Soble Island Adds Another to the Long

A Halifax despatch says: The Dominion Government steamer Lansdowne returned from Sable Island last night. She was out from Sable Island last night. She was out in the great gales of Friday and Saturday, and Captain Guildford says he never saw worse weather during his half century's experience on the coast. He brings intelligence of the wreck of the brig A. S. H., of St. Malo, France, Capt. Lemarchand, owned by Omegers & Co., of St. Pierre, Micuelly, and from the tales of Baston. Miquelon, and from that place to Boston. with fish. The vessel left St. Pierre on December 15th. The gales of the 17th, 18th and 19th drove the ship near Sable Island. The west end lighthouse of the island was lighted. At 4 c'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the 19th, a heavy snow storm prevailed, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. A few minutes after land was made out and the vessel was driven on a sand-har with great violence and immediately began to break up. She had a crew of seven men. The thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero, and the sufferings of the men had been terrible. They were frost bitten, cut, bruised, thoroughly disheartened, and death was a welcome release. Three of the crew were washed overboard when the shipstruck, and although there was floating debris, made no effort to save the meelves and were drowned. The steward, preand were drowned. The steward, pre-ferring death to any further misery, ran to his berth, took a razor, out a terrible gash in his throat reaching from ear to ear, numped into the surf and disappeared. His body was found in the sand the next day by coastguardmen. Captain Lemar-chand, his first mate, and a sailor managed to get on a sand-bank by a floating spar, but only escaped the terrors of the deep to encounter the more frightful terrors of the frost king. They could faintly discern the frost king. They could faintly discern the glimmer of a lighthouse three miles across the sand-bar, and set out in the darkness to reach it. The sand was being driven with blinding force by the gale, and each grain dashed against the faces of the exhausted men like hailstones. Finally the captain succumbed, lay down and despite the effects of his equally and despite the efforts of his equally were severe in the southern provinces. The chief officer and sailor then pressed out thin half an hour the sailor too lay on the sands a freezen corpse. The chief officer, a powerfully built man, then pushed on to the light house, the only survivor. After six hours of almost indescribable suffering from frost and the dashing sands, he reached the light-bouse, the last quarter of a mile on his hands and knees, and told a errible tale of wreck. It was then 2 o'clock in the morning. Everything possible was done to relieve his sufferings. Next morning officials started for the scene of the disaster. They found the bodies of the captain and sailor and interred them in the sand. The vessel had been smashed to pieces and the debris covered the surfeaten shore. The survivor came up on the

THE PARESS OURSE FAILS.

Death of a Woman Who Prayed Instend of Taking Medicine.

A Philadelphia despatch says; The death of Emma Kittsmiller, which occurred at her home, No. 1,315 Davis street, on Sunday, was investigated by Coroner Powers. The woman had been a firm believer in the "faith cure," and had refused to receive medical treatment during her illness. Howard McKuight, a brother of the dead woman, said that he was a firm believer in the "faith cure." They had prayed together, and she had told him toat she did not want a doctor. George McKnight, another brother, said he was not a believer in the efficacy of he was not a believer in the efficacy prayer in driving away disease. He had called on his sister, and she had replied in called on bi-sister, and she had replied in answer to a question; "No; I have no doctor. I have Jesus Christ. He is my only physician." He had left the house in disgust and had as-ked Dr. Lehman to call on his sister. Flora McKnight, a sister of the dead woman, had prayed with her, and was a believer in the "faith cure." Mary Gardner, the next witness, said that had be were a "missionery of the faith." She she was a "missionary of the faith." She talked rapidly and incoherently. The gist of her evidence was that she believed Jesus Christ could do all things, and she didn't believe it right to take anything out of His hands. Mr. Kitzmiller was then permitted to make a statement. He said be had not will pray to God and ask permission to take They had prayed and she had concluded to take the powders. He secured the powders at a drug store. "On my way home," he continued, "the Lord revealed to me that I was doing what I had sworn pever to do-and that was using a little faith and a lttle medicine. When I got home I said: 'Mamma, shall we trust in God or medicine?' She took only one powder, and after that we trusted to God. When I awoke on Sunday morning she was

THE INFIDELS THE TIME. An Internal Machine Sent to the Trace

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says; A box containing an infernal machine was brought by a boy to the American Tract Society's office, 50 Nassau street, this morning. It is believed the intention of the sender was to kill Anthony Comstock. The boy said the man, whose description he gave, had paid him 10 cents at the corner of Leroy and Hudson streets to deliver the package. The machine consisted of a spring, parlor matches, and broken glass, a four-ounce bottle of powder and a phial of nitric acid. The package was addressed 'Bookstore, 150 Nassau street." Comstock said he did not think it was designed to reach him. He inclined to believe that it was of infidel origin, and designed to harm the American Tract Society and the Bible Society. When the box was brought in Comstock was called and took charge of it. The box had formerly contained collars, but had been altered into a modern infernal machine of the most approved pattern. Comstock moved the cover from the box, creating a stampede in the store, and then took the box and the boy to the police station. Two policemen were detailed to accompany the boy to the place where he said the package had been

Escaped Convicts Captured. A Reading, Pa., despatch says: The sheriff and a posse surprised a gang of escaped convicts in a hay shed, near Avon, yesterday morning. The criminals have been guilty of a great deal of crime in the Lebanon valley since December 16th, when they cut their way cut of Lebanon jail. at Prescott, gutted the place and had a Christmas jamboree. They were tracked to the hay shed, when it was resolved to wait until the desperadoes were asleep. They continued their orgies nearly all night, but were surprised and captured

Irish News.

The death is announced of Mr. Robert Buchanan, a popular lawyer of the Connaught circuit.

Mr. E. C. Burke, the oldest magistrate in County Galway, died on the 3rd at the age Alderman E. J. Harland has been elected

Mayor of Belfast. He is the head of the shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff.

Even the most gid church members.

THE YORK EERALD.

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RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1885.

WHOLE NO 1,382 NO. 31.

UPMEAVAL IN SPAIN.

Minute-Damage and Loss of Life in

Granada and Maiaga. A Madrid despatch says: The details of the earthquake of Wednesday night show it was more disastrous than was at first anticipated. One shock lasted fifty seconds and was felt throughout Spain. In Andalusia a number of towns suffered severely. At Granada houses rocked violently and the earth trembled beneath the feet of the inhabitants as they fled to the fields. Some were wounded by falling bricks and cornices. At Malaga many houses were wrecked and a number of the inmates were buried in the ruius. Many persons were killed and a large number wounded. Those who escaped camped in the open squares and in the fields. The weather was cold and the refugees had to build bonfires to keep themselves warm. Fainter shooks occurred at intervals during the night, which increased the alarm of the people. Already a number of bodies have been recovered. The Government has sent provisions, clothing, etc., for the sufferers Madrid the damage was slight, but the shoot frightened the inhabitants, and places of amusement were quickly emptied. Shocks were also felt at Gibraltar, and

THE BOLES To be Taught a Lesson by Sir Charles Warren-Bismarck's Trick,

A London cable says: The latest new from the Cape indicates that Sir Charles Warren will have some heavy fighting. The Boers are thoroughly aroused, and nothing short of a severe defeat in the field will teach them their proper place. Eng land's magnanimity after Majuoa was mis-taken for cowardice, and the subsequent policy of indecision strengthened them in this idea. There is little doubt but Garmany has a hand in fomenting the disturbance in Bechuanaland. A German organ in Cape Town, Die Patriot, recently published a very inflammatory editorial. It asks if the Boers wil sit still and wait till hundreds of "British soum" are sent out. Rather, it invokes them to force England to understand that it will be very risky to send "those murderers" tarough their country. It is expected that Sir their country. It is expected that Sir Charles Warren will quickly teach the Boers the character of the "soum" he has Boers the character of the "soum" he has in his command. The News yesterday orthoized the Ministerial policy on Cape affairs, and the Pall Mall Gazette has a slashing article, in which it refers to the Foreign and Colonial Departments as 'The Dawdle and Circumlocution Offices."

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

Married Woman Defends Her Honor with a Revolver-She Fatally Shoots a Libertine.

A Paris cable says: A tragedy similar to the Hugues Morio affair has occurred at Tonnerere. An architect, named Bris-bard, visited the house of a merchant named Francey, and soon afterwards rushed from the nouse, pursued by Madame Francey. Blood was streaming from he body, and Brisbard fell shricking and exhausted. Madame Francey fired two shots into the prostrate body, crying that she had been insulted long enough. She then gave herself up to the police. Bris-bard is dead. He was a bachelor, 40 years objected to Dr. Lehman prescribing for his wife, but before having the prescription filled be had asked her, "Would you take your life out of the Lord's hands and trust it to a little powder?" She replied: "We will pray to God and ask parmission to take Francey's house and awaited the return of the latter from the theatre. Madame Francey showed him the door and threatened, if the visit was repeated, she would shot him. On his second visit, which also made during the absence of her husband, Madame Francey shot him.

NO DISTURBANCE.

The Harbor Grace Orangemen Have Quiet Parade.

A last (Friday) night's St. John's, Nfid., despatch says: A despatch from Harbor Grace states that the Orange demonstration passed of quietly. The procession was composed of 1,000 persons. It passed through the principal streets unmolested The Riverhead men with their green flag held their own citadel, and the Orangemen abstained from intrusion on Catholic ground. The bloody memory of last St. Stephen's Day, reinforced by a war-ship and a formidable police force, effectually Shortly after the procession passed through Pippy's lane, the scene of last year's sanguinary conflict, the Riverhead men, numbering some hundreds, followed, but Inspector Carty, with a large body of mounted infantry and police, kept a sale interval between the antagonistic parties until the Orangemen reached their hall. The city at present is tranquil.

A Desperate Deed.

A last (Wednesday) night's Parkridge (N.J.) despatch says: Last night Abraham Gurnee, a wealthy merchant, having grocery stores at this place and Mount Vale, was counting his money at half-past 9 o'clock when a negro named Sisco entered and wanted to be shown some boots. Gurnee, knowing the negro well, had no suspicion of evil intent, and left his seat, leaving the money on the desk. When the boots were prought Signo dealt him a terrible blow on he forehead with a heavy piece of wood or ead. A struggle ensued, during which the negro drew a pistol and shot Gurnee in the back of the head. The negro then made a rush for the money, Gurnee fighting him with all the strength he possessed. Sisco fired another ball, which entered Gurnee's back. The murderer then fled without booty. Mrs. Gurnee and her father-inlaw, who reside in a house opposite the store, entered in time to see Gurnee in his last struggles. He told with his dying breath who his assailant was. It is posed the murderer has gone to New York. He is 30 years of age; his victim was 52.

A Dog Caught in a Clock.

A Trenton, N. J., despatch says: The big clock in the City Hali failed to strike last night. The janitor could not underwhy the striker failed to work. On investigation this afternoon, it was discovered that the janitor's dog was imprisoned in the box that incased the striking weight. When the canine was released the clock resumed its regular func-

The Niagara Park Commission say that Goat Island is worth \$1,400,000, and will play cards (through the post-office) during the Ohristmas holiday season.

DIABOLICAL DEED.

An Earthquake Lasting for Nearly a Inhuman Monsters Torture a Man Within

Wheeling (W. Va.) despatch says: At 8 o'clock last night at the residence of Elias Martrug, a rich bachelor living four miles east of this city, three marked men entered the house by force and bound Mr. Marting. Searching the house they found nothing of any value, and then proceeded to deeds that would disgrace an Indian. Marting was stripped of all his clothing, and red hot pokers were laid to his back, while the fiends laughed at the screams and the agony of their victim, whose yells filled the house. Shovels of red hot coals were tossed upon him, and his bair was burned off his head. All the time he was exhorted to tell where his wealth was hidden. He told them where to find about \$1,000,—all he had in the house. He was not believed and the thieves again began their deviliab work. Pans of hot grease were set on the floor, and Marting was made to stand in them until his flesh peeled from his feet. He fainted, but was restored only to under go new tortures. A straw bed was emptied of its contents, which were piled around the man and then fired. The flames completaly enveloped him, and he was horribly burned. About midnight, believing him to be dying, the robbers fled. At 10 o'clock this morning Marting was found unconscious by two neighbors, who went to the house on an errand. Medical aid was summoned, and he was revived sufficiently to tell the story of his tortures. A posse is in search of the thieves, and if caught they will be hanged on the spot. Marting is highly connected in the city.

COWBOYS ON THE RAMPAGE. Drunken Gang Capture a Passenger

Train and Make Things Lively. A last (Wednesday) night's San Autonio, Tex., despatch says: Yesterday evening, as the eastbound passenger train on the Southern Pacific Railroad was nearing a bridge crossing the Pecos river, a number shoot and yell. A passing freight train was saluted in a similar manner. Several hundred shots were fired and the roofs of the cars were riddled. They robbed the train

STRANGE SUICIDE. A Newspaper Blan suicides with Rat Polson.

left the train after riding 60 miles.

White's hotel on Tuesday as H. S. Ball, Onio. He claimed to represent the Chicago Inter-Ocean, the New York Tribune and the Boston Pilot. On Thursday he ate a hearty dinner and remarked, "I never want to see another Christmas." He did not eat any supper, but retired to bed about 8 o'clock Not coming down to be about 8 o'clock of the side of the first," he said, and laughing at himself, turned to the window what he thinks of me; for after I had polished him off, I took him by the nape of the neck and the five flugers on his cheek, and still dropped him down the chasm, as if he had not scientific training. I don't know what he thinks of me; for after I had polished him off, I took him by the nape of the neck and supper, but retired to bed about 8 o'clock Not coming down to breakfast the clerk learned that he lived at Oawego, N. Y., and was a lawyer, and that he had studied "Who is that?" he oried Inter-Ocean. Want and family troubles are the supposed cause of the suicide. A number of manuscript sermons found in his ossession indicate that he was a Free With Baptist Minister.

Murder in the Far West.

A last (Friday) night's Winnipeg des patch says: Intelligence has been received of a shooting affair near Golden City in which one man was killed and another wounded. Three men were proceeding from Golden City to Columbia on ponies, riding in single file a little distance from one another. They got some distance beyond Johnson's ranche, about twelve miles from Golden City, when a shot was fired by some one in the bush. The second man dropped dead, shot through the beart. The first man spurred his horse and made his escape. The third, finding his horse too slow, jumped off and ran back towards Johnson's ranche. While doing so he received a shor in the leg, but succeeded in reaching the ranche. It seems that the murderer, finding no money on the body of his victim, gave chase to the horse, caught t, cut open the pack, and took from it 4,500, and then made good his escape. The body of a man named McIntosh has

peen found near Beaver Creek, Man. He was probably murdered and robbed, as he was known to have \$1,300 on his person

A Man Forges a Note for \$500 on His Aged Mother.

A Lancaster, Pa, despatch says: The latest phase of Forger Herzog's rascality came to the public ear yesterday afternoon, when it leaked out that he had forged a note for \$500 on his aged mother, now 70 years old, and the owner of but a small property. The mother will not prosecute. but she has engaged counsel to protect her interests. The directors of the several national banks of the city met in the morning, but are reticent as to their action. Enough is known, however, to indicate that they will treat all the notes as genuine, and fight for their payment. Interesting developments, promising an entirely new phase to the affair, are looked for in the

Scottish Sougs instead of Tobacco.

Professor Blackie recommends Scotch suggestion was made in the course of a oncert lecture he delivered at Manchester: How people," he said, " can get through their idle hours, I don't know. In railway coaches and other places, I see a number smoking what they call tobacco. Well, whatever may be said about that, it is not flavor of it is not at all like the rose or any poetic thing I know. It is essentially a vulgar sort of amusement. My amusement is to ring songs. At home I am always sing when they see my Jacqueline. ing Scotch songs, and abroad, when those wretches are smoking, I hum to myself, 'Scots whe hae,' "A man's a man for a' that,' and songs of that kind." Professor Blackie then advised his audience " to do the same." Their souls, he informed them, would by this means become "singing of into a convent. The demon dare not come there; besides, he will no longer be birds, and the devil won't get near them."

A CHRISTMAS EVENING LEGEND,

The Christmas tree had done its work or rather the Christmas party had done theirs with the tree, and now the little ones, after having been regaled with all the varieties of fairy tales that Anderson or Grimm could have dressed up for them, had been escorted each to their separate nooks for rest, and the elders were left

alone.
"Too early to retire yet," cried paterfamilias.

"And too late to sit up much longer, rejoined the half sleepy mother.
Well, then, one more story from uncle.
Uncle's just come from Europe, and must

ave tota of stories to tell," cried one.

"Oh, yes, uncle's story now; uncle's "About ghosts, eh?" said Uncle Jabez.
"Oh, no, ghosts are so awful at this late

our.' 'A love story, then?"

Too common. "A detective's. How would a detective

story do?" "Commoner than common. No, uncle! just a legend, please. A legend about a castle, and a demon, or something of the Rhine-land sort. Something in the Ratcatcher of Hamelin's style"

catcher of Hamelin's style.' "Here goes, then! I'll give you a story as told to me, in the very words of Jacobo Somebody, my own Alpine guide. He commenced thus—calling his story, by-the-

A LEGEND FROM THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the spot. Youder you see the little inn. On my word as a man and a guide—the best guide on the mountain—it is all true.
Listen, then. One day a traveller, handsome, young, rich and gay—a man who could afford to spend all summer travelling among the Alps—stopped at a little tavern that hung like a bird's nest upon the moun-tains, and called for a bottle of wine and

ome bread. It was served him by a girl so wonderboys boarded the train, and with drawn a young bachelor, at once fell head over revolvers compelled the conductor to stop at Langtry, the next small station. revolvers compelled the conductor to stop a young bachelor, at once fell head over the Langtry, the next small station. At Langtry twenty more cowboys boarded and tuck possession of the train. They were all more or less under the influence of the conductor to stop ears in love; and though the girl was after all only a peasant, he resolved to marry her in the could. Therefore, instead of going on as the had intended, he asked for a room of the train. and having been offered the choice of half a dozen empty ones, selected the one than a dozen empty ones, selected the ones than a dozen empty ones. inquor and amused themselves by shooting dozen empty ones, selected the one that had out all the window lights and lamp;, ter- a fine view of the cow-yard, where the rorizing passengers generally. As the train beauty was likely to be seen sometimes, passed small stations, the cowboys would shove their heads out of the windows and the most delightful prospect of the mountained. Well, this young American went to his

boy of a stock of peanuts and candies, but ner cows : but while he was admiring her and talking to himself about her, he suddenly startled by a box upon the ear, and turning furiously about—as who would not?—found to his amazement that there was no one there.

So the American at length decided that

the more he chatted the more infatuated went into his room and found him dead. he grew, until at last he actually whispered He had suicided with rat poison. From some words of admiration in her ear, and his conversation with the guests it was took her little fingers in his, when-whisk!

Who is that?" he cried furiously, for under Chief Justice Chase. It is said he came here to write up the locality for the "Did you see any one? I have been It is the third time. What harle-

quin is playing his tricks upon me?" "Oh, sir," she cried, "for the love of Heaven ask no questions-only leave this piace, and do not speak to me again. I cannot tell you the truth, but I know that you will be sorry if you stay here. Don't waste an heur. Go-go-

"Because you will be in danger if you stay," she answered. "You may even be "No, my beauty," he said. "I could not

go now, even if there were danger in staying. And what danger can there be? Tell me what you mean.' His answer was a scream, and at that

moment he received from some unseen fist a terrible blow which prostrated him to the Then she rushed away; and turning, the young American saw the innkeeper. He was agrave man, well stricken in years, and

he bowed low to his young guest. Sir, he said, "you seem troubled. Can I aid you in any way? "You can," said the youth. "You can explain a mystery to me. Thrice since I entered your inn I have received a blow

from an unseen hand. Your daughter tells me that you can explain the strange occurcence to me; and tells me that I am in danger here." The innkeeper looked gravely at his

guest, stroked his long, white beard for moment, and then replied by a ques-"You have been falling in love with my The young man blushed.

"Yes," said the innkeeper. "It was Jacqueline's lover who struck you. He never strikes any one of whom he is not jealous; consequently, I know he is jealous

" If I had, does that exclain this thing?"

of you."
"Then show me where I may find him,"

said the American, "and we will see who can hit the hardest." "Sir," he said, "my daughter's lover is

a demon, and all you can do is to flae from him. I will tell you the story. My daughter, as you know, is wonderfully beautiful, and from her childhood she has always told us of a terrible black man who met her on the mountains and made love to ber. He asked her to be hie wife. and when she said that she would rather die he songs as a substitute for tobacco. This swore that she should never have a lover, and revealed to her the fact that he was a demon. Since then, whenever any one has loved my girl-and almost every young man who sees her does fall in love with her, sir—as I said, whenever this happens, unseen blows fall upon him. If he is alone on the mountains, he is led into dangerous an intellectual or moral stimulant, and the places, and avalanches and frozen waterspouts overtake him. Several have been done to death, and now the young men of the village turn their heads the other way

> "They call her the demon's true love." and only strangers who know nothing of the story try to win her smiles.
> "Poor girl! it is hard for her. But there is no help for it. When I am dead she will come there; besides, he will no longer be jealous, since nuns have no lovers. As for

you, sir, all that you can do is to go away as fast as you can from this unhappy in and forget my poor little Jacqueline for

ever.' And what, gentlemen and ladies, asked the guide, powing himself picturesquely the guide, posing himself picturesquely with outspread hands—what think you your young American said then? Eh? Perhaps you guess. No! Well, I will tell you. He doubled his right fist tight and brought it down in the palm of his left hand, and said—ob, he was a true American this young man—

can, this young man—
"I'm darned!" he said, "if I'll give up the girl I love for a demon!" And then whisk came another thump on his chest.

Show yourself like a man," cried this young American, "and we'll fight it "Done," cried a hollow voice in the air. "Meet me at the long chasm at 12 to-night, and you shall not only feel but see

me."
" Done!" cried the American. Now the long chasm was a terrible spot, far up the mountain; and the innkeeper turned sick with horror when he heard the promise.

"It is as though you went to the grave," he said. "You will not live to come But all the American would say was

"If one Yankee isn't a match for ten

Italian devils, I'm a gump."
In vain the father swore, the daughter wept, the mother wrung her hands, the Eervants went into hysterics, the American vowed to conquer the demon that night, and asked as his reward the hand of Jacqueline.
"I promise," said the father; " but it is a

promise made to one already dead." Alone, at the dead of night, the young American ascended the mountain. He took nothing with him but his fists. No one even offered to go with him.

"He has gone to meet his fate," they

said; and tears bedewed the girl's cheek as though she stood beside a dying bed "We will never see him more," she vailed, "never, never!"

As she spoke, they saw him in the moon-light turn, wave his hand toward them, and vanish in the winding mountain road. No one slept in the inn that night, but at dawn just as the cows began to cluster at the gave, there was heard, faint and clear and far away through the pure mountain air, the sound of a whistle.

It came nearer. They heard the tune. It was "Yankee Doodle." the most delightful prospect of the mountains, whither the beauty probably never Dodle."

"It is the American," cried Jacqueline.
And truly enough there he was—brisk and
fresh as ever, striding toward them.
"Then the old demon did not meet

you?" cried the father.
"I rather reckon he did, old gentleman," said the American. "And you escaped him?" cried

Jacqueline. "Madame!"cried the American, offended. Then he paused and smiled. "It was evident to me from the first," he said,

She did; and the American took a wife back to his wonderful country when he went away. And no one has ever seen the demon since; and there is no doubt that from that hour, has been called the Demon's

RTIQUETTE OF DRINKING. Custom of Clinking Glasses-The Passing of the Loving Cup.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is common in Eugland and other countries, and especially in Germany, says the London Brewers' Guardian It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists, even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and to eat off the same plate was one of the ways in which the ancients cele-brated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the mediaval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups or glasses were by the drinkers touching their grading before drinking. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "loving the passing and drinking out of the stouch at our great city festivals." as practiced at our great city festivals and at some of our college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King

It was then the custom of the Auglo Saxons to pass round a large cup from which each guest drank. Who thus drank stood up, and, as he lifted up the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defence to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to hurder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge —that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenceless position. This companion stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging by drinking In drinking from the "loving oup" as now practiced, each person rises and takes the oup in his hand to drink, and, at the same time, the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn the individual next to him does the same.

A recent visitor to the Grande Chartreuse says that the liquors are not made in the monastery, but in a large stone edifice in the village. Four monks are regularly mployed in the manufacture. On New Year's Day each monk receives a bottle of iquor.

At a recent sale of fans in Madrid one of ivory, painted by Watteau, which formerly belonged to the Princess Adelaide Savoy, fetched \$750. A fan painted by Boucher sold for \$950; and another painted by Lebrun for the Duchess of Medina-Celi,

brought \$450. The United States army hasn't been

TOLLED BY A DOG.

"A man can get along without friends if be has an intelligent dog," said a Jackson street bookkeeper, yesterday, as a Day reporter entered his store. The bookkeeper touched a fur rug at his feet, which got up and shook itself. "Dinner time, old fellow," he said, pointing to a low table standing under a peg in the wall. "I shall never forget," said the bookkeeper reminiscently, as he buttoned his coat and shook himself into shape for lunch, "that old New England village where stood a gray, mass-grown stone church, and by its side a little weather stained cottage. A lonely old man, the sexton, lived there. He had out-lived the hopes and friends of his youth, and was utterly alone but for the companionship of a noble dog. It was a familiar sight to see him hobbling back and forth to the cottage, always accompanied by his faithful companion. The old man could often be heard muttering fragments of talk as he went his slow, unsteady way as if in conversation with his dumb friend, who never left his side, but gazed with a lock of human intelligence in his master's face at the least sound of his voice. At the village the sexton would exchange a quiet word with a friend, and making little purchases for himself and his dog set out for the cottage, his basket upon his arm. But even here the dog would relieve his care and urgently but firmly take the basket in his mouth, trot on before with an air of joyous satisfaction. He seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in the ringing of the bell of the church, and was always with his old master when he summoned the people to holy service. Once when the bell-rope broke he climbed the stairs of the old bell tower with the sexton and repeatedly watched him ring the bell from the loft. But one day the old sexton was seized with his last illness, and in spite of the anxious solicitations of the dog, could not ring the bell the following Sunday and soon after passed quietly away, his hand resting on the head of his poor follower whose mourning was inconsolable. The dog was visibly affected by the telling of the bell. From the grave the faithful creature had to be taken by force, and would return there immediately on being released. One day he was observed to go to the church and soon after was seen in the belfry where his master had for a time rung the Sabbath chimes. Here he appears to have reached the bell with his paws and to have swung it, for it tolled out a single mournful note as of sorrow and despair. Immediately after the dog was seen to look down from the tower into the churchyard, where his master lay buried. Then with a low, mournful whine, reaching slowly forward, he suddenly leaped out into the air and fell a lifeless mass on the mound. As sure as man ever did he died of grief, feeling with unerring instinct that life without affection

ture a gang of smugglers who have been operating between Black Rock and Fort Erie, but their efforts were futile until last tured them. While passing Chippewa market about midnight he was attracted by the strange action of three men who drove up to the saloon of August Utrick, and after rousing the proprietor began to unload the contents of a waggon. He placed the men under arrest, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the waggon contained 1,500 pounds of butter, 60 pairs of woollen mittens, 50 pairs woollen socks and 65 pounds dressed chickens which had been muggled. They gave their names as Frederick Lint, John Buckner and James O'Hara. The men gave away another of their confederates, William Cramer, who with O'Hara, brought goods across the river in a rowboat, the other men, who claim to be Canadians, assisting them on land. Their operations have extended over alconsiderable period, and they made a large amount of money, as they could always find purchasers for goods at Chippewa market. The men were turned over to the United States authorities, and will be tried on Friday.

NOT BAFE IN THE STATES. anadian Defaulters Must Make Good Their Deficits.

The Montreal Star thus speaks of a transaction in which a former Hamiltonian got action in which a former Hamiltonian got into a peck of troubles. Reference is made to Massie Geddes, formerly a railway official in this city: "Mr. G. W. Patter-son, of the London Guarantee Company, has just returned from Chicago, where he has succeeded in obtaining security from Massie Gedder, an absconding Grand Trunk outside ticket agent, formerly at Orillia, Ont., for the repayment of the whole amount of his deficit, some \$500, together with the costs incurred in his arrest. Geddes 'skipped out' to the usual asylum for such defaulters, and had settled in Chicago. The Guarantee Company who were surety for him, thinking that Geddes' security was to a great extent fanciful, followed him up. On his arrival in Chicago Mr. Patterson had Geddes arrested, but even that individual, lying on the supposed looseness of the law, bade the Guarantee Company defiance. He managed to get out on bail, and the case was proceeded with in the usual course, the result being that in a ew days Judge Blodgett, of the United States Supreme Court in Chicago, main tained the action of the company and gave judgment against Geddes, as stated; other-wise he would be obliged to remain in jail until such time as the Guarantee Company saw fit to release him. This is a sharp wakening to the dishonestly inclined, who contemplate having a good time in Uncle Sam's country on the fruits of dishonesty."

Vermont, which had almost 100,000 children in her common schools in 1840, has now less than 73,000 children in them. though the number of those of the popula cent. less now than in 1840.

A Bill is pending before the Alabams Legislature compelling persons carrying concealed deadly weapons to designate the fact on their persons by wearing a badge inscribed "I am armed."

The snow is so deep in northern Arizona that stage drivers refuse to drive between

ing.
Although there is no such thing as buying A Faithful Animal who Tried to do His the beds of any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way: A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. It these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a sale holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered or a properly consend ground as the ered, or on newly-prepared ground, as the case may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year, and sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favor of a good rop, but the cystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the cysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them. or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay, and are called sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point and the East River. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake Bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use.

Down on West street, a few blocks north of Canal street, a little fleet of oyster boats, packed together like sardines in a box, may be seen any day delivering their eargoes. How one ever gets out is a profound mystery. The boatmen themselves say it often takes half a day to get one clear of the rest. They are small, single masted and each carries a jib. They single masted and each carries a lib. They vary in length between thirty and forty feet long. They cost between \$500 and \$2,000 apiece, according to the size and the manner in whice they are fitted up.

Castern Oyster Beds and the Method of Planting and Harvesting the Crops.

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four feet to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of larger rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake Bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island sound. Formerly the northern beds were almost wholly

erly the northern beds were almost wholly

kept up by re-stocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake Bay and the Hudson

River, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen

call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured

by townships, and is constantly extend-

is worse than death. So, you see, I take my friend to lunch and he keeps my feet warm and soothes my perturbed spirit by the intelligent sympathy of his eyes. I tell you a man—a lone man—without a dog is a subject for pity."-St. Paul Day.

Dapture of a Gang of Canadian Smugglers by a Buffalo Detective. A Buffalo despatch says: For some time past the United States officials here have been making strenuous efforts to cap-

contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of cysters, which is from one thousand to six thousand, according to the size of the craft, it carries he lies at the bottom of the chasm which, from that hour, has been called the Demon's Lynch, of the 3rd Police Precinct here, cap. and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Ovsters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, cuiling and cullentines. Some of the dealers open the oysters they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get \$1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from thousand to six thousand a day.—New York

DESCRICCTIVE PLUES. seasonable Advice Which Should be Regarded by Householders.

About this time, as the almanac would say, look out for fires arising from defective flues. A defective flue is not necessarily defective from the start; it may be a good, substantial piece of work when it leaves the mason's hands; but the expansion and contraction caused by our widely

There are also a great many steam tugs engaged in the business. Each boat usually carries five men. The wholesale dealers, who have their houses upon ratts along the dock, own or have an

interest in most of these boats. One dealer

will often own anumber of sailboats, or an interest in several, and perhaps a number

of tugs as well. There are, however, many boats that are owned by the men who sail

them. The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with an

oyster tongs and dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking

over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It

has a bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as

they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until

it is filled, and then it is raised and its

varying temperatures are apt to work the morter loose in time and even, in many cases, to throw bricks out of place, leaving wide openings through which sparks may pass to partition laths and framing timbers. This is one reason to regret the abolition of the chimney sweep. Nuisance as he was, he did detect the defective spots in the chimney he traversed, and gave warning of them in time to have them repaired. Another cause of fire from the flues is the careless work of carpenters in making repairs. Instances are sometimes found in which a flue leading from a lower story has been out off and floored over, the dry pine boards being exposed to the full force of any fire that might be started in the grate below. Defective flues are apt to get in their deadliest work in the coldest weather, when the house fires are urged to their hottest point. They should be watched at all times, but every chimney should be examined as far as possible before cold weather sets in.

Justifiable Suicide.

A Vandalia trainman relates the circum stance of the killing of a brakeman named Black, at Crawfordsville, Ind., on Thursday, in a thrilling manner. Black was braking on the Indiana, Bloomington & Western. While coupling cars the Vandalia man saw him trip and fall under the wheels, the grinding monsters cutting off both his limbs at once. The poor unfortunate shrieked in agony and exclaimed:
"My God, I will never be any good on earth again." Then with a superhuman effort he cast himself under the still moving train, the wheels passing over his body and killing him instantly.

A popular item is new going the rounds of the papers entitled "How to Cook a Christmas Turkey." It ought to have been preceded, these hard times, by a piece headed " How to Get a Christmas Turkey."

A newly imported bush fruit from South America is being introduced among the fruit-growers of Los Angeles, Cal. It called the melon shrub. It bears a luscious fruit about the size of a goose egg, and produces fruit all the year round.