SHOT BY PINKE[illegible]'S MEN.

Fatal Sequel to the Chicago Pork Packers' Strike

TWO MEN MORTALLY WOUNDED

A last (Tuesday) night's Chicago despatch says: When the Pinkerton men left the Stock Yards for the city they were greeted with yells of derision by crowds of strikers and their sympathizers. Some stones were thrown. One of the Pinkerton men, exasperated by the jeers, pushed his rifle through the window of the car and fired into the crowd. Terry Begley, a well-to-do teamster of Lake, was fatally wounded. The crowd made a desperate rush for the train, which, however, started off at a high rate of speed and succeeded in getting away safely. Large numbers of the strikers are dissatisfied at the order of the Executive Committee sending them back, and are holding a secret meeting to discuss the situation.

The stock yards strike, which promised to pass into history as a bloodless one, has been attended by the sacrifice of human life. Terry Begley and another man were mortally wounded by the Pinkerton men this afternoon, and some 150 of the latter were arrested to await disposition on a charge of murder. All but six were afterwards released. Armour & Co's imported workmen, 300 or 400 in number, went out this morning. They had made up their minds that they did not care to remain any longer if the old hands were to come back. The report of their fears was communicated to Mr. Cudahey, who assured them of protection if they desired to stay. They had concluded, however, that the other butchers would ultimately make it so unpleasant for them that they had better quit at once. A train was telegraphed for, and before 12 o'clock the last non-union man had left the premises. The men were on a Lake Shore train, the butchers in the front cars, the guards in the three at the rear. The latter had their

RIFLE MUZZLES POINTING OUT OF THE WINDOWS.

There was a stop at Halsted and Fourteenth street to attach other cars, and the train was switched [illegible] some little distance. Quite a crowd of curious people had assembled, and as the inmates of the train were recognized there were some jeering remarks made. As the train reached this point, a Pinkerton man pushed his rifle out, aiming at the crowd, and fired his weapon. Terry Begley fell, mortally wounded. The noise of the explosion caused excitement in and outside the cars. In a moment it was followed by a regular volley from the other rifle men, and the crowd, which was largely composed of school children, fled in a panic. In the flight a man fell and was hastily carried away by his friends. He was also wounded. The train then steamed on. Capt. Markey, of the Lake Police, was at hand with a few men, but feared to stop the train, as a riot might have resulted. He telephoned Twenty-second street station, however, and when the train reached there it was

GUARDED BY A DETACHMENT OF CHICAGO POLICE

who placed all the [illegible] under arrest when the train reached the terminal station. At [illegible] street station there was another squad of police from the Harrison street station, reinforced by detectives, and the whole crowd was marched to the armory. Capt Markey telephoned that he would indemnify the man who shot Begley, and his [illegible] was anxiously awaited. Begley, who was taken to his home at Emerald avenue and Forty-second street, was until late this afternoon [illegible] death was almost momentarily expected. He was an employing teamster engaged about the yards, has a wife and family, and [illegible]. The Pinkerton men say the strikers made the assault first with stones and then with revolvers, and that they made no attack until

THEY HAD BEEN FIRED UPON.

Captain Markey said, however, that the Pinkerton men did the first shooting and without any provocation. When the men were locked up in the Harrison Street Station [illegible] the work of searching the ones who did the shooting. Capt Markey, [illegible] who were present [illegible] could identify the man who shot Begley. The [illegible] before them and two were picked out as participants in the shooting. [illegible] where Lieut. Kipley and a [illegible] detective examined them [illegible] to see if there were any [illegible] that they had [illegible]. Only one was found to have an empty shell in it, and the owner was told to stand inside the court railing. After a little time [illegible] Wm. A. Pinkerton said, "Those of you who fired [illegible] of the cartridges?" One young fellow [illegible] stepped up to the [illegible]. [illegible] as the brave fellow [illegible] Pinkerton, and then [illegible] "I shot." No others volunteered. Jos. H. and Walter Andrews, the two men who had first been picked out by the boys, stood under the guard of two police on the outer entry of the courtroom. Richard Lodes, G. Stevens, R. J. Parr [illegible] T. S. Ryder afterwards confessed to having [illegible] into the crowd [illegible]. These men are held.

The remainder of the Pinkerton men and the workmen who were on the train were let go. Captain Joy was in charge of the Pinkerton men when the shooting occurred. He was standing on the rear platform. He said the men picked out by the police were not the guilty parties. [illegible] were about to [illegible] stones [illegible]. "Some of [illegible] perhaps, [illegible] were in danger. I [illegible] into the train and ordered [illegible]. I did not know [illegible] injury was [illegible] until I [illegible] into the city."

CURE BY STE. ANNE

An Alleged Miraculous Cure of a St. Bonaventure Invalid.

A Quebec despatch says: The Cure of St. [illegible] Bonaventure [illegible] the following miraculous [illegible]. One of his parishioners [illegible] bad [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] to Ste. Anne, and made a vow to send $5 to [illegible]. At the same instant he [illegible] from his bed and cried that Ste. Anne had cured him. An hour afterwards, when the cure came to administer, he was surprised to see his man walking about in perfect health.

Killed Because She Wouldn't Kiss Him.

An Indianapolis despatch says: Henry Zeigler shot and killed his wife at the National House early this morning. The couple were married two years ago in Cincinnati, but had lived unhappily. Zeigler [illegible] this morning asked his wife to [illegible] him, and when she refused he shot her.

Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary, who has been in ill health for some time, is to take a year's rest. He is only 54 and has a good constitution but has broken down under too much work. His substitute will be Archbishop Vannutelli, now Nuncio at Lisbon, a very able man and skilled diplomat. But the strongest man in the Vatican is the Pope himself, who regularly works from twelve to fourteen hours a day, and is wonderfully decisive and methodical.

A GREAT DIVORCE CASE

A Son of the Duke of Argyll the Plaintiff.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FAIR RESPONDENT.

A London cablegram says: Mr. Whistler will go over to New York in November and will take with him some of his most important pictures. One of the most striking portraits he will take with him is that of Lady Colin Campbell, against whom suit for divorce is soon to be tried. Lady Colin Campbell is not at all disturbed by the near approach of the trial, which promises to yield most sensational revelations. The trouble between herself and her husband is of such long standing, and the public has been made so familiar with it, that she is hardly to be moved by any novel features that may now be introduced into it. She is living quietly in apartments in one of the buildings known as the Victoria Mansions, in a fashionable part of residential London. No one is with her but her servants. Her rooms are furnished richly and she is supplied with every comfort, though she is notoriously poor and earns at least a part of the money with which she is supplied by literary work. She is fond of having literary and art people visit her, and there are many pleasant gatherings of this class at her apartments. Notwithstanding the fact that half a dozen co-respondents are named in Lord Colin Campbell's petition for a divorce, Lady Colin is cordially received by many families of high social standing. She is about 28 years old, of very attractive manner and appearance, and has a beautiful face. A great many of her pictures are being sold in the London shops, and in all of them she appears rather more careless about revealing the charms of her splendid figure than accords with one's idea of strict modesty. In her personal manner, however, she seems to be irreproachable. Very eminent counsel have been engaged by both parties to that suit. Lord Colin Campbell will be represented by Sir Henry James, with whom will be Dr. Deane, Q.C., and Mr. Searle, Q.C., while Lady Colin will be defended by Sir Charles Russell, with whom will be Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., and Mr. Bayford, Q.C., the Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Clarke, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Terrell. Lady Archibald Campbell, whose husband is the second son of the Duke of Argyll, the elder brother being the Marquis of Lorne and the younger Lord Colin Campbell, has become extremely aesthetic in her dress, and at an afternoon reception during the past week appeared in a gown of a velvet so terribly blue that it was absolutely painful to the eyes. It was cut as straight as the gowns worn by the Puritan maidens of Massachusetts, and with it she wore a sort of broad, flat turban of the same material. Being tall, thin and willowy, she was the perfect personification of a female Bunthorne.

THE RANKINS HAVE A RACKET.

George Barricades Himself and Defies his Uncle and Four Policemen.

A Detroit, Mich., despatch says: George Rankin, a brother of McKee Rankin, the actor, living at Sandwich, Ont., across from Detroit, had a quarrel with Thomas McKee Rankin, an uncle, and the two came to blows. George knocked Thomas down, and then, retreating to the house, secured an axe and successfully kept Thomas at bay until he could barricade the doors and windows. Thomas then secured a warrant against George, charging him with assault, and four policemen were detailed to bring him to Windsor for trial. George refused to leave the house, and kept the officers off as he had Thomas. He has a stock of provisions, and since Thursday he has not left the house, and the officers have not ventured to break in.

For the last three days hundreds of inquisitive people have visited the place to see four officers marching at regular intervals around a house from which no sign of life is manifested. The siege bids fair to end in the starvation of Rankin or the exhaustion of the police.

HE MADE A LITTLE SOMETHING.

How a Tramp in Two Months Became Worth Half a Million.

A Ishpeming (Mich.) despatch says: John L. Jones, who was generally supposed to be a tramp, appeared here two months ago, and after working for a while about different mines, offered 25 cents a ton for a pile of refuse rock at the Winthrop Hematite Company's mines, the money to be paid as the rock was removed. Jones said he thought he could make a little something off the rock.

The company was surprised one day when Jones set a force of men at work sorting the rock and carting off the ore. Jones bought other piles of rock at the same figures. It now transpires that the rock pays out one half good ore, for which Jones received $5.50 a ton. The Winthrop pile alone contained 500,000 tons of rock and netted Jones over $100,000. Other piles have netted him about $400,000. The whole has been conducted under the very eyes of the mill-owners, who have regarded the rock piles as worthless and paid no attention to Jones.

A TERRIBLE DENOUEMENT.

A Mother, after a Quarrel with Her Husband, Drowns Herself and Four Children.

A London cable says: A Camberwell butcher named Leader and his wife have long led a cat-and-dog life. Yesterday morning their neighbors heard loud language and the sound of blows, and some one noticed that shortly after the departure of Mr. Leader to his place of business his wife went in a contrary direction with her five young children. This was the first part of the domestic drama. The sequel was witnessed in the Thames at Fulham. The unknown man threw her children one by one into the water, which was on a strong ebb, and then jumped in herself. Several boatmen went as quickly as possible to the rescue, but the woman and her children were all swept away and drowned except one little girl, who was recovered and restored to life with great difficulty.

Effects of Fertilizers on Crops.

By Bulletin No. XIV, of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College, some important results are shown:

1. [illegible] fertilizers in general produce [illegible] effect.

2. Complete commercial fertilizers surpassed manure as far as a combination of the two crops, wheat and grass, is concerned, in the results shown from a single application. In this case the effects are more largely felt in the succeeding grass crop, and to what extent this influence may go is not determined.

3. Dried blood is inferior as a source of [illegible] to nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia; yard manure increases the yield of wheat more than dried blood.

4. A marked increase is shown in the yield from an addition of 48 pounds of nitrogen over 24 pounds, but above that quantity no very marked increase is made, so the quantity (48 pounds) seems to be the highest that can, profitably be used.

5. Ordinarily high yields of grain are obtained from those plots which have given the greater yield of wheat.

The results are an interesting study and should receive the attention of thoughtful farmers. The more these matters are studied the more intelligently can the farmer conduct the various systems of manuring that are open to him.

A case in the criminal courts of San Francisco Cal., has been postponed thirty-two times.

FAITH CURE EXTRAORDINARY.

A Clergyman's Wife Relates How She Recovered From a Terrible Affliction.

A Brazil, Ind., despatch says: Mrs. Rev. S. C. Kennedy, whose husband is pastor of Centre Point M. E. Church, has had a remarkable faith cure experience. She was a victim of chronic corporal endometritus, with decided anti flexion, one of the worst diseases to which woman is subject. The blight of her earlier years, it culminated in maturer life in her complete prostration. For months she had been unable to leave her bed. The best medical aid the State afforded was sought, but without avail. But her story, in her own language, fortunately, is in substance as follows:

"In my despair I turned to the Great Physician, who answered: 'Trust me and thou shalt be healed.' One night, in the midst of an interesting revival meeting in the church, I spent an hour in earnest prayer. I called to mind the compassionate Saviour, while He was on earth, healing the leper, unstopping the ears of the deaf, opening the eyes of the blind, and I asked: 'Is he not the same Jesus to-night?' I prayed for some evidence, if I was to be healed.

"Immediately a heavenly presence bowed down over me. Oh! the unutterable bliss of that hour. I prayed earnestly and with a faith that took hold of the promises of God. Two or three times the presence seemed disposed to withdraw, but remained at my importuning. This continued for about twenty minutes, when I was more than ever convinced that I was to be healed.

"The presence slowly departed, but left the comforter, who seemed to say: 'Thy faith hath saved thee.' I expected the healing that night. I mentioned the matter to no one, but after the family had retired I renewed my prayer for the healing. Christ was very near to me. He stood at the side of my bed. It seemed I could touch His heavenly personage. I prayed until midnight, when, overcome by weariness, I felt I must sleep. A voice said: 'Canst thou not watch with me for one hour?' Sleep and weariness departed. I prayed till the clock struck one. The voice then said: 'Canst thou not watch with me for another hour?' I continued in prayer for another hour, when I felt more of the presence of Christ in my soul and nearer the point He desired me to reach. The voice said: 'Canst thou not watch with me the third hour?' I said 'Yes, until break of day.' Towards the close of the third hour Christ was pictured before me as an exceedingly pure and holy being. The spirit then told me that in order to be healed by such a being, I must not only be consecrated, soul and body, to God and be cleansed from all sin—attainments which I had already reached—but that I must also be filled with His presence.

"After this I felt at liberty to sleep, the voice saying all would be well. I slept two hours, then prayed till the family arose. I then told my husband I had evidence I was to be healed. A thrill of joy followed this confession. During the day I told my physician and other of the night's experience. I took no more medicine. Strength was given me to be carried to church morning and night. I continued to pray for the healing. One morning (Aug. 12th) while in the church a sweet sense of Christ's presence filled my soul, and the voice said: 'You are now ready for the healing.' Returning from church, I lay upon my bed conversing with Jesus. I asked him to heal me just then, but my faith was slow. I was soon able, however, to trust for the healing with my whole heart. The evidence was then given me that the disease was rebuked. I felt no particular change in my body at the time. Hence I doubted and my sky was overcast. I felt that I had done wrong in not accepting the healing in the way it was given. I prayed for forgiveness. The gloom disappeared and evidence more clear was given me that the disease was rebuked. I then prayed that the disease might be entirely removed. I soon obtained evidence that this was done. Still I felt no change in my bodily condition, my suffering continuing as intense as before. A suggestion came that this was but to try my faith. I next prayed for a return of my natural strength that I might be able to walk. God seemed unwilling to answer this request. I then asked Him to direct me what to do. He said, 'Tell that you have the evidence.' I immediately rose from my bed and told my husband and others that I was healed. My soul leaped for joy! My heart overflowed with God's love! I was impressed I should write to my mother, telling her the good news. I began the letter next morning.

"For several days the ladies of the church had been holding a prayer meeting at the parsonage. When my strength admitted I conducted these meetings, lying in bed. These meetings, morning and night services in the church, reception of callers, took up most of my time and caused me to defer writing to my mother. I continued to pray for the return of my natural strength. On the 15th I was impressed that I was able to walk down into town or elsewhere near by. The next day I walked to church, nor did I lie down till late in the afternoon. Then I was impressed that I should go to the saloon keepers and ask them not to sell any more liquor on that day, that we might have one quiet Sabbath; but I did not go. Next day I could scarcely walk. Then the weakness of my faith to walk down into town or to write to my mother became apparent. I might have accomplished good in going down town, and in writing to my mother I would have imparted testimony; but I did not have faith in my strength to do either. I prayed for forgiveness. In this spirit I sat down at my desk to write. 'Do not write,' Satan said. But, blessed be God, who giveth us the victory, I did write! I could not write with a pen for having to reach for ink, so I began with a pencil. After the first page I took the pen, saying: 'I have been healed, and I can write with a pen.' Before the letter was finished I became perfectly well. This great revolution took place between 8 and 10 o'clock. My natural strength returned to me in full, and I, who had for eighteen months been utterly helpless, was able to walk and work as others.

"Next morning I took down and moved my bed out of the parlor, carrying feather bed and mattress myself with ease. I walked more than a mile to visit a parishioner, discharged my domestic and took charge of my household affairs, doing washing, ironing and all other household work, which I have continued to do to this day; all this, too, in addition to the burdens belonging to a preacher's wife. My soul bows low at Jesus' feet, in humble adoration of Him who doth all things well.

"As time passes my faith in the wonderful cure wrought, as by miracle, in me, increases, as more and more the full nature of the cure becomes apparent. I am frequently asked, 'Does your health continue to improve?' I am compelled to answer No; for in the change I was made entirely well, and have so remained ever since."

New Feeder for the G. T. R.

A New York despatch says: Several meetings have been held here this week for the organization of a syndicate to build a line of road on the south side of Lake Superior from Duluth via Superior and Ashland, Wis., and Marquette, Mich., to Mackinaw and Sault Ste. Marie, and by a bridge on the Sault to connect with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railroads. The length of the road is to be 455 miles, including a branch of fifty miles to Mackinaw. The money required has all been subscribed, and the parties are now letting the contracts.

GABE TATE'S ROMANCE.

Married, Divorced, Given Up for Dead, and Again Married to the Same Woman.

A Henderson (Ky.) despatch says: The death of Gabe Tate last night brings to mind the romantic career of his life. Tate was born and raised in this county. His father was one of the prosperous planters of ante bellum days. The large tract of land he owned was in Walnut Bottom, in the most productive part of this section. He had a large number of slaves, and, better still, a large bank account. Gabe had grown in an atmosphere of luxury until luxuries were common. He had been accustomed to having his own way and to have every want supplied. When his father died the estate was divided between him and his sister, Mrs. Dr J. A. Harding, who had gone to the home of her husband in Jefferson county, now a part of Louisville, Ky. There he met Miss Annie Shotwell, the daughter of Col. A. L. Shotwell, a man who was rich in a dozen different ways. His steam interest was only second to his landed estate, and his commission merchant's business but barely outstripping his mining rights. The vast coal fields of Union county now owned by Brown & Jones, the Pittsburg coal kings, were his individually. At the time, in 1862 there were only two coal mines operated on the Ohio River below Pittsburg, Pa., the one at Cannellton, Ind., and the Shotwell mines in Union county. Sweet as was the supply of the coal and so superior the quality that a railroad has just been completed to the mines from this city. Fabulous fortunes have been made from the fleets of coal sent South from these mines. It is seen by this what Oriental grandeur was in the reach of Gabe Tate and Miss Shotwell, with their fortunes when united by marriage at the residence of Col. Shotwell, in Louisville. After marriage Mr. and Mrs. Tate went to the Shotwell mines, where the products of a thousand miners supplied their wants. For some years they lived at the mines, and all went well. Two or more children blessed their union. Mr. Tate left his home, and to this day the public do not know the cause. Surmises were plentiful, but no knowledge of the cause was ever had. It was known that his estate was gone, but that was of small importance, for his wife was rich. Some time after Mr. Tate left home Mrs. Tate procured a divorce, and shortly afterward married Sam Churchill, a prosperous planter, who had lived near the mines, and with whom she was acquainted during her married life at the mines. In the meantime Andrew Tate, an old bachelor uncle, had died and left his vast estate to Gabe Tate and his sister. Hugh Tate, another bachelor uncle, soon died, and added his fortune to that of his brother Andrew for the benefit of his nephew and niece. Not long after that Miss Nancy Tate died, and left her increased fortune from her own right and undivided interests in the estates of her two brothers Andrew and Hugh to Gabe Tate and his sister. These changes covered a period of nearly ten years. Notwithstanding the fact that considerable advertising had been done, nothing could be heard of Gabe Tate, and he was supposed to be dead. At last he was heard from at Cairo, Ill., and found. Arriving home, he found himself a rich man again. He wrote to his wife to send the children to him at Evansville, Ind., as he wanted to see them. She met him there with the children. Shortly afterward a divorce was procured from Sam Churchill, the second husband, and speedily following that divorce came the marriage of Gabe Tate to the same woman who had procured a divorce from him years before.

A LIVELY CORPSE.

Singular Resuscitation for a Moment of a Dead Man.

A Wheeling (Va.) despatch says: Lewis Richardson was hired early last week by Mr. Emerline, a farmer, to help him to pick fall apples. He started out as usual on Friday morning last and climbed into the boughs of a large tree. While working he was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke and fell out of the branches of the tree to the earth, breaking his back and lying for upward of an hour before he was found. Mr. Emerline, who himself ran across the negro, found him stiff and motionless and utterly incapable of speech, and at once had Richardson removed to his home and competent physicians summoned in attendance. The latter immediately applied electric batteries and used other remedies to bring him around, but without avail. They gave up the case as hopeless. Saturday morning he partially aroused himself, spoke a few words, and then fell back into his former state of unconsciousness.

Preparations were made by Richardson's family for his funeral at noon to-day. The surprise and terror of Mrs. Richardson can be better imagined than described when the apparently dead man turned over from his recumbent position this morning and asked for a drink of water, at the same time saying that he felt first rate. Mrs. Richardson instantly seized a glass and started out of the house to get the water, and though absent but a few moments, found on her return that her husband had again relapsed into his trance-like slumber.

A physician was immediately sent for by the grief-stricken wife, and his verdict, on making a thorough examination of the remains, was that life was completely extinct. The case is considered most remarkable by the attending physician.

KICKED BY THE OLD MAN.

Young Man's Ludicrous Visit to his Lady Love.

A Coleman, Mich., despatch says: Will Ogden, a young business man, is engaged to a daughter of an estimable and wealthy family residing here. Mr. Ogden has for some time been afflicted with somnambulism, but has carefully kept the fact from his friends until it was found out last night in a peculiar manner. Mr. Ogden accompanied his betrothed to church last evening and spent an hour at the house after service. About midnight he arose in his sleep and without dressing left his room and called at the house of the parents of his betrothed. The old gentleman let him in, when, discovering his predicament, but not understanding the cause, kicked the young man into the street just as the ladies of the house appeared. Of course Ogden was awakened by his rough treatment and went quickly to his room, where he lies to-day prostrated with mortification, although the doctor says it is a cold contracted by last night's exposure.

Sam Jones' Aphorisms.

If I had a thousand tongues, they should all talk for Christ; a thousand hands, they should all work for Christ; a thousand feet, I'd put them all in the way to heaven.

What the alphabet is to a man of learning, repentance is to a man going to heaven.

David was a great sinner, but he was a first-class repenter.

God don't want anybody to prove anything that is true.

Sometimes a fellow ain't mad about what he's mad about.

A man will not confess his sins before he's quit of them.

I want to see a man who drinks whiskey and never told a lie about it.

There's but one road to God's moral universe with heaven at one end and hell at the other. The question ain't which road are you on, but which way are you going?

Sin not only makes a man a rascal but makes him a fool.

If you pardon an old sinner and leave him then, it's like washing a hog and leaving him to wallow in the mud again.

DOES DEATH STING?

The Question Answered From a Medical Point of View.

Dr. G. L. Beardsley concludes that the dread of dying is quite as intense as the instinct of self-preservation. Indeed, it is not improbable, adds the doctor, that numbers would care less about living were the modes of leaving the world a theme for happy contemplation, or an innovation to the routine of plodding that was agreeable. One is remarkably exempt from the crime of hasty induction if he affirms that there is no sane or healthy mortal who anticipates his extinction with any degree of pleasure. The function of dying is actually vegetative—we fall to pieces like a flower. This very fact, that the process is chemical, confirms us in the conclusion that the final throe is as painless as the inconvenience is nothing to the foetal pilgrim when he touches on daylight. A moment's examination of the way we are to die will show marks of goodness in our taking off. The degree of sensibility is proportioned to the integrity of the tissues. An inflammation heightens it; age depreciates it. Any defect in the nutrition disturbs the comfort of the individual until the carbonic acid generated in the devitalization of the blood becomes fixed in the cells or is no longer displaced. The sensory ganglia everywhere part with their irritability by virtue of this poison and cease to conduct currents. The criteria of death are being satisfied and the process is consummated when this extinction of sensibility prevails at the ultimate filaments. During the progress of this dissolution of the nerve force, this creeping on of the numbness of death, the individual is rapidly passing into a condition of repose, and instead of torture or pangs, a degree of self-satisfaction, oft approaching to enthusiasm, is realized. The sensations peculiar to the therapeutical operation of opium, hasheesh, ether, etc., are not improbably akin to the mental activities of the dying. Barring the hallucinations experienced in the stupor as it gained on the subject, the moribund is familiar with naught that borders on suffering. This carbolic acid has poisoned or narcotized the several ganglia, and reflex productions are interdicted. A consummate analgesia prevails. In short, the notion of pain is forbidden the instant that any stimulus fails to excite a response. The condition to this irritability is that the nerve centre and the track be sound. If this vigor vanishes, reflex phenomena are at an end, and suffering, physiologically speaking, is impossible, because of the arrest of the function of the sympathetic. Fortunately, for a wholesome study of one's demise, there are assurance abundant from vivisection, the testimony of those who have been restored to consciousness and the affirmations of the dying, that there is no physical recoil from death.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

THE HORRORS OF A FLOOD.

Touching Tales of the Scenes of the Sabine Pass Disaster.

A Galveston (Texas) despatch says: Further particulars of the disaster at Sabine Pass and Johnson's Bayou are constantly being received. Innumerable touching and heartrending incidents are related by survivors. One house was seen to go down with a crash, containing fourteen colored people, every one of whom was lost. Incidents are related of husbands lashing wives and children to floating wrecks and then seeing them killed by heavy logs driving against them. A young woman in a nude state was found roaming around the prairie yesterday five miles from Sabine. She was demented, and could not tell her own name. When the Government tug Penrose reached Sabine yesterday it found Columbus Martee rowing around the Delta looking for the bodies of his family. He said: Myself, wife and three children were clinging to a floating roof. It was gradually breaking to pieces. One of the little ones went, and then another. I was holding the youngest, little Pearl. Soon my wife said, "Good-bye, husband, I am going." I could not reach her. The piece she was on broke off, and she sank before my eyes. I held on to little Pearl some time longer. She said, "Papa, I'm tired; won't you walk with me?" I told her I couldn't. Then the piece I was on was crumbling to pieces. I told the little one to kiss me. She put both her little arms around my neck, gave a big squeeze, and just then a big wave dashed us off and I saw her no more. Great God, why didn't I go down too!" He was pressed to go on board the Penrose, but refused, saying: "Here among these lagoons are the bodies of my wife and children, and here will I stay until I can find them." No tongue can tell how the people have suffered during the past few days. It is feared the list of the drowned at Bayou Johnson will be swelled to 100 or more, thus making the total number of victims of the hurricane fully 200. The destitution of the survivors, of whom there are over 1,000 around Johnson's and Radford, is described as something awful.

The "Noble Forehead" Fallacy.

It is popularly supposed that the high forehead is essential to a good brain, and intellectual superiority is usually associated with the conception of a "two-storied brow." Dr. Wm. H. Mays ably combats this idea in the *Western Lancet*. He says: "The size of the forehead depends much on the line of growth of the hair that limits it. A man may have what is called a low forehead; but if the hair could be removed to the height of four or five inches, the same individual would present as fine a specimen of the traditional 'noble forehead' as could be wished, a perfect 'dome of thought,' particularly if the frontal sinuses happened to be large or protuberant. Again, a low forehead has ever been held a sign of beauty in woman, and has certainly never been regarded as an impeachment of her mental capacity. The truth is, the front part of the brain has very little to do with the intellectual process. It is the posterior lobes of the brain with which the higher faculties of the mind are associated. Gower assigns to the frontal lobes, excepting their lower and hinder portions, a negative position as regards psychical importance. Only man possesses posterior or occipital lobes; they are the latest achievements in the long line of cerebral development. In the higher apes they may be found in a very rudimentary condition; the lower mammals possess frontal or anterior lobes only. In the lower savages, and in congenital idiots, the occipital lobes are often ill developed, approaching the brute type, giving a flattened appearance to the back of the head. In the Stockton Asylum are several interesting idiots, some of whom, while possessing quite respectable foreheads, show a striking deficiency of back head. The neck and back of the head are in one line, and it is worth remarking what a foolish appearance such a contour gives an individual. When you see a lack of the rounded sweep or projection of the back of the head above the neck, you will find with it a low order of intellect. The idea that a high forehead is, taken alone, the index of mental superiority is as baseless as any of the exploded propositions of phrenology, with which pseudo-science it deserves to be classed."

Lord Carnarvon, late Viceroy of Ireland, placed a few days ago in Highclere Church a handsome memorial brass bearing the following inscription: "The remains of the above Charles Herbert, buried in Italy, in the Castelli Divolo, 1685, sacrilegiously torn from their graves during the French revolution were recovered by his kinsman Henry, fourth Earl of Carnarvon 250 years afterwards, and, after many vicissitudes, rest here among others of his race and name."

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashion and Other Domestic Jottings.

(Cousin Kate's Budget.)

Entertaining Company.

I pray you, O, excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent, and in your behavior, your heart and your earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and bed be dressed for the traveller, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake, and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.—*Emerson.*

A Plea for the Bustle.

"The sneers of the world at the bustle count for nothing with me. I know whereof I speak and my assertions will be borne out by the testimony of all my sex that the bustle is a positive boon to our weak race. Lordly man supports the weight of his clothing on his shoulders; without the bustle woman would have to struggle along with a profusion of skirts, and generally far outweighing the articles of apparel of her lord and master, resting solely on her hips," writes a lady to a Chicago paper. "Before the bustle came into use thousands of women broke down entirely because they were so handicapped by the decree of fashion.

"It is no exaggeration to say that a woman's dress skirt will weigh three times as much as a man's trousers; yet he keeps his clothing in place with suspenders, while formerly she had nothing whatever to prevent a literal mountain in weight from dragging her down at the hips. The bustle, however, was evolved from the brain of a benefactor of our race years ago, and leaped at once into popularity because it was a blessing only thinly disguised beneath a few folds of dress goods. The skirts are largely supported by this device, and thus the hips are relieved and allowed freedom of action, which formerly was impossible.

"The cynic may sneer and say that we would hide our heads in shame had nature fashioned our bodies after the form they assume when we wear great big overgrown bustles, but he doesn't know that there is as much common sense in the broad support thereby given to our garments as there is in the wide-soled shoes that afford comfort to the feet. The scoffers of the bustle should wear one in order to learn of its blessings."

Household Recipes.

Green tomatoes are very nice if cut into thin slices and rolled in flour and fried in butter and lard mixed.

When black stuff has become rusty the color can be restored by sponging it in strong ammonia water or a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol, which is still better.

If you fear that preserves of any kind are liable to foment, they should be heated to the boiling point and thoroughly scalded to be safe for the winter. The same is true of soup stock.

Creme a Choux.—Take a pint of milk, mix smoothly with a little of it one tablespoonful of potato flour, the yolks of six eggs and pounded loaf-sugar to taste, then add the rest of the milk and any flavoring you may fancy. Cook it au bain marie, and never cease stirring till the cream is done and quite thick. When cold it is ready for use.

A pretty dish for dessert is made by dissolving half a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water, then add half a pint of boiling water. Sweeten to your taste and add any flavoring extract you prefer. Let the gelatine "come to a boil" after you have added the sugar. Take some bananas and peel them and cut them in slices, or lengthwise if they are not too long; lay them into a deep fruit dish, sprinkle sugar over them, and after putting two or three layers in, in this way, pour the gelatine over them. Let this harden and you have a dainty dish. If you choose you can use part oranges and part bananas.

Petits Choux a la Creme.—Put about one pint of water into a saucepan with a few grains of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg and as much sugar, with plenty of grated lemon peel. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste, then take it off the fire, let it remain ten minutes, and work into it three or four eggs. Butter a baking sheet and lay the paste upon it in neat little heaps, about one teaspoonful to each. Bake a nice color in a moderate oven, take them out, sprinkle powdered sugar over them and put them in again for a few minutes. Make an incision in the under side of each and insert a small piece of jam or jelly, or some French custard (creme a choux).

Spots made by rust and some kinds of ink may be removed from woollens by applying oxalic acid. This acid cannot be used on some colors without changing them to a very ugly shade, so it is well to try what effect it has on the color of the goods to be cleaned by putting some on a waste bit before attacking the spot. It is always well to be on the safe side, and to be sure that you will not make matters worse while trying to improve them. In these days of many shades and colors it is not safe to say that what will act as well as could be desired on one shade will not behave in exactly an opposite manner on a different shade of the same color.

Grease spots may be eradicated from black goods by rubbing with a sponge dipped in turpentine, having first laid the stuff over a woollen cloth folded three or four times. Grease spots can be taken from material of any color by covering the place with pipe clay. Powder the clay and moisten it with water to the consistency of thick cream, spread it over the spot and let it dry. After it has been on several hours scrape it off with the blunt edge of a knife, and dust off all the fine powder with a soft brush.

Odds and Ends.

The hot, unhealthy hair-pad has had its day also, and the curving of the skirt is done alone by steels.

The pongee silks with frise stripes of contrasting colors are really a pleasing change from the plain ecru so long worn.

Embroidered pongee is always pretty, and if made up with velvet forms a rich costume.

White corduroy vests closed with pearl buttons are worn with blue or green tailor suits.

A novelty this season is lacing a bodice under the arms. We do not advise this style unless one has a maid.

The neck is often too decollete. The prettier style is the V back and front, with the high short puffs for sleeves instead of the mere straps so much worn down.

Girls of 10 and 15 wear their hair in soft fluffy bangs over their foreheads; the rest is worn low in the neck and held by a braided bow of ribbon.

The tournure is not worn at all in Paris, and only very small in size in England. Any attempt at restoring the crinolette has met with great opposition; no one seems to want it.

All attempts to comb the hair back off the forehead so far have proven fruitless. While the thick band of one year ago is no longer in vogue, light fluffy waves over the forehead are considered *au fait.* The back hair is coiled low on the back of the head, made into a French twist, [illegible] on the top of the head, [illegible] with shell or jewelled pins.

Bulgarian embroidery is to be the next craze; it is worked in colored silks with gold spangles; the embroidery is so close that the material can hardly be seen; this will form panels, collar, vest plastron or revers, and sleeve-cuff or band, as we seem to be getting back to the full sleeve; the latest is the sleeve slightly full at the wrist and gathered into a wristband two inches deep of the embroidery.

A lovely costume just brought over for the envy of those at home is of black satin; lace flounces cover the bottom of the skirt, these of point d'esprit lace with scalloped edges; double aprons of the same lace in net, edged with the scalloped flouncing; the drapery in the back of the net in the approved wing-like shape every one pronounces so charming. Bows, ends and rosettes of lemon ribbon, picot-edged with narrow black through the centre. The bodice, a belted waist, plain back surplice front, with puffed mutton-legged sleeves. How this will delight the grandmothers, and how many of them will exclaim: "The only beautiful waist ever worn!"

Baths in Persia.

The public baths are another source of pleasure to the lowest class of Persians. They are nearly, if not quite, as numerous as the tea-houses. The big majority of them are very meanly built of sun-baked mud bricks, and so carelessly constructed that a roof on one fell in while I was in Teheran, and drove the scores of women who were bathing at the time in precipitous flight through the streets to their homes, clad in nothing but their native modesty, to the great edification of a jeering crowd. And all because a little boy, in a spirit of playful mischief, had been poking on top of this roof, sticking a pole through it. The boy broke a leg, but the women escaped uninjured save in the manner aforesaid. The towels used in there by the customers, male and female, are never washed, but dried in the sun, hung up on strings along the wall facing the street. The price of a bath is generally between 2 cents and 10 cents, which sum includes the services of the "hammamdjees" (servants and professional kneaders in the bath). There are common tanks filled with hot water, in which the first ablutions are performed. The water in these tanks, although often serving for 200 to 500 persons a day, is changed about twice a week, seldom oftener, so there is not much fun about bathing in there. But the fun begins when the bather emerges from the tank, when he or she is kneaded, combed, anointed, dyed, etc., these offices being performed for the men by the hammamdjee and for the women reciprocally. The women resort more to the baths than the men, not because they are cleaner, but because the Koran obliges them to, and because the bath is the great place for gossip, the focus whence all the scandal-mongering, all these idle tales, and all the backbiting, of which Persian women are so fond, radiate.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Romantic Story.

A correspondent had an interview recently with Caroline Guelph, who was relieved lately by the Camberwell Guardians, and who, it will be remembered, claims to be the daughter of George IV. The old lady resides in humble and scantily furnished apartments at Peckham; and, in answer to inquiries, she reiterated her statement that she was George IV.'s daughter. She says she was born in wedlock in Germany—the marriage having been a morganatic one—and was christened at St. Peter's Church, Vienna, on January 16th, 1816. She says she was then brought to England, and that a Mr. and Mrs. Panton, who resided in the Old Kent Road, were paid to adopt her. The old lady is quite familiar with the history and doings of many distinguished members of the aristocracy, and claims to be entitled to the money of the Duke of Brunswick. She also asserts that on one occasion the Queen visited her, and, with tears in her eyes, told her she was a daughter of George IV. The old lady's greatest wish is to obtain the Brunswick money, and she asserts one or two dukes have letters showing her right to it.

Salvation by Slang.

The Canadian pastors who encourage and countenance this sort of thing may rest assured that they must hereafter cater to the vitiated taste which they have done their part in forming among the people. Let them not think that the thousands who for weeks are nightly entertained with the language of the street corner, and get their fill of laughter out of the preaching of the Cross, are going to be satisfied with any other ministry for some time to come. There now must be, to meet this perverted taste, a reconstruction of pulpit methods and speech. Pastors will find, as Mr. Sleary did, that the people must be amused; and hereafter, whether they like it or not, they must study the rhetoric and wit of the turf and club, instead of sacred lore, if they intend to hold the people. We beg to protest, in the name of those whose training and convictions incline them to reverence for holy things, and in the name of Jesus Christ, who is again being made a laughing stock, against this new ministry as dishonoring to God and damaging to men.—*Canadian Baptist.*

Mr. Barnum has the Twins.

The twins of Locana (a village in the district of Ivrea, in the Province of Turin), who some time ago lay dying in a booth in the Prater, about ten days since set sail from Hamburg for New York, where they have to fulfil a three months' engagement with Mr. Barnum. They owe their recovery entirely to Prof. Virchow, of Berlin, who a couple of years ago, when they fell ill in that city, made them his special study, and according to whose prescriptions they were treated this time. The twin who had fallen a prey to lethargy brought on by a fit of anger remained unconscious for twenty-four hours, and during that time was incessantly washed with hot vinegar. When vitality returned both boys were exceedingly weak for many days, and their recovery was not complete until three weeks later, when they set out for Pesth. There they attracted large crowds until the day of their departure for America. They were then in excellent health, although, as the reader perhaps remembers, they never walk, but spend their days in a recumbent position.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Jones was Convinced.

"Jones was at a dinner the other day where there were thirteen at the table," said Brown to his wife, "and he says he is convinced there is truth in the superstition. I went to visit him to day and found him in a sad plight."

"Why, what happened him?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"His mother-in-law had just come to pay a month's visit. He says he will never sit down where there's thirteen at table again. Misfortune is sure to follow."

"Brute!" was her only comment.

—The passengers on the delayed Anchoria were not only cut down to two meals a day, instead of the usual six or so, but during the last few days the allowance of bread was limited, and finally the bill of fare came down to oatmeal, red herring and hardtack. That was probably getting as near to shipwreck as the most adventurous passenger desired.

Amongst the wills proved recently is that of Mr. Henry Vernon, late of Hilton Park, Staffordshire, who "directs his coffin to be placed on a four-wheeled truck and drawn by his cob Black Bess; she is afterwards to be turned out in the park in the summer and kept in a loose box in the winter, and to be well cared for."

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION