

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.
Rev. Dr. Sawyer has resigned the presidency of the Acadia College, Halifax.

The G.T.R. western car shops will likely be constructed on the old site at London at once.

George Gunn was sentenced at Winnipeg on Saturday to a year's imprisonment for raising a ten-dollar bill to fifty.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has declined the degree of LL.D. which the senate of the University of Toronto proposed to confer upon him.

The first ten-mile section of new line built this season on the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound railway will be completed in August.

The lumber laden steamer Simon Langell, for Tonawanda, is hard and fast aground on the third pier from the Canadian shore of the International bridge.

Principal Peterson, of McGill University has left for Glasgow to take part in the jubilee of Lord Kelvin (Sir William Thomson).

Mr. J. U. Tyrrell, C.E., of Hamilton has been asked to represent the Dominion Surveyors' Association in Lieut. Peary's expedition to the Hudson Strait.

Jean Baptiste, or "Mighty Voice," the Indian who is charged with the murder of Sergt. Coldbrook of the Northwest Mounted Police, was captured in Montana.

The office of local manager of the Grand Trunk railway at Toronto will be abolished, and Mr. E. Wragge, who has held the position for thirteen years will retire next month.

Mr. Jas. H. Metcalfe has been notified that he had been appointed warden of Kingston penitentiary, at a salary of \$2,000 per annum. Warden Lavell has been placed on the retired list, with an allowance of \$1,400 a year.

George and Alexander McDonald of London, Ont., have been arrested on the charge of attempting to wreck a train on the Stratford branch of the Grand Trunk railway. A farmer claims to have seen them place spikes on the track.

Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato are turning their attention to the mining regions of British Columbia, and have now an expert at Rossland, who says that there is ten times more wealth in the Trail district than South Africa ever saw.

John G. Moore, one of Winnipeg's most prominent citizens, has been ardid not properly account for moneys collected from properties which he was managing for Hon. Stratford Tolle-mache, London, Eng. The amount of the shortage is \$6,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Hercules Robinson, with other South African officials, have arrived at London.

The Irish Land bill was passed to its second reading in the House of Commons on Tuesday night without a division.

The Duchess of Marlborough will make her first appearance as a hostess at Ascot. She will entertain a large and distinguished house party.

British Board of Trade returns for May show a decrease of \$7,000,000 in imports and an increase in exports of \$2,350,000 as compared with May, 1895.

In the action tried in London for breach of promise, brought by Miss May Gore, an actress, against Viscount Sudley, for fifteen thousand pounds, a verdict was rendered for the defendant.

The London Times-Echo, referring to the trend of politics in the United States, announces the prospect of the secession of the South and West and the formation of three unions, over the silver question.

Certain diplomatic correspondence regarded by England as of a confidential character has been printed in the Italian green book, Mr. Balfour, in the House of Commons, has referred to it as the "Italian breach of faith."

Leading representatives of the English peace and arbitration societies have presented Mr. Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World, now in London, with an address thanking him for his efforts on behalf of good feeling between England and the United States.

Mr. Geo. N. Curzon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Foreign Office, answering a question in the House of Commons, said that negotiations were proceeding with the United States with the view of bringing about a settlement by arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute.

By special invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of England, sent under special sanction of the Queen, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts will visit London next month, and as a foreign body of "armed men" will be permitted to march on British soil.

UNITED STATES.

is dead, at Cincinnati.

The first session of the 54th Congress of the United States closed on Thursday.

Two bulldozers tore to pieces Henry Acklam, aged 8, at Racine, Wis., Saturday.

The Red Cross Society has sent from New York \$22,000 for relief work in Armenia.

Three Armenians living near Fresno, Cal., were murdered near that place on Saturday.

During the past month 28 Canadians have been refused admittance into the United States at Detroit.

The United States Church Army, a body similar to the Salvation Army, has been organized in New York.

Four men held up the watchman of a bakery on Lake street, Chicago, and took \$1,000 from the safe.

Commercial failures in the United States last week number 234, against 195 for the corresponding week last year.

Robert Bonner, of New York, at Harrisburg, Pa., has been re-elected president of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

At Shelbyville, Ill., Thomas Thomas and his entire family, six in all, will die from the effects of eating poisoned ice cream.

M. L. Comfort, of Oswego, aged 52, and Eva B. White, of Monroe, Mich., aged 44, both less than four feet in height, were married at Niagara Falls, N. Y., Saturday.

The business summaries from New York report trade generally quiet and unchanged throughout the United States. The coming Presidential election and widespread anxiety as to future financial possibilities are given as the chief factors in the present commercial stagnation. The only industry in which there appears to be any movement is the boot and shoe industry, and that has slightly improved, though dealers are ordering only what they immediately require. The textile trade shows no improvement. So far, fortunately, the depression has not been increased to any extent by labor disputes. Cotton, wool, and steel and iron industries are all slow. Mercantile collections are reported generally as unsatisfactory.

GENERAL.

Smallpox has broken out and is spreading in Havana and Santiago de Cuba.

Muzaffer-ed-Din, the new Shah of Persia, was formally enthroned at Tehran on Monday.

Cuba's sugar crop this year will amount to about one-eighth of the crop of last year.

In commemoration of his coronation the Czar has donated the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars to charities.

The British cruiser Bonaventure lost seventy men by sunstroke while on a voyage from Colombo to Pondichery.

It is reported at Apia, Samoa, that Germany is attempting to assist the present pretender, Tamasese, to the throne.

As a result of the bomb explosion in Barcelona on Sunday eight persons were killed, twenty-one are dying, and eighteen are injured.

The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously approved the bill making Madagascar a French colony.

The Neue Freie Presse, of Vienna, says that matters are in a fearful condition in Crete, and large quantities of guns are being sent from Greece.

A despatch received at Constantinople from Canea says that another Greek vessel loaded with munitions and provisions for the insurgents has been seized by the Turkish officials.

The four Johannesberg Reformers spent their heavy fine yesterday, and all except Col. Rhodes signed an agreement to abstain from any interference in the politics of the South African Republic.

The French guardship at Constantinople has started for Yalova with seventy-five thousand dollars, with which to pay the ransom of the two French ladies who were recently captured near that place by brigands.

The sugar crop of Cuba having been nearly all gathered, there are a large number of labourers idle on the plantations, for whom the Spanish Government must find employment to prevent them joining the insurgents.

The mixed tribunal in Cairo on Monday rendered judgment against the Government and the four Commissioners of the Caisse who favoured advancing funds from the Egyptian reserve for the purpose of the Sudan expedition. An appeal will be taken.

On Sunday two carriages containing three ladies were attacked by brigands at Yalova, twenty miles from Constantinople. The ladies were carried off, and information was received in the city that they will be held until a ransom of two thousand pounds is paid.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Milwaukee street car strikers, held on Wednesday, it was decided to continue the strike to the bitter end.

Mr. Frank Mayo, the well-known actor, while on his way the other day from Denver to Omaha, Neb., died on board the train of paralysis of the heart.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections, in session at Grand Rapids, Mich., has selected Toronto for its next annual meeting.

Mr. Wyatt Eaton, of Montreal, the celebrated Canadian artist, died recently at Newport, R. I. He studied under Gerome and Millet, in Paris. He was forty-seven years of age.

Severe storms, with heavy rains, prevailed on Sunday throughout Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Michigan, and destroyed a vast amount of property. Some lives were lost.

M. Bouguereau, the French painter, who is seventy-two years of age, will be shortly married to Miss Elizabeth Gardner, the American painter, of Exeter, N.H., who was at one time M. Bouguereau's pupil.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, of New York, having made the formal announcement of the engagement of their youngest daughter, Grace, to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, sr., announces that the engagement is against his expressed wish, and without his consent.

COSTLY NUPTIALS.

A wedding feast is an important ceremony in France among all classes of society. Even among the very poorest of the Parisians a wedding banquet is the occasion for a reckless expenditure of money in the purchase of wine and viands. In Brittany a wedding is even a more gorgeous affair than in Paris. At a recent wedding ceremony in Brittany the guests numbered 1,200, and three bullocks, thirty-six calves and five sheep were slaughtered to provide them with meat. Wine was consumed in large quantities, and, in addition, forty barrels of cider were emptied.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

At the annual meeting of the London Wesleyan mission recently the chairman referred to the work of the "female sisters," and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes invited "young men and women of all ages" to attend his meetings. This recalls the slip of a nervous young curate. "Young ladies," he began, "or perhaps I should say young women, for I wish to embrace you all."

THE FATAL KISS.

BY TRISTRAM MONKE.

The northern plains of Siberia were experiencing a far more vigorous winter than usual, even for that latitude. The snow, fanned by a strong northern gale, fell in wild, curling eddies across the ice-bound, desolate plains, wrapping the wooden houses of the convict mining station of Orlouski in a feathery mantle of immaculate white.

In one of the houses nearest the mine dwelt the head of the settlement, by name Nicholas Ozaski, and his daughter Fedora. The latter, when our story opens, was sitting beside a roaring fire in her home, while on the opposite side of the hearth was a young Cossack lieutenant, tall and strikingly handsome, so much so, indeed, that his face won for him the cognomen of Handsome Boris.

Boris Xerinka had been at Orlouski for the space of one week only, and yet Fedora had become to him the idol of his heart; such was the result of five days' reasoning with himself, but Fedora, who was quite accustomed to receive homage, did not or would not understand that he expected her to offer him any; moreover, for some unaccountable reason, she had conceived a rooted antipathy for him, a dislike which at first was generated by a shifty expression which seemed to lurk behind his bright blue eyes, as well as by the downward curve of his handsome mouth, which would have better graced a woman's face than that of a man.

For some time the two occupants of the room had remained silent, watching the glowing embers, then Fedora, raising her head, glanced at Boris, and said:

"My father told me that another gang of these poor wretches was expected here to-day. Is that so?"

"Yes," replied Xerinka, "it is true, Fedora, and they ought to have been here eight hours ago!"

"Doomed to the mines," she cried, in a dull voice, as though speaking to herself. "Poor creatures! I wonder their hearts do not stop beating when they hear their sentence; but yet they live on, only dimly conscious of the fate worse than death which awaits them. The tales of those who have escaped from this Russian prison-land cannot portray the fearful fate into which they march. But, alas! when they arrive they experience the grim realism of those tales. Ah, how I wish I had never left St. Petersburg!"

A moment's silence followed this heartfelt ejaculation, then Boris said, gently:

"Fedora, would you be pleased if you knew you were about to return to Russia's capital?"

"Pleased!" She rose from her chair in surprise. "Pleased were but an empty name for the joy I should experience. Are—are we to leave here?"

"Well, in regard to your father the government has not quite decided," was the answer. "I have received orders which recall me to St. Petersburg eight days hence, and—Fedora, you could leave here as my wife!"

For a second she looked coldly at him, and then in a loud voice, she said:

"Do you jest?"

"No, by Heaven! I am in deadly earnest. Fedora, I have not known you long, but just a week—and yet when I received my orders this morning I cursed them, for it would necessitate my leaving Orlouski—and you! But I must obey the Czar, and I cannot bear to part, perhaps forever, with you!"

She relented on hearing his earnest tones, and said, more gently:

"Have you thought of my father?"

"He has consented."

"Indeed! It is very kind of him to do so, I am sure," she continued, sarcastically. "But what, if I in my turn, say no?"

The young man clutched the arm of his chair and started aghast at her for a moment; then, giving a sigh of relief, he continued, in a reassured tone of voice:

"For a second I thought you were in earnest; it was a cruel jest."

"What if I say I do not jest?"

"Ah! Stop those cruel questions, in mercy. You would not have let me call you Fedora if you—you did not entertain some regard for me."

"In Siberia one forgets conventionalities."

"What!" exclaimed Boris, in a dazed voice, rising to his feet. "Do you—"

"Hush!" interrupted Fedora. "Hearken to my tale, and then you will know one of my reasons for refusing you. Four years ago I was in St. Petersburg; there, at a ball, I met a young Russian noble; we fell in love with each other and in two months we were engaged. By some unlucky occurrence, my father quarreled with him, broke off the engagement, and brought me with him here, despite my pleading, and those of my aunt (with whom I was staying), in order that I should not see him again. How can I marry you, as I am engaged? Go to St. Petersburg, forget me, and wed some other girl, who would be better able to appreciate you than I should."

"If he were dead would you marry me?" asked Boris, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "Say yes, and give me his name and address; I will insult him—he will be forced to challenge me; then—"

A bugle call rang out at this moment, followed by hoarse orders and the neighing of horses.

"The convicts!" cried Fedora, as she walked swiftly toward the window, followed by Boris, just in time to see them file past.

They were a motley gang of men, women, ay! and children, too, manacled, footsore, haggard, and with despair imprinted on their faces. They marched on through the driving snow, urged forward, even and anon by the lash. It was a sight to cause the hardest heart to quail.

"Well, Fedora, what is your answer?" cried Boris, as he looked out of the window.

She did not reply, for her gaze had rested on the tall, soldier-like figure of one of the convicts, who started when he saw her, and stood still in surprise, until a soldier, riding up, raised his whip, the next instant it descended, curling round the prisoner like a writhing snake.

Fedora cried out in sympathy, while the convict once more moved haltingly onward.

"Come away," said Boris, "your heart is too tender to behold such sights as these, although the curs deserve their treatment."

"Deserve!" cried Fedora, turning her flashing eyes on him. "By what right do you set your self up as a judge of your fellow-men?"

"They have been condemned by Russian law," hazarded Boris.

"Condemned by Russian law?" she echoed, with a bitter laugh. "But there—go! I feel faint—go!"

"Your answer, Fedora! Do not say—"

"You will have it in a week," she replied; then she continued: "But go—leave me—alone."

There was such an accent of pleading in her voice that Boris left her presence without uttering a word. As soon as she was alone she buried her face in her hands and cried in a voice broken by sobs: "Alexis! Oh, Alexis, for hink that you should come to this!" Then, clenching her hands, she exclaimed, rising from her chair:

"But you shall not work in the mines, for I will save you! Ah, but how?" she cried, in agony. "I am only a woman, alas, but what strength cannot accomplish, cunning must."

With a groan of despair, she returned once more to the window. Toward her, from the road to the mine, advanced four men, under the guard of Boris. Strangely enough, the tall, soldier-like figure was among them. Once again he halted, when Boris, drawing his sword, struck him with the flat side of it so furiously as to stretch him almost senseless to the ground. It was then, for the first time that the young lieutenant became aware that he was in front of Fedora's house, and that she had witnessed his action.

He bit his lip with vexation. A moment later, Fedora, regardless of the biting cold, was in the street. Darting a furious glance at Boris, she knelt down in the snow beside the prostrate convict, then, turning her flashing eyes on the lieutenant, she bade him leave her presence. Scarcely knowing what he did, he obeyed, and marched a good six yards away with his three prisoners. It was not far, yet the swiftly falling snow blotted them out from her gaze; then, taking the man's head on her knee, she whispered in his ear:

"Alexis!"

The convict opened his eyes, and exclaimed in a low voice:

"Fedora, dearest, you recognized me!"

"Could I not penetrate any disguise? I have come to save you!"

"Save me?" he echoed, dully. "Who can be saved from the mines?"

"Hush!" whispered she. "Do you know where you are to be lodged to-night?"

"Yes. The usual prison being full, we are to be placed in a little hut, just outside this hamlet, for a short time, until a band of the prisoners here are sent back to Tobolsk, en route for elsewhere."

Fedora uttered a low, glad cry on hearing this intelligence, and replied, in a low, excited whisper:

"Be ready to fly on the fifth night from now—to fly with me!"

"But how—"

"Hush! Don't question me, dearest, but trust all to me; only be ready on the fifth night; and now pretend to be recovering from a faint, for here they come."

She spoke the truth, for Boris, realizing that he had no right to leave a convict unguarded, was returning. Fedora rose, and with well simulated wrath, cried:

"So you have come to fetch your prisoner. It is no thanks to you that he has recovered consciousness."

Then, taking him on one side, she exclaimed as Alexis staggered to his feet: "Should it come to my ears that you have struck another convict as brutally as you did that man, I will never give you my answer!"

A happy smile irradiated his face, and, calling to some soldiers, who had just come up, he bade them conduct the convicts to their prison. As soon as they had gone, Boris cried, passionately:

"Fedora, I implore you to give me your answer now."

"In five days you shall have it."

"But why this delay—why keep me in this cruel suspense?"

"As a punishment for your cruel barbarity," she replied, coldly; then she added: "and also to test your courage, for it is whispered here that you are but a coward at heart."

"Set me any task, however perilous it may be, and you will see if I cannot give the lie direct to the circulation of such a vile slander."

"You know the tale of that convict who was kicked to death, whose spirit, it is said, haunts the house in which he died? Well, my father told me that the prisoners are going to be kept there."

"Only those four," interrupted Boris. "If you keep guard alone there on the fifth night from now, I will give you my answer. This is the task I set you."

Like most Russians Boris was superstitious. He would not have feared to meet a mortal foe or brave a danger, but to meet, perhaps, the spirit of the convict whose death some laid at his door, made him draw back—he hesitated to accept the challenge.

"So this is the way you give the lie direct to those who, it appears speak the truth," she said, sneeringly, and moving away. "Coward!"

"Stay!" cried Boris, laying a detaining hand on her arm, "do not accuse me of cowardice before you have heard my answer."

"And it is?"

"That I shall be there!"

It is midnight, and the convict station of Orlouski is wrapped in repose. No sound disturbs the stillness, for the snow deadens even the footsteps of the sentries outside the common prison, and those of Lieutenant Xerinka, who, armed with bayonet and rifle, keeps his strange vigil outside the hut wherein the four convicts are imprisoned.

For the hundredth time Boris strives to pierce the gloom, to see if she whom he awaits comes; in vain—Fedora is late in keeping her tryst.

A sudden fear chills his heart as the idea flashes across his brain that she may not come, but a rustle of garments

quiets his fears. In an instant he was on guard and had challenged.

"It is I—Fedora."

"You dearest! I almost feared you would not come," he exclaimed, flinging down his rifle.

"Not come, Boris? There was a wailing tone in her voice. "Did I not say I should? How did you get permission to keep guard?"

"They thought I was mad," he answered, as she approached him, "but they granted my request though. Colonel Stanuff had a good laugh at my expense. And now, having granted your strange demand, darling—what is your answer?"

The question was asked haltingly. "I have been thinking and reasoning for five days, as you know, Boris, and have at last arrived at my decision."

"And that is—?"

"Yes."

"Ah, Fedora, what an angel you are!" he cried, impetuously, "and what a relief you have brought to my mind! Then, suddenly checking himself, he added: "But how can I tell you are not amusing yourself at my expense, as you have so often done?"

A moment's pause, during which her hand had sought the hilt of a dagger at her girdle; then, throwing back her furs, she said, softly:

"Let my first kiss be the seal of truth of my answer."

She flung herself into his outstretched arms, and raised her face to his. The instant their lips met a foot of steel at the same moment was driven to its hilt into his heart, and Boris fell, without a groan, at his deceiver's feet.

With nervous fingers she took the keys from his girdle, his blood staining her white fur gloves as she did so, and with trembling hands she unfastened the door of the hut.

A few seconds later the manacles fell from the wrists of Alexis, and he was free, his release being followed by that of his companions.

"Oh, Fedora, my darling!" he cried, taking her into his arms, and kissing her passionately. "One may hear of men who have dared all for those they love, and yet how little one hears of the heroism and devotedness of your sex. How can I and my comrades, who are free from every taint of guilt, thank you, who have so happily saved us—poor victims of the Russian tyranny?"

"By following me, dearest," she said, in a low hurried voice. "All is prepared, a sled awaits us outside the village; my old servant Moucha, drives, so don't be afraid when you see him."

Once more she kissed his flushed cheek, and then his three companions in turn took her gloved hand and held it reverently in dumb gratitude and respect.

Outside the hut they halted, and, perceiving the body of the dead lover of Fedora, Alexis exclaimed:

"Of a truth, my love, you have a clever little head, but you have forgotten one thing."

"And that is?"

"To divest him of his weapons," he continued, doing so himself as he spoke.

Five minutes later they were speeding noiselessly westward.

But little remains to be told. After countless dangers, the party reached England three months later. Two of them were subsequently pardoned and returned to Russia, a third lives in Paris; while Count Alexis Pattowa and his lovely wife live within five miles of Lyons, France, and often, when alone in their drawing room, the count imprints a kiss on his wife's fair brow, whispering, as he does so, the sinister word:

POWER FROM REFUSE.

Fifty-Five English Towns Generate It From Household Garbage.

Garbage and town refuse disposal is one matter where the cities of Europe are far ahead of those of this country. An ideal plant of this kind is that at Rockdale, England. Investigators have all agreed that burning is the best way to dispose of the accumulations. This preference is due to the fact that by this method not only is all organic matter liable to putrify and become a menace to the health of the community destroyed, but it has been found by actual trial that the heat derived from the burning of this refuse may be used for the production of steam, which can be utilized for commercial purposes, and the revenue received from this source may be sufficient to more than pay for cost of burning. There are no less than fifty-five such destructors in different parts of England. The Health Committee of Rockdale, a manufacturing town of 75,000 inhabitants, recently adopted the method, with the idea of ultimately using the steam produced for electric lighting purposes. It has been found that this rough unscreened refuse, running as much as 35 per cent of clinker and ash, will evaporate 1.6 pounds of water for every pound of refuse burned, under boilers built to produce steam at 120 pounds pressure. Coal burned under the same boilers evaporated 7 pounds of water per pound of coal. The two boilers have a grate surface of 45 square feet each. In building the two destructor-cells a large combustion chamber, common to both, was provided between them and the boilers, so that the gases could intermingle, and that time should be allowed for the combustion of gases before they came in contact with the comparatively cold surface of the boiler, noting the fact that if once the organic matter in the fumes were heated sufficiently high, no amount of subsequent cooling down could again make them malodorous.

It is interesting to note that it is not necessary to use coal to aid in the burning of this refuse. The plant has been able to produce 340 brake horsepower, burning two tons of refuse per hour. This high efficiency is obtained with ordinary boilers by using a forced draught. The weight of the refuse is reduced two-thirds, and the volume three-fourths.

The author says in conclusion: "The disposal of two-thirds of the refuse completely is an important matter, but when to this is added the fact that the remaining third is rendered quite free from any organic matter whatever, it is past conception that corporations and local companies will continue to tip such immense quantities of putrefactive matter away, when, if they put in suitable appliances and used the steam which can be produced, the refuse might be burned and a profit made on the transaction."