

A Story of Ingersoll.

The San Francisco Post says:—While Ingersoll was in Cleveland, soon after his successful legal fight for the Star Routes, a sort of anti-tobacco crusade had been started in that city, and a well known Boston scientist was delivering nightly lectures against the use of the toothsome weed. This speaker invited others to argue the question with him, but although the smokers were largely in the majority, the Boston man invariably proved too clever for the debaters brought against him. Availing themselves of Ingersoll's presence, some of his friends begged the great orator to take up the cudgels in behalf of the tobacco users, which he condescended to do more as a joke than for any serious reason. That evening the hall was jammed, and, when the prohibitionist requested an answer to his arguments, Bob solemnly arose and said he would reply to the statement of his eloquent friend by the relation of a simple incident. He said—"I was once attending to a mining case in one of the wildest and most lawless regions of Utah. A murder had recently been committed by a notorious thief, and a committee of local vigilantes were watching for him at every cross road. But after nightfall I was riding back to the town from the mine, mounted on a white horse. The vigilantes had received information that the desperado in question should pass the very road the same evening also riding on a white horse. The posse had ambushed themselves in some chapparal, and as I came down the bridle-path they got ready to fire altogether—for they waste no time in trials in that section. Entirely unconscious that half-a-dozen shoguns were sighting my shirt front, I stopped my horse, struck a match, and proceeded to light my cigar. Thinking that the light would give them a still better mark to shoot at, the concealed party held their fire for a second. In that second the blaze of the match reflected on my features, revealing they were not those of the man they awaited, and, stepping out on the road, they congratulated me on my narrow escape. And so, ladies and gentlemen, if I hadn't had the good fortune to be a smoker I wouldn't be here now." "And you call that fortune?" grimly asked the anti-tobacco lecturer after the applause had subsided. "Wasn't it?" inquired Bob, with a plaintive smile. "I

don't see it," thundered his opponent. "If it hadn't been for that miserable cigar, there would have been one less lawyer in the world." And amid the roar that followed, Ingersoll sat down, completely knocked out in one round.

Nero's Garden.

The Italians have found and are in process of exploring the remains of a romantic garden laid out by Nero. It was in a savage cleft of the Apennines where the Aonio comes down that the emperor caused three dams and three long waterfalls to be made, which were carried away by a freshet in 1303. One dam was 200 feet high, 60 feet broad, and 44 feet thick, and supported a bridge of 20 arches. It made a lake which extends several miles into the mountain, on whose shores small lodges were built for bathing, fishing, and hunting. The walls were coated with marble, and the pavements inlaid. In that under the Monastery of Sante Scolastica a very beautiful Greek statue has been found lacking one leg; but the missing leg has been kept in the cloisters of the monastery, and now rejoins the body. Lanciani writes to the *Athenaeum*:—"It represents an archer (?) kneeling with the left knee, and bending forth with arms extended. The figure is a trifle more than life size, and totally naked. The study and finish of every anatomical detail are exquisite. It may be remarked as a curious particular that the left leg of this noble statue has been preserved from time immemorial in the cloisters of St. Scolastica. Several other fragments of Greek statuary have been found in the same room of Nero's lodge—the best of them is a head of a hermaphrodite. The Minister of Public Instruction has granted the sum of 2,000 lire toward the continuation of these works."

Sure to Catch Him.

First New York Detective—Here is an order to shadow young Grimes, the banker. He has taken seven million from the vaults. Second New York Detective—And you want me to help you catch him, I suppose? "Yes; I hear that he has bought a ticket for Quebec." "The train starts at midnight, don't it?" "Yes." "All right, then. We will begin watching his house early next week."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Hero on Crutches.

The Tay Bridge disaster! Who can forget that most sudden and awful catastrophe? The dark night, the howling wind, the hurrying train, the broken bridge, and then that last horrible plunge of the doomed carriages and their human freight!

The story is like a nightmare in its swift ghastliness; we cannot escape from it. Naturally enough, the details of it appeared in all the papers of the day, and travelling farther than our own island, drew sympathetic cries of pity and horror from our continental neighbors.

The Germans, especially, had a word of their own to say on the subject, in which the name of "Carl Springel" rose frequently to their lips.

Who was Carl Springel, and in what way did the Tay Bridge accident recall his story?

I will tell you, and I am sure your hearts will swell with a proud joy in the reading of my tale, for Englishmen can welcome a hero, of whatever nation he may be.

Carl Springel, then, was the lame son of a railway official in South Germany. Wilhelm Springel, the father, among other duties, performed that of keeping watch on stormy nights over the great bridge known as the Devil's Gulch Bridge, which spanned a terrible cleft in the rocks, two hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep. In the ravine below a mountain stream struggled and fought its way into the valley—deep, deep down it seemed to lie at ordinary times, but in winter weather the stream became a torrent of tremendous force, and rose to a terrific height.

Such a sudden swell took place on the 10th of November, 1857, after twenty hours of heavy and continued rain. Wilhelm Springel was, of course, on duty all day, and, not coming home towards evening, Carl set out to pay him a visit at his post, carrying with him his father's supper.

The night was one of black darkness, but the lame lad struggled along on his crutches, the breath half blown out of his feeble body, his ears dinned by the fury of the storm.

He was within a hundred yards of the bridge—renowned in the neighborhood as a triumph of engineering skill—when a stronger blast than usual made him totter on his crutches, while at the same moment an awful crash made itself heard above the raging of the storm.

It was—it could be nothing else but the bridge giving way, Carl felt sure. In an agony of haste and terror he pushed on toward the spot, calling frantically on his father's name. But how could he hear him through the tumult?

The lad pressed on still further. He was on the railroad track now, and the first object he stumbled against was his father's hand-truck, the red light yet burning on it, but no father near.

And beyond that—ten yards further! Ah! the sight was too awful, the dim glare of the lantern showing a cruel gap where the bridge had been—a fearful chaos of shattered masonry and timber, and boiling waters! "Father! Father!" cried Carl again in his horror, but no voice answered. "He has gone down with the bridge!" shrieked the poor fellow.

For a second or two he lingered as if paralyzed by the sight of the fearful chasm, holding tightly the useless supper-can; then a sudden thought filled his soul to overflowing, and gave him new strength to do and dare.

The night train—that was due. If father lay below in that awful gulf, who would warn it of its danger? Who would hold it back from that leap into nothingness, which it must inevitably take if left to pursue its course unchecked?

"I must do it," said Carl with clenched teeth.

Up above no danger signal was shining; there was only one lame boy and a few moments of time to save a train full of human beings.

The boy threw away his crutches, jumped on to his father's truck, and worked it steadily back toward the great city. What mattered it that he steered straight into the jaws of death? He should stop the train; he would make the driver see him, and learn the danger ahead.

It was all as Carl knew it would be. Round the curve of the mountain, like a glittering serpent, came the night train speeding on—ever nearer, nearer, till the line trembled under its weight.

Then Carl stood up as well as he was able on his truck, and raised the red light wildly about his head, waving it backward and forward to attract the notice of the engine driver. He lost all sense of personal danger; he was only bent on saving the train.

"The bridge—the bridge is down!" shrieked the boy.

Only just in time came the warning. The engine-driver, always on his guard at this spot, turned off the steam, and the train with its crowd of living beings, was arrested on the brink of the abyss.

But where was Carl the while? Carl and the truck?

Hurled fifty feet into the air by the oncoming train, the boy was never again to be recognized as the living Carl Springel, but was found afterward, a lifeless and mangled corpse, among the rocks.

A tombstone stands in a graveyard in South Germany on which in glittering letters of gold is this inscription:—

CARL SPRINGEL.

AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and a martyr, and saved two hundred lives."

The memorial was erected by those saved by the lad's heroism, the only recognition they could make of a brave and unselfish deed.

Success and Prosperity.

People who are fond of complaining of the injustice of circumstances, declaring that the good are often unsuccessful and the evil are often prosperous, would do well to analyse carefully their estimate of success and prosperity. If they include in it riches, fame and position, and exclude from it peace of mind, a contented spirit, a good conscience, a noble character, and the luxury of doing good, they are right, according to their standard. But, if these latter possessions are preferable, then are the good prosperous indeed with a prosperity that no misfortune can touch and no loss can remove, and the evil are truly unsuccessful, though they may have wealth and station and power and ease.

CANADA'S ROCKIES.

Where the Indians saw the Home of the Gods.

Holt city is the head quarters of the C. P. R. Yet it is a place by itself. Nothing can be rougher than the rail from here to Calgary, or finer than the view. It is an advantage that the trains are so slow, as you have more time to enjoy the scenery. This has almost shaken my attachment to Scotland, though one misses the purple heather which lends such a charm to the North. But comparisons are odious and the Rockies in all their charms, must be seen to be appreciated. It was a wonderful view I had last night, as I sat on the steps of the last car, drinking in all the strange beauties of the place. We were climbing-hour by hour a wilderness of mountains. We were hemmed in by them from afternoon till darkness came down upon the face of the earth. Mostly they were black with snowy variations; some were bare, others clothed with verdure; some raised their heads in the clear blue sky as fortresses, others were peaks, others ragged and uneven, shapeless masses of matter growing out of one another. Some seemed to like good company, others stood solitary and apart. In the dells and shadows the care tales yet to be told. For instance, here are some remains of the ancient road to British Columbia. Here a man tells me, last year there was a terrible tragedy. An English gentleman and his son were camping near the spot. There came a forest fire. Awful to relate, when the son had time to look around him, his father was burnt to death. Fearful are some of the solitudes through which the passenger plunges. The bear and the eagle have them entirely to themselves. Few have explored them; fewer still have scaled the mountain heights by which they are girdled. But nowadays one is in search of silver or gold or coal, and has no time to think of mountain grandeur. Cities rise and fall very quickly here. Silver City for instance, where we stopped last night, was all the rage a year or two ago. It is now deserted. Yet people say silver is still to be found there, and at Calgary, as an illustration of the fact, a "prospector" showed me a fine specimen of silver, at the same time asking me to come

and see the shaft. I replied I was as fond of silver as he was, but I sought it in another way. But to return to the Rockies, I wonder not that in times past the Indians saw in them the home of the gods, or that there the scientist discovers in them the source of the whirlwind or the storm.

Indian Newspapers.

India possesses at present 230 newspapers in the language of the country. The first paper in a native language appeared in 1808, being founded by missionaries, and occupied entirely with religious matters. These papers have only occupied themselves with political matters since 1860. The pompous language made use of by many of them is amusing. Thus a place is often denominated "the heaven of Vishnu," the rain is "a deluge," thunder is "the tumult of gigantic demons drinking the waters of the clouds." Among the names which they assume are the *Mirror of Medicine*, the *Nobles of all Papers*, the *Ocean of Wisdom*, the *Poets' Garland*, the *Water of Indian Life*, &c.

Fearful Death of a Woman.

The body of a woman has been found hanging by the clothes to a bush over a steep precipice at a place known as the Scraggs, near Londonderry. The deceased had evidently slipped when passing the precipice, and falling, caught in the bush. Her clothes being drawn over her head rendered her unable to cry out or attract attract attention. In this fearful position she remained suspended till death relieved her sufferings. When found the body had been hanging eight or ten days.

Co-Education.

The co-education of the sexes has been on trial in Cornell University, and in a circular recently issued, the results are stated as follows: "Young women bear the strain of mental work quite as well as young men, and there is not more sickness among them; moreover a large percentage of them complete the course and graduate, and the average scholarship among them is higher than among young men. The fact does not necessarily imply mental superiority, it results, doubtless, from the greater regularity with which they apply themselves to their tasks."

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See our French kid boots at \$2.75.
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See our stock of kid slippers from 90c. up.

GLOVES.

Ladies' 2-buttoned colored kid gloves, 35c., worth 75c. per pair.
Ladies' 2-buttoned Josephine kid gloves, all colors, 50c. per pair, worth \$1.
Ladies' 3-buttoned colored and black, 50c., 65c., worth \$1.
Ladies' 4-buttoned, in black and dark colors, 75c. per pair.
Ladies' 4-buttoned kid gloves, stitched backs, tan shades, \$1 a pair.
Ladies' 6-buttoned kid gloves, in black and dark colors, tan, slates, opera and white, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.60 pair.
Ladies' 8-buttoned kid gloves, opera and white, \$1.25 and \$1.50 pair.
Ladies' Taffeta silk gloves, black and colored, 30c., 35c., 40c. pair.
Ladies' 2-buttoned lisle thread gloves, 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. pair up.

NOTIONS.

Ladies' leather hand satchels, 40c., 50c., 75c. up.
Ladies' black and colored plush satchels, 75c. up.
Ladies' leather purses, 10c., 13c., 15c. up.
Gents' morocco leather purses, 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 up.
Just received fine assortment hair brushes, 25c. up.
Fancy back hair brushes, inlaid with pearl, 75c., \$1, \$1.50 up.
Shawl straps, 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c. up.
Fancy gilt silver and jet bar pins in latest styles, 10c. up.
Gilt silver and rubber hair pins in great variety.
Gilt silver and rubber jersey pins, 10c. up.
Hair nets, 8c., 10c., 13c. and 15c. each.
Scrap Albums, 15c., 20c. and 25c.
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