BATTLING WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Young Lady's Fearful Struggle and Narrow Escape.

A Pittsfield, Mass., despatch says: Miss Gertrude Clapp, a young and wealthy so-ciety lady who lives in this city, was bru-tally assaulted and robbed by some unknown man on Gold avenue last night at about half-past 9 o'clock. She was walking alone from Mrs. Allen's, on Pomeroy avenue, to Mrs. Hubbard's, on Gold avenue, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. When she reached a dark place where the electric light is almost shut out by the thick foliage of shade trees a man leaped over the hedge directly in front of her and in a hoarse voice demanded her money and not easily frightened. She refused to give him her pocketbook, but he stepped up to her and took her roughly by the arms and told her he must have her money. She gave him a blow over the head with her umbrells, which he snatched away from her and grasped her by the hair She then struck him a vigorous blow in the face with a large glass smelling bottle. This made the scoundrel very angry, and with a terrible oath he told her to give up her money or he would murder her on the pot. He had pulled much of her hair out oy this time and struck a blow in her face. She called for help and the man caught her by the throat and threw her to the ground, holding on to her throat tightly and demanding her money. In her desperation she handed him her pocket-book, which contained about \$20 in bills and some gold pieces, in all ubout \$30. The desperado now relinquished his hold of her throat, and having possessions book started away a few steps. throat, and having possession of her pocket

Miss Clapp now shouted "Stop thief!" and he returned to her and choked her till she came near fainting. Her situation was now very desperate, and she struggled hard now very desperate, and she struggled hard with the villain, who had succeeded in throwing her upon the ground. The struggle lasted for some time. The man continued to curse, and as no one approached he grew bolder. Miss Clapp found that she would soon become exhausted, and she summoned all her strength and as he releved his band free strength, and as he relaxed his hand from her throat she shouted as loud as she could and the villain ran away. Miss Clapp feared he would again attack her, and she ran as fast as her weak condition would allow her, and reached Lawyer E. M. Wood's residence, about twenty rods away on Gold avenue, in a very exhausted state. There were wicked marks on her throat, but no other serious injury had teen done

her.

The assault took place when the wind was blowing very hard and just as a heavy thunder shower was coming on from the northwest. The vivid flashes of lightning revealed the man's features and dress. Miss Clapp thinks he was between 25 and 30 years of age, of medium height and of a powerful frame. His eyes looked like those of a madman as she caught glimpses of them by the lightning tlashes. He work dark clothes and a derby hat. Every effort has been made to day by the police to find me trace of him, but all efforts have thu

CHICAGO'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Weird Tales of Ghosts Have Frightened

A Chicago despatch says: A curious example of how the popular superstition that a house is haunted ruins the name of the property is shown by the destruction of the handsome two story brick house at No 126 Langlev avenue. This residence is in perfect repair, and were it not for the fact that it is known as a haunted house the workmen would have no reason for disturb-ing it. But the weird tales of what the spooks do there in the midnight hours have frightened all tenants away, and the house has been an unprofitable property ever since the ghosts moved in. It is in a fachionable quarter of the city,

and ten years ago its occupants were three maiden sisters named Trowbridge Eliza beth, aged 43; Anne, aged 40, and Nora, a half-witted woman of 25. They lived modestly, dressed well and had some property. On the evening of July 21st, 1879, a policeman was summoned to the house. He turned the slide in his lantern and led the way to the second floor, where, hanging in the archway of the folding-doors, they saw the bodies of work. Within a week a sign " For Rent was put up on the house, but renters passed by on the opposite side of the street and pointed out where the tragedy Soon strange stories began t circulate about the neighborhood. Servant girls going to early mass asserted that they saw the ghosts of the "old maids" moving through the deserted rooms, while some insisted that they heard shricks and means. People of intelligence laughed at the idea of spooks, yet, in spite of the fact that the house had been put in thorough repair, it remained without a tenant for several years. Finally a family from the East who had heard none of these stories moved in. Within a week they were occupying another house, and the sign "For Rent' was again put up. Their domestic said that every morning the furniture would be arranged differently from the way it was the night before, while after midnight the sound of feet was plainly heard pattering around in the hallway and on the stairs then several tenants have lived there, but only for a short time. They all laughed in a half-hearted way at the idea of the house being haunted, but nevertheless they could not be induced to stay.

The double suicide of years ago and the stories of the revels of the spooks have cost the owner many thousand dollars. He is now tearing the house down and will have it rebuilt from the very foundation.

A PLUCKY PREACHER.

He Tackles a Burglar and Gets the Bes of Him.

A Minneapolis telegram says: Early Thursday morning a Minneapolis preache had the physical courage to tackle and the strength to conquer a would be burglar. Wednesday night the Rev. W. T. Chase, of Thursday morning he was aroused by a premonition of danger. He opened his eyes and was startled by seeing a man leaning over him. His first thought was that of a burglar after something, and he determined to prevent him. Springing His first thought up he grasped the fellow with both hands began a rough and tumble fight It was first preacher, then burglar on top. At last Dr. Chase got the fellow to the top of the stairs, and then, using all his strength, he hurled him head first down the steps. The fellow landed in a heap at the bottom, but gathered himself up before Mr. Chase could reach him and ran to a side window, rolled out, and started on a noise and rushed out from her room just in time to see the wrestling match. "Let him go, father! Let him go!" said she; but her husband hung on and proved that he could handle a terrestrial devil as well

Poor Rule That Didn't Work Both Ways Charlie-Did you ever see such a fellow to argue as Brown? I argued with him a whole hour yesterday, but he wouldn't give

Herbert-You're right, 'cause I know I had to argue with him a whole week before he stopped arguing.

Charlie—What a fool a fellow is to argue

Herbert-Yes-a perfect idiot,

as a spiritual one.

THE YORK HERALD.

VOL XXXI

RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1888.

WHOLE NO 1,563 NO. 4.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE. Crossed in Love a Young Girl Marries in Pique and Dies in a Poorhouse. A Middletown, N. Y., despatch says: The death of an inmate of the Chenango county almshouse brings to a close a very strange and interesting life story. The name of the deceased was Amanda Townsend, and she was born and reared in New York city, where her nearest of kin, the Townsends and Colgates, are people of wealth and high standing. While she was yet in her teens her hand was sought in marriage by a young man whom she favored but who failed to be acceptable house at the Springs, and with whom she had struck up a chance acquaintance. The clopement made a stirring sensation at the time. The ill-matched

spouse and coarse and uncongenial sur-

woundings and return to a home of refine-ment and ease, but all efforts in this

final separation came in the county alms-

house, to which the pair had been removed in a sick and helpless condition from their

her and renewed their offers of a home with them, but she still declined to be

parted from her husband. She died one

day last week in the alms-house, and an

undertaker commissioned by her relatives

gave her remains respectable and fitting

burial in the rural cemetery at West Latest from Scotland.

Up to June 29th the Glasgow Interna-tional Exhibition had been visited by 1,456,149 people.

Annie S. Swan, the popular authoress, is married to one of the assistants to the professors in Edinburgh University. Scotch residents of London are said to contemplate the establishment of a club in that city—to be called the "Thistle."

The Greenock folks are actively exerting themselves at present to erect a worthy monument to James Watt on the site of the house in which he was born.

Rev. James Overend, rector of St. James' Episcopal School, Edinburgh, died suddenly recently from the bursting of a blood while engaged in the work of the

doors, they saw the bodies of the oldest sisters, each suspended from a over the altar in St. Ninian's Church, in the oldest sisters, each suspended from a over the altar in St. Ninian's Church, in half of Chiara Cignarale. A beautiful window has just been erected ling Stuart, of Castlemilk and Milton, by

The agricultural area of Ayrshire is 317,000 acres. It occupies third place in Scotland, Aberdeen having 613,000 and Perth 348,000. The total acreage in Scot-

land is 4,861,000. Anderson, Q.C., London, in his 85th year. Mr. Anderson unsuccessfully contested Falkirk in the Liberal interest in 1852 and

Ayr Burghs in 1868. Mr. J. W. Malcolm, jun., of Poltalloch M.P. for Argyllshire, is at present suffering from ill-health, and has been ordered by his medical advisers to take the baths at

Marienbad, in Bohemia. Dr. James Murray McCulloch, Dumfries who for a long period was recognized as the leading physician in the south of Scotland, died on June 25th within a fortnight of the completion of his 84th year. The deceased gentleman belonged to Creetown, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

The negotiations between the Edinburgh and Leith Corporations and the Edinburgh & Leith Gas Company, with reference to the acquisition of the Edinburgh and Leith gas concern, have now been amicably completed. The gas shareholders are to get an annuity of 94 per cent. and £11,000 in cash the former being equal to a payment of £14,000 a year.

Mr. Colin M. Langmuir, General Manager of the City of Melbourne Bank, has been elected President of the Victorian Institute of Bankers. Mr. Langmuir, who is native of Aberdeen, received his early training as a banker in the Union Bank of scotland. He joined the City of Melbourne Bank as accountant in 1876, and was appointed General Manager in 1880.

A young man from Edinburgh had been 1,413 Harmon place, retired at peace and addressing a prayer-meeting somewhere in harmony with all the world. About 4 30 the North, and after the address was over he said he would give out a hymn. said an old elder, "we mann hae a psalm. No," replied the young man, " I'll give out a hymn; I can't get a psalm to meet my case." "What's he speakin' aboot?" my case." "What's he speakin' aboot?" said an old wife who was sitting near. "Oh!" answered the elder, "this lad says he canna get a psalm to meet his case." "Weel, weel," said she, "I doot the lad psalms."

Two splendid albums have been preented to the Prince and Princess of Wales as souvenirs of their recent visit to Glas-One is bound in green leather, and contains a series of photographs, on satin, of the Exhibition and of the principal buildings of the city; the other is bound in blue plush, and in it are thirty water-color sketches by members of the Glasgow Art On the covers are electro-plate reproductions of old Indian plates in the British Museum, and the hinges and clasps are also of chaste electro-plate, with the Royal arms.

What Ails the Newspaper Men? A despatch from Minneapolis, Minn. says: Ariel C. Harris, one of the best has eloped to South America with Mrs. E J. Frederick, a woman who has for the past two years filled a position as typeriter for the Minnesota Abstract Company.

Harris leaves a wife and two children.

HEREDITARY ORIME.

The Remarkable Record of Thirty

Families. MISAPPLIED BENEVOLENCE CONDEMNED A Buffalo despatch says: The report of the Committee on Organization for the next Conference of Charities and Correc-tions was adopted to-day. Bishop Gillespie, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was elected as President; Dr. O'Reilly, of Toronto, and four other Vice Presidents were named Springs to spend the summer, and probably also to separate her from her lover, and teresting topics of the conference was discussed to-day by Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, whom she had fixed her affections had of Indianapolis. He presented as his con proved faithless and renounced her. She tribution, "The Children of Ishmael, proved faithless and renounced her. She tribution, "The Children of Ishmael, a laid the blame of her disappointment in Study in Social Degradation." Mr. Mclove on her parents and friends, and in a Culloch had upon the stage with him an it of anger and spite she eloped with and immense diagram showing the social condimensed an ignorant and uncouth young fellow named Harvey Deyo, who had been doing menial jobs around her boarding-paper read upon the stage with him an immense diagram showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations, embracing 1,692 persons. The paper read upon the stage with him an immense diagram showing the social conditions. paper read upon the subject was one of the most interesting of the whole conference. The history of all these had been people followed up, covering a period of fifty years back. That history was one of the most native place in Chenango county, and in a lonely spot on the side of the mountain lonely spot on the side of the mountain lonely spot on the side of the mountain ludianapolis. There had been 121 prostitutes in the lot, and the illegitimate child-numerous. The name small rude cabin which they occupied for ren were very numerous. The name nearly a score of years thereafter as a Ishmael was chosen, as that family was home. At first the young wife's relatives the most central. One man had a family used every possible inducement and entreaty to persuade her to forsake her been several murderers in the group, and thieves without number. They did not work, but they lived by begging and petty thieving. They are generally diseased The children die young. Licentiousness direction were unavailing and were ultimately abandoned. Whatever may have characterizes all the men and women, and napired her course, whether conjugal from this results mental weakness and affection or pride or resentment at supposed general incapacity to work, and this is all wrongs, the educated and refined woman met by the benevolent public with unaccepted isolation and poverty and stuck by the side of the uncouth rustic she had chosen for a husband to the last. The in the propagation of similarly disposed in the propagation of similarly dispose children. These and other grim facts were presented and deductions drawn from them. General unchastity characterizes in a sick and neighest condition from their them, the control of the mountain side. Her kindred in the city, shocked to hear that she had been a charge upon public charity, visited her and renewed their offers of a home gree chargeable with the perpetuation of this stock, and what public relief fails to accomplish private benevolence supplements. The so-called charitable people who give to begging women and children have a large sin to answer for. "It is from them," said Mr. McCulloch, "that this pauper element gets its consent to exist. pauler element gets its consent to called. Charity, so-called, covers a multitude of sins, and sends the pauper out with the benediction, be bountiful and multiply. Such charity has made this element; has brought children to the birth, and ensured them a life of misery, cold, hunger and sickness. So-called charity joins public relief in producing still-born children, raising prostitutes, and educating criminals." Out of all these 1,692 persons, Mr. McCulloch said he knew of but one who had risen from them and had become an

must close up official outdoor relief; second, we must check private indiscriminate benevolence or charity, falsely so-called third we must get hold of the children."

honorable man. The force of inherited parentism or pauperism drives them on with irresistible force. "What can we do?" said the speaker in conclusion. "First, we

MERCY FOR A MURDERESS.

An Albany, N. Y., despatch says: Pearl Eytinge pleaded with Governor Hill yes-terday afternoon for the life of the murderess Chiara Cignarale. She presented an introductory letter from Senator Cantor, and made her plea in a most dramatic manner. In a trembling voice she thus addressed the Executive: "Mercy for poor Chiara Cignarale! Oh, sir, we pray thee give one kindly thought to that poor dying creature, driven to despair by the cruelty of one who had broken his altar yows, forgotten his faith in God disnonored the name of man by striking to earth the pale, weak, hopeless mother of his children. We implore Your Excellency to consider that dread disease has already fastened upon her poor, frail form. We have seen her upon her prison couch with great, sad, yearning eyes, from whose dark depths sorrow and repentance are shadowed forth: we have watched her wan lips moaning in ceaseless supplication; and we beg you to grant her the blessing of Executive clemency. Exercise that grand official power and with one stroke of thy mighty pen spare poor Chiari's life, and send her that blessed reprieve wherein to save her soul and make

Governor Hill heard the plea patiently, though his thoughts were plainly on the big bunch of letters which had accumulated He said he was familian with the case, and that the newspapers had prevented a life sentence by charging the risoner's counsel, Mr. Howe, with abandoning his client. He consulted a few mo courteously assured Miss Eytinge that he would consider the case very carefully. It is believed that the commutation o sentence, for which the Governor's fair visitor pleaded so earnestly, may possibly

Revolting Treatment of a Boy by a Woman A New York despatch says: Mrs Emma Carleton, a determined looking woman of 40 years, was convicted before Recorder Smith in General Sessions yes terday of whipping Albert Bowker, age 14 years, with a shawl strap on June 17th She tied his legs together and whipped him with the strap until the boy was covered with red welts an inch broad. In some places the skin was broken. The boy de clared that the defendant beat him for fifteen minutes without ceasing. The jury found her guilty of assault in the third degree, the punishment for which is not more than \$500 fine and a year's imprisonment.

be granted.

A Small Boy's Long Journey, Little Willie Leonard, a 6-year-old boy, started off from Pittsburg last week on a 4,000 mile journey all alone. His ticket was bought for him through to Anthracite, a small mining village on the Canadian Pacific Railroad in British Columbia. The boy's father left Allegheny about one year ago and went to the west, and since that time Willie has been living with an aunt in Allegheny. Last week his father sent for him, and Thursday the child was placed in charge of the Ft. Wayne conductor, with orders to be passed along until he reached his destination.—Detroit News.

The old man Zenug, sent up by Judge Rose at Brantford in 1884 for counterfeit.

A PROFITABLE BARGAIN.

For a Glass of Reer a Drummer Gets Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

This may seem a large sum for a small article, but it was virtually paid by a man of great resources who had an ingenious expedient for saving the horseflesh of the world. About ten years ago a veterinary surgeon who was with the army in Bombay found that the excessive heat of that coun try caused the tops of the horses' necks to sweat freely and thereby produce sores under the leather collars. All the expedients that he could suggest were of no avail to remedy this state of things. One fourth of the horses used for draught pur-

poses were laid up by what is called neck." This "vet" in his younger days had studied chemistry, and he found that sulphate of zinc was the best and almost the only cure for horses' "sore neck," but the difficulty in applying this preparation lay in the fact that the horse had to rest during the times of the application, otherwise the collar would rub it off and there was no chance of the horse's recovery. A though struck him that to make a zinc pad and put an ameliorative, and may be a cure. The man, though ingenious in his way, was much given to drink, and was looked upon by the officers of the army as a "ne'er do weel" with bright ideas. While this idea was simmering in his mind and before he had put it into an actual test he happened to be in a drinking har. His finance ray was mortgaged for all it was worth and the publican refused to trust him with any more drinks. An American drummer happened to be representing a large leather house and knew a good deal of the difficulty with which the American farmers of the southwest had to contend. The two men got into conversation, and as a natural result the veterinary spoke of the idea that was uppermost in his mind and said that he thought he knew of a remedy of that most troublesome of complaints of which all horses in hot countries suffered. The American was perfectly convinced that he was talking to a man of good ideas though bad principles, and asked what he would take for the idea.

"I am awfully hard up and can get no more drink on trust, so I will give you the

idea for a glass of beer."
"Done!" said the other. The American at once saw that there was probably millions in this and he conceived the notion that the matter oozing from the sores on horses' necks would cor rode the pad and produce sulphate of zinc thus the disease would provide its own remedy. He also saw that zinc, being a non-conductor of heat, would keep the parts cool. The more he thought of it the more he liked it, and although his business should have kept him in Bombay some months longer, he in a few days took the first steamship for Liverpool and then for Boston. Arriving at Boston he threw up his appointment with the house and started the manufacture of zinc pads, after obtain ing a patent for the idea, and is now worth \$200,000. These zinc pads are used in every country on earth and are the great est blessings the farmer enjoys.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

How Russell Sage Paid a Boy who Re

turned Lost Money. Several days ago Russell Sage visited the Broadway (N.Y.) clothing establishment of Messrs. A. H. King & Co. for the purpose of rehabilitating his outer self in fashionable and seasonable apparel. After much discussion with the salesman as to the par ticular shade and fabric and an unsuccess ful effort to effect a reduction in the price of a suit, Mr. Sage effected a deal by which his summer wardrobe was replenished by several suits of clothes at about the pric that Berry Wall would expend for a fancy waistcoat. Shortly after the millionaire' departure from the realm of "bargains in clothing a diminutive cash boy picked up from the floor of the store a small roll of bank notes containing \$26, which, with commendable honesty, he carried to the cashier's desk where it was placed in an envelope to await the probable call of the loser. Yesterday morning bright and early, Mr. Sage, attired n his newly-purchased garments, presented worried countenance at the cashier's win had lost \$26. His identification of the bill found on the floor was correct in every particular, and the money was immediately handed over to him, to his evident satis-faction. Mr. King beckoned to the little ellow whose integrity had rescued the railroad man from pecuniary loss, and said: "Mr. Sage, here is the boy who found

your money."
"He has done his duty," said the man of millions, "and will find his reward in the future," and rolling up his wealth and carefully depositing it in his waistcoa pocket he took a dignified departure.

What Would You Call This? When I was a boy about 17, in 1874, I went to college during the day and after school hours I worked for my board at my stepfather's. One afternoon, returning from college, and about five blocks from home, I suddenly made an involuntary jump, such as boys are wont to do when something pleases them, and said aloud "Grandfather is here!" He lived nearly fifty miles distant in the country, and of whose coming none of the family were ware, as he seldom visited the city. thought it was strange to act as I did, and when I reached home I asked my mother Is grandfather here?"

She replied, "No," looking surprised, and said, "Why do you ask?"
"Oh, just for fun," I replied.

Going unstairs at once to change my clothes, as I came down the front stairs and entered the shop by a side door, who should come to the front door simultane-ously but grandfather! Now, no one of all the relatives knew of his coming, and all were greatly surprised at the occurrence and how I should know what no one else knew in the city.—F. W. Diehl in Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Not Half the Fun he Expected. Judge-So you were beating your wife

were you?

Prisoner—I was just having a little fun with her, ver honor. "You call it a little fun to knock her down, pull half her hair out and kick her

through the window, do you?"

"I was only in fun, yer honor."

"Well, you are willing to pay \$50 for fun, I hope."

fun, I hope."
"No, yer honor, I ain't. Make it \$25, jedge. She hit me a swipe over the head with a cheer, and I didn't have half as much fun as I thought I would. The judge made it \$50 and 30 days.

ADVERTISING FOR A POSITION. A Sadly Interesting Experience of a

place of governess to children or companion to a lady. There was no possible invitation to intrigue in the form of my advertisement, although I never dreamed of avoiding such appearance, never even re-membered that a great city is full of herpies snuffing for corruption and scenting it everywhere. Among the perfectly honor able and business like answers to my admy hair stand on end. One invited me, in covertly insulting language, to come and care for his children while his wife was in Europe—if I was under 21! A second was so appalling that I never read it through, and shudder to this day that I ever read so much None of my business-like answers ever came to anything save one. A gentlemanly person called upon me on Murray Hill. He was very talkative and agreeable, chat-ted of theatres, churches, popular preachers, Greenwood cemetery, ocean steamers, summer resorts and new novels. There was nothing to startle me in the visit, although I wondered continually why he did not approach the real object of the interview. Just as I had made up my mind that he probably was waiting for me to introduce it, he looked at his watch, suddenly started up as if in consternation saying, "I beg ten thousand pardons, but I had quite forgotten my train. You will allow me to write you upon the subject of few days after I received a letter from him, far away in Illinois. He wrote that he had intended to have "some fun" during his late visit to New York, and had answered "heaps" of advertisements in pursuit of that intention. "The minute I saw you, however, I saw that 'fun' was not in your line; but I found you so brilliant and charming that I could not get away, although I sat upon pins and needles every instant of my call. I am a widower, 37, with two children, an income of ——" and thus the letter ran on till it came to the proposal of a correspondence, with a view to marriage. Of course I never replied to this letter. I afterwards found out from friends in his own city that the man had given me his real name and a truthful account of his circumstances with one important exception. Instead of being a widower, he was the divorced husband of two wives, and had narrowly missed State Prison as a bigamist.—Lippincott's

SUMMER IN A BLOCK OF ICE. Live Earthworm Found Incased in the Cold Crystal.

A large block of ice was taken to the South Carolina Railway station this morning to supply the "coolers" on the outgoing trains—and thereby hangs a tale. going trains—and thereby hangs a tale.

Agent Wells and his corps of assistants,
when they proceeded to crack the ice—
which melts so soon these hot days that it
is not what it's "cracked up to be"—made bacteria in the Hudson river, agog with excitement and indignation. It was not a homeless little bacterium, invisible to the naked eve and downed a process of the waggon which contains the waggon waggon which contains the waggon waggon which contains the waggon which contains the waggon waggon waggon waggon waggon which contains the waggon waggo visible to the naked eye and demanding a microscopic investigation to tell what it was. It was a live, wiggly, squirmy earthworm, four inches in length, in full possession of his powers of wriggling, and his head. One man stood on each in fact seeming not a little refreshed by his side of the stage when they ordered residence in his crystal citadel. It was a taste in the worm, if, indeed, he got into such a crystal palace by his own volition. It was probably thrust upon him, a "cold wave" sweeping down the Hudson and em-pedding him, like a pre-Adamite shell or fossil, in a glacier, and the icemen, gleaning the frozen fields, brought him to the warm South. When the block was split open there lay the worm in his icy atmos phere as snug as a bug in a rug and as full of life as a Savannah mosquito or a St. Augustine sandfly. He squirmed and he struggled like Nanki-Poo when he was reeased, to the amusement and wonder of s cluster of spectators. Mr. Wells still has the worm in his possession. Wouldn't it have been sad to have drunk such a thing? An exasperated public may be excused for drawing the line at earthworms as bacteria. - Charleston (S.C.) Sun

The hot spell in Orillia (by the way, isn't Orillia a summer resort to which the resilents of less favored regions flee to escape rom the heat ?) has set the Packet man to noralizing, with this result: You rememper how sweltering hot it was the other norning. I proposed to go down to town without a collar. Mrs. P. at once object with "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" Mrs. P. at once objected came off second heat in the argument which ensued, and started off-a little late in consequence—keeping my neck (for all the world just as if I had a boil on it) as nearly as possible in the centre of the starched abomination. It has been duly impressed upon me that it is vulgar to perspire, and so the more I tried not to do it the hotter I became. Half a mile from home the starch began to melt. and at Slaven's corner I might as well have bad s wet cloth round my thorax. Fortunately this was not the day where there was no water in the fountains, but all the agony might have been avoided if the fellow wife hadn't been a virtual slave to Mrs. Grundy. If the Mayor of Orillia were to frame a by-law to the effect that during the dog-days coat, waist-coat and collar be deemed unnecessary to a complete toilet, his year of office would ever be remembered with gratitude. The young ladies would leave off painting plaques and bannerets, and take to the embroidering of braces and waistbelts. Art would receive an impetus; we would all look forward to the "latest novelty in shirtings" and a zest would be added to our daily life. It must be enacted however, that only the quietest patterns be worn in church, as the display of gorgeous apparel is quite sufficient as at present.

An Eastern Calamity.

The Hong Kong Daily Press gives & most doleful account of the ruin and misery wrought by terrible weather, in the East River district especially. Such rains have not been known for more than 100 years. Unquestionably the rainfall has been of a most unprecedented character. The town of Shekhung, the chief sugar mart of the and many persons have been drowned, tales of ruin and disaster in some form or

At Wolf Island, Lake Ontario, the shore

A CHARMING LADY IN TROUSERS.

Mme. Deulafoy, the Plucky Explorer, and Her Odd Dress.

The pulpit will be able to obtain som Once I advertised myself as seeking the local color for sermons taken from the Book of Esther in the newly opened Persian museum at the Louvre. objects there were within the last four years dug up under the direction of M. and Mme. Deulafoy (but especially of madame) at Shushan, which ancient city is in a mound condition, like Ninevah or Babylon. The wall-facings, in tiles, baked, painted and forming figures of men and animals in bas-relief, are similar to those in stone at Persepolis, the summer capital of Darius the Great. Among the animals is a lion, life-size, which Barye might have been proud to own as his work. The human figures are less good, and are placed in profile one after the other. Gen. Sir Robert Smith, who was at the opening of the museum, knew Mme. Deulafoy in Persia, witnessed many of her innumerable difficulties, and tells me she was the soul of the enterprise in which her husband was engaged. Both suffered greatly from fever. But her spirits and courage were irrepres sible, and she never let depression take hold of her. She is one of the most charm-ing women that I ever met, and not at all brazen in her masculine habiliments, which she first donned seventeen years ago to get the more conveniently through ambulance work. In Persia she must have broken down under the drag and impedimenta of a feminine wardrobe to the slavery of which she could not now submit. She was newly married in 1870 Her husband, who is about 40-a singularly nice fellow, and by profession a civil engineer—treats her as a comrade and adores her. No wonder. Though so jaunty, so spruce, so "dear," and looking so like a little masher, she is not intentionally connettish, but is absorbed in her work and equal to it. Her conversation is exhil arating, and that without boisterousness and she has a splendidly ready wit of a feminine savor. The voice, the smile and the gracious manner are of a piece with the wit, which reminds one of some of Shakspeare's heroines. It was so funny to see her, hat in hand, doing the honors to Madame Carnot at the opening of the Persian museum. The hair is cut as close as the scissors could go and squared at the temples. Madame Deulafoy has exquisite hands, but wears no rings. All the elegance of her attire is in the masher-like shirt collar and figured silk cravat. This remark able French lady rather shuns than courts publicity. "Not at home" orders are perpetual at her house, unless when the concierge recognizes an intimate friend, and she won't let herself be interviewed .-

BRITISH COLUMBIA EXPRESS ROBBED Musked Men Stop the Stage-\$3,500 in

Gold Dust Secured. A most daring robbery took place or Saturday evening at 6 o'clock about 26 miles above Soda Creek. The Cariboo fourhorse stage, Mr. J. R. Tait, driver, was or to get into his place and drive on. One of the highway men wore a dark calico mask other had a flour sack over head. One man stood on each drove away. There were no passengers the waggon, and as the driver had the reins in his hands he had no chance to use weapons. The Government agents are couring the country with a number of special constables, and all the Alexandria Indians are hunting for the robbers. A reward of \$500 has been offered for their capture. It will be a very difficult thing or them to leave that portion of the coun try, and news of their arrest is expected in a short time. Mr. F. S. Barnard states that he believes the same men robbed the stage four years ago, and succeeded in getting clear with \$4,000. Mr. Tait's brother was driving the stage at that time, and the robbery took place about 100 miles below the scene of the robbery on Saturday last. -B. C. Daily Times, July 3rd.

Choosing a Text.

The late Rev. Dr. E ---, of Glasgow, was met in Argyle street one day by a very diminutive (in stature) brother of the same denomination, who hailed from the Highlands, and who was about to enter the matrimonial state. Accosting the doctor he said: "I'm going to be married, Dr. E--, and I would like you to come down to O——and preach me in," (meaning kirk him). "Ye're gaun to be married!" said the doctor. "Who is the happy woman?" "Oh! Miss Gracie P—," replied the embryo benedict. "All right, then; I'll preach ye in," said Dr. E.—. So all arrangements were made. When the time arrived the Glasgow divine found his way to the manse of O——, where he met with very hearty reception, the young couple having just arrived from spending thei honeymoon. The following morning (Sun day), when in the vestry, the newly-made henedict thus addressed the doctor: "Now, doctor, I hope you'll make no allusion to my marriage in your sermon, I think Mrs. R. would feel it." "Never fear that, my little man," said the doctor, "ye're that wee ye're hardly worth while takin' notice o'." Thus assured they parted—the one to his pew, the other to the pulpit. All went well till the time for the sermon went well till the time for the sermo came, when, to the amazement of the min ister and the amusement of the large con-gregation, the doctor gave out for his text these words: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, was this Grace given.'

Improvement on an Old Sell. A good story is related at the expense

hotel proprietor at Tacoma, W. T. A stranger, who had been stopping at the house for a few weeks, asked the proprietor how far it was to Mount Ranier, which appeared to be only a couple of miles distant, although in fact it was nearly 100 The proprietor winked at the bystanders and said that perhaps it was a mile away The boarder said that he believed he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the "tenderfoot," who, after borrowing the proprietor's fine field-glass, of Shekhung, the chief sugar mart of the Province, has several times been flooded rich for the hotel man to keep, and he treated all hands. But the pedestrian did while from all parts of the province comes not return. The landlord at last became suspicious, and found that the valise which tenderfoot" had left was filled with brick-bats, and that he had carried off 17 towels, and everything else that he could is covered with dead potato bugs, which have been washed up by the weives to the depth of two or three inches.

get into his pockets. Besides this he owed two weeks' board bill. He is probably still walking.—Cleveland Leader.

Of loag'ring foes—the messenger whose feet
Upon the dark heights of our sorrows haste
With lovely promise. What if thorns of pain
Crown our life's holiest effort? What if waste
Wait our soul's wealth, and sacrifice be vain?
Loat? Never dare we deem that love is lost!
Through loss and woes uncounted unatoned
Love lives and gives—and knows his heavy cost
Most blest unthanked, best guerdoned when
'unowned.

Annie Rothwell, Kingston. Annie Rothwell, Kingston.

LOST ?

Lost labor? Nay, not so. The planted seed, Unheeded and forgotten, yet shall grow In fruitful silence, and to traveller's need shall grateful shade and sutconance bestow. No act of good or ill, no task of hand Or brain, no faithful striving of the soul, list leaves a foot-print on life's level sand Or, graves a letter on th' eternal scroll. No tool is wasted: though we may not see The harvest of the strife, the work, the rhyme. The Master saith "What is that to thee?" Use thou the means—leave thou the end to time."

Lostfaith? Ah, nevor! What though dark the cloud?
We know beyond it lies the polar star.
Pallid the lips and hands and close the shroud—
But dwibt we regions where no shadows are?

But doubt we regions where no shadows are a What if no answer to our cry comes back? Our trust shall be its own supreme reward. Knoweth the meteor of its shaining track? Or sentinels the treasures that they guard? Not to ourselves alone shall be our faith, But, as a lamp upon a darkened road Guides least the bearer, light life's rugged path.

path, And snow some faltering foot the way to God.

Lost love? Least yet of all can love be lost, Love, the eternal—love, the portress sweet Of Heaven's strait door—our rampart 'gainst s

Its Generating Power and the Work it is Capable of Performing.

THE SUN'S ENERGY. The most satisfactory way of arriving at an idea of the enormous energy of the sun is by measuring the amount of heat which his rays are capable of generating; and, further, by our knowledge of the relation which exists between heat and mechanical work we are able at once to estimate the mount of work which the sun is capable of doing, and also the quantity of energy he must be losing year by year. By suitable arrangements we can cause a certain quantity of his radiation to be absorbed by water or other substance, and note the rise of temperature which results, and as we know the mechanical equivalent of each degree of temperature in water, for in-stance, it is only a matter of calculation to arrive at a knowledge of the sun's total energy. Like everything else connected with this wonderful body, figures give us no adequate conception of his energy, and various illustrations have been used by different investigators. Thus, Herschel considered it in relation to the quantity of ice which it would melt in a given time, and states that the amount of heat which the earth receives when the sun is overhead would melt an inch thickness of ice in two hours and thirteen minutes. From this it can be calculated that if the body of the sun were entirely surrounded by a sheet of ice on its surface of more than a mile in thickness, the sun's heat would entirely melt this coating of ice in the same time—namely, two hours and thirteen minutes. Prof. Young uses an even more striking illustration. He says: If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun, two miles and a quarter in diameter, spanning the incon-ceivable abyss of ninety-three million miles, and if the sun should concentrate his power upon it, it would dissolve and melt, not in an hour, not in a minute, but in a single second; one swing of the pendulum and it would be water, seven more and it would be dissipated in vapor." Of course, of this enormous quantity of heat the earth receives but a very small fraction. The remainder, except, of course, what the other planets receive, passes away into space, and is lost forever, so far as car be ascertained, to the solar system. If we estimate in mechanical power what we do receive, we find this to be on each square foot of surface equivalent, on an average, to

FED THROUGH PORES OF HER SKIN. The Peculiar Method by Which a Kentucky

about forty tons raised a mile high yearly,

or to one-horse power continuously acting,

to every thirty square feet of the earth's surface. It is by this enormous supply of energy that the whole world is kep alive

and active. It keeps us warm, and drives our steam engines and water-wheels; it

circulates our atmosphere, and brings us

rain and snow in due season; it grows and

nourishes our plants and animals, and, in a word, is the source of almost every

earthly blessing.

Girl Was Kept Alive for Some Months. Miss Annie Cole, a young woman living on Clay street near Jefferson, died this morning after a protracted illness, having been nourished for several months preced-ing her death through the pores of her skin. The case is an unusual one, and has elicited considerable attention. Some time ago, when it was found impossible to administer nourishment to the invalid through the usual channel, every device resorted to that her life saved from a death of starvation. The stomach rejected all food, and even the liquid gruels and other substances which were ntroduced did not remain in the stomach long enough to impart nourishment. Miss Cole was emaciated and on the point of death when the attending physician noticed that the action of the pores of the skin was normally healthy. As half of the digestible matter is emitted through the pores of the skin an effort was made to ntroduce nourishment in that way. A mixture of oil and grease was composed and applied externally. The heated skin rapidly absorbed the nutriment and the patient showed signs of renewed vigor. After each of these applications the skip as carefully cleaned, and in this way Miss Cole lived until to-day, when she died. The case has rarely been duplicated in the distory of medical science.—Louisville

Why the Romans Went to Bed Early, History tells us that ancient Rome, even n times of festival, was always as quiet as the grave after the closing in of the night a fact which De Quincy thus accounts for:
'They went to bed early in those agessimoly because their mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady, or young lady (for geologists know not whether she is in that state of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to 'a certain age') she, good lady, would have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. 'Candles, indeed!' she would say, who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have pro-vided gratis? What will the wretches daying truining to waste as I have provided gratis? What will the wretches want next?' The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting around a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilious himself was obliged to trundle off into the dark. Tarquinius may have been a very superb fellow, but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."

Ethel (to the family physician)—Why, doctor! you really don't think that powder hurts the complexion? Dr. Gruff—Well, no; some kinds don't. Ethel—Oh, please tell me which kind is the best, and I promise I will use no other. Dr. Gruff—Bakingpowder-take internally.

Times are tough on the poor of Russia heavily taxed, and the London News says they are actually starving to death in great