sixth husband was an insurance But the young lady had gone to meet her lover.

# Twenty-Two Tailless Tabbics

On the coast near Barnegat Inlet lives Caleb or "Dad" Parfier, who is well known to gunners and fishermen on the bay. About seventeen years ago a vessel went ashore near the inlet and from it escaped half a dozen cats. One peculiarity i these cats was the fact that they had no tails. Mr. Parker secured a couple of these no-tailed mousers, and notwithstanding that he has since given many cats away, he now has twenty-two, only three of which rejoice in a caudal appendage. Every one of these cats has a name, and every one of them will, when his or her name is called, spring to respond, the others remaining silent. They perform many tricks, and know, their owner says, as much as folks, and could do everything but talk. One of them is 17 years old, and the ages of the others vary from that down to a few months .- Commercial Advertiser.

The Pear James Did Not Take.

Five minutes taken tive Mr. Dickson.

"Mr. Dickson—Gerald," she began. "It seven California pears in that cupboard. has always been my desire to benefit my fellow creatures, and if I can in any way thing about it?" "I never took one of add to your happiness I shall only be too happy."

"The gantleman's eyes opened perceptibly.

"James" seven California pears in that cupboard. Bix of them are gone. Do you know any thing about it?" "I never took one of them." "Sure?" "Certain, pa. Wish I may die if—" "You wicked, bad boy; how often have I told you never to use such a surgession? Here comes ma; let us see an expression? Here comes ma; let us see if she knows anything about it." Mamma says she saw James take at least five of "I thought that you were very unhappy."

"Unhappy! What do you mean?"

"Your letter certainly conveyed that idea," she replied.

"My letter What letter?"

"Didn't you write me a letter? Didn't

A MAGICIAN'S MEDICINE.

How a Rabe Kell a Victim to Superatition and Fraud.

Considerable talk is indulged in by the public in relation to the death of a child in the vicinity of the Cincinnati mills. The child, it was reported, had been found dead in bed Wednesday morning. The name of the parents of the child are A. G. and Maggie Warner, and the dead child, Wilhie J. Warner, was nearly four months old. The inquest developed the fact that the child had never been healthy and had been subject to fits. In this connection some curious developments were presented. A German "doctor" named Bartenberg had called and had told the parents that the mother had been cursed and the curse had descended to the child; hence the fits. This doctor had worked on the superstitious fears of these people and induced them to pay him \$7.50 for a "oure." He put something in a jug, kept it in the stove oven 9 days, and, after wiring the cork in the jug, sunk it in the river. He also wrote two pages of note paper full, folded it in a three cornered shape, representing, as he said, the Trinity, sewed it in a three-cornered bag, and, attaching strings to it, tied the same around the child's neck, where it was kept until it died. His magio 'cure" was written in German, and the followed is a literal translation:

"William John Warner will regain his health in the name of the Lord, God Father, God Son, and God Holy Chost, Amen. † † I. N. | N. I. † (interpreted Jesus of Nazareth, Nazarene Jesus.) Beelzebub and all the bad spirits, I forbid you my bedstead, in the name of God, my house, and also my yard; I forbid you, in the name of the Holy Trinity, my blood and flesh, my body and soul. I forbid you as many times as we have nail holes in my house, as many times as drops in the water, as many times as leaves on the trees, as many times as stars in the heavens, until the last day of judgment arrive, and Mary the mother of God, gives birth to her second son. In the name of God Father, God Son, and God Holy Ghost. Amen. Thou arch fiend thou hast taken hold of our William John. Get thee hence. Let the worms go out of your body, and your marrow and bones are again. I beseech you, for the sake of the five wounds of Jesus Christ, get out this very hour."

An Old Merchant's Honor When the wholesale liquor house ef Beecher, Ives & Co. failed some time age. ecause of the deadlock in bonded whiskey, great sympathy was especially felt for Mr. Ives, who, past the middle sge, after a long and active and honorable business career, found himself wrecked, as his every asset was available. And here a little story can tell its own affecting details. Some years ago Mr. Ives founded a little home on the Sound near Rye, N.Y. Humble nome on the Sound near Kye, N.Y. Humble and unpretentious at the start, it has been developed and beautified with years and prosperity, until it is one of the most charming as well as hospitable homes in the neighborhood. Those who are fortunate in possessing the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Ives (nec one of the Englishes of Nor. Hyper) have been prospered. of New Haven) know how worthily they adorned such a home of peace, plenty and contentment. It was suggested in the hey-day of prosperity to Mr. Ives that he should deed his homestead to his wife.

"No," said he, "it will go to her if she survives me, and in the event of my failure in business I propose that my creditors shall get all the liquidation of their claims. I am careful and conservative in business. and prosperous beyond my expectations, and failure is not likely now."

When the failure engulfed the old house in ruin like a ship in a maelstrom, the little ivy embowered home at Rye, with its tree-covered lawn and hedges, was included in Mr. Ives' assets. It was a terrible blow to the old gentleman, and the old man was reproached with not having followed years ago the friendly advice to put his property in his wife's name, and thus save it from the creditors.

"No," said Mr. Ives, "I am not sorry I did not put the property in my wife's name then and thus save it, for I want everything I have to go to my creditors. My children can take care of themselves, while I can always provide for my wife and my-

Well, the other day the little home was sold by order of the creditors—and bought in by them and presented to the good wife who had borne the sacrifice without a murmur, glad to make it in her husband's behalf, and whose heroism was thus se nobly rewarded .- New York Journal.

A Royal Mome. Sandringham is indeed the home of the

Prince and Princess of Wales. Every step taken by the visitor shows him this both within and without. It is the receptacle of objects most highly prized by their owners: objects most nightly prized by their owners; some rich in value, others triffing; from golden caskets and paintings of price, to pretty toys and knicknacks, but all associated with some pleasant memories. There are pictures of the Danish home of the Princess—the home of her early days be-fore we had taken her to ourselves as "our own Alexandra from over the sea;" por-traits of her Royal parents, of Copenhagen, in close proximity to others depicting the home life here and in Scotland. As you step from the vestibule into the saloon a nobly proportioned room with high roof of open oak work, these and open oak work, these and many other objects meet the eye. The whole aspect of the house speaks of home. The reception-rooms are made to live in; the morning room of the Prince and Princess is a model of blended masculine and feminine tastes. Books and china wonderfully clever drawings of Highland sport; family photographs, big game tro-phies, are mingled together. In whatever room you go there are books. The library has no monopoly in this respect. The "Serapis room" (so called from its being filled with belongings of the Indian troop ship) is full of them, and the Equerries' room is lined with bookshelves. The dining room is panelled with pictures of Spanish life, the gift of King Alphonso: the billiardroom is hung with Leech's well-known pictures. The Prince of Wales is a great collector of the portraits of his friends. Most of them are of the "Vanity Fair" type, but the likenesses are undeniable. The house in the park occupied by the gentlemen inwaiting, and soon about to become the tem porary residence of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, is full of them; nearly every room e a gallery of well-known faces.

"Let us pursue the subject a little farther," sail the medical students at the bedside of a dying patient. So the next night they went and stole the body from the cemetery.

There is nothing nobler in man than courage; and the only way to be courageous is to be clean-handed and hearted, to be able to respect ourselves and face our

MANUFACTURED BEAUTY. The Arts by Which the Fair Sex Would

Concent the Marks of Time.

It is a question whether beauty, like

goodness, must not necessarily be genuine in order to be admirable. We despise the hypocrite; we laugh at the artificially lovely. Yet there is a large class which is so desirous of admiration that, in its pursuit, any conceit is considered justifiable. The climax of this theory is reached when the old lady of 85, the aged patroness of many charlatans, is held up to admiration because—at a little distance—she would pass for 30. Proudly her "makers-up" point out how this effect is produced; her hair is false, her skin is enamelled—hesides being "tightened" to prevent wrinkles— her eyelashes are stained, her figure is "made." She is false all over. Now, is this admirable? Would not a little honest old age and ugliness be more agreeable? Be this as it may, it is not very important. When a lady has reached the mature age of 85, her appearance troubles no one very much, except her grand-children. But when it comes to the lady whom you love, or might love if you were quite certain that she was genuine, the case is different. It is bad to know that your dear Angela must sleep in corsets, or she never, never could attain to the fashionable waist; it is sad to think of the inevitable results on her poor little feet of those Louis Quinze heels, which make her pretty boots Quinze heels, which make her pretty boots look so bewitching. But such sins as these, such triflings with the human frame divine, are things too common to complain of. When Angela's hair slowly, but surely, changes its color, that, too, must be borne in silence, even if the new shade is nothing like so becoming as its predecessor. But when you begin to fancy Angela's nose is growing Grecian—when at last you are positive that a change has taken place—then it is not guess that Angela, in the sweet hours of sleep, wears a nose machine! The picture is not pretty or pleasant, how The picture is not pretty or pleasant, how much worse must it appear to the sufferer? Figure to yourself what it must feel like to take your beauty-sleep with a pair of pincers on your nose. That pretty oldfashioned expression has now taken a new and dreadful meaning. Any one who desires to possess the "Mrs. Langtry nose" has but to sleep in torment for a week or two and the great result is obtained. If the figure of the would-be beauty is not as lovely as she wishes, "the anatomical conset-maker" will supply her with a nocturnal equeezing apparatus which will "fine her down" by degrees. If her stature is too low for beauty, she may remedy this by wearing what is mildly called an "appliance;" in the days of the Inquisition it would probably have been classed as an instrument of torture. This appliance squeezes and stretches all the lower part of the body and its work is said not to inverfere with one's beauty-sleep. It is not, as a rule, positively ugly women who make them-selves suffer in these various ways; it is the woman who just falls short of being a beauty. Some blemish stands in her way; like a heroine, she resolves to remove it. She is unconscious of how great a step the first is. Once having weakened her moral sense on the subject of artificiality, she is ready to be the victim of the quasks and charlatans who live on the proceeds of pig-ments and powders and instruments of torture. Perhaps her first folly is nothing greater than the use of some bloom of roses greater than the use of some bloom of roses to improve her complexion. This is no great sin, though pale cheeks are better in front of the footlights that any rouge. But when she gets this she becomes acquainted with a dozen other little articles. Why not have sun-rays in her hair? Why not tighten the skin under her eyes to prevent those crow a feet from coming which show so at the end of the season? Why not yield to the subtle suggestion of the "enameller," and improve the skin a little—just a very little-so as to be only just perceptible? Why not color her eyebrows and lashes just enough to make them more effective? These temptations are so inviting and apparently so innocent that they are sure of success so innocent that they are sure of success with the unhappy woman who looks in her glass and sees a doubtful beauty. Then, when she makes her various small experiments, she finds herself embarked upon a most fascinating occupation. What more delightful than to build up an admirable appearance? Then, too, she finds that she has taken stear that can not be retreated. has taken steps that can not be retraced. Once enamelled, always enamelled. The professed beauty can only afford to be yellow, "gray, and uncurled" in secret. She finds herself precipitated on the downward path. It is just as well, having once begun to attend to the matter, to perfect her beauty. Why not make use of the marvels of modern inventiveness—remodel her ears, her nose and her finger-tips? It is difficult to say why she should not carry her theory out to the full. Only, it is im possible to disguise the fact that beauty does not only lie in the shape of the nose or the color of the cheeks. The mysterious charm of expression has more to do with it than all the details of the toilet put together. As one instinctively distrusts the man who affects a virtue though he has it not, so one but doubt-fully admires the woman who professes to be a beauty though she is none. The best of hypocrites, however great an

actor he may be, must always carry about him something of Uriah Heep, and the most admirably "made-up" beauty has a consciousness of manner, an artificiality of expression, which tells the tale of deceit, even if her art should be sufficient to make concealment perfect. In the end she will regret that she did not keep to our grandmothers' cosmetics—May-day dew and June rain-water. She would have had fewer stares of admiration from the knights of the pavement, but she would have been better liked and better loved. Her ena-"art." but Richardson hath it that "artifice " is the word to use "where deception is intended." Undoubtedly deception is the aim in this work of skill, though it may not always be attained; and there are few men who would not like the woman they admire to be even truer of face than of tongue. A living Venus de Medicis would not keep many admirers if her beauty of limb were obtained, or maintained, by "appliances." There is a strong desire in the human heart to have the "real thing," and the men who avowedly have a taste for fine women will obstinately prefer to have them grown rather than produced piecemeal by the enameller, artificer, nose-machine maker and company.

The London Lottery Case.

The case against Mr. Strong, who drew the \$7,500 prize in the London lottery, is the subject of a demurrer filed at Osgoode Hall by the plaintiff to the defence. The parts demurred to are three: 1st, the defence that Strong was only a trustee for T. H. Brunton: 2nd, that the \$7,500 has been paid over to the Huron & Erie Loan & Savings Co., who have given value for it, and are without notice of the way in which it was obtained: 3rd, that the defendant not having been convicted of any offence, an action for the forfeiture of the prize money will not lie. These pleas Mr. Fen-ton demurs to as bad defences in law. The demurrer will not be argued till after vaca-

Fear Not.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetos and Liver troubles, Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured by your own neighborhood, and you can find relibble proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and

A new paper in New York is called the Lamb. The proprietors will probably have hard work to keep the wolf from the door

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world to get a good name or to supply the want of it.