

A Maiden Demands \$100,000 Damages for a Broken Heart—The Defendant a Millionaire.

A New York telegram says: Miss Clara Campbell is plaintiff in the Supreme Court for \$100,000 damages for breach of promise against Charles Arbuckle, the wealthy coffee merchant. The plaintiff's counsel in his address to the jury to-day stated that his client for twelve months prior to 1879 had studied music at Milan, Italy, with the expectation of going upon the operatic stage. On her return to this country she met Mr. Arbuckle by means of a letter of introduction. The moon showed that he was deeply smitten with the plaintiff. He professed the most ardent love and the result was an engagement. He gave her a \$600 engagement ring and many other presents, and this engagement was not broken until Mr. Arbuckle learned that the plaintiff's father had failed. Miss Campbell, being a non-resident, had to give security to bring this action. Having no money, she was compelled to pledge her diamond engagement ring for the costs. Mr. Arbuckle testified that he had proposed to marry the plaintiff on her asking him to do so. The witness stated that in addition to the diamond ring he gave Miss Campbell \$500 because she asked for it. "That was in the summer of 1888," he added. "She wrote me a letter asking for it." On cross-examination he said he met Miss Campbell on a steamboat coming from Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. The clerk introduced them. After an acquaintance of two weeks she asked him to marry her. At that time he was in very bad health and took a great deal of whiskey and quinine, so that he was unable to get on his feet. On the defendant read three letters from plaintiff to Arbuckle. They opened with "Dear Baby Bunting," and were signed "Bunnie" and "Dear Bunnie C." In one of the letters she desires to know his purpose concerning herself. The plaintiff then took the stand and told her story. She said she was 39 years old and was born at Hanging Rock, Ohio. Her father was John Campbell, an iron manufacturer. She related at length her relations with the defendant.

Graphic Details of the Terrible Calamity in China.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HOMELESS, And at Least 750,000 Drowned by the Mighty Waters.

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF SURVIVORS.

Late details of the Chinese floods make the story one of the most terrible in history. What was a beautiful populous district of ten thousand square miles is now a rolling sea. At least three million people are homeless and absolutely destitute of the necessities of life. It is estimated that the loss of life will reach 750,000. Everything in the way of figures is as yet, however, pure speculation, with the chances of a total mortality far greater than the present estimate. Court and business circles in Peking, Canton and other centers are being in human power to cope with the disaster.

The World has the following from London: The special correspondent of the Standard at Shanghai sends a graphic picture of the tremendous loss of life in China from the overflow of the Hoang Ho river and of the tremendous famine now threatened. About one-sixth of the entire area of the "Garden of China," as Homan is styled, is now converted into a vast lake, with here and there a pagoda top or the gable of some higher wall rising over the ever increasing waters, to mark the sites of what were at short time ago prosperous cities of many thousand inhabitants. The rest of the country is overrun with wretched refugees who were fortunate enough to escape with their lives, though with naught else. In hundreds of instances men who three months ago were men of wealth to day sit gazing on the inland sea, stunted and hungry, stupid and dejected, without a rag to wear or a morsel of food to eat. The inundation commenced a little distance from Kaifung Fu, one of the largest cities of the Province, and in one instant some four miles of solid embankment of stone, brick, sand and clay were swept away with unnumbered mounds and fascines. In the districts of Ching Chow and Chen Chow no less than three thousand large villages are stated to have been engulfed in a very few moments and scarcely any of their ill-fated people had time to save themselves, as the breach occurred in the night time. An extent of country much larger than the whole principality of Wales and much more thickly populated is now a vast sea, and the whole male population drowned or have died. The people so terribly visited cannot number far short of the whole population of Ireland, and the Province includes about twenty-five million inhabitants with an area of 65,000 square miles, and the waters of the river now cover thousands of square miles of fertile soil. The accounts published in the native and foreign papers and in the Peking Gazette reveal most horrible sufferings undergone by the survivors, who are perishing of famine. In hundreds of instances when the water struck the roofs of the houses, the people refused to stir and met their deaths with that wonderful indifference which characterizes the Chinese. According to the best authorities the loss of life will be numbered by hundreds of thousands, and the number of millions of starving people who are now depending for subsistence upon the charity of others. The Emperor has already contributed 100,000 taels, besides ordering 2,000,000 taels out of the imperial treasury toward the relief of the sufferers.

A VILLAINOUS ONSLAUGHT.

Murderous Attack Upon a Husband and Wife—The Woman Fatally Wounded.

A Brooklyn, N. Y., despatch says: C. Stiger entered the house of L. Cobert on Harmon street early yesterday morning and was engaged in a quarrel with his wife. Cobert got up at 6 o'clock and went down stairs to make a fire. Stiger, who had entered by the back door and secreted himself in the hallway stairs, then attacked Mrs. Cobert, who was in bed, with an iron bar. She screamed and called for her husband, and the water struck her several times, inflicting injuries which will probably cause her death. As Cobert entered the room Stiger struck him on the head with the iron bar, saying he would kill him so he could not tell the story. Stiger rained blow after blow upon Cobert's head until he fell senseless to the floor. Subsequently he revived, and gave information to the police, who arrested Stiger while he was removing his bloody clothes in his own house. Mrs. Cobert had on several occasions helped Stiger's family. Stiger says the Coberts were living on the money his wife had earned for them, and he was sorry he had not killed them outright.

The Rats Had a Bed of Greenbacks.

A Pittsburgh, Pa., despatch says: John Beck, a druggist here, has been the victim from time to time during the past seven years of systematic and mysterious robberies. The thieves were discovered last Saturday. They were rats. At the back end of the money drawer an opening of about two inches from the top of the counter, and through which any small sized rat could climb, was found. In it was a bed or nest made of a pile of greenbacks and other small articles, and in it were eight small rats, which were too young to make their tracks. Several hundred dollars are supposed to have been lost in this way.

Samaritans Taken In.

A Montreal telegram says: A woman named Parker, who came to Montreal from Boston, pretending to have been betrayed and deserted by a man she discovered to have been previously married, and substantiating this tale by apparently authenticated letters, obtained the confidence of a good family in this city. She was given full charge by her too confiding friends, and yesterday while they were absent the lady from the Hub disappeared, taking with her \$200 worth of jewellery and \$30 in cash.

A Georgia Society Item.

We learn, in a semi-reliable way, that Miss Katie Lee, formerly of this place, was married in Monticello last Sunday to a Mr. Ezell. Whether Miss Katie was married or not she is a beautiful young lady of rare accomplishments and would make a charming companion. We wish Miss Katie, or Mrs. Ezell, as the facts may warrant, a merry Christmas and many, many happy New Years.—Canton Advance.

FUNNY BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT.

A Bachelor, Aged 74, Sued by a Maiden Schoolma'am of 38 for \$5,000 Damages.

Miss Sarah H. Chellis, 38 years of age, and a teacher in one of the public schools of Watertown, New York, has sued John B. Chapman, aged 74, for \$5,000 damages. She alleges to have been seduced by the defendant, who refused to marry her. Miss Chellis is a rather prepossessing lady and quite prominent in social circles. She alleges that her aged lover agreed to marry her in June, 1886. Afterward it was arranged between them that the affair be postponed until Sept. 15th. From that date it was again set down for the 22nd day of the same month. Then she learned that he had taken it upon himself to break off the match entirely. So she sued him. Mr. Chapman is a bachelor, and lives with a maiden sister, on a farm in the town of Rodman, 12 miles from the abode of Miss Chellis. He has got lots of land and plenty of money, yet he has the reputation of being the most parsimonious individual in his town. He is afflicted with rheumatism, bowed with age, and his dress on most occasions would stamp him as an inmate of the county house. Altogether, he is one of the most unattractive and ungainly lovers that Cupid has ever tackled. The people of Watertown are quite familiar with the man, and his name is well known to town in years past has been to come to town in summer barefooted and ragged. When the old blasts of winter swept down from the Adirondacks he did not surprise those who knew him because he put in an appearance without an overcoat, and wearing a white coat and a white collar. Miss Chellis thought a new suit of clothes was necessary to help along his little affair of the heart, so he bought or hired them. As the new outfit was only for the eyes of the lady in question, very few people saw him well-dressed. His custom was to come to town in his old and tattered clothing, which he exchanged for the new only long enough to pay his respects to his lady love; so Miss Chellis saw him in one garb and the people saw him in another. These are only a few peculiarities of the aged wooer. In his answer to the complaint of Miss Chellis, Mr. Chapman denies the promise to marry, and says he is afflicted with rheumatism, disease of the kidneys, has fits, falls down unconscious, remaining so several minutes at a time. In spite of all these alarming symptoms, he claims that the defendant will be on hand and make a vigorous defence when the case comes to trial at the March term of the Supreme Court.

Imaginary Ills.

Physicians are just now having a crush of patients who find the glove made of skin, throat troubles and are afraid of cancer.

The trouble of Germany's Crown Prince has started up a regular cancer scare, and physicians are profiting thereby. Some years ago, just after the death of Charley Backus, Ricardo, and Floyd, all from kidney troubles, there was a great scare among theatrical people about kidney diseases. They went to the doctors in flocks, many of them possessed with the idea that they too had kidney troubles. A singular fact in the experience of one physician was that of the scores of actors who visited him none of those who were sure they were afflicted had any trouble. Three actors there were, however, who submitted to the customary examination in a spirit of fun. Every one of them had the trouble they hadn't expected to find, and two of them died. Bright's disease. The physician in question does not know what became of the third.—N. Y. Times.

Men's Belongings.

Deerskins are in demand among glove-makers who find the glove made of skin, material very popular just now. These skins when made up look like undressed kids, but are extremely soft and pliable.

White vests are growing numerous in full dress evening assemblies of men, and while most of them are plain, many are elaborately embroidered in white. They are quite very wide and low, so as to amount to little else than a frame around the shirt bosom.

Umbrellas are not the most abused of man's belongings, after all. They are not mislaid or lost half as often as goggles are, if the statements of those who keep public resorts be true. Men leave their rubbers and arctics everywhere that they stay any length of time, in the theatres, hotels, cafes, barber shops, and even the railroad waiting rooms. For every umbrella left in such places many pairs of feet covering are gathered up on every day that it rains.

Cossacks Routed by Women.

A squadron of Cossacks were quartered at Tatio, near Yelissavetpol (Gendje), in Armenia, Russia. They said they had come to draft the whole male population of the village and make them soldiers. There was too much for the patience of the females to stand. They took up sticks, brooms, hoes, hatchets, pokers, anything they could lay hands on, and marched against these wholesale manufacturers of grass widowhood. The Cossacks, declining to fight the women, were put to flight. The women, encouraged by their success, proceeded to lay siege to the Government building, and the Mayor was not able to appease their wrath. He telegraphed to the Governor, who despatched a few more hundreds of horses to restore peace. During the night, however, the excitement of the women had cooled down and there was no more fight in them.

An \$8000 Egg.

At Mr. J. C. Stevens' auction rooms, in King street, Coventry Garden, this week, a large number of ornithologists assembled to witness the sale of an egg of the great auk. Before offering the lot Mr. Stevens remarked that in 1880 two eggs of this bird, both of which had been broken, were sold by him, and that they fetched 100 and 102 guineas respectively. Of the recorded eggs twenty-five were in eighteen museums and forty-one in nineteen private collections—forty-three out of sixty-six being in Great Britain. The first bid of 50 guineas was made by a well-known ornithologist, and this was followed by 60 guineas from Mr. L. Field, to whom the egg was eventually knocked down at 160 guineas.—London Times.

Dr. Gross, of Geneva, has lately experimented with himself in hanging. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions. Of course, his experiments didn't go very far.

Big Lake, near Osceola, Ark., usually forty miles long and eleven wide, has shrunk, in consequence of a protracted drought, to dimensions of less than two miles, and the water is so shallow that men waded in and kill the fish, which are very numerous, by means of clubs.

THE LITTLE VIDETTE.

In 1859, during the war for the liberation of Lombardy, a few days after the battle of Solferino and San Martino, won by the French and Italians over the Austrians, on a beautiful morning in the month of June, a little band of cavalry of Saluzzo was proceeding at a slow pace along a retired path in the direction of the enemy, and exploring the country attentively. The troop was commanded by an officer and a sergeant, and all were gazing into the distance ahead of them with eyes fixed, silent and prepared at any moment to see the uniforms of the enemies advance posts gleam white before them through the trees. In this order they arrived at a rustic cabin surrounded by ash trees, in front of which stood a solitary boy, about 12 years old, who was removing the bark from a small branch with a knife, in order to make himself a stick. From one window of the little house floated a large tri-colored flag. There was no one inside. The peasant had fled after hanging out the flag, for fear of the Austrians. As soon as the lad saw the cavalry he flung aside his stick and raised his hand. He was a handsome boy, with a bold face, large blue eyes, blue eyes and long golden hair. He was in his shirt sleeves and his breast was bare.

"What are you doing here?" the officer asked him, reining in his horse. "Why did you not flee with your family?" "I have no family," said the boy. "I am a foundling. I do a little work for everybody. I remained here to see the war."

"Have you seen any Austrians pass?" "No, not for these three days."

The officer paused a while and thought. He then leaped from his horse, and leaving his soldiers there with their faces turned toward their foe, he mounted to the roof. The house was low. From the roof only a small tract of country was visible. "It will be necessary to climb the tree," said the officer, and descended. Just in front of the garden plot rose a very slender and lofty ash tree, which was rocking its crest in the azure. The officer stood a brief space in thought, gazing now at the tree and then at the soldiers. Then suddenly he asked the lad, "Is your sight good, you monkey?" "Mine?" replied the boy. "I can see a young sparrow a mile away."

"Are you good for a climb to the top of this tree?" "To the top of this tree, I? I will be up there in half a minute."

"And will you be able to tell me what you see up there, if there are Austrian soldiers in that direction, clouds of dust, gleaming guns, horses?" "Certainly I shall."

"What do you demand for this service?" "What do I demand?" said the lad, smiling. "Nothing. A fine thing that would be, indeed! And then, if it were for the Germans, I would not do it on any terms. But for our men! I am a Lombard!"

"Good! Then up with you!" "Wait a moment till I take off my shoes."

He pulled off his shoes, tightened the girth of his trousers, flung his cap on the grass and clasped the trunk of the ash.

"Take care now," exclaimed the officer, "I am not to be held in back, as though seized with a sudden terror."

The boy turned to look at him, with his handsome blue eyes, as though interrogating him.

"No matter," said the officer. "Up with you, the lad like a cat."

"Keep watch ahead," shouted the officer to the soldiers.

In a few moments the boy was at the top of the tree twined round the trunk with his legs among the leaves, but while most of them were the sun beating down on his blonde head, which seemed to be of gold. The officer could hardly see him, so small did he seem up there.

"Look straight ahead and far away," shouted the officer.

The lad, in order to see better, removed his left hand from the tree, and shaded his eyes with it.

"What do you see?" said the officer.

The boy inclined his head toward him, and making a speaking trumpet of his hand, replied, "Two men on horseback on the white road."

"Half a mile."

"Are they moving?"

"They are standing still."

"What else do you see?" asked the officer, after a momentary silence. "Look to the right."

The boy looked to the right. Then he said, "Near the cemetery, among the trees, there is something glittering. It seems to be bayonets."

"Do you see men?"

"No; they must be concealed in the grass."

"At that moment the sharp whizz of a bullet passed high up in the air and died away in the distance behind the house."

"Come down, my lad," shouted the officer; "they have seen you. I do not want anything more. Come down."

"I am not afraid," replied the boy.

"Come down," repeated the officer.

"What else do you see to the left?"

"To the left?"

"Yes, to the left."

The lad turned his head to the left. At that moment another whistle, more acute and lower than the first, cut the air. The boy was thoroughly aroused.

"They are actually aiming at me!" he exclaimed. The bullet had passed at a short distance from him.

"Down," shouted the officer, imperious and irritated.

"I will come down presently, but the tree shelters me. Do not fear. You want to know what there is to the left?"

"Yes, to the left," answered the officer.

"But come down."

"I am not afraid," shouted the lad, thrusting his body out in that direction. "You see, there is a chapel, I think I see."

A short, fierce whistle passed through the air; and, almost instantaneously, the boy was seen to descend, catch in for a moment at the trunk and branches, and then falling head over heels, he struck the ground. The officer ran up. The boy lay stretched upon his back, with arms outspread. A stream of blood flowed from his breast on the left. The sergeant and two soldiers leaped from their horses. The officer bent over and opened his shirt. The ball had entered his left lung. "He is dead!" exclaimed the officer.

"No, he still lives," replied the sergeant.

"Ah, poor boy, brave boy!" cried the officer. "Courage, courage!" But while he was saying "courage" he was pressing his handkerchief on the wound. The boy rolled his eyes and dropped his head back. He was dead. The officer turned pale, and stood for a moment gazing at him. Then

HE Laid HIM DOWN CAREFULLY ON HIS CLOAK

the grass, and stood looking at him. The sergeant and two soldiers also stood motionless, gazing upon him. The rest were facing in the direction of the enemy.

"Poor boy," repeated the officer, "poor, brave boy!"

Then he approached the house, removed the tri-color from the window and spread it in guise of a funeral pall over the little dead boy, leaving his face uncovered. The sergeant collected the dead boy's shoes, cap, his little stick and his knife and placed them beside him.

They stood for a few moments longer in silence. Then the officer turned to the sergeant and said to him: "We will send the ambulance for him. He died as a soldier, and soldiers shall bury him." Having said this, he shafted a kiss with his hand to the dead boy and shouted, "To horse! All sprang into the saddle. The troop drew together and resumed its route. A few hours later the little dead boy received the honors of war.

At sunset the whole line of Italian advance posts marched forward toward the foe. Along the same road which had been traversed in the morning by the detachment of cavalry there proceeded in two files a heavy battalion of sharpshooters, who a few days before had valiantly watered the hill of San Martino with blood. The news of the boy's death had already spread among the soldiers when they left the encampment. The path flanked by a rivulet, ran a few paces distant from the house. When the first officers of the battalion caught sight of the little body stretched at the foot of the ash tree and covered with the tri-colored banner, they made a salute to it with their swords; and one of them bent over the bank of the streamlet, which was covered with flowers at that spot, plucked a couple of blossoms and threw them on it. Then all the sharpshooters, who passed in a file, and threw them on the body. In a few moments the boy was covered with flowers, and officers and soldiers all saluted him as they passed by: "Bravo, little Lombard!" "Farewell, my lad!" "I salute thee, gold lock!" "Hurrah!" "Glory!" "Farewell!" One officer tossed him his medal for valor, another went and kissed his brow; and flowers continued to rain down on his bare feet, on his blood-stained breast, on his golden head. And there he lay upon the grass, enveloped in his symptoms, it is believed, of a true hero, as though he heard the salutes and was glad he had given his life for his Lombardy.—Curee.

WONDERFUL EXPERIMENTS OF A PARLISAN DOCTOR ON HIS SUBJECT.

The amphitheatres of the Charite Hospital in Paris was crowded the other day with persons who had been invited to witness the experiments of hypnotism made by Dr. Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine. Before introducing Mlle. Esther, his subject, the doctor showed the audience a photograph illustrating the effects produced on her in his laboratory. Mlle. Esther was then brought forward. By the means of magnetic passes the doctor throws her from a state of lethargy into a cataleptic condition, and then into a state of lucid automatism. Dr. Luys placed a tube containing hashish on her neck, and she seemed instantly to feel the effect of the narcotic preparation. She assumed a natural air and soon went straight toward Dr. Reclus, who was present, and proposed to perform the "Mascoite" with him. The doctor was then requested to make a demonstration upon him by Mlle. Esther, so Dr. Luys diverted her attention from him to Dr. Segond, who consented to play the part of Pippo, while Mlle. Esther took the part of the Mascoite. He sat down beside her, whereupon she promptly kissed him. "Now say," said Dr. Luys, holding the tube to her neck, and she began at once, stopping short when the tube was withdrawn.

Dr. Luys then begged Dr. Reclus to place himself behind the young woman, and to put the tube on her neck and then gradually take it away. Mlle. Esther began again to sing, but in proportion as the tube was taken further and further from her her voice became fainter and fainter, till it died away entirely. She then fell, in a cataleptic condition, into the arms of the hospital assistants, who were behind her.

Dr. Luys made other experiments upon Mlle. Esther. By looking at her he made her follow with her eyes an imaginary bird in the air, and at last she thought she had caught it in her hands. Then, by making her look down, the doctor frightened her by making her imagine there was a serpent at her feet. The most remarkable display was when Dr. Luys placed a tube containing 10 grammes of essence of thyme on Mlle. Esther's neck. In a few moments her face became purple, her arms and hands stiff, and the neck swelled out in a most extraordinary manner. From 31 centimetres he grew by the contraction of the muscles to 35. The suffering seemed to be intense, and when the tube was taken away the patient was two minutes at least before returning to a state of lethargy.—London Standard.

How to Treat Frost Bites.

A doctor in the Kansas City Star says: During the past two days I have treated several people for frozen hands and feet. In one or two cases I have found it very difficult to treat them on account of their plunging their feet in frozen members in hot water or holding them in close proximity to a red-hot stove. The best possible way to draw out cold from frozen parts is to plunge them into ice or snow-water containing a liberal supply of saltpetre or common salt, and then submitting them to a rigorous rubbing with a coarse towel or slapping with the hands to restore circulation. In many cases amputation has been found necessary where the patient has foolishly applied hot water.

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"I'm no vagrant!" he exclaimed, as he was being registered at police headquarters. "Do you know what a vagrant is?" asked the sergeant. "I—I guess so. It's a gentleman out of work." "O-o-h! That is a gentleman who didn't want to work."—Detroit Free Press.

Sufficient.

First Citizen—Do you know anything about Bullwinkle, the butcher, Brown, if he is a reliable man or not?

Second Citizen—Well, I say this much for Bullwinkle. I've bought sausages of him for over five years.—Atlanta Constitution.

The statement of the public debt of the Dominion on December 31st shows total liabilities of \$274,710,702, with alleged assets of \$47,290,792, leaving a total net debt of \$227,419,910.

OLD WORLD NEWS BY MAIL.

Latest Scottish Gossip.

There died at Edinburgh, on the 15th ult., suddenly, Prof. Wm. Robertson, Principal Royal Veterinary College, aged 56 years.

On the 11th ult. Widow Mary Brandy of Kennedy, Longacre, died, aged 101 years. Her sister Agnes died last year, aged 106 years.

Dr. Thomson, medical officer of health, Aberdeen, has been appointed medical officer of health for Sheffield. Salary, £500 per annum.

Mr. Alex. Anderson (known as a poet as "Surfman") has accepted the post as sub-librarian in the University Library, Edinburgh.

At a concert in the Trades' Hall, Glasgow, on the 11th inst. some miscreants utterly destroyed several dozens of silk hats in the cloak room.

There were great rejoicings on the 14th ult. at Tillyfour, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Begg to Mr. W. R. Reid, advocate, Aberdeen.

The Queen has intimated that the prerogative of mercy, so far as Scotland is concerned, should in future be exercised by the Secretary for Scotland.

Mr. Cochran-Patrick, ex-M. P. for North Ayrshire, has been appointed the permanent Under-Secretary for Scotland in succession to Sir Francis Sandford.

Rev. J. Robertson, Stonehaven, continues to announce his sermons in a sensational way. On the 11th ult. his subjects were—"Have you had your photo taken?" "A I at the Devil."

On Dec. 17th the remains of the late Sir J. Grant, Bart. of Monymusk, Aberdeen, and several ladies and gentlemen of the deanshire, were interred in the family vault in the churchyard of Monymusk. The pall-bearers included the Earl of Aberdeen.

The other day, at Westerhall, Dumfriesshire, Sir F. J. W. Johnston, Lord Dudley, Lord Gray de Wilton and Mr. Baring shot in five hours 1,000 pheasants, eight woodcock and seventy hares and rabbits—about one kill per minute to each gun.

Mr. Robert Inglis, of Gall & Inglis, publishers, Edinburgh, died at his residence in Dick Place on the 21st ult. Mr. Inglis took a great interest in the working classes, and for many years took a leading part in the work of the Canongate Institute.

HYPNOTIC TEST.

Wonderful Experiments of a Parisian Doctor on His Subject.

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Her Life.

A little corner with a rib, A little mug, a spoon, a bib, A little tooth so pearly white, A little rubber ring to bite.

A little plate all lettered round, A little rattle to rebound, A little creeping—see, she stands! A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.

A little doll with flaxen hair, A little willow rocking-chair, A little fern in a blue vase, A little pair of garters blue.

A little school day after day, A little "school ma'am" to obey, A little study—soon 'tis past, A little graduate at last.

A little nut for wintry weather, A little jockey-hat and feather, A little sea with funny pockets, A little chain, a ring and lockets.

A little while to dance and bow, A little scarf to wind about, A little party somewhat late, A little lingering at the gate.

A little walk in leafy June, A little talk while shines the moon, A little fern in a blue vase, A little planning with mamma.

A little ceremony grave, A little struggle to be brave, A little cottage on the lawn, A little kiss—my girl is gone!

A CHICAGO CYNIC.

The Gush which Greets the Giddy Debutante.

This is about the time of the year when debutantes make their appearance in Washington society and ensnare the affections of the young men who write for the western papers. One of the bnds is described this way in a morning journal to-day: "A trifle over medium height, she has a slender, well-turned, and her cheeks are full of the warm, red blood of the western plains. She has beautiful dark-brown eyes and her rich growth of hair