A Wisconsin Farmer's Family Bewitched -Strange Testimony in Court.

A Milwaukee despatch says: A strange case has recently occupied the attention of the Police Court in the village of Princeton, in this State. William Roberts is a wellto do farmer of Princeton. He has a wife and four children. Across the road from his farm lives an old German lady named Albright, who is unable to speak or under stand English. Since last Christmas Mr Roberts claims that his family and house have been bewitched, and swears to any number of astonishing occurrences which cannot be well accounted for by ordinary means. His entire family corroborated him in a series of most surprising state-ments. Gradually he grew to a belief that the witch was his little old German neighbor. He gave her, on two separate occasions, due notice that she must cease casting her evil eye over him. The manifestations did not stop, so the other day he took his gun and started out to kill her. He insisted that her death alone could dispel the evil charm. It became necessary that Mr. Roberts be placed in custody before he murdered the supposed witch, and he was therefore arrested and placed on trial, and thus the witchcraft isclosures came about.

When the case was called Mr. Roberts, for the defence, went into the witness stand. He swore that as long ago as last Christmas things about his honse began to act very queerly. The first he noticed was a spot of blood on one of the sheets of his bed. He slept alone and it frightened him. The sheets were changed continually, but in a short time the bloody spot would again appear. Then there were great letters "B" and "R" drawn on the wall in blue ink, which would come and disappear mysteriously, and strange writings on the wall. His wife was also having great trouble with her cooking utensils and dinner dishes. Many a time, having got the meals upon Many a time, having got the meals upon the table and stepped to the door to call the rest to dinner, she had turned again to find the table nearly stripped of its contents. The bread and meat had disappeared, and plates, knives, forks and salt sellers had absolutely vanished as if by magic. Sometimes they would be found in out-of-the-way places, under the waggon house, in the corn crib, out in the garden and often they were never discovered. These queer demonstrations and many others were sworn to by Mr. Roberts and his wife in the most honest and solemn manner, and no crossquestioning could divert them from a straightforward story. Both the children, Anna and John, were

placed on the stand, and they told in a frank and artless manner the same and many other equally astonishing occur A ring had suddenly disappeared from Anna's finger. She had seen dishes e sailing out of the cupboard when no without breaking. Both she and bad seen the clothing thrown off the be, and coats and dresses pulled from the wall and hurled across the room. It was suspected by some that these children ight have been the mischievous agents of all the trouble, but they gave every appearance of mnocence, and not the severest cross-qui tioning could confuse them. In fact the police, the lawyers, the crowd of spectators and the country people round about are absolutely mystified. Anna did not share her parents' belief in Mrs. Al-bright's culpability as a witch. She said she did not believe in witchcraft, and still she swore with emphasis and apparent ter ror in the recollection that these strange things had actually transpired. A married brother, named Edward Roberts, and his wife, who were here on a few weeks' visit, were called to testify. They had each like unaccountable tales to relate. Edward's wife was present when the ring disappeared from Anna's finger. She had noticed it a moment before, and in the glence of an eye it was gone. Anna's other hand was engaged at the time and she could not have removed it herself. Later in the day they took a

down stairs Such are the strange stories which this family told in the witness stand. had summoned the parish priest and asked him to dissolve the charm, and he had confessed to them that it seemed as if super natural agencies were at work, and would have to consult the bishop in order to obtain the interposition of the Church in the afflicted family's behalf. was concluded Friday, and, thoroughly at a loss what to do, the justice continued the case for three weeks. During the interven ing time a diligent effort will be made by physicians, county officers, and a number prominent people who have become interested in the case, to arrive at some in telligent conclusion.

pail out into the garden and picked some berries. When they sorted them over that night the ring was found among them. Edward testified that he was getting a lunch one night in the kitchen when he

turned to the cupboard and found that a r of dishes had vanished from the His watch was taken from his

pocket one night while he slept and the next day it was found in the cupboard

COLLAPSE OF A BUILDING.

The Eleventh Regiment Armory of New York Wrecked - Four Girls Injured,

A New York despatch says: The old armory of the Eleventh Regiment at Elm and White streets has been used for commercial purposes for some years, though still owned by the city. Yesterday after-noon the gallery, for 31 feet on one side, collapsed and fell, carrying down with it five heavy folding machines and about fifty women. Over 200 girls and women who were at work at the panic-stricken to the street. The scene when the police and firemen arrived baffled description. Men were trying to get at the people, and women and mouning. Blocks were rigged up an the work of removal began. floor was occupied by John Simmons, iron pipe dealer, and the main hall by the Mc-Williams Printing Company. The Lovell Manufacturing Company, of book printers and binders, occupied a wide gallery around the hall, 15 feet from the floor. In the gallery were the five heavy folding machines and tons of printed matter. The gallery was supported by wooden uprights under this being heavy iron pipes in stock. At 4 o'clock the double strain reached its reached its breaking point, and the northeast part of the gallery fell. The heavy folding machines crashed like rock ribbed monster to the floor of the hall. The floor yielded and the mass crashed through to the ground floor. Six girls, who had been vorking at the machines, went down in the wreck all the way to the ground floor rest managed to escape. Two of the six were uninjured. Mary Bignell, of 127 King street, Brooklyn, lay dead, her hands ciutching a piece of the sheets she was holding when the crash came. The other girls had fallen in such a wav that the debris formed an arch over their heads They were unhurt. The sixth, Mrs. Mary Macdonald, was badly bruised.

It is announced that Lord Dufferin will shortly give to the world a memoir of his who was Sheridan's granddaugh ter, and who inherited much of the family wit and brilliancy. Lady Dufferin's "Lament of the Irish Emigrant" has long been regarded as one of the most exquisite short poems in the language, but it is only one among many gems coined by the genius of this gifted daughter of Erin.

The man who says he will welcome death as a release from a life made up of generally sends for four doctors

THE YORK HERALD.

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RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, At GUST 9, 1888.

WHOLE NO 1,565 NO. 6.

A WIFE'S DIABOLICAL DEED.

Jealous Woman Pours Carbolic Acid Into the Mouth of Her Sleeping Hus-

A Columbus Ind.) despatch says: Mary oran, who was arrested for the murder of her husband, Oscar Doran, in this city on the 20th inst., by pouring into his mouth while he was askeep two ounces of carbolic acid, at an early hour yesterday morning called to her cell in the county jail the sheriff and the jailer, and made known her intention of confessing her horrible crime. When all was ready to take her statement she said: "I came from Indianapolis to this city, where my husband was at work as an engineer, and went at once to his room at the Farley Hotel. Then, after arranging my toilet, I went to a drug store near by and purchased two ounces of carbolic acid and also two ounces of laudanum. My husband came off duty at midnight and came to his room, where I was waiting to receive him. We conversed until 1 o'clock, when we retired and still conversed. We have had quarrels, and we did not at all times agree. We talked over our troubles some. My husband, who was tired, then went to sleep, and seeing that he was sound asleep I got up and took the acid I had bought, and reaching over his face poured the fluid into his mouth and face. A terrible struggle followed. He raised his feet, said 'What is this?' and called for water. He then dropped back across the bed in a convolsion and a terrible struggle followed, but he spoke no more, for he had inhaled the fluid and it had at once rendered him speech-less. I then went to the door and opened it and went down to the waiting-room to get some one to go for the doctor, but I returned to the room, and he was still in the position I had left him, with his head and knees drawn together across the bed, but not breathing, for he was dead. I then threw the bottle which contained the acid out of the window and it was afterward picked up by officers. I took stimulants to nerve me up to this. I loved my husband, but I am sure, as he was a good looking man, that other women loved him also. I made up my mind either to kill him or disfigure his face so in the future I might receive his full affection. I have no living relatives that I will name and am ready to die. I am not a subject for an asylum, for I am not insane. I slept well last night

and have just eaten a hearty breakfast." DODGE'S DODGES.

An Eccentric Young American Marrie Miss Cooke, the Equestrienne. An Edinburgh cable says: Young William Walter Phelps Dodge and the still younger Miss Ida Lena Cooke were married here by the High Sheriff, who is as successful a tying the matrimonial as the more fata noose. The bride's father was present and some of her friends. It was alleged that the young bridegroom had received his parents' blessing and consent by cable, and that the principal motive for this was the chivalric one of saving the young lady from the idea of her having been compromised by the elopement. The young couple look happy, and have returned to the romantic lake district where love's young dream

began. When Walter Phelps Dodge went abroad he left behind him an unenviable notoriety which he had brought upon himself by hi Mr. Thomas Stokes, and his cousin, was dignantly denied by the persons interested and a hue and cry raised for the author of the cruel hoax. To the surprise of every one two days' investigation fixed the authorship on young Dodge himself, and he made an abject confession. He had met the young lady for the first time on Christmas, and but six times in all. As she was an heiress to \$3,000,000 young Dodge was charged with being a fortune hunter, honing hush up the story. That he later denied saying his object was only to perpetrate joke. Young Dodge, who is very well con-nected, was a freshman at Yale College turned there on the beginning of the winter erm, and very soon left New Haven. Miss Ida Cooke is the equestrienne with whon he eloped in England.

FIGHTING FOR THE LOVE OF IT.

Kansas Encounter in which Seven Mer Bite the Dust.

A Liberal, Kansas, despatch says: A ivery stable-keeper at Hugoton gives the following particulars of an encounter be-tween Hugoton and Woodsdale men in Stevens County, whereby seven men lost their lives: Sam Robinson, the city mar-shal of Hugoton and W. Cook, of the same town, went to the Dudly ranch, near Tony Creek, yesterday, accompanied by their wives, to look up some cattle they were trying to buy. While taking dinner Deputy Sheriff Short, a Woodsdale man, mpanied by five other Woodsdale men, rode up to the party and asked Robinson to surrender as he had a warrant for his arrest. Robinson said he would go a short distance from camp, leaving Cook and the ladies behind, and then give his enemies a chance to take him. He did so, and on reaching a convenient spot both parties fire, with the Woodsdale men turned up their toes. The other two fled to the strip and Robinson escaped without a scratch. Cook returned to Hugoton and gave the alarm, and soon an armed force went to their assistance. Meeting a lot of Woodsdale men, an encounter took place, in which three more persons were killed and a number wounded. The whole county is at war. John Cross, Sheriff of Stevens county, was one of the men killed in the second fight. The names of the other killed could not be ascer

Child-Have I hurt you? Mother-Oh-oh-you-you bad child lon't you know I have—a—corn?
Child—Then you'll have a tree on you oct presently.

her-A tree! Child-Yes, the teacher told me that great trees from little a-corns grow.

A SUMMER BEVERAGE .-- First put into a large pan a quarter of a pound of fine, fresh oatmeal six ounces of white sugar, and half a lemon cut into small pieces Mix with a little warm water, stirring al and use when cold strengthening drink. If preferred, raspberry vinegar, citric acid, or any other flavoring may be needed. More oatmeal may also be used if pre-Second-six ounces of fine oatmeal, four ounces of cocoa and eight ounces of sugar mixed gradually and smoothly an to gallon of water. Use when cold. THE OLD STORY RETOLD.

in a Chicago Divorce Court, A Chicago despatch says: Lizzie Le-mure's life romance was told in Judge Baker's court on Thursday morning, and a sadder one is seldom recorded even in divorce annals. Twenty years ago she was divorce annals. Twenty years ago she was a London opera singer and a protege of Lord George Paget. As a friend and contemporary of Adah Isaacs Menken, the famous Mazeppa of Astley's theatre, she frequently met the Prince of Wales, and her mezzo-soprano voice was well-known to London opera-goers. She fell in love with Edward Hoare, a private of the British army. A private soldier's pay made him susceptible to any woman of means, and as Lizzie Lemure had \$89,000, in 1870 they were married and came to in 1870 they were married and came to Chicago. With her money a house was purchased at Park Ridge, and Mrs. Hoare's activity and energy procured for her hus-band the position of civil engineer on the Northwestern Railroad, which position he has held for fourteen years. Their life was commonplace but happy in Park Ridge until eight years ago. In April, 1880, having been blessed with no children, Mrs. Hoare brought over from England her 16-year-old niece, Emily Knibbs. Emily was not pretty, but she was young and vivacious. She lived with the Hoares until she became a mother, when she confessed that Mr. Hoare was the father of her child. Mrs. Hoare, who had payer supercted the coules was made ill. lather of her child. Mrs. Hoare, who had never suspected the couple, was made ill by the disclosure, and went to California. Upon her return she found her husband and her niece living together in her house. They were ordered out.

"Did you give your husband any provocation for his treachery?" inquired Mrs.

Hoare's lawyer.

Hoare's lawyer.

Mrs. Hoare arose from her seat with flashing eye. "Provocation?" she cried. "Well, yes, if you call taking him to Paris and spending £500 on him in a month; if you call giving him all of my £2,000, which I made on the stage, and £650 left me by my mother in England two years ago—if you call that provocation then I suppose. you call that provocation, then, I suppose I gave him prevocation. I loved him passionately; I was as true to him as any woman ever was to any man. Everything had he got. He has absorbed it all, and to-day, in the meridian of life, I find myself heart-broken, penniless, with nothing but what kind friends give me in charity, while he lives in a hotel at Park Ridge, within a stone's throw of Emily Knibbs, upon whom he lavishes his salar as a civil engineer. I have often rued th day when his fine form and shallow head lured me to this."

She was given a divorce.

BUT THE BURGLAR GOT AWAY. How Captain Reilly's Daughter Spoiled

Her Father's Clever Capture. despatch from New York says: "Tom" Reilly, the genial com-Capt. "Tom" Reilly, the genial com-impder of the Nineteenth precinct, who is spending his vacation with his family at Lake Aunt Katrine, way up in Ulster at the Aunt Katrine House, kept by Mr. B. R. Martin, on the edge of the lake. The house is isolated, but being always crowded The captain was the only man in the house and the captain had decidedly the best of t when his daughter, fearing that the captain might be hurt, ran in and throwing her arms around him, disconcerted the The burglar was not long in taking advantage of the unexpected release, and with a clean jump he went head first through a window on to the lawn of the hotel. The captain gave chase and also jumped through the window, but only to near the wheels of a waggon driven rapidly way. The captain was thoroughly disgusted but had to make the best of the disappoint nent. He was glad to find, however he burglar had taken nothing with him, hat had left his bag for the captain to preserve as a memento of his moonligh adventure.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Narrow Escape of an Ingersoll Lady and Her Daughter-Saved by Rev. W.

H. Laird. There was very nearly a drowning accident here a day or so ago. Kee-way den Island is situated about two miles out from Beau-Kee-way-den Island naris and on this island are three cottages me occupied by Rev. Mr. Maitland, Inger oll: Joseph Gibson, Postmaster at Ingersoll; Joseph Gioson, rossinaster as anger-soll, and Messrs. McCaulay and Dundas and party; another by Mrs. Ross, Inger-soll; and the last by Rev. W. H. Laird, of them. It is feared the old trouble will the First Methodist Church, Hamilton, and party. It appears that Wynnie Ross and Queenie Maitland were playing on the go prepared to defend themselves should rocks at the edge of the water not far from the cottages, which are located a short dis tance apart, and Queenie, who is 8 old, fell into the water, which was at that point 25 feet deep. Wynnie ran screaming to the house and Mrs. Maitland rushed wildly to the water's edge and without the slightest hesitation leaped in and seized her and garrulity have their day, but only hot child. Mrs. Maitland was unable to swim and could not regain the rocks. Rev. Mr. Laird—who was the only man on the English words. Now, take 1,328 words in island at the time—heard the screams and our current narratives, how far do they hastened to the spot and reached out a long pole, which the drowning woman clutched and was drawn safely up, holding her child in her arms. When Mr. Laird "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Candide," arrived Mrs. Maitland had sunk twice, and but for his timely assistance both she and reader far; yet in 1,328 words of Jonah you the child would most assuredly have niet a watery grave. Both have entirely recovere from the effects of the ducking.

Merchant (to Partner)—Here's Hupen-heimer, of Illinois, writes that there is a mistake of \$10 in the footing of his bill.

Partner—In his favor? Merchant-No, in ours. Honest man,

Partner - Does he send another order ? Bradstreet before shipping the goods.

THREE BODIES IN ONE DAY.

London Opera Singer's Miserable Tale Ghastly Finds on the Beach at Coney in a Chicago Divorce Court. Coney Island is gaining the name of Suicides' Resort." Three drowned bodies have been found there inside of twenty-At 10 o'clock yesterday morn ing the body of a man about 35 years old was found floating in the bend at Graves-end Beach. The man was neatly dressed in a blue serge suit, Oxford ties, white socks and white shirt. He was 5 feet 11 inches in height. The most singular thing about the case which indicates foul play is that the man had fastened around his body a satchel of wh.te canvas in which were three cobble stones weighing about seventyfive pounds. Upon the bottom of the satchel was painted in black letters, "John Baker, New York." In the mag besides the stones were two felt hats, and a red bandana handkerchief. The body was removed to Stillwell Morgue, at Gravesend. it had evidently been in the water several weeks as it was in such a state of decomposition that the face was unrecognizable.
At 7 o'clock yesterday morning the body

of a well-dressed elderly man was found off Concy Island Point. The man appeared to be about 65 years of age. He had gray hair and gray side whiskers. The body was attired in Scotch plaid parts and black corkscrew coat, vest, white steks, collar and black necktie. The deceased man was 5 feet 9 inches in height, and the body appeared as if it had only been in the water for a short time. The corpse was removed to Stillwell's Morgue, at Gravesend, where it lies for identification.

At 7.30 o'clock last night Detective Henry Gilloughby found a leather satchel and a coat and vest on the beach near the Brooklyn, Bath & West End Railroad depot, Coney Island. The satchel contained some collars and cuffs, a necktie and white apron. It is supposed that the owner has

ommitted suicide. Yesterday morning, as Detective Gilloughby was walking along the beach, he saw a man sitting on the sand crying.
When he questioned the man the latter
said: "I am tired of living. I have been
looking for work and cannot find any. The
people here won't help me. I cannot even
set a crust of bread to est." get a crust of bread to eat.'

The detective gave him a silver quarter and told him to go and get something to eat. He noticed that the mar had a satchel with him. It is supposed that he became desperate and committed suicide by jumping into the water.—N.Y. World.

But the worst vice of the average pioneer is his improvidence. It is true that there used. are many things against him, such as poverty, to begin with, exorbitant railway and stole quietly down stairs. In the similar circumstances, and while the latter dining-room he saw a light and a man give way under the severe conditions imhurriedly placing the hotel silver in a bag. posed upon them, the foreigners will surmount the same obstacles and make a and he prepared to give the burglar a success of life; if, indeed, they do not go "Nineteenth precinct surprise party." And to the other extreme and work and starve he did it. With one bound he cleared the themselves to death—instances not so rare room and had the burglar by the throat. as one might imagine. The farms of nearly all of the unfortunate representatives of easily, and made a desperate resistance, but old time Yankee industry and economy are without avail, for the captain's grip was on his throat to stay. The doughty captain and the burglar fought all over the room, which they are in debt, and which is left exposed to the elements when not in use. Yet these people are the pioneers of true civilization; upon the wrecks of their for tunes abler hands will build anew, and i captain for a moment and he loosened his the second attempt fails success crowns a of the fittest is seen in full play.—Frank II.

Spearman in Harper's Magazine The Pike County War. A Charleston (W. Va.) despatch says War has broken out afresh in Pike County Ky. A number of Eureka detectives arrived here yesterday accompanied by a westernlooking individual who goes by the soubri-quet of "Kentucky Bill," and they state that a few days ago they, accompanied by several others, ran afoul of a party of forty members of the McCov faction on Peter' Creek, in Pike County, near the West Virginia line. The McCoy men supposed they had come to arrest them, and a regular battle ensued. It is believed that John Dolson, of the McCoy party, was A number of others w The detectives had their clothing perforated by bullets, but were unhurt. They got out of the way as soon as they could, and thus ended the battle. Over 300 shots were fired. The authorities and citizens of Kentucky offer rewards aggregating over \$1,000 each for the arrest of the Hatfields who daily anticipate an attack being parties are apprehensive of an attack, and go prepared to defend themselves should casion require it.

compass. Now in writing it is condense pressed narratives live for ever. The Book of Jonah is in forty-eight verses, or 1,328 our current narratives, how far do they Rasselas," 1,328 words do not carry the dialogue needed to carry on the grand and varied action. You have also character, not 1.328 words.—Charles Reade.

TOO MUCH LOVE MAKING.

Beauty Sleep. It is cruel from beginning to end, woman's part in love so often is one of selfdestruction, writes Shirley Dare in the New York Sun, of June 24th. It begins with the love making, when the youth, fascinated with a novel interest more potent than bicycle or business, outstays the moon in that long, lingering talk which is so sweet, but which breaks up her beauty sleep when she needs it most. an upsetting thing to young nerves, and sending a girl off with feet cold and hands trembling and heart throbbing at mention of a name or sound of a voice is not conducive to good circulation and sound rest by day or night. The dreams, the uncertainties, the drain of feeling all tax her nervous system, till few persons can realize the strain of mind and nerve in which a highly wrought girl can live weeks, months and years. Then the introductions to the new relatives, the preparations for the wedding, all tell on the average girl, who takes more or less of herown responsibilities beforehand American girl fashion All this courting time he has been coming two, three, five nights a week on his idiotic adoration trips. The girl would be glad to be spared so much of his presence but she hardly knows how to tell and isn't aware that six months or so of

insanity. It isn't any fancy work I'm put-ting in here. I've seen too much of life to

have any use for that. But these are some of the little useless ways in which lover-husbands are cruel to their wives. And then they come and lament and wonder

Improvidence of Western Pioneers.

why Irene has gone off so, and doesn't take any more interest in her music as she What fools these mortals be poverty, to begin with, exorbitant railway charges, high rates of interest, and finally, and fatally in most cases, a total lack of thrift and management. His first step is to make his commuted entry at a cost of \$200. This means a mortgage on his farm. Then it is not a question of how little money he can get along with, but how nuch money he can get along with, but how nuch money he can perform on his "windstar" of the following: "The way a mae, at other times truthful, will lie after ine has been money he can perform on his "windstar" of the convertence of money he can horrow on his "tius; ar." off on a fixing excursion is semething. They talk the matter over with great interest among themselves, and will travel around all day, get his feet wet, his legs ocunty, had an unpleasant experience last diffy miles half a dozen times if they hear weed, his face sunwednesday night. The captain is stopping of an opportunity to make a deal with a burnt, without capturing enough fish to loan agent whose company will lend \$100 make half a meal for a moderate sized cat.

B. R. Martin, on the edge of the lake. The more on a quarter section than the others. And yet he will talk about that expedition for months as though it were a most gloriwhich he had brought upon himself by his own idiotic conduct. It will be remembered that a bogus notice of his alleged marriage with Miss Lillian H. Stokes, daughter of Mr. Thomas Stokes, and his cousin, was published in several papers on the morning of January 1st, 1888. The marriage was infigurably denied by the persons interested.

Mith few exceptions the only people for months as though it were a most glorismong the first comers who retain their farms are the foreigners, principally Germans and Scandinavians. These men, arithment of two-pound trout, or farms are the foreigners, principally Germans and Scandinavians. These men, arithment of two-pound minnows that daughter, who rapped softly at his door and cried, "Papa, there is a burglar in the house is isolated, but being always crowded with few exceptions the only people for months as though it were a most glori-farms are the foreigners, principally denied into the most rigid habits of will even lie to the wife of his bosom, to whom he is under special obligations to be house. The captain arose start with the Americans under precisely truthful, and back up his unblushing false.

The truth is that "Jonah" is the most beautiful story ever written in so small a

have a wealth of incident, and all the stationary, but growing just as Jonah grew, and a plot that would bear volumes,

Little Arthur Herberts, of Chicago, is a marvel of erudition for his years. Although only 10 years old he has read through the entire Iliad of Homer in the original Merchant—Yes, a big one.

Partner—Better get a special rating from any part of it accurately and without hesi Interferes With a Maiden's

such courtship is excellent preparation for a stupid honeymoon. Married, a man cannot realize that his wife is not just as any hour of morning, keeping up bright conversation, playing whist or eating suppers at 1 a. m. There is almost nothing worse than keeping a delicate young woman up late, till her eyes shut and her sentences wander for very sleepiness. Oh, the pretty, languid-eyed women I have heard say, "If I only didn't have to go out to night, to please Tom" or Jack. Or it is: "The hardest work I have to do is to be amusing hardest work I have to do is to be amusing all the evening to Arthur, and keep lively talk, when I'm so tired with calls or house-keeping or baby that I don't know what I'm saying, and if I don't make his home cheerful and keep bright, he'll go off te his club, or where he can find company." And a few years later I hear that woman is utterly broken down, very likely a case of insenity. It in the progression of the said was a superscript of the said was a superscript of the said was a superscript of the said was a superscript.

hoods, if necessary, by a surreptitious visit to the fish market before he gets home. So noticeable has this become, indeed, that it is proverbial to speak of any report which seems to show a marked degree of dubiosity as a 'fish story.' Even a clergyman is not safe from this moral blight. Here is one reverend D. D. who has been writing a magazine article describing some of his fishing experiences, in which he inci-dentally mentions his catch as '150 pounds,' and finishes up with the candid confession that, large as were the fish he caught, they 'will grow larger as the months go by.' No doubt of it. His '150 pounds' will be 300 long before Christmas. All this is very sad to contemplate. Why is this thus? And what is the remedy for this melancholy moral disease? Some drastic measures will have to be adopted, for mild ones are quite ineffectual. We have our doubts about the efficacy of legislation to make men truthful. But if nothing else can be done the Ontario Legislature might try its hand; and, if it can do nothing else, it can make the close season for fishing extend from the 1st of January to the 31st of

Mouse or maltese grey are very stylish shades of gray, which is par excellence the color of the season, after green, white or black, and which are the colors used to

trim these pretty lady-like shades. The fillet or net of coarse cord is lined ith colored silk and worn as a natta sort of headgear in the country, on the piazza or for some small occasions. This fashion gives opportunity for carrying a beautiful sunshade of dressy pattern and garniture. Felt hats, in soft shapes and bright colors, are worn by children, as well as grown women, at the seaside and at the nountains. Bright red or white are the avorite colors. A coil of silk cord is wound about the crown, or a scarf of silk tissues or a trimming.

There are many beautiful calico patterns, so called, in the India silks which make up very prettily in simple style, and these are without a doubt among the very prettiest of summer costumes as well as the most stylish. Plain silk may be mixed with these fancy patterns, and in that case the under dress is always of the fancy fabric, while waist and over dress may

be of the plain.

Midsummer will show some of the most beautiful directoire costumes in the satin striped shot silks. Very becoming and altogether unique they are, and at first may look a little outre, but their general beauty and air of elegance will soon recommend them to those women of taste who are not so conservative that they must needs take year to look at a fashion and get used to it before being willing to adopt it.

Permanently Injured. Young Sappy-" I was knocked senseless by a polo ball two years ago."
Old Sappy—"How long before you expect to recover ?"

The old belief that more light-haired persons than dark become insane has gone the way of other ancient delusions. Out of the 165 patients who are being treated in the Kirkbride legane Asylum in Philadelphia all except 4 are of decidedly dark comTHE FEMININE COMPOSITOR.

Type-Setting the Most Thankless Work Woman Can Engage in.

Of all the occupations in which a woman can engage for the purpose of making a living the most thankless is that of setting type, says the Denver Tribune. The female compositor leads a weary, dreary life. She s never permitted to strike a phat take, she is denied the inestimable boon of setting up the thoughtful matter which emanates from the editorial room, she is never reckoned capable of handling manuscript, and the very idea of her being competent to set up a display head is deemed atrocious. She is expected to hammer away at miscellaneous reprint; the only bonanza she ever strikes is solid minion with an oc-casional casis of leaded brevier when the business manager concludes that advertising is dull enough to admit the biggest kind of type. But this is not all—no, the worst remains to be told. When the work is done for the day, it is not with the female printer as with others of the trade. She cannot adjourn to a convenient and comfortable saloon and play pedro or old sledge for the beer or throw dice for 5 cent cigars or jeff for the drinks. She must pick her way home through all sorts of weather to a dreary room and a cold bed. She has no wife to thrash, no children to scold, no furniture to break—none of those sweet luxuries which are supposed to be part and parcel of the glorious art preservative. As a class, female printers are diligent and worthy.

They never "sojer;" they never bother the editors for chewing tobacco; they never business manager; they do not smoke business manager; they do not smoke nasty old clay pipes; they never strike for more pay; they do not allude to editorial matter as "slush" or "frogwash;" in short, they are patient, gentle, conscientious and reliable. They peg right along for \$7 a week, dress tidily, keep solid with the foreman, and, last of all, when the female compositor gets tided of her treed. female compositor gets tired of her tread-mill, unceasing round of toils, she marries the best-looking printer in the shop, and then she becomes a verier slave than before

Love Plots for Novelists. The talk of Paris just now is a romance

n real life, of which the heroine is a young Englishwoman and the hero no less a person than "Eagle-Eye," one of the braves of Mexican Joe. Joe and his redskins have come over to the big annual fair of Neuilly, outside Paris, where they daily and nightly maze and amuse Parisians by their dia bolical yells, their horsemanship, and their prairie pranks generally. It appears that during one of the representations given by the troupe in England a young lady who was present became enamored of "Eagle-Eye." She shortly afterward disappeared from her home, and her parents learned on inquiry that she had gone away to France with the Indian troups. A detective was sent to Paris, and he accommand to the Commissary of Police of the Neutlly district, went to the amp of the redskins at the Porte-Maillot, where the young lady was discovered in the tent of "Eagle-Eye." M. Martin, the Commissary, and the English detective had much trouble sary if he led the young lady away. The detective, however, taking advantage of the general confusion and was speedily driven off, leaving M. Martin to deal with the redskins as best he

could .- Dundee (Scotland) News. Henry Bloomer, at the outbreak of the war, was a prosperous business man in Detroit. In 1862 his wife became insane. He placed her and his two little daughters with relatives and enlisted in the army. At the end of the war he returned to Detroit, but could find no trace of his children. He then removed to Philadelphia where he engaged in the cigar business. In a year or two he returned to Youngstown, there he still resides with his harmlessly

Last week the old man received a letter from his brother-in-law in Detroit, saying the two children had been found. To day came letters from both girls saying they would start at once to visit them. One of them is overseer of a large cloak manufac tory and the other companion to a wealthy lady. Both are said to be highly respectable handsome and accomplished. They will take their parents to Detroit and care for them the remainder of their lives .- Phila delphia Ledger. An interesting story shout David Wood

the blind organist of St. Stephen's Church, is told. It is said of him that he became enamored of a pretty girl who was a pupil in the Institute for the Blind while he was a scholar there, and he made love to her. The pair used to go inside the big organ in the music-room to do their courting, but one day a teacher discovered them and there was talk of dismissal. David was undaunted in his courtship, however, and the name is now Mrs. Wood.—Philadelphia Record.

They tell a pretty tale, if only it had a

pretty sequel, of a handsome Chicago woman whose husband had been for some years absent on diplomatic business abroad. One fine afternoon she received a letter setting a day some months distant for his return. Now the lady, though handsome, was stout, and she could not endure the thought that the man who left her young and slim should find her obese and aged. So then, putting all other business out of to one of the various Turkish bath systems for putting aside unwished for pounds. The lady was persevering and the doctor skilful: the arrival of the steamer found her weighing to an ounce what she had weighed when her youthful husband sailed away. She got back her girlish figure, but she could not present her handsome face. The fine lines which seamed it in every direction were a heavy price to pay in exchange for the matronly proportions which she feared her husband would not look with favor upon. The husband -that chance had not occurred to her—had gained avoirdupois also, and if she had let herself alone they would have made a well matched, portly pair .- Chicago Herald.

Mr. J. J. Van Alen, who is the son-in-law of William B. Astor, but who, being walthy in his own right, has no need of the Astor money, has just completed a wall seven feet high and 3,500 long around his grounds at Newport. Mr. Van∆len is great admirer of English customs, and is house is built in English style and furnished throughout with English furniture. The house and wall are said to have cost

But while I'm speculating here,
The ink will dry upon my pen;
I'll cast aside all doubt and tear,
Maybe my Fate will hold me then.
All men of genius, I suppose,
Dash down their burning thoughts red-hot—
I'll do the same myself—here goes I—
By Jove! I've only made a blot!

HEALTH AND KICKING. If You Would be Well and Attractive

A Drop of Ink.

A drop of ink—how much it holds,
Upon my pen-point newly wet;
A brilliant fancy it enfolds,
Perbaps, if I could only get
It rightly spread about upon the sheet
Of paper, spotless, free from stain—
Alasi I gaze out in the street
And chew my penholder in vain.

Maybe within that inky drop A poem lies, designed for fame; But I can't reach Parnassus' top, Because, you see, my feet are lame. An epigram it may contain Replete with wisdom and with wit,

I'm sure it would not make me vain If Fate would let me make a hit.

Learn the Can-Can. Why is the cat the very Circe of pets and type of all that is most alluring in women? writes the author of the "Ugly Grl Papers." Why, but for her supple grace and exquisite nervous strength which make her tread as light as her hold is sure. Add to this that a cat is clever as Old Egypt, and capable of as devoted attachment as the Princess Lamballe, and there is good reason to reverse balle, and there is good reason to reverse the attainder against cats, and take them as models for women instead of libellous types. Such grace of suppleness, such endurance to preserve the grace and lightness born of easy nervous strength are an nmatched outfit for the needs of a woman. The beauty-loving Greeks felt this, and the Doric maidens who ran races in the Olympic games, and those who took part in professional dances, were so supple that each could, bounding, strike her loins with the sole of her foot. You see in classic marble the spring of the elastic figures, which appear borne along by some effort of will which has nothing to do with cords and muscles. Actresses work hard to gain and keep pliancy of limb. I knew one ambitious creature of rounded figure, who, like most women, could hardly lift her arms to do her own hair, but whose stage training included a variety of muscular exercises fatiguing to inspect. To stand and kick at a mantel sixty times with one foot, as many times with the other, for two hours a day, gains pliancy of leg and ankle. To stoop and touch the floor withprowl around among the exchanges for the Police Gazette; they never get themselves out bending the knee gives command of full of budge and try to clean out rival print shops; they never swear about the limb, but to do it 100 times in a morning is harder work than you or I have yet ing is harder work than you or I have yet undertaken. Then came exercise with gymnastic pull of stout rubber cords a yard long, with wooden handles, screwed to the wall, by which one might grip, swing, wrestle, hang backward at full weight, or turn hand over hand and over head till the figure lost all the disabilities of ordinary too, too solid flesh and blood, and seemed plastic to the sentiment, as nature ordained. But at cost of months of toil and desperate aches this wonderful command was gained. I this wonderful command was gained. I question if the play was worth the candle, except to a professional. The whole system of gymnastic exercises for indolent women and overtrained girls is so artificial, normal and worthless for practical ends that it has no use in our scheme of beauty. The gymnasium turns out bouncing girls, with highers that fill out a tailor out sleeve with biceps that fill out a tailor out sleeve well; but of what use are the biceps after all? The machine-gained muscle wants endurance, the wiry, staying quality which comes of gentler exercises, steadily kept up with growth. Men and women are meant to work with hands and body, and in the order of nature no lasting beauty or strength is possible unless the human being is steadily trained to genial, useful, neces-

Laura Schirmer's Remantic Stary Boston's dudes are heart sore over the news that comes from the Orient to the effect that among the fourteen ladies of the Sultan's harem recently killed by poisoned ice-cream was their former favorite, Laura with the English detective had much trouble with the savage, who assumed a threatening aspect, and would have shown fight but for thetic and peculiar color. A few years ago some admirers made up a purse to enable some admirers made up a purse to enable the combine of the comb "Eagle Eye" was almost foaming at the mouth, and threatened to kill the commiscal study in Italy. Last summer, while on a yachting cruise on the Bosphorus, she met one of the Sultan's officers, who told in the autocrat's palace that she was induced to become one of the Sultan's left handed wives. Once behind the latticed windows of her gilded prison nothing was heard of her in the gay world she had left so recklessly. Not long ago, however, a story came from over the sea telling of a romantic episcde in which the tenor Perugini had played a part. He had been asked to sing to the ladies of the harem. Of course, a curtain hid his handsome figure from the midnight eyes of his auditors. They might hear, but neither touch nor see. He had hardly finished his first number—a beautiful aria from "Les Huguenots"—when from behind the tan. talizing screen came the following, solo from the opera, in tones of rarest timbre Perugini recognized the voice at once, so the story goes. He had heard it time and time again in Boston and in Italy. There was no mistaking it. He tried in vain to get some message to the singer, but the fear of the bastinado was more potent than his proffered bribes. But the memory of that melancholy voice pursued him even to St. Petersburg, and he hurried back to Constantinople determined to enlist the aid Laura Schirmer's release. In attempting o get a word of cheer to his unfortunate countrywoman he had occasion to employ the services of an old hag who sold cos metics to the imprisoned beauties. After two or three spying calls at the palace she brought him word that the young girl who had answered his song had died; she was one of the fourteen whose death was an

nounced in the official bulleting from the harem.

Thunder Proverbs. the birds be silent expect thunder. If the cattle run around and collect ether in the meadows expect thunder. If the clouds grow rapidly larger expect nuch rain, and also thunder

Two currents in summer indicate thunder. If there be any falling stars during a clear evening in summer expect thunder. Increasing atmospherio electricity oxidizes ammonia in the air and forms nitric acid. which affects milk, thus accounting for the souring of milk by

Thunder in the evening indicates much ain.
When it thunders in the morning it will

Thunder in the north indicates cold. dry reather.
Thunder from the south or southeast

indicates foul weather; from the north or northwest, fair weather.

With a north wind it seldom thunders. Much thunder in July injures wheat and

barley.
Thunder in the fall indicates a mild. open winter.

Distant thunder speaks of coming rain. The largest artesian well in the world in in Queensland, Australia. A stream of water 12 inches in diameter flows from the

well at the rate of 400 gallons per minute having a temperature of 120 degrees Fah renheit.

Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist, is now being pursued by mad-house keepers, who, backed by some of the great man's relatives, insist that the author prove him crazy. Tolstoi has a fortune; the relatives, gossip says, want it.