CURRENT NOTES.

The return of Lieut. Peary from his Arctic expedition, with a confession of failure and a story of severe privation and narrow escape from death, adds another to the long list of such attempts and disappointments. Taking them all in all, it may well be doubted if their results are worth the suffering they have cost. It is true that they have added something to the stock of geographical knowledge, but it is of little or no practical value, and if it had remained concealed in the icy fastnesses it would have been just as serviceable to the world. There is a certain gratification of curiosity in the tales told by these intrepid adventurers with regard to distant and mysterious regions, but the information is not such as can be said to represent an adequate compensation for the associated labors, perils and sacrifices. It is profitless to us to learn that the northern border of Greenland is covered with an ice cap thousands of feet in thickness; that traveling in that locality is extremely hazardous; that certain bodies of water up there have given dimensions, and that there is really nothing to be found in the prevailing desolation that anybody wants. This is all that there is to show for the cost of Arctic exploration, for the money spent and the lives lost, and it is unreasonable to claim that a conclusion thus equalid and useless is a justification in the case.

It is easy to say that these explorers of the unknown have displayed qualities of high courage and fortitude, and have been animated by motives of a sincere and creditable order. There is no blame to be attributed to them in the respect of manly and consistent devotion to an ideal. They have borne all sorts of hardships and exposed themselves to all sorts of dangers in search of the rapture of discovery. Some have come back mutilated by the remorseless cruelty of the winter that they encountered; others have remained absorbed into the eternal silence, as victims of their own ambitious temerity. There is infinite pathos in the records of their journeyings and their sufferings, the stormy vicissitudes through which they passed, the bitter days of benumbing cold and gnawing hunger, the solemn and empty nights when all that was left them was the privilege to pray. In repeated instances they were saved by strokes of chance that were as miracles. On at least one occasion starvation was averted by a report to the expedient of cannibalism. These things are a part of the literature of heroism and undiscovering pursuit of a chosen object, and the names of those who thus invaded the Arctic solitudes are held in tender remembrance. But, after all, was it worth while? Was it not a waste of energy and a misdirection of endeavor that might have been turned to better account?

There is nothing to be said, of course, in disparagement of that spirit of inquiry and venturesomeness to which the world is indebted for a large part of its geographical and scientific knowledge. Many signal and useful discoveries have been made by zealous explorers of the unknown, tenacious searchers after the apparently impossible; and it will not do to question the soundness of all enterprises of this kind in an indiscriminate way. The particular work of trying to reach the North Pole, however, has been in progress so long and has yielded so little that it may properly be characterized as a species of folly, notwithstanding the fine examples of bravery and endurance that it has furnished for our admiration and inspiration. There are other and more advantageous forms of service for those who wish to earn distinction and to promote the interests of civilization. Where are so many wrongs to be righted, so many misfortunes to be alleviated, so many good causes to be championed, it is certainly not wise to divert talent and effort to the solution of Arctic problems. The fascination by which men are drawn in that direction is itself a mystery like that to which it leads, and those who feel it seem to find it irresistible; but there is reason to believe that, with due attention, they might discern more profitable opportunities for their powers, and achieve a kind of fame that stands for practica benefit to the world.

Bricks Outlast Stone.

Many persons think that bricks are not so durable as other building materials. This impression is the very reverse of the truth. No material is so durable as well made bricks. Bricks in the museum in London, taken from buildings in Nineveh and Babylon, show no signs of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but dried them in the sun. The baths of Caracalla, the baths of Titus, and the thermae of Diocletian, have, withstood the injuries of time far better than the stone of the Coliseum or the marble of the Forum. The bricks of the baths of Caracalla did not very favorably impress the mind of an heiress from the great West who exclaimed when she beheld them, "Good gracious, old bricks, and all falling down, too! Why, I thought it would be as fine as any marble building in Chicago. If this is the baths of Caracalla, I don't care to see it. Let's go look at something else!"

The Drinking Cup.

A little device to prevent the transferral of disease germs from one person to another by the medium of the drinking cup has been conceived by a Bavarian, where it is largely used by the frequenters of the beer gardens. It consists of a piece of celluloid to fit over the edge of the glass to prevent the lips from touching the glass. The protector is pliable enough to adjust itself to a glass of any size or shape, and small enough to be readily carried in the pocket. When a mug or glass is emptied the mouth piece is removed and fitted to the one that replaces it.

A SETTLEMENT.

Turkish Foreign Office Accepts the Proposals of the Powers.

Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador to Turkey, telegraphed to Lord Salisbury on Wednesday morning that the scheme relative to reforming the Administration in Armenia, which was submitted to the Porte on May 11 last by Great Britain, France and Russia, had been accepted by the Turkish Foreign Office, and that it only awaited the Sultan's signature preparatory to being put into effect. An unofficial but reliable despatch received announces that the long pending and menacing question is now virtually settled.

Her Sole Ambition.

Old Hayseed gets a set of false teeth without his wife's knowledge. She discovers it and decides to have hers pulled to get even with him.

Dentist—But, madame, those are good teeth; I must protest.

Mrs. Hayseed—I don't care. Pull 'em out. I ain't goin' to let old Hayseed git the start o' me that a-way.

Ill-Timed.

Johnny, don't you remember your mother told you not to do that?

Johnny—I'm not remembering that today.

His Grave Problem.

Say, what's er time?

Don't you see that clock up there?

Yes, once both—hic—of 'm; but is it am or—hic—p. m.

WAS A STRANGE CAREER.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF MARWOOD THE ENGLISH HANGMAN.

He Was a Somnambulist—Served Twenty Years as the Taker of Human Lives—Hanged the Governor of the Prison by Mistake While Walking in His Sleep.

Marwood, the executioner of England, who died not long ago, enjoyed the reputation which none of his craft enjoyed before him. He had 20 years' experience at his death, and had even delved into the science to improve the method of vocation in which he more than prided himself he felt secure from rivalry, and the English people agreed with him.

In June, 1878, however, it became evident he could no longer claim the first place among hangmen. Early on the morning of the second of that month there pervaded in the vicinity of the London Jail, Marwood's headquarters, rumors of an appaling occurrence which had just been discovered within its walls. The rumors were quickly confirmed. The Governor of the jail had been hanged during the night on his own gallows. An officer of the prison making his rounds just before dawn, as he passed beneath the scaffold had run against the dangling corpse of his superior. The dawning day threw additional light on this horrible crime. Clearly no being had ever before been transferred to eternity with nicer skill. The knot, the noose, the posture of the victim, all showed a master hand. Marwood no longer stood alone.

The plan of the London jail is sufficiently peculiar. The original building had been long and narrow, but its boundaries were wide enough to allow room for a single wing, which was built later at one end of the front face of the prison. Of the addition, the first floor was occupied by the living apartments of the Governor, a bachelor, and of

THE HANGMAN MARWOOD

and his wife, while the second was taken up completely by one large room for the use of the prison officers. The gallows stood at an opposite corner of the old structure. Two pair of steps led to it—one immediately from the lower corridor of the jail, the other by a more public approach from the quarters of the Governor.

Only a few days of the investigation passed before all hope to trace the criminal disappeared. The closest enquiries were made by the sitting magistrate who had been sent to preside over their deliberations, but to no avail. The magistrates' meetings, which naturally took place in the large second floor room, were about to be discontinued. The detectives were the first to despair.

One who stops to consider the character of the ordinary detectives has already foreseen this. The vocation, as practised, demands a mind of no usual power. The detective learns to track crime as the machinist learns to become a master of his tools, by experience. Here experience deserted them at the outset. A murder occurs. One must look for footprints for the possible whereabout of the assassin before and after the deed. But one can only look for traces where a natural life flows, around the site in which men shudder, suspect not within the methodical domains of justice itself. One must drag struggling witnesses to the ordeal of examination.

In this case the investigators were baffled by testimony voluntarily given. Witnesses flocked to give their depositions. The prison guard, a body of men paid to carry out the decree of law, swore that the cells were left double-locked, as the coroner found them upon his arrival. Moreover, it was absurd to suspect a prisoner, a manacled wretch in a cell, awaiting his death, to calmly execute his jailer on the gallows which gaped upon himself.

On June 16 it was announced that the investigating magistrates would hold their final session. The general belief that

A VERDICT OF DEATH

by an unknown hand would be rendered turned out well founded. The superior magistrate had assured a friend that such was the decision of himself and his professional brethren. The detectives, ill at ease, awaited their exoneration. Meanwhile, Marwood showed little interest in the continual excitement around him. If the hangman felt the blow upon his reputation, he showed no signs of it. All could see that he was naturally a grave man. What would one expect? He knew nothing, he did nothing but his professional duty; that he did that well with Marwood went without saying.

The hour for the verdict at last arrived, delayed by various circumstances until near midnight. Amid intense silence the presiding magistrate rose to make known the result of the investigation. Before he had begun to speak, however, a high voice interrupted him from a corner of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction. The examining counsel, a man of tall, slender figure, with a dark complexion and piercing eye, had risen to his feet, and was now about to speak. "Your Honor," he said, "I desire the permission of the magistrates to call two new witnesses before the investigation be closed." The permission was reluctantly given. The counsel whispered to the clerk, who rose and called out Joseph Jenkins." A short and stout workman of the lower class rose, left a seat at the side of the room, and came forward. The questioning then proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"In the two garret rooms of No——street."

"Are the gallows visible from either of your rooms?"

"The room in which I and my children sleep looks out upon the jail yard."

"Was your attention ever attracted to anything particular about the gallows scaffolding?"

"On the 10th of last month, on the night after a hanging, my boy Johnnie called to me from the sleeping room that he saw a

MAN ON THE GALLOWS.

I thought it was only his imagination after seeing the hanging so often, and whipped him and told him not to look at any hanging again."

"Was that the only thing that occurred?"

"No. On the night of the murder, just after dark. I was reading the newspaper in the front room, when I heard Johnnie give a kind of scream from the sleeping room. I ran in, but he was sound asleep. I thought he must have called out in his sleep."

The clerk now called out "Johnnie Jenkins." A slight, sickly-looking boy rose up. The counsel turned towards him. "You have heard the testimony of your father. Was it in your sleep that you called out on the night of the murder?"

"No."

"What made you call out?"

"I saw a man on the gallows again, and I couldn't help yelling out. But then I remembered the whipping I got, and pretended to be asleep."

"How could you see the gallows at night?"

"There was a little moon both nights."

"Was the man you say you saw standing up?"

"Yes."

"Both nights?"

"Yes."

The counsel dismissed both witnesses, and turned to the presiding magistrate. "I now wish, your Honor, to recall a witness who has already testified." The three subordinate magistrates here interposed angry objections. The presiding magistrate, though himself showing signs of impatience, gave the desired permission. The counsel again whispered to the clerk, who called out

"ANNIE MARWOOD."

"The clerk will read," the counsel went on, "the last line of this witness' answer to my cross-examination."

The clerk read: "Has your husband ever been in the habit of walking in his sleep?"

Witness: "Yes."

The counsel dismissed the witness, and now, addressing the bench of magistrates, said: "Your Honors, pardon me, I have little more to say. We have in common been trying to fathom a crime almost incredible. I have been dreading vaguely from the beginning the possible rehearsal before us of that ghastly midnight scene—the ghostly light, the dim moon, the devilish murderer, calmly looking to the nicest arrangement of his weapon, that helpless old man changed in an instant to a swaying corpse, with distended eyes and distorted features."

The counsel approached the presiding magistrate and whispered in his ear; then returning to his former position in front of the great window, he asked that the lights in the room be put out for a few minutes. The Judge instantly waved his arm to an attendant, and the room was plunged in darkness. The counsel went on in a lower tone: "I said, your Honor, that I dreaded the recalling of that awful scene, but my duty now makes me bid you see it. Look, then." He pointed out of the window and left the room. The turning of all eyes in the direction indicated covered the action of the presiding magistrate, who followed the counsel from the room on the instant. The gallows was now plainly visible before the magistrate bathed in the misty moonlight. Was it possible that that was Marwood standing on the scaffold. If he slept, his attention at least was one of expectation, Remaining immovable just to the left of the steps leading from the lower corridor, he seemed to

WAIT FOR A VICTIM.

And in his hand—was that a noose and death cap, or were they the creations of the wavering lights? He waits no longer; the well-known figure of the examining counsel comes up the prison stairs and passes him. The noose! The death cap! Did the counsel expect such strength, such quickness, in so much smaller a man. The counsel's cries are muffled and the noose binds his throat, another minute the strap will be sprung. But a vigorous form rushes on the gallows, Marwood is thrown down and the presiding magistrate has freed the counsel.

Five minutes later, the counsel, with pale face and disheveled clothes, again stands before the magistrate, this time confronting Marwood. "Your Honor," he said, "I have pointed out the murderer. Although the testimony of the prisoner's wife gave me my first clue. I do not now believe the murderer was asleep, either when he committed the crime or just now. As to the question of moral responsibility, there can be but one voice; the murderer is not morally guilty. But to me both the prisoner's attitude and the records of sleep-walking reject the latter theory in the case. The verdict lies with you."

In the decision which followed, the views of the young counsel were not supported. He was right, however. Marwood's training had made him a machine. He was accustomed to spend the night on the gallows and not as a sleep-walker, but with the noose and death cap in his hand, to wait for a victim. On the night of the 1st of June, 1878, the Governor happened in his rounds to step out from the prisoner's corridor upon the scaffolding, and Marwood executed him as mechanically as a carpenter saw his board.

POISONS IN DRY GOODS.

DEADLY DYES BY WHICH MANY FABRICS ARE COLOURED.

Celluloid is a Compound of Camphor and Gun Cotton, and is Highly Inflammable—Lurking Dangers to Which the Woman of Fashion is Nowadays Subjected.

The microbe has been taking up so much of the public attention recently that people are beginning to forget that there are other poisons besides those manufactured in the private laboratory of this ingenious little worker. Yet arsenic can kill as well as tuberculosis, and lead is as fatal as diphtheria; and if we put the former on our clothes and rub the latter on our faces we shall one day repent it.

According to a Parisian physician who has been taking a census of the dangers that lurk in the boudoir of a fashionable woman, she is fortunate if she escapes being poisoned, and even if she does she runs great risk of being burned to death. In the first place, a great number of coloured fabrics are more or less poisonous. Many dyes are toxic. As is well known, arsenic is chiefly to be blamed for this fact, though the law forbids the use of arsenical salts in dyes.

Some persons are apt to think that the quantity of poison in a wall paper or a fabric is, after all, very small, but this is by no means the case. Certain stuffs contain more than two grammes of arsenious acid to the yard—particularly the gauzy green fabrics. Many accidents are caused by aniline colors, and above all by fuchsin and coralin, which are made by treating rosalic acid with ammonia. Fuchsin is not poisonous in itself, but rosanilin, of which this and many other coloring matters are salts, are obtained by treating anilins with oxidizers, of which two are as dangerous as they are common—namely, nitrate of mercury and arsenic acid; and it is rare to find fuchsin that does not contain

MORE OR LESS POISON.

The observations of French physicians have shown that articles of clothing colored with this substance and placed in contact with the skin cause not only local eruptions but symptoms of disease throughout the system. For instance, cases of arythema and serious inflammation of the skin have been caused by wearing red merino stockings colored by the markers with rosanilin containing arsenic as an impurity.

This is only one of many examples of products, harmless in themselves, that become actively poisonous by reason of impurities due to some process of preparation.

But the unfortunate modern woman not only runs risk of poisoning herself with every article of clothing she dons, she may also be seriously burned by the explosives that she uses daily in the toilet. First, there are the articles made of celluloid—now found on every toilet table, though often masquerading as horn or ivory. Celluloid is a compound of camphor and gun cotton, and is highly inflammable, but, in spite of this, its cheapness and the ease with which it may be shaped have made it a favorite material for combs, hairpins and all sorts of small fancy toilet articles, even for artificial teeth, whose wearers probably do not realize that they are transforming their mouths into animated bombs charged with guncotton.

Among all these celluloid toilet articles, however, combs are the only ones that have hitherto caused accidents. The

MOST SERIOUS ACCIDENT

of this kind, or, at all events, the one that made the greatest impression on the public, was one that occurred in France. A little girl on her return from school was set to work at ironing near a stove. During her work she leaned constantly towards the hot stove so that her head was almost directly over it, and after she had been in this attitude for about an hour her imitation tortoise-shell comb, made of celluloid, caught fire all at once and her head was in an instant enveloped in flames. Her mother hastened to her aid and put out the fire as soon as she could, but not before a large part of the child's hair had been burned off and her scalp had sustained a serious burn about four inches square which was long in healing.

Less serious burns have resulted from wearing the long double celluloid hairpins with which women so often transfix their hair. When they bend over a lamp, or even a candle, the projecting part often comes in contact with the flame and takes fire like a match, but it is usually easy to extinguish it before it reaches the hair.

There are fabrics, too, that are little better than explosive. Not to speak of the light, easily inflammable stuffs that abound, there is a sort of cheap flannel called pilou, largely used for women's garments, especially wrappers and nightdresses. The surface is of variegated hue and covered with long, silky hairs forming a sort of down, and taking fire like fulminating cotton when brought near a lamp, candle or open fire. The flame spreads rapidly over the whole surface, generally going out of itself, but often taking hold of the body of the fabric, giving rise to very serious burns. In December, 1889, a servant was burned in this way, and the French sanitary authorities condemned pilou as a dangerous fabric for use in making garments with flowing skirts.

I never think he is quite ready for another world who is altogether weary of this.—H. A. Hamilton.

LOOKS BAD FOR FRANCE.

DARK DOINGS OF TROOPS NOW RAVAGING MADAGASCAR.

Sailors and Marines Are Accused of Shocking Atrocities—They Pillage and Slaughter—Worst Acts of Indians Emulated by So-Called Soldiers of Modern Civilization.

Private advices from Madagascar bring unpleasant revelations concerning the French expedition engaged in the conquest of the island, says a recent letter from Paris. Up to this time the shameful secrets have been kept fairly well, owing to the rigid censorship exercised over mail matter sent out of the French lines. All communications sent out by mail are opened and examined, just as in Russia when a nihilistic conspiracy is on, and severe penalties are imposed for attempts to smuggle letters out of the country. Private soldiers are not allowed to carry writing materials with them, lest they make known to relatives and friends in Europe things that the government desires to suppress. Only half a dozen newspaper correspondents are permitted to follow the operations of the expedition, and they represent newspapers who will support the ministry through thick and thin. Probably there never was a military campaign hedged in with greater secrecy, and it seems that there is good reason for this secrecy. If we may believe the stories that are whispered here civilization owes an apology to the Apaches and other so-called savages that have been held up in horror for their fiendishness in warfare. Except in the matter of deliberate ingenuity in inflicting physical torture there seems little to choose between them and the French.

BARBAROUS PRACTICES.

The latter are not accused of torturing their prisoners for the sake of the pleasure given by the spectacle of intense suffering, the torture is merely a necessary incident of the indulgence of their passions. The soldiers accused of barbarities are not the savages and semisavages from Dahomey; Algeria and other fierce nations conquered by the French. These are comparatively well behaved under military discipline. The worst offenders are said to be the sailors and marines, though the infantry is bad enough. The conduct of which they are accused toward the native women and children may be described by two words—utter license, but these words do not convey to the imagination an idea of the barbarity of the conduct that is described in detail by persons who claim to have been eye witnesses of it.

The Turkish atrocities in Armenia are matched by French atrocities in Madagascar, if one may accept the statements of persons trustworthy in ordinary matters. It is not likely that the truth will ever be known about this side of the French conquest of Madagascar. Even Frenchmen who are shocked by the spectacle of violation and murder are restrained by patriotism from holding their nation up to shame.

SHAMEFUL EXCESSES.

The excesses of the French soldiers are the more shameful because they are not the acts of soldiers maddened by the fury of war. There is no war in Madagascar, properly speaking. The French army, equipped with the finest death-dealing machines, have encountered about as much opposition from the Hovas as they would from a flock of sheep. The enemy has fled whenever they have appeared, and the number of Hovas killed and wounded has been merely a question of how long it was before they could get into hiding places; a question of how many birds the sportsmen could bring down before the covey got away. The losses inflicted by the Hovas have been insignificant. After each such flushing of game that has marked the advance of the French they have thrown themselves upon the undefended villages and towns and have pillaged, burned and violated. That is the story of the expedition as it is told by impartial observers.

The difficulties of the expedition have been precisely the same as attended the construction of the Panama Railroad. It was necessary to build a road upon which to transport supplies through tropical swamps and forests. The mortality from fever and sunstroke and disease has been very great, just as it was on the isthmus. The road is nearly completed now. When it is finished the French may be expected to take Antananarivo, the capital, without further ado, and the campaign will be ended. The track of the French will be marked by two things, a civilized road and a desolate and ravaged country. That is a summary of the French operations in Madagascar according to the latest private accounts. The official dispatches continue to bulletin victories and other pleasing events.

LOSING MILLIONS IN TREASURE.

Another feature of the campaign about which more is heard is the coast. Henri Rochefort, of the Intransigeant, in his bitter opposition to the Government, thinks that it may amount to $100,000,000. The first appropriation of $15,000,000, has been spent, and there is talk of an application for $10,000,000 more when the chamber of deputies meets. The drain is so great that the Government is increasing taxes where they are least felt and cutting down expenses in every way in order to make a good showing. It is certain that individuals are making fortunes in furnishing supplies to the expedition. The correspondent of a paper not suspected of hostility to the government writes that one contracter has made $160,000 by selling mules at an enormous profit to the army. For days and for weeks in some to the cases, a fleet of merchant steamships chartered by the government has lain at anchor at the port of Majunga waiting an opportunity to unload, and all the while the demurrage has been growing at the rate of $10,000 a day. These are among the small expenses of the expedition; from them an idea of the amount of money waste may be obtained.

SOLDIERS PERISH BY SCORES.

The waste of life seems to be as great as the waste of money, and it is charged that the government has resorted to extraordinary devices to conceal the facts. It is stated that the climate of the island of Reunion, not a great way from Madagascar, is eminently suited for the fever-stricken victims of the expedition. Instead of establishing a sanitarium there, the government has followed the policy of sending sick soldiers back to France. If all the sick were concentrated at one point it might make too great an impression, so their number has been concealed by distributing them among the various military hospitals. The mortality on the voyages of the troop ships returning to Europe can be compared only with the accounts of the mortality on a slave ship. On some vessels the number of bodies thrown overboard has reached three or four a day. Once landed in French possessions, the invalided soldiers have been treated not as patients, but as prisoners, and have been cut off from the public in order to prevent them from describing their sufferings and those of their dead comrades. Thus several hundreds who were sent to a military hospital in Algeria are guarded with the utmost strictness, and are not allowed to go outside the walls for air and exercise, although the building is so crowded that many of them are compelled to sleep on straw laid on the floor. Such are the precautions taken by the government to prevent the secrets of the expedition becoming known.

The parsimony exhibited by the government toward

THE SICK SOLDIERS

has been in remarkable contrast with the extravagance of its dealings with contractors. It costs a trifle less for a steamship to come from Madagascar by way of the Suez Canal than by the longer route around the Cape of Good Hope. The passage through the Red Sea at this season is an experience to be dreaded even on board the best equipped passenger steamship, for the heat of the sun is intense and the air is that of a furnace. Even the British military authorities, who are not sentimental, but who do observe the laws of health, make it a rule not to send war ships through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea between June and September. Yet to save the slight difference in cost involved, the French government subjected the sick soldiers, burning with fever, to the horrors of a passage through the Red Sea, instead of allowing them to benefit by the cool, health-restoring breezes of the Atlantic.

The inhumanity of this course is so patent that the minister of war has made repeated promises that no more soldiers should be brought home via Suez, but has not kept them. Senator Rane has given notice of an interpellation on the subject, and it is unlikely to be the cause of the downfall of the ministry. Another economy that has excited indignation by reason of its pettiness, is the rule adopted by the war office that families of dead soldiers must pay a lot of small fees upon the effects brought back from Madagascar. The amount involved is so small in the aggregate that the government might have been expected to waive its right in order to show a little generosity toward the relations of those whose lives have been sacrificed for France, and its action in extorting its dues, even from poor families, has produced an extremely bad effect.

NO MORE ALPINE CLIMBING.

Fourteen Lives Lost Last Summer in the Treacherous Ice Fields.

Alpine mountain climbing is likely to be prohibited on account of its dangers, the severity of which has recently been emphasized by the finding of the body of W. Ruth, who was lost in the summer of 1893.

The finding of Ruth's body brings the known Alp distasters of 1893 to the number of fifty. The yearly average of persons who lose their lives in Europe because of a reckless passion for the climbing sport is thirty-three. The last season fourteen tourists died in the Alps by falling of precipices, an unusually large number, for violent tumbles are among the less frequent accidents peculiar to Alp climbing, the devotees of which are more often threatened by lightning, avalanches, rain of stones, high winds, snow-storms, intense cold and exhaustion followed by deathly sleep and famine.

The relatives of these fourteen unfortunates are clambering for special laws prohibiting or at least restricting this

DANGEROUS SPORT

which counts among its enthusiastic supporters many distinguished persons, notably the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Italy, the Crown Princess Stephany and her young daughter.

It was reported from the Tyrol town of Valcomannica that parts of the body of Ruth, who two summers ago failed to return from a tour over the Presena pass in the Adamello Alps, South Tyrol, had been recovered in a mountain crevice at the foot of the Pizgana Glacier. Ruth had been a well-known character among the Alp climbers in that neighborhood. He was last seen in August, 1893, at the village of Pinzola. He then informed the innkeeper that he meant to travel to Ponte di Legno, the mountain mentioned above. Several guides offered their services, but Mr. Ruth declined on the plea that he knew the way, as indeed he did, being familiar with every pass and precipice in South Tyrol.

He started in fine weather, but soon afterwards it became foggy. As he had not arrived at Ponte di Legno two days later, many of the expert guides of the district went out in search of him, dead or alive. They were unsuccessful, and the probable fate of the man, who was well liked among the people, was discussed, not only in the neighborhood where he was supposed to have died, but later

ALL OVER EUROPE.

Alp climbing had been a mania with him for years and he had the reputation of a fearless and well-experienced tourist.

A few days ago, says a dispatch from Valcomannica, a chamois hunter shot a buck on the Pizgana Glacier, and the body of the animal happened to fall into a deep crevice. The aid of some herdsmen was invoked to recover it and one of them let himself down into the crevice on ropes. He found the carcass at the bottom of the rent at the side of what appeared to be a human skeleton. Some remnants of clothing he gathered up and brought to light. The head had been well preserved in its icy inclosure and was recognized as that of Ruth, the likeness being reinforced by the identity of the clothing which he was known to have worn.

The supposition is that the tourist lost his way in the fog and happened to strike the dangerous paths of Lagoscuro, leading to the ice fields of Pizgana, instead of the pass of Presena. From there he was precipitated into the deadly depths below.

OLD COUNTRY LETTERS.

Large Number of Letters Posted Last Year Without Any Address on Them.

There are some careless people living in the old country, if one is to judge from the last report of the English Postmaster-General. No less than 30,691 letters were posted last year without any address on them, and 1,742 of them contained remittances, amounting to over $25,000 in all. By way of offset 32,632 stamps were found loose in the post, which may explain why the letter carrier so often calls at some people's houses for "five cents to pay." There was a falling off in the number of letter delivered of over 2 per cent., which is largely accounted for by the tremendous increase—6 per cent.—in the use of post cards. A new regulation permits anyone to stick a halfpenny stamp on a card and post it, and this privilege has been extensively used Over 2,000 million letters and post cards were delivered in the United Kingdom, while only 50 millions were sent out of the country. Of these nearly half went to France, Germany and the United States; only eight millions were sent to the colonies and the colonies sent still fewer back. In the division of the eight millions India ranks before Canada, and Australia comes close on the heels of the Dominion. The small amount of

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE

has been used as an argument in favor of Imperial penny postage, and there is no doubt that this would result in a large increase; but it is not altogether a matter of the difference between five cents and two. A Canadian hardly thinks more or five cents than an Englishman does of a penny; it is the writing of the letter and not the postage that is the real trouble. The English settlers in Canada have come to stay, and after a while they find their correspondence with the old country drags heavily. The English people in India intend to go back home, and it is therefore worth their while to keep up their old country interests, but the English-Canadian soon finds that his affairs here demand all his attention. A few are tenacious enough of family ties to keep a correspondence going at long intervals, but with the next generation the connection is forgotton. It is in the nature of things that it should be so, for while modern science has greatly improved means of communication, it has also greatly increased the demands of one's time and attention. The post-card, increasing in use at the rate of 26 per cent., is driving the old fashioned epistle out of the field. We have no time to write letters nowadays. A communication the length of a post-card must serve our turn, although for the sake of privacy or for the look of things we may put it in an envelope. To send such short notes across the Atlantic would be absurd, and so most of us send nothing at all. Only a few still keep to the delightful old fashion of maintaining old country correspondence.

Horseflesh for Cat Meat.

There is a big butcher's shop in London where they kill on an average 26,000 horses a year, or 500 a week. These 500 horses are killed and cooked to make London cats happy. The firm owning this immense slaughter house of horses turns out 70 tons cats' meat each week. There are 13,440 meals in a ton of horseflesh. Cats' meat is always handed to the customer on a skewer. It is only a little piece of meat, but it takes a ton of wood cut up into skewers to provide for a single day's consumption of cats' meat. No fewer than 182½ tons of wood are used every year in making cats' meat skewers. The horseflesh trade of London employs 30 wholesale salesmen and over 1,000 retailers.

Thomas A. Johns.

A Common Affliction

Permanently Cured by Taking

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

A CAB-DRIVER'S STORY.

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by a friend who told me that I must purchase six bottles, and use them according to directions. I yielded to his persuasion, bought the six bottles, and took the contents of three of these bottles without noticing any direct benefit. Before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cab-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, and the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

Household Hints.

Always stir a cake one way.

Prick potatoes before baking.

Keep celery firm by setting in cold water till used.

Let raw potatoes lie in salted water an hour before frying.

If the cover is removed from soap dishes the soap will not get soft.

Tough fowls are rendered as tender as chickens by steaming them two hours or so.

For economy and evenness of heat, put only a little coal on the fire at a time.

Crockery that has been "soaked" with grease may be cleaned by slow boiling in weak lye.

Tansy is a preventive of moths, and if the leaves are sprinkled freely about woolens and furs, they will be safe. Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpets is a preventive of moths.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Certain in its effects and never blisters. Read proofs below:

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Box 22, Carman, Henderson Co., Ill., Feb. 24, '94.
Dr. B. J. Kendall, Co.
Dear Sirs—Please send me one of your Horse Books and oblige. I have used a great deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with good success; it is a wonderful medicine. I once had a mare that had an Occult Spavin and five bottles cured her. I keep a bottle on hand all the time.
Yours truly, CHAS. POWELL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Canton, Mo., Apr. 5, '93.
Dr. B. J. Kendall, Co.
Dear Sirs—I have used several bottles of your "Kendall's Spavin Cure" with much success. I think it the best liniment I ever used. Have recommended it to several of my friends who are much pleased with it, and keep it. Respectfully, S. S. RAY, P. O. Box 241.

For Sale by all Druggists, or address
Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,
ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

N., G. & J. McKECHNIE

"I TELL ALL MY FRIENDS."

A Lady of Shelburne, Ont., Permanently Cured of Indigestion After Using Two Bottles of South American Nervine —Glad to Let Everyone Know It.

MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH.

With indigestion it is not only that one suffers all imaginable torments, physical and mental, but more, perhaps, than anything else, an impaired digestion is the forerunner of countless ailments that in their course lead to the most serious consequences. Let the stomach get out of order and it may be said the whole system is diseased. When the digestive organs fail in their important functional duties, head and heart, mind and body are sick. These were the feelings of Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. A. V. Galbraith, the well-known jeweller of Shelburne, Ont., before she had learned of the beneficent results to be gained by the use of South American Nervine Tonic. In so many words she said: "Life was becoming unbearable. I was so cranky I was really ashamed of myself. Nothing that I ate would agree with me; now it does not matter what I eat. I take enjoyment out of all my meals." Here are Mrs. Galbraith's words of testimony to South American Nervine, given over her own signature:

"Shelburne, Ont., March 27, 1894.

"I was for considerable time a sufferer from indigestion, experiencing all the misery and annoyance so common to this complaint. South American Nervine was recommended to me as a safe and effective remedy for all such cases. I used only two bottles, and am pleased to testify that these fully cured me, and I have had no indication of a return of the trouble since. I never fail to recommend the Nervine to all my friends troubled with indigestion or nervousness.

"MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH."

The testimony of this lady, given freely and voluntarily out of a full heart because of the benefits she experienced in her own person, have an echo in thousands of hearts all over the country. South American Nervine must cure, because it operates at once on the nerve centres. These nerve centres are the source from which emanates the life fluid that keeps all organs of the body in proper repair. Keep these nerve centres sound and disease is unknown. There is no trick in the business. Everything is very simple and common sense like. South American Nervine strengthens the digestive organs, tones up the liver, enriches the blood, is peculiarly efficacious in building up shattered and nervous constitutions. It never fails to give relief in one day.

For Sale by McFARLANE & CO.,

Wholesale Agents for Durham and Vicinity

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payments are made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

DURHAM DIRECTORY

TRINITY CHURCH.

W. J. CONNOR, Pastor.

Sabbath Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School and Bible class at 2:30 p.m. Church Wardens, W. B. Vollet and T. M. Wattmore.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. A. G. JANSEN, Pastor.

Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

REV. W. McGREGOR, Pastor.

Sunday Services, morning at 11 a. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Preaching at 7 p. m. Week evening Service—Thursday evening, regular prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Young Peoples Union on Monday evening at 8. p. m.

R. C. CHURCH.

REV. R. MALONEY, Pastor.

Durham Services—11 a. m. first Sunday of every month. Glenelg Services—9 a. m. first Sunday of every month, 10:30 a. m. third Sunday of every month.

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE. Thomas Lander, Registrar. John A. Munro, Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

POST OFFICE. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 7 p. m. Arch. MacKenzie, Postmaster.

DURHAM LODGE NO. 306 OF A. F. & A. M. Night of Meeting, Tuesday on or before full moon of each month. Visiting brethren welcome. Thos. Brown, W. M. Geo. Russell, Sec.

GREY LODGE NO. 169 I.O.O.F. Night of Meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brethern welcomed. W. B. Vollet Sec.

DURHAM L. O. L. NO. 632. Night of Meeting, on Thursday or before full moon in each month. James Staples, Secretary.

SONS OF SCOTLAND, BEN NEVIS CAMP NO. 45, meets in S. of S. Hall, Friday on or before full moon. George Binnie, Chief, Geo. Russel, Sec.

SAUGEEN TENT, K.O.T.M., No. 154, meets on the first and third Tuesdays of every month. Thos. Brown, Com. F. C. Hamilton, R. K.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. New Hall—open every Tuesday evening from 7 to 9 o'clock, and every Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m. Annual fee $1.

Dr. Gun, Pres. C. Ramage, Sec.
Mrs. MacRae, Librarian.

Monthly Fairs

Durham—Third Tuesday in each month
Priceville—Monday before Durham
Hanover—Monday before Durham.
Mount Forest—Third Wednesday in each month.
Guelph—First Wedesday in each month
Harriston—Friday before the Guelph Fair
Drayton—Saturday before Guelph.