The Diamond Robbery

The Fight In The Railway Train.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S STORY. "It is just about three years ago this hristmas," said Mr. Diamond, "that I Christman. was sent to D ver by 'our house' with a valuable assortment of d amonds, pecklaces, brideemaids, lockets, &c., &c. The Earl of Exminster was a out to marry the daughter of the then commandant of the castle, and wished to select some things of the kind for his wedding gifts. About that time you may remember there had been several audac ous jewel robberies, and our senior partner was very nervous and fidgety at having so much property in the custody of one person; however, it happened that no one could be spared to go with me; and I reassured him somewhat by reminding him that I had frequently travelled alone with jewels of similar value, and never lost a shillingsworth. I myself had no misgivirgs, and treated lightly the old gentleman's fears. It was settled at last that I should start by the morning express, so as to arrive at Dover in time to exhibit the jewels and return to town the same day, but a certain suite which our people were anxious to sell not having arrived from the workshop, where some alterations were being made in the setting, we telegraphed to the earl that I could not be with him till seven in the evening, and that I should go straight to the ca-tle and leave the jewel in his keeping until the following day. This increased our old gentleman's anxiety a hundredfold, and I felt quite relieved when at last I left Bond Street and drove to the Charing Cross Station to catch the 5.30 express. The weather was anything but pleasant for the journey. It rained in terrents, and a strong wind blew the drops fiercely against the carriage windows. By anointing the palm of the guard with some silver ointment I secured a first class compartment to myself, and relying on his promise that I should not be intruced upon, I felt no anxiety as to the safety of my precious wares-which were in a strong hinoceros hide bag fastened with a Chubb's lock, the key of which I wore in a small bag next my heart—the train stopping only at Caunon Street and London Bridge, and then running direct to Ashford. When we had passed New Cross, and had got up steam, I began to relax a little the vigilance with which I had been guarding my treasure; at all events, I thought, I am safe for an hour against the sharnest thieves, so I took out the evening paper and began to read. The steady thud of the engine, the howling of the wind, and the absence of any news of interest made me drowsy, so I made a pillow of my bag, put on a soft cap, lay my legs at length on the seat and—I regret to say, was soon fast asle p. You think it strange, I dere say, that with all the warnings I had had, and the strict injunctions of our people that I was to be more than ordinarily watchtul over my charge, that in less than an hour from the time I had left them I should be sound asleep. Well, perhaps, it was remiss, but I had taken hundreds of similar journeys without any mischance, and why should this prove an exception Familiarity breeds contempt, you know. Ah! there is another proverb which I wish I had borne in mind that night—the one about the 'oft-journeying pitcher,' I mean. I know not how long I slept, but I remember that I was recalled consciousness by feeling a gust of cold wind on my face, ard, half awake, and half seleep, I lay for a moment wendering how I could have omitted to close the window, and lazily debating with myself If I should get up and remedy my carelessness, or keep in my snug warm position, and by drawing my rug higher defy the draught. A few drops of rain blown on my face decided me; I jumped up, and to my astonishment and horror saw two men on the opposite seat, and the window nearest my head wideopen. How came they there ! Had we stopped at Ashford, and the guard forgotten his promise to me? I seemed not to have slept more than ten minutes. Of course, my first thought was for the safety of my bag; to my great relief it was safe on the seat beside me. Assuming an indifference I was far from feeling, I 'took stock' of my fellow travellers. One was a tall, gentlemanly man, who would pass for a cavalry officer; the other was short and thick set, broad chested, and apparently as strong as Samson. Something in the manner of both impressed me unfavourably, and I felt certain that my bag was the object of their strange and sudden visit; then I wondered where we were, whether I had any chance of help in the event of the struggle; my eye wandered to the signal with which to summon the guard—it was over the head of the taller of the two men and I could only use it by reaching acro-s him; this did not reassure me, and I was still further alarmed by discovering that the train was only then dashing through Sevenoaks, and, therefore, would not stop for more than half an-hour. I suppose my anxiety betrayed itself in my face, for the shorter man cast a look of impatient questioning towards his companion, which, I interpreted, as a request for permission to commence operations on me, with a view to the abduction of my bag. I don't think I am a coward, but I confess that at that moment I was really and truly afraid. Here were two men-either of whom could have given me points in the matter of physical strength, and beaten me easily—who had by some means found their way into my compartment while the train was going at express speed; what could be their object if not robbery? I had, doubtless, been watched from our place in Bond Street The earl's marriage was public gossip, and the prepetrators of the late jewel robberies must have been possessed of the best information as to the movements of the custodians of the treasure. So, in this case, these men opposite me were not chance thieves but members of a well organised gang who were masters of their craft. These and kindred thoughts were passing through my brain, when another impatient glance from the shorter man induced his companion to speak.

You are wondering how and when we got in, I suppose.' he said, addressing me. " 'Yes,' was all I could answer, from my

dry throat.
""Well,' he continued, looking at his watch, 'I think there is time, so I'll explain matter, and 'ell you our plans, it may save you — snoyance.' He emphasized this you — ennoyance.' He emphasized this last word, and smiled at his companion, who had drawn from his pocket a small bothalf-crazy despot.

tle and some cotton wool. It flashed acres me instantly that this bottle contained chloreform or some powerful drug, which was to make me inscusible, and a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead are travelling from Blank's, the jewellers of Bond Street," the tall man continued, with some jewels for worlding presents, we saw yeu boxed up in this carriage at Charing Cros, and we secured the next one to our selves, a hele bored through the parti ton acquainted us with the fact that you wer napping, this was a slice of luck for us for most difficult part of our task was the getting from our carriage to yours before you could summon assistance with that inanal bellpuil there we then walked along the foot board, and here we are. Now, ir, he sai', looking sterniy, 'to business; we must have 't' at bag of yours, and you can give it to us you know, peaceably, and make up what tale you like to eccount for its loss, or you can fight for it, which is it

"A despe ate courage came to my aid, and I said 'I shall only part with it with my life; if you are murderers as well as thieves, you may succeed, but I'l not suffer my employers to be robbed, and my pros-pects to be ruined without a struggle, and as I spoke I made a dash at the slarm signal; before I could reach it. however. I was forced back to my seat by the tall man, who was more than a match for me, he held my wrists in a grip of iron while the other man was saturating the cotton wool with the contents of the bottle; a strange odour of ether pervaded the carriage, and I knew my only chance lay in admitting plenty of air. The villains had closed the window of the door by which they had entered, so I summoned all my strength, an contrived to wriggle one hand free, with which I deshed the bottle from the other man's hand, and then with all my force crashed my arm through the window and shouted "Murder!" The next instant they were both upon me; I felt a stifling sensation in my throat, and after another effort to cry out, I fell back unconscious.

When I came to myrelf I felt the train still flying on, and heard the howling of the wind. I tried to rise, but could not; tried to shout, but my voice had fled : instinctively, I put my hend to the place where my bag had laid, it was not there and the two men had vanished also. An excruciating pain in my arm caused me to look at it, the sleeves of my coat were torn, and a pool of blood was on the floor of the carriage evidently I must have been severely cut by the broken window glass. As I began to realise the circumstances, I thought that if I could only get to the alarm signal and stop the train, I might still prevent the escape of the scoundrels and recover my property, but upon at empting to do so, I found I was too weak to a tain even a sitting posture, and then the horrors of my situation were presented vividly to my imagination. Ten thousand pounds of my employer's property gone; my future prospects blighted; my life ebbing away, or if spared only to be the nerveless wreck of my former self; at last I began to hope I should die life meant only disgrace and ruin. I had shamefully neglected my duty, disregarded all the warnings I had received, and acted more like an irresponsible errand boy than the trusted and confidential man I was suppo ed to be. If I had only kept awake those villains could never have entered the carriage before I had summoned help. Yes I hoped I might be discovered dead, that at least would clear my character of neglect and my wife and children would be spared the knowledge of my culpable breach of trust. Presently I heard an unearthly yell. and I was vindictive enough even in what I imagined to be my dying moments, to hope that it proceeded from the robbers, who in trying to leave the train had been caught in the wheels. Soon after I felt the train slackening, speed, and presently I heard with reviving interest the voice of the guard ealling 'Canterbury!' and then distantly the station porters with their abbreviate1 corrupted version, 'Terbury! 'Terbury! All tickets ready!' Terbury!'

"In another moment my door was open ed, and to my utter amazement, I found myself uninjured and my bag quite safe! The window, too, was entire, and as I pulled myself together, the good-natured, smiling guard said, 'Had a nap, sir?' replied, 'I have, and an ugly dream.'"

Mr. Diamond ceased, and drank deeply

from his grog, as Junior exclaimed in an injured tone, 'Oh! come, I say, that's a injured tone, 'Oh! come, I say, that's a sell, I den't call dreams adventures." "Nor do I," said the jeweller, "but there was a piece of adventure in this one. When I left Charing Cross that evening my hair was as black as yours, young shaver. When I was exhibiting these jewels about three hours later, it was as you see it now, white as snow. You see," he continued, somewhat gravely, "adventures come to the adventurous even in their sleep."

Thebaw Crushed.

Burmah's atrocious monarch and Great Britain's unfriendly neighbor has surrendered. No one is likely to rejoice over The baw's downfall as heartily as his subjects, of whom over 300 000 have in the past few years fled into British Burmah to escape his terrible tyranny. His little army, com-posed of the scum of the Burmese populace, and equipped with condemned arms from every arsenal in Europe, was, of course, no match for the British invaders. A few thousand British and Indian troops steamed up the Irrawaddy 500 miles, and entered Mandalay almost without resistance

The fall of Mandalay probably closes the history of independent Burmah. Only sixty-five years age the greatest of all the Indo-Chinese States, the revolt of the Shans and England's seizure of the flower of the kingdom shrivelled Burmah to comparatively mean proportions. Great Britain has now advanced her arms two hundred miles further north along the valley of the great Irrawaddy. If she yields to the almost unanimous demand of her commercial incrests, she will annex this wedge of land that divides her Indian possessions from China. Through this country runs the proected line of railroad to China which several leading commercial bodies of England have recently endorced as an enterprise that must be carried through in the interests

of British trade. Thebaw has had his day. Gan. Prendergast proclaimed to the Burmese two weeks ago that the tyrant would mis-rule them no more. His high handed interference with the commerce of the Irrawaddy, his intrigues with France, and his unfriendly atti-tude toward the British are the three causes

A CHRISTMAS CHAT.

We were all around the cheerful fire in the twilight- Bessie and Charlie and Nellie and Will, and our dear old story telling aunt, who had put down her knitting k ew what that meant. It was always the signal for a chat.

Auntie seemed to be meditating.
"What shall it be about?" she said, half

to herself a d half to us. "Why, Christmas of course," we all an-

awered together "Christmas-merry Christmas! Has it really come aga n! Looking up at the stars this clear cold evening, I see them shining as they did when the enightest of them led the three Wise Men of the East to that eld inn of Judes where they were a find our Saviour. There, among the cattle belong ing to the travellers come to pay their yearly tax money, in the arms of his levely young mother, was the Babe of Bethlehem, who became the Man Christ Jesus. To Him the Wise Men carried gifts, even as now we bestow them in His name upon those we love His birthday was our first Christmas Day We must not forget that, as we are apt to do, in the pleasures of this gay season.

"You all know about he English carels and waits, the great Yule-log and the Christ as candles, the boar's head borne in on a platter to the sound of music, and the mistletoe hung in the castle hall. You know too, all about the plum porridge and the mince pie. But do you know that the four-teen days before Christmas were called halovon dave? These dave were supposed to b: peculiarly beautiful, like our Indian summer, and they were named after the bird we call the kinglisher. The ancients supposed that the halcyon made its nest on the and that it possessed the power of lulling waves and producing calm and lovely weather, while its young were being hatched. And this power came from the birds

song. Must it not have been sweet?
"Perhaps the Christmas oarols may have had their origin in some one's trying to sing like a halcyon. They are among the oldest of English songs, and were first printed in 1521. Among the many pleasant customs at Christ-mas 'in ye olden time' was that of electing a person as Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports, whose cuty it was to amuse everybody and stert all the games.

"Our Santa Claus - whom we borrow from the Germans -- is Saint Nichelas, who was a bishop in Greece in the fourth century, and the patron saint of children, especially of school-boys. Claus is a contraction of the last two syllables of Nicholas.

"In the Middle Ages a boy used to be chosen as a mock bishop for St Nicholas Day (which is still in the English calendar, eccurring on December 6,) and was allowed to preach. One of these boy bishops had a monument in Salisbury Cathedral. In all old oustoms you will find a curious blending of truth and superstition. Shakespeare said that a Christmas-time it was believed 'no spirit dares stir abroad; the nights are wholesome; then no planets at mke, no fairy takes, or witch hath power to ch rm, se hallowed and so gracious is the time

"When I was a child I used to visit the then beautiful little town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which you probably know was a Moravian settlement. Don't you re member Longfellow's poem called 'A Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem'? He spea. 1 to that of cowled heads and tangers and censers. It is a beautiful prem, but the Moravians, as I saw them, had no such things. They were a simple, trugal, and industrious people, very religious, and very fond of music, but their church services were very plain. The men and woman were divided, as at Quaker meetings, and I saw no censers or cowled heads A poet, however, is allowed to use his mind's eye. But their customs were very pretty, and they made much of Easter and Christmas, especially the latter.

"In every household there was not only an exchange of gifts and much rejoicing, but for many days previous there had been extensive preparations in the way of decera-Not only did each family have a tree -and it did not matter whether there were children or only old people in the familybut each tried to outdo the other in the enpecial beauty of its Christmas 'Puts,' as I think they called the lovely bowers of evergreens erected in their parlors.

"On a broad stand covered with green muslin and well hidden by boughs and branches four pillars were raised. These were twined with ivy and holly or groundpine. Within this inclosure, and beneath its leafy canopy, was the Christmas-tree, glittering with sugar truit and waxen tapers At its base was a field of moss, through which ran a sparkling stream, made of glass sometimes, but usually of real water, which played in fountain jets or tumbled in mimic cascades over tiny rocks. On the moss was a representation of the manger, the Holy Child, and the shepherds with their woolly flocks. Waxen angels (made at the Widows and Sisters' houses) hung hovering over these figures. Visitors were expected to go about from house to house to see these pret ty decorations, and coffee—a favorite bever

age—was always hosp tably of erel.
"In the Moravian Church on high festi vals they always had brass instruments in addition to the organ, and many choristers made sweet harmony. But, children, I really must stop talking, for Christmas is so fascinating that I might keep on all night; only before I stop let me beg you all to remember when you hang up your stock ings that there are many poor bare little feet without stockings whose owners' hearts you may help to make glad, and the sweet-est b'ossom on the Christmas-tree is the flower of Christian love.

A Cruel Stepmother Sent to Jail.

Mrs. William Dunlap, of Delaware, O who has heretofore moved in good society and is a member of a leading church, was sentenced to spend sixty days in jail, be ted on bread and water, and fined \$100 for cruel-

ty to her stepchildren.

It was proved on her trial that she covered her stepdaughter with soft soap, pumped cold water upon her, and scrubbed her with a broom, and that she suspended her stepson in a deep well with a rope. The woman was followed to the jail by 300 people, who jeered and hooted and talked freely of tar and feathers.

A prize of \$5 000 was offered some time ago by Mr. Lorillard, of New York, for the discovery of the key of the ancient Maya alphabet. The effer is still standing. Dr. Le Plongeon, who has recently returned from a twelve years' study of the ruins and monuments in Yuoatan, is thus far the strongest competitor for the award.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

Sixty tons of almonds were gathered from sixty five acres on the Oaksbade farm, in Yole county, C l., the present season

A natural bridge has recently been discovered in the rento Basin, A C., which is 200 feet long 500 feet wide 170 feet high.

One of the Atlanta prohibutionists who was most active ouring the recent compagin has been turned over to the police by his family. His head had been turned by the

The army of artificial flower makers in Paris is said to number not les than 30 000 souls. No country equals france in this ert and expert artificers—generally girls—can always find work at good wages

At Russian railway stations passengers now find a "griev noe book," in which com plaints are entered This record of wrongs reaches the central office o ce a month. when the complaints are investigated.

It is calculated that there are in Canada from 10,000 to 15,000 lacrosse players, 5 000 curlers, 4,000 snow sheers, 3 000 or 4 000 cricketers, 2 000 football players, 1,000 rowing men, 1,000 base ballists, and 1,000 oy oy clists

It would seem that Nutfield, in Surry county. England, is the most healthy spot in the world, as the rector has announced that, with a population of 1 200, only one male died last year, and he was eighty-eight years old,

It is a curious commentary on the alleged impecuniosity of the English landed gen ry that they manage to support as man; packs of hounds as ever, even in those ounties which are asserted to be the most distressed.

The private theatrical performances before the King of Bavaria have been resumed at Munich, in spite of the vehement remonstrance of his Majesty's disgusted Ministers, who find it utterly hopeless to attempt to place the civil list expenses on a better foot-Ĺοg,

It gives a notion of the cost of royal travelling in the last century that the bill of George IV. at the Hotel d'Harsoamp Namur, for one day was 3 000 france (\$601 80) The head waiter received \$40 The charge at the table d'hote at that time was two

Butte City, Montana, has a population of 18 000. 4 000 to 5 000 of whom are employed in the mines at \$4 50 per day, while fully as many men are idle. The town supports five daily newspapers, five brass and string bands, and fifteen gambling establishments, four variety theatres, and one opera house, which are doing a rushing business every

The moderation in drinking practised by their American visitors tells heavily on the profits of the great hotels in London and other cities frequented by them. One pro-prietor felt that he had good cause for complaint when Mr Mackay engaged an expensive suite of rooms for six weeks, and yet drank only three shillings and sixpence worth of wine during the time.

One of the largest manufacturers of gloves in England recently issued a circular to the f. shionable deaters in London pointing out that the habit of attempting to wear gloves too small has grown to such an extent that it has seriously effected the reputation of the factory, and urging the dealers to exer-cise their is fluence against this expensive mantfestation of vanity.

Prof. Eaton of Yala College in a recent lecture to the students told them it was not certain Eve compted Adam with an apple in the garden of Eden. He thinks probable it was a quince, "because the apple of the pre sent day was propagated from the orab-apple, and it is not at all likely Adam would have been taken in by such a puckery little balt."

The Andre monument affair has had the effect of putting Mr. Field before the British public in a light he may not relish. The London Kcho writes of him as "an able, pushing man of business, not too scrupulous to jeopardize success, but, on the other hanr, expeedingly vain and fond of associating his persons of eminence and rack. name with more especially in this country.

At a recent marriage in Ohio the bride, a Miss Morris, were a dress that was imported from Paris in 1742, for a wedding, and has been in the family ever since, being used only on such occasions. It was worn again in 1776 as a wedding dress, but not again till the other day, when Miss Morris donned it. Not a stitch has been altered or added to it. and it is in almost as good condition as when

The Duke of Norfolk, an ardent Roman Catholic, or supposed to be so, has denounce ed Liberals from the platform for attacking "that sound bulwark of civilization, the Church of England." Whilst most of the old Roman Catholic gentry have continued mo 'era's Liberals, the Duke, oblivious to the fact that he owes his admission to the House of Lords to that party, has become an almost ilngo Tory.

A recent traveller in Spain tells how the children in Granada played at bull fighting. One boy, helding a pair of wooden horns on his head, represented the bull. Other boys, mounted on each other's backs, were picad ors, while others again, with their jackets in their hands, were supposed to be matadors and chulos. The bulk would stamp his feet and chulos. The bull would stamp his feet and roar, then make a rush at one of the chulos, whose jacket was thrown up by the wooden horns, but whose body was never touched. The bull would charge one of the pieadors, whereupon the boy playing horse would throw himself to the ground, and allow himself to be properly gored.

According to the latest of ial statement published by the authorities of Russia, there are in that country not less than 14,000 square miles of oil producing land, but of this vast territory the field at Baku is the only one worked, and even this covers only the limited space of some three and one half aquare miles The output is enormous, and the fact is stated by one who witnessed the opening of a well in that locality that a column of oil spurted to a height of 100 feet, carrying great stones with it, the flow continuing until a large lake of petroleum was The product is refined on the spot formed. the residue being used as fuel for steamers and railways.

The amount of power wasted by shafting being out of line, of insufficient size, and im-perfectly coupled, says the Indus rial American, can hardly be estimated. Great as is this loss, that from bade tood, crooked, stiff, and general y outrage one belting, is but little less. In some establishments a belt the establishmet is considered plenty good enough to lace a three inch belt with, and is make holes for the biggest lacing is, of course, necessary, and it has the advant ge of answering for all sizes of belt. The apparent advantage of having but one size in a large establishment is captivating; the result in belt effi tency, however, is omething which would astonish the counting house, if it could understand the figures.

A good deal has to be said of late years as

to the changes in the manuer and customs of

Quakers, who, it is urged, have put aside or ab and lavender for more decided colors, and indulge in many ways after a fashion George Fox would have reprobated. But it appears from Mrs. Fry's the thit in her day som Quakers, at all event, were as frivo-lous as persons of any other sect. She and her aleters, the Misses Gurney, seem indeed, to have had a thoroughly "good time." She went to Lone on in the season, and saw everything Her hair was dressed in the height f tashion, and she "painted a little."
When an American Quaker of he old school, t aveilingin England upon a religious mussion, cast his eyes around the company, he was horrified and scandalized, especially at the appearance of Mirs Elizabeth Gurney, who were "purple boot, laced with scariet."

PEOPLE.

Prof. Huxley is incurably deaf.

Miss Louise Alcott has made a clear \$100,-000 by her well worked mine of stories for young paople.

Mme Sophie Mentel, the famous planist, is now enjoying the possession of a fortune of \$3 000 000, left to her by a Russian ad-

Mr. Tricouple, the leading statesman of Greece was for a short time in the States on dip omatic duty. He speaks English fluently,

Sir Garnet Wolseley is a military Calops, having lost the sight of one of his eyes by the explosion of a shell in the trenches before Sebastopol.

Rev Dr. Duryea recognizes the fact that "if people won't go to church they must de so mething, and a good newspaper is better than a bad book."

Dr. Fatch, who has for years been in charge of of the laper settlement in the Sandwich Islands, has reached the conclusion that the disease is hereditary and under no circums ances contagious.

Rev. W. J Holland, of Oakfield, Pa., has a collect n comprising 50 000 hutterfiles gathered from all lands. He has also a valuable library containing many rare volumes devoted to the same gorgeous and delicate oreatures

King Humbert of Italy is 38 years old. His face habitually wears a sad and sober expression. The rare smile which lighter it is one of marked sweetness and c'aracter, His marners are courteous. He takes great interest in the education of his only son, s boy of 10 years.

Daniel Wilson is the son-in-law of Presideut Grevy His English father introduced gas into Paris. He was the gayest man about town until after the France-Prussian war, when he entered the Assembly, turned politician, married and has been the political manager of M. Grevy and his ministers.

Mrs. Chadwick, of St. Louis, widow of Capt Robert Chadwick, who served in the war of 1812, is in many respects one of the most interesting of American ladies Mrs. Chadwick s now in her 96th year. She was bom in Saybrook, Conn., and is of the eighth generation in a direct line from Penegrine White, the first white child of Pilgrim stock born in America.

"Two of the toes of my buried leg overlap each other and pain me dreadfully," said the wife of Jacob Berean, of Marlboro, Mass. The leg had been amputated and buried one month. The husband, unknown to the wife, had the leg exhumed and the toes straightened out, and she said she knew by the relief that followed the exact moment the act was performed

The late Mr Underwood, of Queenslandhad an antidote to the fatal bite of the ad, ders which infest that country. He had many times demonstrated its value in his own case and that of others. He was fond of letting the snakes bite him and then of curing himself. He offered his recipe to the government for \$50,000, but the offer was de-clined. One day, when intoxicat d, he was bitten by an adder. His remedy was not near him and he died.

Among the effects Herr Zelt, the Austrian impressario, who has just been buried, were found 5,000 love letters from different admirers, many moving in the highest society, besides an immense collection of tender pledges in the shape of ladies' gloves, roses Most of these compromising trifles have been restored to their ori-ginal owners. The rest have passed into the hands of Herr Zelt's friends.

George Meack, a Wiscousin farmer, was considerably exercised last week by the strange actions of a partridge, which alighted on his head for three consecutive times while he was at work in the field. Being superstious, he was filled with forebodings, which were strengthened by the comments of his neighbors. Instead of dying or meeting with some dreadful accident, as he fully expected, he received word that an uncle had died and left him a large estate.

Miss West, the British Minister's daughter. speaks with keen pleasure of her visit to New England, where she spent most of the summer—first at New London and later at Lennox. She has been at the head of the household at the British legation ever since her arrival at Washington four years ago, when she was only 18 and just out of a con vent. It has been a great care for so young a person to look after that immense mansion but she has discharged the duties as well as an older woman could.

Captain Howard, of North-West fame, has been hauled over the coals by the Chicago Herald because he intends removing to Canada. It refers to his "murderous ex-ploits," and says that "nothing but a fond-ness for slaughter could have induced him to play the part that he did in suppressing the half breed revolt." It just has these words by stating that of forty half-breeds wounded and killed at Batoche, thirty-seven had Gatling gun bullets in them. facts as everyone knows who read the papers at the time, are that during the entire relittle less In some establishments a belt bellion only one body was found with Gatlacing of sufficient size for the main belt of ling bullets in it.