The Stouffville Tribune.

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The Tribune

—IS PUBLISHED—

Every Friday Morning

—AT THE OFFICE—

MAIN STREET, STOUFFVILLE, ONT

TERMS.

$1.25 Per Year; $1.00 if Paid in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space	1 year.	½ year.	¼ year.
One column	$70	$40	$25
Half column	40	25	15
Onequarter col	25	15	9
One eighthcol	15	9	6

Transient Advertisements—legal, municipal, &c., 8 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents per line each subsequent insertion.

Professional Cards one inch and under, $4 per yr. $3 for 6 months.

Adv. of Farms for Sale, one inch and under, month $1, each subsequent month 75 cents.

Adrs. of Strays, animals $1 for 3 insertions.

Adrs. of [illegible], such as Lost House to Let, Servant Wanted, &c., 25c. 1st insertion, 75c. per month.

Locals—All notices, excepting of entertainments for which the printing is done by this office, 7 cents per line each insertion. Black line locals 15 cents per line.

Transient Advertisements must be sent in not later than Thursday noon. Notice of change of standing advertisements must be given not later than Monday noon, and copy must be sent in not later than noon on Wednesday.

Advertisements without specific directions will be inserted every issue until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Orders for discontinuing advertisements must be in writing and sent to the publishers.

Notices—Births, Marriages and Deaths—free.

JOB PRINTING.

We have also a first-class Jobbing Department in connection, and are prepared to do business in that line at prices that cannot be beaten.—TERMS CASH.

MALLOY & KEEFER,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. A. SANGSTER, M. B.,
Physician and Surgeon,
STOUFFVILLE, ONTARIO.
Office: Drug Store, Main St. Residence, first door west of Todd's block, Main St. west. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m., and evenings.

FRED W. HILL, B. A.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, &c.
Formerly with Morphy & Miller, Toronto.
Office—Sanders' Block, formerly occupied by the late Mr. McLean, Stouffville, Ont.

W. D. GREGORY. G. W. HOLMES.
HOLMES & GREGORY,
Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc.
Toronto Offices:—Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, (take elevator). Markham Office:—Town Hall, Markham Village, (upstairs).
Money to Loan at Six per cent.
Mr. Gregory will be at Markham office every Saturday from 9 a. m. to p. m. and at Webber's Hotel, Unionville, from 5 to 8. 51–1y

Kerr, Macdonald, Davidson & Patterson,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.
OFFICES—Masonic Buildings, Toronto St., Toronto, and Main St., Stouffville.
J. K. KERR, Q.C. W. McDONALD.
W. DAVIDSON. JNO. A. PATERSON.
R. A. GRANT.

DENTAL.

A. ROBINSON,
DENTIST.

Will be at Miller's Hotel, Stouffville on the 18th, and at the Tremont House, Markham, on the 20th of each month, Roreman's Hotel, Mt. Albert, on the 14th; Victoria Square, on the 21st When these dates fall on Sunday the following Monday will be understood.

VETERINARY.

JAS. G. CLARKE,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
GRADUATE IN HONORS
of the Ontario Veterinary College, and Honorary Member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Society. Treats all diseases of domestic animals by the latest scientific methods. Orders by telegraph or otherwise, night or day promptly attended to. Charges moderate.
Office and residence, corner Main and Albert Streets, Stouffville. 48tr

TONSORIAL ARTISTS.

THE PARIS
HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING PARLOR.
Stand—One door west of Sanders' block, Main Street, Stouffville.
Complete ladies' and gents' hair dressing parlor. Hair cutting, singeing, shampooing, curling, etc. Hair dressing for balls, parties, theatres, etc., in the most fashionable styles.
J. W. SHANKEL, Proprietor.

CENTENNIAL SHAVING PARLOR.
FASHIONABLE HAIR
Dressing, Shampooing, Seafoaming, &c. Ladies and children's hair dressing a specialty. All work attended to promptly and done in the latest style. Stand—Burkholder's block, Main Street Stouffville.
H. HANDREHEN, Proprietor.

AUCTIONEERS.

N. J. ARMSTRONG.
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the County of York. Sales of Farm Stock, &c., promptly attended to, and at moderate rates. Residence, East End, Stouffville.

N. E. SMITH,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Sales of farm stock, etc., attended to on shortest notice and reasonable rates. Stouffville, Ont.

JAMES O'BRIEN,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER
for the counties of York and Ontario. Orders by mail or telegraph will receive prompt attention. Charges moderate. Stouffville, Ont.

SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.
Stouffville Lodge, No. 109.
Meets first and third Monday evening in each month in the Mechanics Reading room.
W. A. Silvester, M.W.
A. C. Brown, Recorder.

I. O. F.
Court Stouffville, No. 329.
Meets second and fourth Thursday of each month, in the Masonic Hall, at 8 p. m. The best society for cheap insurance and social benefits. W. A. Rae, Rec. Sec.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. P. HARTNEY.
DEALER IN LUMBER,
Lath, Shingles, Salt, Plaster, Coal, Water Lime, Plaster Paris, Coal Tar, Tar Paper, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, &c., &c.
Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep Skins, and all kinds of Grain.
Warehouse opposite Railway Station, Stouffville.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FINANCIAL.

STANDARD BANK
OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO.

CAPITAL PAID UP, - $1,000,000
RESERVE FUND, - $460,000

AGENCIES AT

Bowmanville,	Cannington,	Harriston,
Bradford,	Chatham,	Markham,
Brantford,	Colborne,	Newcastle,
Brighton,	Durham,	Parkdale,
Brussels,	Forest,	Picton,
Campbellford,	Stouffville.	

—ALSO AGENTS AT—

Montreal, Winnipeg. New York. Northwest Provinces and British Columbia. London, Eng.

Drafts issued and collections made on all points in Canada at lowest rates. Farmers' notes discounted. Sale notes and good business paper negotiated at current rates of interest. A

SAVINGS BANK

Has been opened in connection with the branch at STOUFFVILLE

Where deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed thereon at 4 per cent. Deposits of a special nature, trust funds, &c., received on favorable terms.

Office Hours: From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday's from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

For further information apply to

JOHN ELLIOTT, AGENT.

MILLER & CO.,
BANKERS,
Daley's Block, Stouffville.

MONEY TO LOAN
ON GOOD SECURITY.

Sale and Farm Notes Cashed
AND TAKEN FOR COLLECTION.

Drafts Issued on the Imperial Bank and its Branches, and on all points in Canada and the United States.

American Currency Bought and Sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed on deposits.

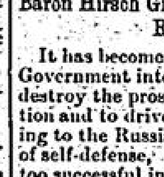
NOTES COLLECTED AT LOWEST RATES.

Office Hours—10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Saturday's 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

WALTER MILLER, Manager.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.



Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

Baron Hirsch Gives $15,000,000 to Expelled Russian Jews.

It has become very clear that the Russian Government intends, so far as possible, to destroy the prosperity of its Jewish population and to drive it out of Russia. According to the Russian apologists it is a question of self-defense, the Jews being altogether too successful in their commercial dealings with the less acute people about them, and at the same time evading, to a large extent, the burdens of citizenship. It is a curious confession on the part of the vast empire of Russia, under an autocracy, that one of its subordinate peoples so menaces its prosperity that an extreme form of political persecution is justified. That such a persecution has been deliberately entered upon and will be strenuously carried out there is not the slightest doubt. Life in Russia is to be made intolerable to the Jews, for the express purpose of forcing them to emigrate; they are to be so surrounded by restrictions, so shut in by limitations, that they will refuse to stay. The various restrictions which we have enumerated many times in these columns are being rigidly imposed everywhere, while new hardships are studiously added from time to time. The Jews are already so limited as to opportunity, occupation, and location that it must be almost impossible for the gaeat majority of them to obtain a livelihood. Moscow and Keiff have been added to the places in which they are forbidden to live, and they are no longer to practice their usual trades in any of the cities of Old Russia. It is said that many of them are accepting baptism for the sake of diminishing the hardships of their lot, without, however, intending to surrender their faith.

When one takes into account the fact that there are about five millions of Jews in Russia, the magnitude of the injustice which the Czar is about to inflict on this people becomes apparent. Three times in their history the Jews have been forcibly compelled to change their place of residence—twice from Palestine and once from Spain; and Russia is adding another chapter to this terrible story. One province after another is being cleared of them; city after city is being closed against them, occupation after occupation is being prohibited them. They are to be driven out as ruthlessly as if the bayonet were behind them. It is doubtless true that the Russian Jews have many looked into the question believes for an instant, that the economic miseries of Russia are to be laid on the shoulders of its Jewish population. The charges brought against them are, for the most part, simply cloacks for race and religious antagonism. It is doubtful if so great a race tragedy has been seen since mediæval times. The miseries involved in moving about a million women and three millions of children, to say nothing of uprooting peoples who have lived for hundreds of years in the places from which they are now driven, who are peculiarly dependent on their associations and their communities, who are disliked by every other country to which they may go as emigrants, are quite beyond the imagination. That a so-called Christian nation should be guilty of so base a brutality at this age of the world is certainly a more sel for pessimists. It ought to be mention ed in this connection that Baron Hirsch proposes to devote the immense sum of $150 000,000 to relieve his fellow-countrymen in Russia, by planting Jewish colonies. No location has, as yet, been fixed upon; but it is probable that some province of Brazil will be selected. The great difficulty in the way of such schemes lies in the inaptitude of the Jews for agriculture, and their entire lack of training and skill as colonists.

The longest sleeping-car run in the world is doubtless that on the Canadian Pacific railway, from Montreal to Vancouver, 2,905 miles. This is nearly 200 miles longer than the run from St. Louis to the City of Mexico.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide Was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A LITTLE HOOP OF PEARLS.

Business had called Colonel Lyndon from Castle Ettrick. His solicitor, the head of a firm that had managed the High Cliffe property for many years, had written, requesting him, if at all possible, to meet him there. Business was more important to Colonel Lyndon than it had been, for he had, or as he hoped and believed, he would soon have the interests of another besides himself to consider. He saw Lady Flora, who begged him to return as soon as he was free, and travelled south.

It was partly the somewhat mysterious purport of the lawyer's letter, and partly a fear of being premature, that prevented him from speaking to Letty before he started. He still thought of her first, and would not, for the mere sake of setting own mind at rest, have r[illegible] denger of losing her confidence. But her friendly way of bidding him farewell, with the frank pleasure which had shone in her sweet blue eyes when he told her that he would certainly return to Castle Ettrick in a few days, encouraged him to hope that, when the right moment came, she would say "Yes" to the entreaty that was trembling on his lips.

The business at High Cliffe was soon transacted. Colonel Lyndon took the opportunity of looking more closely into his affairs than he had previously done. He found that the value of his property was increasing; that he could afford to make good settlements on a wife, and that a little painting and re-decorating would make High Cliffe a delightful summer residence. These he set on foot at once, to the great satisfaction of his man of business, who had been fearing that he would never settle at home.

"Lyndon of High Cliffe is going to marry; you mark my words," he said to his wife that evening.

His suspicions would have been confirmed if he could have followed his client to London the next day.

The colonel had one intimate friend living there: she was the daughter of their nearest neighbour at High Cliffe, and she had married a man who was kept in London by his business the greater part of the year.

Immediately on his arrival he called at her house, and was shown into the drawing-room, where she was sitting over fancy-work.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I want you to put on your bonnet and come out with me. Will you?"

"Certainly I will," she answered "Where do you want to go?"

"To a jeweller's; one who may be depended upon."

He smiled, and she shook her finger at him.

"At last," she said. "I prophesied it."

"Prophesied what?"

"That you would fall in love before the year was out."

They went out together. The colonel hailed a hansom-driver who took them to a jeweller on whom his friend said he could depend, and they spent an hour at his counter. He made his choice at last—a small hoop of pearls, exquisite in form and color, and a necklace of the same beautiful stones, enclosed in a casket lined with pale blue velvet. Should they be sent? the seller of the gems asked. No, he answered. He would pay for them at once and ta[illegible] away.

Outside the shop he thanked his friend for coming with him, and said good-bye to her.

"You will let me know?" she said, looking at him affectionately.

"If there is anything to tell," he answered, with a curious smile.

"The woman that you love, and that does not love you," said the lady, "would be——"

"Hush! hush!" said the colonel hurriedly—"Remember my age."

Without waiting for another word, he hastened off, made his final arrangements, and, with the little ring, of whose possession he was never for one moment unconscious, in his breast-pocket, took the night mail for Scotland. At Edinburgh he remained for an hour or two, Mr. Winstanley having requested him to see to some business of his in passing, and this brought him to Ettrick at about the same hour as on the former occasion, when Milly and Letty had been his travelling companions. Wishing to give a pleasant surprise to his friends, he sent round the carriage containing his traps by the back way, and walked up to the house.

It was a dark night for the time of year. The sky was covered with clouds and occasionally there could be heard in the distance the low rumbling of thunder. The colonel saw no one in the grounds, but he heard voices which made him suppose that some of the party were out of doors. With a quick, swinging, step he walked along the avenue, and ran up the steps that led to the terrace. Lady Flora, who was alone in the drawing-room, saw him, and gave a little cry.

"Oh, colonel!" she said, "how glad I am to see you! We did not expect you so soon."

"I thought I might venture to steal a march on you," he said. "How are you all? It seems ages since you went away."

"It seems ages to me," said Lady Flora, with a sigh. "Everything is as it was."

"Letty—Miss Morison, I mean——"

"I believe she is in the school-room. I will send my maid to tell her you have come."

The maid, who was rung for, went in search of Letty and returned with the news that she was neither in the school-room nor with Miss Milly.

"Then she must have gone out. Foolish child—and the weather so threatening!" said Lady Flora. "If you are not too tired, colonel——"

"I will go in search of her with pleasure," he answered.

At this moment Mrs. Wilson, Lady Flora's daughter, and two or three other ladies came into the drawing-room, saying that the rain had begun. Colonel Lyndon, who stood in the shadow while they were in the light, made sure that Letty was not amongst them, and then hurried away to look for her.

* * * * * * * *

After her little supper with Milly in the school-room that evening, Letty had stolen down into the garden. She was dressed in the dead-white robe that she had worn when she took, for a few moments, the character of Marguerite at Deep Deane, and that Veronica had insisted upon giving to her; her head was without covering of any kind, and as she walked slowly across the green sward, with her hands crossed in front of her and her eyes cast, she looked in the failing light like a beautiful phantom. Meeting no one, she walked on to the summer-house—a little rustic lodge, which crowned a low hill beyond the shrubbery that bounded the lawn.

In the entrance to the summer-house she stopped and looked back. Her heart was beating much faster than usual, but her face was pale, and her feet and hands were as cold as ice. Seeing no one she breathed a deep sigh, which was partly of relief and partly of trouble, and was about to retrace her steps towards the house, when a rustling sound amongst the shrubs to the right of the summer-house struck her ear, and she hesitated for a moment.

In the next moment she heard a familiar voice saying—

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Miss Morrison, if it is really you——"

At the sound of the voice Letty trembled, and every particle of colour left her face. The moment she had been at once dreading and longing for had come then. She was bound to speak.

"Captain Winstanley," she said, in a low and tremulous voice, which had a most curious effect upon him, "I want to speak to you. Will you be angry with me if I say exactly what I think?"

"Angry with *you!*" he exclaimed.

She interrupted him hastily. "Oh! please—please, do not speak in that way. You would have every right to be angry—and—and—I know I have no right to say anything. But there is no one else," cried poor Letty piteously; "and I love them all so. And I thought if I told you—I, who have no interest in anything but seeing others happy—that—that——"

Poor child! she had undertaken a task that was almost too much for her strength.

"Sit down," said Percy, drawing her into the summer-house; "you are trembling. Ah! there is the thunder. We shall have a storm. And you have nothing on your head, nothing on your shoulders."

"Pray—pray—do not mind me," said Letty earnestly.

"But I do mind—you. Who could help it? I mind you so much——" and there he broke short, awed, it might be, by the startled expression of her face. "I mean," he said seriously, "that I am ready to listen to whatever you have to say."

The poor child rewarded him with one of her sweetest smiles. "Thank you," she said: "that makes it easier for me to speak." And then she poured out what, for so many days, she had been hoarding up in her heart: told him, in so many words, that he was acting selfishly; begged him not to go into a foreign army; said that if he did so it would break his mother's heart, and ended by giving him in a few words her simple little creed. "We were not put into the world to live for ourselves. I am certain of it," said Letty. "If we live in that way, we are going against our nature, and we must—we must—be unhappy. God wills us to have pleasure, but only so—oh! I am sure of it—I am sure of it—only in making happiness and good for others. If it is for those we love," she cried, her sweet voice thrilling with a passion which she could not restrain, "then we may suffer—yes—suffer until we die, and yet count ourselves blest."

To all this what could Percy say? They were new thoughts to him. Letty had judged him rightly. It was no inate selfishness of character; it was thoughtlessness or inability—only too common, alas!—to enter into and understand the feelings of others, that had been the cause of his unconscious cruelty. Brought face to face with Letty's simple creed of life, she saw his own life as he had never seen it before.

When, after a brief pause, during which one of them could have heard the beating of the other's heart, Percy spoke, there was no trace in his manner of the airy gallantry that, had not Letty been the most innocent and simple being upon earth, might have alarmed her at the beginning. He was too deeply penetrated with respect and admiration to be able to speak to her lightly.

He merely thanked her for speaking to him with so much frankness, and said that he would consider what she had said. In the meantime, he hoped she would believe that he did not wish to make his mother and friends unhappy. Then—for the threatened storm had not come—he walked by her side as far as the terrace-steps, and bade her good night with the respect he might have shown to a queen.

* * * * * *

When Colonel Lyndon left Lady Flora, he took the direction of the summer-house, which he knew to be one of Letty's favourite haunts.

The little hoop of pearls was in his pocket. [illegible] hollow of his hand. Would it, or would it not, be transferred presently to the little hand which was so dear to him? This was the question he was asking of himself as he walked slowly across the shadowed sward.

He approached the summer-house from the left. It was surrounded on both sides by the trees, so that he was not seen. This was the moment when Letty was standing in the entrance of the summer-house, and when Percy, who had come up from the opposite direction, was looking at her.

It was usual in the evening for the summer-house to be lighted by a swinging lamp. This lamp swung over the entrance, and as Letty stood, its light shone full upon her. Both of the men, who, being each unconscious of the other's presence, had their attention fixed upon her, noticed the wistful eagerness of her face. One was on the point of speaking; the other, as we know, spoke. When Percy Winstanley's voice fell upon the silence, and when, with the air of one whose expectation is fulfilled, the young girl in the white dress went out to meet him, the second watcher turned away, breathing heavily for a moment like one in physical pain. He shot into a side path, and walked on aimlessly, until he reached the outer gate of the pleasure-ground. Then, remembering that the hour was growing late, he retraced his steps. He had not gone far before he knocked up against Percy Winstanley, who was strolling in the opposite direction. Percy had not heard of the colonel's arrival. He gave him an overflowing welcome, to which there was scarcely any response; and they walked on together towards the house in silence.

Presently he made the colonel start by saying, "You take an interest in Miss Morrison, don't you? I have just been seeing her in."

Colonel Lyndon made a vague remark about the weather being doubtful for evening rambles, and Percy further surprised him by saying—

"She braved the weather, poor little thing! braved it, I believe, on purpose to speak to me. Colonel, I tell you the truth. I could not have believed it unless I had seen it with my own eyes. That timid girl has the heart of a hero. She puts my own people to the blush. My mother would not have spoken to me as she did!"

"Your mother!" said the colonel hoarsely. "What do you mean?"

"I don't wonder in the least that you are astonished," said Percy. "I was, so much so, that at first—but it would be cruel to her even to mention what I thought." He laughed as he went on. "She gave me a regular sermon. I have never been so preached to in my life; told me I was selfish, begged me not to make my people unhappy, gave me one or two of her opinions. Upon my soul!" cried Percy, carried away by his enthusiasm, "if a man was to follow them he would be a hero—a saint; the world would not be worthy of him."

He stopped, and for the space of five seconds the colonel was silent, then he said, in his ordinary tone of voice—

"And what did you say, Percy?"

"I scarcely remember. You see, I was a little taken aback. To be lectured by a young girl—and such a girl! Have you found out that she is lovely—exquisitely lovely?" cried Percy.

"I always admired Miss Morison," said the colonel. "But here we are at the house. Good night Percy."

When the colonel went to his room that night, the little pearl that he had taken out of its case was still in the hollow of his hand. He looked at it, pressed it to his lips, and sighing deeply, put it away in the bottom of his portmanteau.

"I must wait," he said to himself. "The time has not come yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Choice!

Lovely Daughter: "Pa, Mr. Nicefello proposed to me last night, and I referred him to you."

Pa: "Well, I really don't know much about the young man, and I'll have to——"

Daughter: "When he calls to see you about it, you are to receive him kindly—real fatherly, remember—and help him along all you can, until he asks for my hand, and then you are to look alarmed, and talk about what an angel I am, and how many millionaires and dukes and princes I've refused; and then you are to reluctantly consent and give him your blessing."

"Oh! I am, am I? But suppose I don't, then what?"

"I shall marry him just the same."

IN THE ELECTRIC WORLD.

Some Drawbacks About Telegraphy in Mexico—Heat and Thought.

Mexico is not a telegrapher's paradise. When the line is erected, however, the troubles of the telegrapher have only just begun. Travelers in Northern Mexico, passing on horseback over the vast treeless and melancholy plains, stop at night to camp, and finding the telegraph poles accessible and admirably seasoned, cut them down for firewood. The rancher, too, goes with his peon servants and calmly cuts down a mile or two of wire whenever he wants to fence in an inclosure. So that when the inspector of the line sees rows of poles wireless and, again, long stretches of wire withole poles, he has a shrewd guess as to the source of the depredations.

Man, however, is not the only enemy of the telegraph pole in Mexico. Besides a tiny worm, called the "jengen," which insidiously honeycombs the poles until they crumble into dust, there is a woodpecker which sits up near the top of the pole and amuses himself, for days in perking round the pole until the top and wires and cross-arms come tumbling down. The linemen are almost afraid to shoot him, for they say that where one dies forty come to the funeral.

In some parts of the country, especially in Tabasco, the woods are full of monkeys, whose favorite diversion, when not in quest of food, is to betake themselves to the telegraph line for gymnastic exercise, and hundreds of these able-bodied animals may sometimes be seen swinging on the wire, festooned, monkey-fashion, by the looping of their tails. The continuous vibration of these antics starts the iron nails used on the cross-arms, which are thus often torn down, bringing the wire with them. These monkeys are so robust and aggressive that it is no easy matter to disperse them.

Linemen have found that on shooting a monkey swinging on a wire, they have been pursued by a whole regiment of brothers and sisters of the dead simian. In speaking of this experience, one of the linemen said recently: "It is no joke to have a tribe of monkeys pursue one. They are very strong, and can hit with a stone or a stick in a fashion to make a man howl with pain, a thing the monkey enjoys hugely."

THOUGHT TURNED INTO HEAT.

A writer in an electrical journal has proposed to measure thought by means of the heat developed within the brain acting upon a thermopile. The proposition was received in some quarters with considerable scepticism. The thing, however, can easily be done. Not long ago a celebrated electrician stated that he could "think a hole through an inch board," and by connecting a drill, so that it could be actuated by the current produced, he actually did it. A. E. Dolbear, writing on this subject, says: that the experiments, far from being new or impracticable, was carried out in this country more than twenty years ago by Dr. Lambard, of Harvard College.

A thermopile was connected with a delicate astatic galvanometer, and a person selected for the test. The individual was placed in a reclining posture, and the thermopile touched his head. A certain place was found where temperature changes in the skull were more quickly apparent than elsewhere, and the instrument was fixed at that place. So long as the subject remained mentally passive the galvanometer needle remained quietly at zero, but as soon as a word was spoken to attract his attention, the needle would at once be deflected, through no muscle had moved.

A noise outside, a door opening or any incident that would cause concentrated attention would have a marked effect on the needle. It is now propos[illegible] the relative strengths of avar[illegible] as, for instance, working [illegible] mental arithmetic or geometry, [illegible] English, Latin, German or any other language, in all of which processes it [illegible] easy to ascertain by the movement of the needle the respective degree of effort made by the person experimented upon. In this connection it may be mentioned that Charles Dickens remarked that the mental effort involved in learning shorthand was equal to that of learning several languages. This humorous idea can now be put to an exact test.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A Railway Train Breaks Through a Bridge—Sixty Killed and Hundreds Injured.

A despatch from Berne says:—A most horrible accident occurred on the Mouchenstein and Bale railway to-day through the collapse of a bridge beneath a heavily loaded excursion train. The train was crowded with people on the way to attend a musical fete. Sixty persons were killed outright, while hundreds were injured. Two engines and the first car plunged into the river, and all the passengers in the car were drowned. Two cars remained suspended from the bridge. All the trainmen were killed. Thirteen cars were saved.

On Treating the Apparently Drowned.

The bathing and swimming season is at hand and so is the season of many deaths from drowning. If every man of fair intelligence were familiar with the most approved method of reviving vital action in persons who had been a dangerous time under water, many lives might be thereby saved. With the liberal dissemination of instructions on the method many persons would learn and remember the process and would employ it in emergencies. A now method which has been by medical journals pronounced superior to the long practiced Sylvester or Marshall Hall method, has been recently suggested by Dr. Bowles, of London, Eng., and which has already been noticed in this Journal.

After the body has been removed from the water, place it for a moment with face downward, to allow the escape of water from the mouth and throat; turn it on the side and keep it on that side continuously, except when, about fifteen times a minute, the body is to be rolled, for a *few seconds*, on the face again. BY KEEPING THE SAME SIDE ALWAYS UP, the lung on that side, becomes clear. Turning first one and then the other side up is dangerous, because thereby the partly cleared lung is suddenly flooded with fluid from the lung which was downward. It is better to clear one lung entirely than to have both half cleared. Each time the body is turned upon the face for the few seconds, a little more froth and water escapes from the mouth and nostrils. When the upper lung has been almost or partly cleared, it is useful to raise the upper arm above the head, thus drawing up and expending the ribs and walls of the chest that air may enter, as in the Sylvester method, then bringing the arm down firmly to the side again, and repeating these arm movements fifteen or twenty times a minute; since the entrance of larger quantities of air into the lung is now safe. Pressure upon the back each time the face is turned down, assists the escape of water somewhat, and has a good influence on the heart, aiding the propulsion of the blood toward the lungs. The continued use of this prono-lateral method is said to be an excellent mode of keeping the pharynx clear of obstruction.

The artificial respiration process is far away the most important thing to attend to first. Not an instant should be lost before it is commenced.

If there be other assistants besides sufficient to keep up this process steadily and persistently for hours (for vitality has been restored after *more than two hours* of apparently fruitless effort) wet clothing may be removed, the body rolled unto warm blankets and partly wrapped in them, and heat applied to the groins, feet and over the stomach, by means of hot water bottles or woolen clothes. A very hot cloth applied suddenly and momentarily to the bare skin over the heart, might help, to restore its action, or an occasional sharp slap or two with the hand over this region might have a like effect.

When breathing is restored, but little usually remains to be done. A little hot drink or mild stimulant may be required, with dryness, warmth and quiet rest.

HEALTH.

Home Treatment for Common Ailments

If troubled with headache, try the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

Asthma may be greatly relieved by soaking blotting or tissue paper in strong saltpetre water; dry it, then burn it at night in the sleeping-room.

The following is a splendid liniment for chilblains: One ounce of camphor gum, four fluid ounces of olive oil. Dissolve together by a gentle heat, and apply to the afflicted parts.

For a cut, take powdered resin, pound it very fine, and spread or sift it over the cut; wrap a piece of soft linen around it, and wet it in cold water, quite often. This will prevent inflammation and soreness.

If a poison has been accidentally swallowed, *instantly* drink a pint of warm water in which has been stirred a teaspoonful of salt and one or two of mustard. A half glass of sweet oil will render many poisons harmless.

There are many simple and effective disinfectants, among which are: coffee pounded and burned on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick-room.

For severe hemorrhage from the nose, try holding the arms of the patient up over the head for five minutes at a time. A small piece of ice wrapped in muslin and laid directly over the top of the nose, will usually give relief.

A very good shampoo is made of salts of tartar, white castile soap, bay rum and lukewarm water. The salts will remove the dandruff, the soap will soften and clean the hair thoroughly, while the bay rum will prevent taking cold.

A simple remedy for neuralgia is to apply grated horse-radish to the temple, when the face or head is affected, or to the wrist, when the pain is in the arm or shoulder. Prepare the horse-radish in the same manner as for table use.

For soft corns, dip a piece of linen cloth in turpentine, and wrap it around the toe on which the corn is situated, every night and morning. It will prove an immediate relief to the pain or soreness, and the corn will disappear after a few days.

An excellent cough mixture is composed of the following: One pound of figs (chopped fine), one pound of loaf sugar, one pint of Jamaica rum poured over the figs and sugar. Let it stand twelve hours, then strain and bottle. A teaspoonful every hour or two.

When you feel the pricking pain on the eyelid, that announces the coming of a sty, use as an application very strong black tea, or simply the tea leaves, moistened with a little water, put in a small bag of muslin and laid over the eyelid. Moisten again as it dries. This, if used before the sty gets well under way, will generally drive it away.

A tea made by pouring boiling water over sweet flag-root will relieve worm sickness in children, and is also good for colic.

Dr. Edward Clarke states that he has had good results in persistent dandruff from the following treatment: The scalp should first be thoroughly washed with soap and hot water, and then thoroughly dried with a warm and soft cloth. There should then be rubbed into the scalp a glycerine of tannin, of the strength of ten to thirty grains to the ounce. Very obstinate cases will require the higher strength of tannin. This process should be repeated twice a week at first, once a week afterward. If tannin fails, as it will in some cases, the resort is had to resorcin. After the [illegible] should be rubbed daily with olive oil containing [illegible] to the ounce ten grains of carbolic acid and a dram of oil of cinnamon.

Nervous headache is, perhaps, the most difficult of all to describe, or to treat, inasmuch as it is not a disease but a symptom, the cause of which may be in some remote part of the system. One form of nervous headache, which is unmistakable, though not always understood as such, consists of a dull, grinding pain at the back of the head near the base of the brain, where the nerves of the spinal chord enlarge and ramify for the formation of the brain. Pain in this locality, frequently extending down the neck, is a sure indication of impaired nervous action, and should be treated accordingly. In another direction, nervous trouble produces a violent headache—that is from the medium of the stomach. With many people any deep or sudden emotion, such as grief, fear or even joy, may partially or entirely paralyze the action of the stomach; there is an utter absence of appetite, and the serious headache which results is simply the indication of the trouble. When it is removed, and the stomach resumes its accustomed action, the head will disappear.

In the springtime of the year there is great occasion for care in the matter of food. In cold weather the human system can assimilate materials that would clog and derange it in the spring. There is no need of drugs to make people feel well, when the things which have remained dormant in the ground begin to show signs of life. A judicious change of diet is required; that is all. It is better to take the materials for health from the grocer than from the druggist. Begin the morning meal with an extra allowance of fruit. Take two sound oranges or apples if you have been eating only one, or three if you have been eating two. Be sure there is no decay in the fruit employed in this manner. Eat good bread and butter. If you are a coffee or tea drinker, moderate the usual allowance. If you are a hot water drinker, take as much as you like. If you are a flesh eater take half as much as you do in the winter. Eat less butter and grease of all kinds in spring. There is the utmost need for the exercise of caution in the use of vegetables of every kind. Unless they have been well preserved and have a wholesome flavor, the part of wisdom is to avoid them. In spring it is important that the heaviest meal should be eaten in the middle of the day. The warm rains produce an atmospheric condition which causes drowsiness. Eating a hearty meal in the midst of this pressure adds to the weight upon the system. In daylight the demands of business or duty will enable you to cope with it. In the evening there is no such stimulus, and the result is injury to health. The evening meal should be light and easily digested. Don't eat buckwheat cakes or doughnuts. If you are a meat eater, be sure that the meat has been broiled or roasted. Don't eat fried food of any kind. It is not desirable to feel that you have eaten enough. Moderation is the best doctor.

Lemons and Eggs.

Simple things are often of much benefit, and lemons and common table salt have much that is useful about them. Lemon juice and water without sugar, will oftentimes relieve one of a sick headache in a short time, and a half gill of lemon juice three times a day in a little water is said to be good for rheumatism. Nothing is so acceptable to a feverish person as lemonade, and for cough that refuses to be quieted, I have tried the following preparation with success: Take the white of an egg, beaten stiff; then add the juice of a lemon in which two or three lumps of sugar have been dissolved and keep it near at hand take a tablespoonful of it at a time until relieved. A very good way of preparing lemons when they are plenty is to put them in cold water, letting them boil until they are soft, then squeeze the juice from them, getting more than in any other way, and adding the sugar to the taste, or to every halfpint of juice put one pound of loaf sugar and bottle. Another comfortable use for lemon is to bind a thin slice upon a corn that is troublesome, at night and repeat once or twice. It will greatly relieve the soreness. Then if the hands are stained from medicine or any other cause rubbing them with lemon after the juice is extracted will restore them. Table linen or any such articles that become stained can be restored by the application of lemon juice and table salt, then placed in the sun, and stains removed by rubbing dry starch in at once; repeating it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

DON'T DESPISE LITTLE THINGS.

The Homeliest Task Well Performed is a Noble Achievement.

There are times when one wants to get off alone by oneself and think how tired this poor body is, and how nice it is going to be one day to lay it down under the grass or the snow, while the soul goes flying away like a strong bird to the stars. We are very, very tired, some of us, of the long grind of earning our bread or helping the old folks along, and we feel almost ready to die right now, and give up the unequal struggle. It is all very well to call life a garden, and all the girls, both young and old, queens; but to some of us the garden is sun-baked, and every green thing dying or dead, writes Ambor. Now, just wait a minute while we talk the matter over. Don't you know there never yet was a street parade or a grand procession that was not made up in great measure of stragglers or onlookers? So in life, with its pageants and its honors, there are comparatively few who carry banners or wear gold lace. And sometimes we, who follow pleasure afar off and stand on the dusty road while the parade goes by, grow discouraged and are about ready to call our life a failure because it holds no gala time for us—nothing but drab tints and soundless and persistent duties. Everything is so different from what we planned when we were young. Then we were eager for some grand destiny, and fondly imagined a career that should leave our name like a sweet fragrance in the world. Can you not take comfort in the thought that the homeliest task well performed is grand achievement? Nobody can do better than his best, and if you or I sweep a room, or tidy up a kitchen, or patch a pair of ragged trousers, or write a chattel, or finger a type-writing instrument, with an enthusiasm and a purpose to do the work well and allow nobody to do it better, we are as surely doing grand work and fulfilling a noble destiny as though we wore the ermine of a judge or wielded the scepter of a king. Do what you have to do, then, with the determination to make it tell; put the zest of enthusiasm and eager ambition to excel into every stupid routine of the day and before you know it the meanest work shall attain the dignity of a service to the king of heaven.

A MAD DOG IN A SCHOOL.

The Children Get Out Safely and a Policeman Shoots the Animal.

A mad Newfoundland dog entered the German public school in Pittsburgh the other day. The doors of the various rooms had been left open on account of the warm weather. The dog stopped at a class room door and looked about. The scholars were rushed through a side door by the teacher. The dog ran through the halls, but was finally locked up in one of the rooms, and the principal made an attempt to shoot him. The principal's aim was not very good, and he had to give it up. The furious animal tore around the room, barking, growling, and foaming at the mouth. Policeman Duncan was sent for. At first he was a little timid in opening the door. The officer got his revolver ready, opened the door, and just then the dog made a spring toward him.

The sound of a shot rang through the building. The dog fell to the floor. The bullet had broken his right front leg. The officer entered the room and fired another shot at the animal, which again made a spring at him. This time the officer struck him with his club. Six bullets were fired into his body he was killed. The dog stood about 2½ feet high and weighed nearly 100 pounds. During the fight in the school-room the excitement was intense [illegible] ran through the building, hurrying the pupils in the attempts to escape.

The Opium Traffic.

The prospect of putting an end to the opium traffic in India is not so bright as it seemed a month ago, when the House of Commons, by a vote of 160 to 130, passed a resolution that the Indian Government should cease to grant licenses for the cultivation of the poppy, and take measures to prevent the transit of Malwah opium through English territory. The member who introduced this resolution has since expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the declaration of the First Lord of the Treasury that the policy of the Government had been toward a steady reduction of the quantity of land placed under poppy cultivation, and that that policy would be persevered with in the future. In other words, the Act of Parliament was little more than a harmless expression of a philanthropic sentiment. The great "practical" objection to its execution was, of course, the loss of revenue which would result. Those, however, to whom such an objection is not all-sufficient attempted to show that morality and self-interest were on the same side. The London "Spectator," for example, insisted that if the opium traffic were prohibited in India, the coarser and more poisonous opium of Smyrna would take its place. This argument would have seemed to us a stronger one had not the "Spectator" followed it up with the declaration that in a few years "an American syndicate would import Indian poppies into Florida, prepare the juice as carefully as the Opium Department has always done, and divide a profit, as the Indian Government does, of five or six hundred per cent." In other words, the English Government should continue in an immoral business in order to prevent this remote chance that some Americans would take its place. Instead of simply suffering to prevent others suffering, English altruism has reached the point of sinning to prevent others sinning! Yet the morality of this proposition is not more grotesque than that of Sir Lepel Griffin, formerly opium agent in Central India. This old-school gentleman writes to the "Times" that "the outcry against the opium trade is the most conspicuous modern instance of the wicked intolerance of the fanatics who are willing to commit any extravagance and impoverish millions for the gratification of their own selfish vanity," and supports this vigorous piece of denunciation on the ground that the $25,000,000 annual revenue is raised without burdening British subjects at all, inasmuch as the opium is sold entirely to the Chinese. The ethics of this reminds us of a story told by Dr. Trumbull of a minister who saw one of his country parishioners picking toadstools, and upon expostulation with him, received the answer that he was "not picking them to eat, but picking them to sell."

An Empress in Distress.

The story of a very curious misapprehension at the Russian Imperial Court when the news of the attempt upon the life of the Czarewitch was received has just leaked out. Among the despatches received by the Czarina was one from the Empress of Japan beseeching her to set her mind at rest, as the Czarewitch was not seriously injured, and was being well taken care of. This telegram was signed "Haru-Ko." The first question her Imperial Majesty asked was, "Who is Haru-Ko?" Nobody present was able to answer the question, but someone knew just enough to assure her Majesty that Haru-Ko was the name of a woman. The immediate effect of this information was to convert a message which was meant to be a tranquilising one into a communication full of disquieting suggestiveness. Under the impression that her son had fallen into the hands of some designing Japanese priestess, adventuress, or worse, her Majesty's distress was greatly augmented. At last it occurred to someone to refer to the "Almanach de Gotha," when the mystery was immediately solved, and Haru-Ko was found to be none other than the Imperial Consort of the Mikado.

A wise son knoweth his own father, and a smart daughter findeth out her popper.

"It is a very commendable thing, no doubt, for a donkey to endeavor to talk himself horse."

Reciprocal Favors.—"Your back air is coming down." "Thanks, your front teeth are dropping out."

"Cribbins takes a good deal of interest in his business." "Never less than 10 per cent.," replied Charlie Cashgo with a sigh.

AN ACCURSED PLACE.

Death Valley, a Desolate Domain of Stunted Vegetation and Venomous Reptiles.

Lizards, Snakes, Scorpions, and Tarantulas Crawl on the Scorching Beds of Lava.

The U. S. Government expedition to Death valley is bringing forth its first fruits. Large consignments of dead creatures, illustrating what it has thus far accomplished in the study of the life of that amazing region have reached the department of agriculture at Washington. The collections received include 2,358 mammals, besides numerous birds, reptiles, insects, and other specimens. It is desired by the scientific authorities in charge to find out just what animal and vegetable life is able to preserve its existence under conditions so extraordinarily unfavorable as are found in this desert of horror, the like of which is not found anywhere else in the world.

Of plants there is scarcely anything to be discovered except cacti, which only represent a soft of vegetable half-life, and clumps of chapparal that are gray instead of green. One sort of cactus that grows to be five or six feet in height, with extended branches, is called the "Dead man," because each stalk in the night looks like a corpse by the wayside. It the rare spots where water has gathered may be seen a singular fleshy bush without leaves and with thick green stems. Such vegetation as exists is rank and spiny, its gray or dull olive hues harmonizing weirdly with the parched and barren aspects of the great alkali sink known as Death valley—a narrow strip of salt and alkali crust extending north and south between two precipitous walls of mountains, the Amargosa and Panamint ranges. Those who have visited it say that it is beyond human powers of description. There are vast stretches of white plain variegated with black lava, the alluring mirages, the strange appearance of the towering hills outlined like the backbones of monstrous beasts against the yellow sky, the total absence of trees, the dearth of animal life, and the intense heat from which there is no escape. Here and there, too, are pebble-beds miles in extent, made up of agate, mossagate, chalcedony, jasper, and obsidian. This astonishing desert, however, is by no means so devoid of life as its aspect by daylight would lead the observer to imagine. As soon as night falls it is all aswarm with creatures of various sorts. Countless lizards come out of their burrows to look for insect prey, snakes wriggle across the alkali crust, horned toads creep about, and scorpions and tarantulas of enormous size sharpen their claws for combat. Rats, mice, and squirrels trot about seeking food, and wildcats and coyotes come forsake their lairs on the mountain sides and roam over the plain in pursuit of all sorts of smaller animals. It is a nocturnal population, simply because the heat is so great as to forbid going out in the day time.

The Death Valley expedition has not attempted to encamp upon the desert itself for the sake of securing specimens. It has been obliged to content itself with pitching tents about the edge, at the feet of the mountains, making brief expeditions across the torrid plain, setting traps, and returning as quickly as possible. By this method the traps could be emptied and set again without much loss of time. Time is of consequence in Death valley, where a man requires two gallons of water daily to keep him from dying of thirst, and even then he is a sufferer. Little traps of very simple and most admirable pattern are employed for catching the small animals. [illegible] traps to be conveniently carried in the pockets of one's coat, and the game coveted can enter from any side. Each one is hardly more than a wire spring, ingeniously contrived, so that the victim is not obliged to enter a hole, sees no danger, and does not dream of peril until he is caught. Corn-meal is employed for bait and is found most fetching. For the large mammals the gun must be brought into requisition, while the reptiles, usually slow of movement, are readily gathered in. Of birds there are very few in the neighborhood of Death valley, though the raven, that funeral fowl, is very plentiful in the woods that skirt its edge, crying with mournful notes for the many travelers whose dried corpses are scattered over the burning level.

As quickly as possible after they are caught the animals trapped and shot are skinned by the explorers, all of whom are skilled taxidermists. No great pains are taken with the stuffing. A lump of raw cotton supplies the place of the vitals, and the tail is extended by a wire thrust through its length. Arsenic is sprinkled all over the inside for preservative purposes, and the specimen is stretched with four pins on a board to dry. As soon as they have thus been made ready the preserved creatures are forwarded to Washington. A great many individuals of each species found are killed and forwarded because individuals here and there differ, and it is necessary to determine where these individual differences end and new species begin. For example, one kind of rat may have ears of various sizes and different lengths, but it is requisite to find out the line of demarkation which separates this animal from another species. Among the specimens collected are three species of ground-squirrels, which live in burrows and feed at night upon roots, leaves, and soda plants. One of them often climbs the stalk for the purpose of getting at the seeds. At other times it stands on its hind feet, clasps the stem with its fore-paws, and bites off the seed-pods, distending its cheek-pouches enormously with the food. One fellow shot by Dr. Herriam, chief of the expedition, had thirty-nine unbroken seed-pods in his pouches.

Another most interesting animal that inhabits Death valley is the "kangaroo rat," which makes its way about by jumping. It has long and powerful hind legs and a surprisingly long tail. Its coloring varies from light gray to dark brown, according to whether it frequents alkali or the lava, nature intending to protect it from capture by the likeness of its hue to its surroundings. The kangaroo rat lives in burrows, as does likewise a smaller kind that is common called the "kangaroo mouse." But neither is in any true sense a mouse or a rat, but belongs to families quite different.

Nevertheless, there are plenty of real rats in Death valley, as the expedition has found. One kind, that lives in the chapparal, with bore tails and exquisite soft fur, is the staple food of the Digger Indians who dwell in the mountains thereabout. The latter catch the beasts with dogs, frightening them out of their nests, which are made like those of squirrels, of great size, in the bushes or bunches of cactus. With respect to the kangaroo rats, one extraordinary point should be mentioned, relating to a certain development of their skulls, which bulge out at the sides in a surprising way. In fact, no such big bulges as these, which contain the hearing apparatus, are to be found in any other known animals.

One of the most curious sorts of rodents common in Death valley is the "scorpion mouse," which lives almost wholly upon scorpions. By instinct it has learned which end to tackle its prey by. Another creature in the same region that likes scorptions also is the "chapparal cock," which gobbles them by thousands, and is not less fond of centipedes, tarantulas lizards, and horned toads The last named are too big to swallow at a gulp, and so the fowl tears them to pieces before devouring them. Perhaps the most beautiful mouse in existence is found in Death valley, known as the "grasshopper mouse." It is a lovely beast, fawn-colored in the back with a snowy belly and sides, a short tail, and pretty little ears. Other animals forwarded are "pocket mice," with pouches outside their throats to stow provisions in, gophers, weasels, shrews, and a newly discovered species of lavender-gray fox with long ears. A wonderfully big species of coyote has been found in the valley. One odd thing about this kind of animal is that it is enormously fond of watermelons, but it has to starve for them out there.

The dealer in military costumes is never influenced by the fluctuations of the market; he always maintains uniform prices.

Latest From Europe

Russian Persecution of the Jews—The Omnibus Strike in London at an End—The Heroic Mrs. Grimwood.

Some fresh light appears on the Russian persecution of the Jews. The Emperor's real aim is now said to be to drive them all back within the pale; within, that is, those districts where long since Russian Jews were ordered to concentrate. Those outside are outside by permission. Now the permission is cancelled. The districts whither they are ordered will not support them. If half a million re-enter, another half million must find their way abroad. There is, however, less fear of a general exodus. Mr. Arnold White, Baron Hirsch's agent, telegraphs to Lord Rothschild that there is no sign of emigration in a body to England. Perhaps not; but neither is there any sign of any relaxation of Russian intolerance and cruelty.

London has discovered with astonishment that it gets on fairly well without omnibuses. Doctors assure the public that their absence is a positive boon to the population. More men walk, and walking does them good. The noise of London has sensibly abated, and there has been what physiologists call a period of nerve rest extremely beneficial to overstrained systems. The roar which filled the air is seen to be due chiefly to the thundering of thousands of these huge vehicles over the macadamized streets. Even the shopkeepers of the West End, who thought that they were going to be ruined, are not ruined. The great majority of their customers used to be brought to them by the omnibuses. The omnibuses bring them no longer, but the shops of Oxford St., Regent St. and the rest are as crowded as ever.

The effort of the official mind to express its sense of Mrs. Grimwood's heroic devotion in Manipur has found two expressions. She has been awarded the Royal Red Cross, a badge designed for good nurses, and the Queen has commanded Lady Cross, the wife of the Secretary of State for India, to call on Mrs. Grimwood and ask her how she is. Such are the honors deemed sufficient for the admirable courage, conduct, fortitude and cool good sense shown in an awful crisis by a woman, whose fine qualities have hardly been surpassed in military annals. It is all well meant, and it is ludicrously inadequate. The fact that it is deemed inadequate seems to have penetrated even the official breast; for, after some days' delay, a fresh statement is given to the public. The great Lord Cross himself will—should official despatches confirm the press accounts from Manipur, the truth of which is beyond a doubt—advise Her Majesty to bestow on Mrs. Grimwood the Victoria Cross.

A number of Englishmen have gone to Lisbon prepared to give large sums for land and mineral concessions in new territories assured to Portugal by the convention with England, which the Cortes has at length wisely ratified. The Minister of Finance is hugely delighted to find that Portugal actually possesses a marketable commodity not yet mortgaged to its full value, and has pleasant dreams of financial equilibrium and even an actual surplus in the course of time.

Russia and the Jews.

Russia's cruel treatment of the Jews still continues and waxes fiercer as the weeks and months pass by and the remonstrances of righteously indignant Christian societies and communities fill the air. Hardly a day passes that some new atrocity and barbarous cruelty is not reported as having been perpetrated upon these helpless children of Abraham, robbing them of their earthly goods, driving them with whips from their dwellings, dragging them out of their beds at night, loading them with chains, plunging them from comfort into the deepest misery, subjecting women, young girls and children to the most horrible outrages that it is possible to conceive. Among the latest barbarities reported is the practice of kidnapping Jewish babies and selling them for bait to Egyptian crocodile hunters. One who has lately travelled through southern Russia testifies that hundreds of babies are torn from their mothers for this purpose. The baby is placed on the bank of the river and when the crocodile, attracted by the tempting morsel, approaches he is fired upon by the hunter, generally with fatal results. Not unfrequently, however, the first ball fails to kill and before the ferocious beast can be prevented the babe is actually seized and devoured. In this manner many babies lose their lives. It is safe to say that history fails to furnish anything more exquisitely cruel and heartless.

To account for these terrible persecutions various explanations are given. One is that the Czar, having become convinced that the Jews are inveterate fomenters of insurrection, being as he declares mixed up with every Nihilist plot that has yet been unearthed, he is determined to rid his empire of their hateful and dangerous presence. Another attributes them to religious zeal. Says the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*: "It is now admitted or asserted to be religious persecution. The Jews are banished because they are not Greeks. Whoever in Russia, be a Jew or Gentile, is not of the Orthodox faith is anathema. He may be tolerated, but only tolerated. An American in Russia has no rights which Russia feels bound to respect. The Government of Russia is a hierarchy more intolerant than the Papacy itself, perhaps because it has more power. The grand inquisitor of Russia is M. Pobiedonostzeff, Procurator of the Holy Synod. He has just drawn up an ordinance forbidding Jews to observe the Hebrew Sabbath, forbidding them to close their shops on Saturday, commanding them to close on Sunday, and compelling all Jews to work on Saturdays in violation of their faith and conscience." This correspondent does not think that any practical good would result from following Mr. Gladstone's advice, that evidence be collected and laid before the world in an authentic form, that thus a body of public opinion might be created and brought to bear on Russia. "The public opinion," he says, "already exists, and Russian indifference to it is displayed with ostentation. Russia, in truth, pursues her persecution of the Jews with the most perfect contempt for the opinion of the civilized world. She is an Oriental power, not a European power, and her barbarities to 5,000,000 of her subjects are worthy of the most ferocious and fanatical class in Central Asia."

The Season in Europe.

In other countries besides Ontario vegetation has been retarded by several weeks of cold weather. On the Continent of Europe, and especially in Holland, Belguim, Germany, France and Italy, the season is very cold and late, and crops are backward, the pastures and meadows are still bare of grass and there will be no hay crop to speak of. The London Times, speaking of the state of affairs in England near the end of May, says:—

"The season is maintaining its unseasonable character, and we are still having wintry weather, though within a few days of June. The low temperature, cold rains, and storms of hail and snow have checked all vegetation, and the pastures and meadows are almost as bare as in February. This means, practically, that we shall have but a small hay crop, and that extra food will have to be provided for stock until the summer. The hailstorms have done much damage to fruit trees, and in some districts in the west of England it is said that the apple orchards have been stripped of their blossoms and the entire promise of the year destroyed. Only the week before the prospect was so good for the apple crop that the price of cider was reduced. The night frosts have also done much harm, the early potatoes in many districts having been cut down as though by a spade."

The Charge Against Parnell.

Meanwhile The National Press in Dublin has been now for a week daily charging Mr. Parnell with having stolen some $75,000 of the funds belonging to the public purse of the Nationalist movement, and in plain English reiterating that he is a thief and challenging prosecution for libel. When it is borne in mind that this is a country in which you can mulct an editor in damages if he so much as suggest in his paper that you are bandy-legged, it will be seen that this open accusation marks a very grave stage in the faction fight Mr. Parnell is striving against hope to maintain. How he can remain silent under it no one sees; but then no one saw how he could wriggle out of his challenge to contest Cork, with Maurice Healy, or how he could do any one of a score of other incredible things he has done since his downfall. To suffer himself to be called a thief day after day is, however, a matter which the House of Commons may easily feel called upon to ask one of its members to explain.