CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

The Story of the Renfrew Tragedy as Told by the Murderer.

An Ottawa despatch says: David Googlein, the German who committed the shocking murder recently reported from Raglan, Renfrew county, and who is now in jail at Pembroke awaiting his trial, has made the following confession: "Between 9 and 10 o'clock on Monday morning, after quarrelling, I ordered the woman and children to leave the house. The house was about thirty feet from my house and belonged to me. The woman's husband was there at the time I ordered them out. The husband then went away with a gun to hunt. About two hours after this I went to the barn to cut some straw. While I was doing this Mrs. Werckenthal was taunting and defying me to such an extent that I could stand it no longer; I then went to the house and ordered the woman and children out. She told me she would not go, and used very indecent and insulting language. She then went into the house with her children and I then nailed up the door. I had turned to leave, and had got as far as the corner, when she broke open the door with an axe. I then thought the only way to get them out was to burn down the shanty, so I walked over to my house and got a coal of fire and threw it into their shanty. I then went around the corner of the house and the woman went in the opposite direction, and we met at the back of the house. She said, 'You devil! is this the way you intend to kill me?' And then she picked up a stick of wood to strike me. I also picked up a stick of wood and struck her on the forehead. She then turned her back and I struck her two more blows on the back of the head and she fell to the ground. I then went to my house and said, 'Good-bye, wife and children; you won't see me any more. I am going to put an end to myself.' I then went to the bush to starve myself. On Monday and Tuesday I lost my way in the bush. After finding out my location I started for the Mississippi River with the intention to drown myself. After I got to the river and stood on the brink, I prayed to God to guide me. At this time two grey birds flew close to me, and I took it for an omen not to drown myself, so I started back and struck the Palmer Rapids, and some men took me across the river and accompanied me to Rockingham, when I gave myself up. When I struck the woman I did not intend to kill her. She was not dead when I left her. I did not know she was dead until I reached Rockingham. The reason I left was because I was afraid of her husband, as he had three times before threatened to shoot me. If I had remained there, and the husband found his house burned, and that I had struck his wife, he having his gun in his possession, would without hesitation have shot me. If it is so destined that I should hang for the crime, I am resigned to my fate."

Googlein is a muscular man, dark complexioned, 44 years of age, stands 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs about 180 pounds.

GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

Ireland's Right to Demand Home Rule.

A London cable says: Mr. Gladstone publishes an addendum to his pamphlet on the Irish question in the new and cheap edition just issued. In this he says: "I tried to explain to the Irish deputation at Hawarden that the history of the years preceding the Union, and the manner in which it was brought about, were relevant to the present demand for Home Rule. It is not a matter of rhetoric nor of sympathy, nor of contested expediency, but one of strictly constitutional and judicial argument. Had the Union constituted a morally valid covenant, Ireland would have been morally bound by it. If it proved injurious Ireland could only urge her claims to relief upon general grounds, such as are applicable to constituted legislative improvements, or if Union had not been at the time of its institution a morally binding compact it might have been such, as Mr. Goldwin Smith has justly shown, by subsequent ratification. Neither case occurred. Instead of arguing what does not require argument, I have put into the witness-box two determined opponents, and their declaration is that the Union Acts, which were in the nature of a treaty, were absolutely wanting in the conditions which alone confer moral validity. If possible, it is yet more plain that there has been no subsequent ratification of the union. A forcible effort against the union failed in 1803. The legal pacific movement of 1810 was treated with silent scorn. The military suppressed the county meetings of 1820. From the time of the first Reform Act there has been no acceptance of the union by Ireland which could ratify an Act morally invalid at the outset. With increased political privilege and power Ireland's attitude has become more pronounced, and she is now, in the highest constitutional sense, demanding, not repeal, but important and profound modifications of the Incorporating Act of Parliamentary Union. If all this be so, Ireland's demand is not grounded on mere political expediency, but it is the exercise of a constitutional and judicial right which she possessed in 1799 and has never lost.

MARRIED IN A SHOW-WINDOW

A Pair of Hoosier Lovers Take Advantage of an Offer.

An Indianapolis despatch says: A novel marriage ceremony took place here last night. Some time ago a clothing company advertised that it would give a handsome set of bed room furniture to any couple that would be married in the show-window of the house. Otto Meyer and Miss Eva Johnson, of Morgan County, received the offer, and they were married in the show-window last night, the ceremony attracting 3,000 people to the square. The appearance of the couple was greeted with the most vociferous cheering, which was continued throughout the ceremony. The bridal pair are both members of highly respectable families.

Death of a Scotch General.

A London cablegram says: News has been received here of the death of Major-General Sir Herbert Taylor Macpherson, after two days' illness, from jungle fever. Sir Herbert was commander of the British army of occupation in Burmah at the time of his death, and while his conduct of the expedition against the dacoits has not escaped adverse criticism, competent military authorities admit that he manoeuvred an enterprise of extreme difficulty with equal bravery and sagacity. Sir Herbert was born in 1827, and entered the army when 18 years of age. He was knighted in 1881, and obtained the rank of Major-General the following year.

A C. P. R. Millionaire's Purchase.

A Quebec despatch says: Sir George Stephen has purchased from Hon. Judge Ressier the seigniory and river of Metis, paying $20,000 therefor. He has given instructions to Mr Simon Peters, of this city, for the building, near Metis, of a splendid summer residence for his own use, which, with the surrounding works, will cost about $20,000. The rooms will be finished with wood instead of plaster, three carloads of red cedar having been brought for the purpose from British Columbia.

Paralyzed in the Pulpit.

A Fort Plain (N.Y.) despatch says: Immediately on delivering his sermon on Sunday morning Rev. Dr. Richard H. Robinson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Fort Plain, was partially paralyzed. He was conveyed home and died last night. He was President and prime mover of the Round Lake Religious Association.

REFUGEES OF TWO COUNTRIES

How Unextraditable Rascals Fare in Canada and Across the Line.

A Montreal despatch says: Charles Walters, the Baltimore bank clerk who is wanted for forgery; the McMahon brothers, of Lynn, Mass., the fraudulent debtors; Goldstein, the runaway jeweller of Albany; Bartholomew, the New England bank president, and John C Eno are here and make no secret of their whereabouts. They use no endeavor to conceal their identity, and they may be seen daily sunning themselves on St. James street, reading the ticker quotations "on the street," or smoking a cigar in the rotunda of the Windsor, the fashionable uptown hotel. When "extradition" is mentioned they jauntily reply that they cannot be taken "over" on a misdemeanor.

The New York boodlers continue to live in princely style. Keenan has a suite of six rooms at the Windsor. He drives a fast team, has a governess for his girls, and a McGill College professor to coach his boys every day. De Lacy lives at the same house, and while not so grand in his manner of living, spends not less than $40 a week. At the St. Lawrence Hall, "Billy" Maloney, with his buxom wife and pretty daughter, is quartered. His two boys have entered the Jesuit College, while his youngest girl is a boarder at the Ville Marie Convent, one of the most expensive educational institutions in the Province.

Dempsey and Sayles are also guests at the "Hall," and many is the bottle of wine they make away with. The same house boards Hoexter and Goldstein, while at the Richelieu, in the French quarter, a perfect colony of smaller "boodlers" are found keeping company with the actresses of the second-class theatres.

But while Canada is full of American refugees it must not be supposed that the United States is free from its contingent of Canadian scoundrels. Boston possesses Hunter, the defaulting Montreal notary, who swindled his clients out of $400,000 while Chicago gives a refuge to his son, who aided and abetted his father's frauds. New York harbors Craig, the absconding President of the Exchange Bank of Canada, who ruined the institution and overdrew his accounts to the tune of $200,000, while his brother, the ex-Treasurer of the Montreal Loan & Mortgage Company, finds an asylum in Detroit. Three defaulting corporation officials from this city are now located in New York: O'Meara, ex-city clerk; DeCourcy Harnett, the ex-collection attorney; and Merrill, the ex-cashier. It also harbors the absconding Montreal lawyer, F. B. Keller, who is now a practising attorney of Gotham, the two defaulting notaries Alfred Isaacson and S. B. Houle, and numerous commercial swindlers.

Philadelphia has a guest, Nathan Isaacs, who a few months ago absconded from Montreal, after swindling the banks and his creditors to the tune of $170 000, by means of false invoices. The above are but a few of the many criminals who, by reason of the absence of reciprocal criminal laws, are enabled to carry on reciprocity of crime and enjoy safe harbor of refuge on either side of the line.

STRANGE PUNISHMENTS.

How Criminals Were Treated in the Past.

A Boston paper of 1819 describes the execution of a sentence pronounced by the Russian courts against an author who had published some book on the liberties of the people. A scaffold was erected in the public square; the Czar and great magistrates attended. The leaves of the condemned book were then rolled up in separate pieces and the prisoner forced to swallow them, or literally to eat his own words. The attending physicians agreeing when he had enough for one meal, he was led back to prison. Three unpleasant meals finished the last remnant of the book.

In Salem the wearing of long hair was for some time a criminal offence, but always an abomination for men. When Endicott was magistrate there he caused this order to be passed: "John Gatchel is fyened 10 shillings for building upon the town's ground without leave, and in case he shall cut off his long hair of his head in to revill (same (fewell frame) in the mean time, shall have abated 5 shillings of his fine, to be paid into the town meeting within two months from this time, and shall have leave to go into his building in the mean time."

In Boston, in 1686, for kissing a woman in the street, though but in a way of civil salute, whipping or a fine. Scolds they gagged and set them at their own doors for certain hours together for all comers and goers to gazz at. When an unfortunate woman was accused of witchcraft she was tied neck and heels and thrown into a pond of water; if she drowned, it was agreed that she was no witch; if she swam she was immediately tied to a stake and burned alive.

An Elizabethtown paper of 1786 gives the following: "The Dutch have a mode of execution which is well calculated to inspire terror, without putting the sufferer to extraordinary pain. The criminal is placed on a scaffold, opposite to the gigantic figure of a woman, with arms extended, filled with spikes or long, sharpened nails, and a dagger pointed from her breast. She is gradually moved toward him by machinery for the purpose till he gets within her embrace, when her arms encircle him and the dagger is pressed through his heart. This is vulgarly called among them kissing the yffrow, or woman, and excites more terror in the breasts of the populace than any other mode of punishment."

He Didn't Break Her

An uptown man in ordering a new bedstead got one so low that a man couldn't crawl under it so as to break his wife's habit of looking under the bed every night. She will, however, gets down on her knees and hands, puts one side of her face on the carpet and takes a peep under it each night.

"Why the thunder do you persist looking under the bed when you know it is so low a man can't get under it?" said he in great wrath last night.

"Well, I can't help it; I've got so used to do so. You had no business getting a bed so low that a man can't get under it," she promptly replied.—*Kentucky State Journal*

The Death of Kennedy.

The closing scene at the death-bed of Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, was one eminently characteristic, and one which, in all its essential features, has been witnessed at many a Scottish deathbed, both among the humble and the high. Goodbyes were spoken with characteristic calmness. Hands were shaken and locks were interchanged for the last time. And then, at the father's wish, that singing family, with the sympathizing friends around, raised their voices in the parting hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." The dying father, with faltering tongue, yet with perfect intelligence, tried to join in this his last song. "And so he passed."

The Marquis of Lorne has cast in his lot with Mr. Gladstone, and will contest the Eccleshall Division of Sheffield as soon as an opportunity occurs.

A bee hunter of Vermontville, Mich., discovered a bee tree in which the honey was in layers six inches in diameter and sixty feet from the ground. The owner of the tree would not permit him to cut down the tree, so he hunter cut off the limb by firing seventy five bullets in it.

—A rather unusual law question came up at Waterville, Me., the other day. A man owed a sum of money, and an attachment was put on his watch—a legal attachment. The man was shrewd, and said the timepiece could not be taken, as it was his tool with which he earned a livelihood. He was a watchman.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

The Woman Who Dresses Well.

Age shows nowhere more plainly than about the throat and neck, and as a shelter to the prudent woman come bonnet or shade-hat strings, which to the wise are a veritable refuge. The spectacle again of some stout woman tottering on French heels is one that happily is not very often witnessed; it is occasionally, nevertheless. The foot, perhaps, may have retained a pristine beauty. With pardonable pride she contemplates that foot and wishes others to do the same. Let her sacrifice that foot, however, to a general welfare, wearing her dresses long, and remember that the little totterers supporting an unwieldy weight transform her into a walking absurdity. How about thin ladies? some one might ask. Their position is not a quarter part so risky. Addition is their trump card, of course. Let them add freely, but with a vast deal more care than when young. The freshness of youth brings with it so great a charm that dress is subordinate.—*From the French.*

The Long-Waisted Girl the Fashion.

Now is the time for the long-waisted girls to crow. They are the particular fashion. The old dame's vagaries are many and this fall she has settled on long waists. All the short and dumpy dears are struggling onward and upward, especially upward, while the lengthy women are striving for more length and much limpness. These spiral-waisted creatures are not models of female anatomical loveliness, but symmetry doesn't count when fashion holds the numbers.

A Dirt Armor.

A writer in *Babyhood* says: "I would like to describe something which I have found very useful in keeping my little boy clean. It is a gingham blouse with large full sleeves and gathered into a waist-band to which buttons a pair of gingham drawers, made so large and wide as to take in his skirts. The sleeve is gathered into a wristband. He is dressed for the afternoon and then protected by his 'regimentals,' so that he can play as he likes, being easily made ready for the parlor in two minutes."

Trimming and Ornament.

It is wonderful how cherries and violets hold their own on bonnets. Some women never look as well as they do with the glow of the gay cherries above their dark eyes. Pins, pins with tremendously big heads for heads, are seen in profusion. For a little while, before they get too common, they will do well to use with a knot of velvet, and nothing else. Mixed with half a dozen other things, and they look cheap. Of the earth, earthy! Among the new steel trimmings is a band, not less than five or six inches in width, that has an open edge with the arabesque designs. The face of the trimmings is covered with fine, wrought metal cord in steel color, and, in spaces left for the purpose, are fine steel spangles of various shapes and sizes, stars, crescents, anchors, triangles, rings and many other figures.

Evening fans of gauze, hand-painted and with carved ivory sticks, are among the novelties. They have feather tips made of ostrich plumes turned into a circle. The combinations of color and material, as well as the designs, are exceedingly tasteful and elegant. Ostrich feather fans are shown in new and attractive designs. There are fewer fancy feather fans than were shown last season.

Bangs Will Not Go.

A New York hair-dresser, in response to an inquiry if bangs were going out of fashion, said the other day: "Oh, dear, no! Soft coiffures are the style, and there is nothing which softens and tones down the face, like the short, fluffy hair falling over it in waves. I am glad to say that short hair is no longer in style. Why women, whose attractiveness often lies in the abundance of soft tresses, should cut it off short, is a mystery. I feel sorry oftentimes to see the sacrifice some women and girls make in following so useless a fashion.

The Ideal Sleeping-Room.

The "ideal sleeping-room" will face the east. It will not be less than 15 feet square, with windows on two sides for light and ventilation. For further ventilation it will have an open fireplace. The walls will be hard finished and tinted a color that will be restful to the eye. The woodwork will be finished in its natural color, paint not being admitted. The floor will be of hard, polished wood, with small rugs for comfort that are shakeable weekly. Everything that would invite dust will be strictly excluded, therefore the furniture will have no extra carvings. The one hair mattress will be of the best quality, made in two parts for convenience in turning and airing, with a woven-wire spring beneath. The bed-clothing will be the lightest, at the same time warmest, consisting of blankets and white spread. All extra adornments of lambrequins and fancy things of no use will not find a place here. The curtains will be of thin, washable material. The "coming woman" will plan to have her bed set away from the wall for health's sake as well as convenience. Modern "conveniences" will be let alone as far as stationary washbasin with hot and cold water is concerned, the portable washstand being used instead, she preferring to do a little extra work to running any risk of being slowly and genteelly poisoned. Her bed will be spread open the first thing in the morning and the sunshine and air invited in to do its part toward airing and cleaning the same, and the making of the bed will be the last of the morning duties. The "coming woman" will plan a big closet in each sleeping-room, with a window for ventilation, if a possible thing. It will not be a receptacle for old boots or shoes, nor antiquated bonnets, hats or soiled clothing. There will be plenty of hooks at the proper height for her to reach—not the carpenter—not forgetting to put those in the children's closet at a suitable height for them. The children will be remembered in this house and will have a room with a hardwood floor where all their belongings can be kept and they can play to their heart's content without being told not to do this or that for fear of hurting the carpet or furniture; where everything shall be useable and bangable, plenty of old chairs and boxes for steam cars or circuses where they can decorate the walls with pictures and have a good time generally.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Jottings.

A new opera hoot of bronze has gold thread side lacing.

Etched portmonnaies and tablets for writing on are novelties.

Cleopatra hose of Nile green silk with an asp running up the front are popular.

Small brooches of rare workmanship will be worn with tulle or lace neckwear.

A new fashioned whip has a black ivory monkey on a cat's back for a handle.

A pin of diamonds encircled by a pale pink daisy is delicately frail and charming.

Net purses of silk, in various colors, which are tempting to the eye, hang suspended from my lady's belt and are fastened with an oxidyzed dorine chain and clasp having an animal carved in relief thereon.

A new flower ornament is of Nile green gauze, experimented with a garland of roses.

A charming fichu of tulle and old point lace has tiny shells of mother of pearl scattered over it.

Novel ornaments for the hair or lace neck embellishments are turnip, carrots, etc., of coral, amber and gold settings.

Tiny cuffs and collars have a narrow band of gold or silver galloon in place of the blue, red and duckety mud colors so long in vogue.

A favorite handkerchief, made of rose silk, is very beautiful, the more so as it has a place in the top for that one bean ideal of her fancy in the shape of a photograph case.

A jockey's English cap has embroidered primroses on the red peak, and the crown of nine alternate white and red felt points has the same flower embroidered on the white ones.

Tables at entertainments have been set so long in the horseshoe style that some of the more select ones are going to have them laid square with mirrors in centre and the dessert served a la russe, so as the gay party can contemplate themselves as they feast and quaff the flowing bowl.

DEATH DISAPPOINTS A BRIDE

Suicide of a Chicagoan on the Eve of His Wedding.

A Chicago despatch says: A tragedy of remarkable character this evening prevented what was to have been a brilliant wedding. The bridal couple have occupied an honorable position in the highest social circles, and the bridal preparations had been completed down to the minutest particulars. Miss Minnie F. Rossch, a beautiful, wealthy estimable girl of 20, waited at her home, 194 North State street, with nearly 100 guests. Music, feast and clergymen were in attendance, but the bridegroom, who had left his betrothed less than two hours before the time fixed for the ceremony, failed to make his appearance. The man for whom all were waiting was Julius Lafor, confidential assistant to Schmidt & Lieber, wholesale liquor mercants. He is 35 years of age, a member of the Germania Maennerchor, is widely known throughout the city, and is a general favorite. Believing that some accident had befallen him a friend at last hurried to his apartments on Chestnut street. The house was locked, none of the occupants at hand, and no sign of the bridegroom. An entrance was finally effected with the aid of the police. In Lafor's chamber stretched upon the bed in his wedding garments was the bridegroom with a bullet in his forehead, dead. Two scraps of paper bearing somewhat incoherent inscriptions were found. In the writing he complained that he had not the moral courage to proceed with the marriage. Word of the tragedy was hastily brought back to the waiting bride. An attempt was made to break the news gently, but at the first intimation of the death she shrieked and fainted, while the gaily attired guests departed in confusion.

Burden Bearers of Morocco.

If you walk along the bay at Tangier (which, by the way, is one of the most splendid strands imaginable) you will meet droves of women, each carrying enormous bundles of grass or charcoal for market; the bale covers their heads and their burdens, the weight of which is usually further supplemented by a baby in a kerchief, slung pouchwise about her some where where there is room. This trait, which almost seems borrowed from the kangaroo, is the invariable way of carrying a baby, and the women work and wash, wearing their babies in this marsupial fashion as naturally as some primitive Australian animal would did it but work and wash; and in the streets, too, under the white hanks of the townswomen one sees bulging out the little skulls of infants, as in Donnybrook in the old days when the crowns of overtaken revelers, showing through the canvas tents, become irresistible spheres of attraction to passing shillalahs. But to return to our women, who are trudging along the sands, perhaps eight or ten together—perhaps it is a family party, a husband, wife and daughter, in which case there is generally a donkey, who shares the loads pretty fairly with the two ladies, except that he has the further privileges of carrying their mutual lord and master, who sits up between the grass-woven baskets with a dignified unconsciousness of any calls of gallantry. Indeed, I believe that the ladies would feel utterly unbefitting and indecent were their position reversed, and I believe that even the donkey bred in Mousammedan usages would resent it. I think I have only once seen a country woman riding while one of the noble sex walked, but in this case she was evidently too old to get home otherwise.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Book of Mormon.

It is not dissimilar to Mohammed's account of his visit and revelation. But Mohammed at that time was 40 years of age, while Smith had his vision at 22. Mohammed lived in an age of Cummerian darkness, and his new religion was a manifest improvement upon the idolatry and polytheism of Arabia. Smith lived in the nineteenth century, and his new theology was stupid and retrogressive. Mohammed was a prosperous merchant and of high reputation. Smith was a man of no standing and no influence. Yet Mormonism gained more converts in the first three years than Mohammedanism Smith made a pretence of translating the gold plates, the resulting production being popularly known as the "Book of Mormon," or sometimes as the "Gold Bible." It is dull and prolix in the extreme, and is what Mark Twain would pronounce "chloroform in print." It is a bold attempt to counterfeit the "Jewish Chronicles," and is about as long as the Old Testament. It purports to detail the flight from Jerusalem, about 600 B C., or before its destruction, of Lehi with his wife and sons, Ishmael with his sons and daughters, and Zoram, many of whom subsequently intermarried. Lehi believed in the coming of a Messiah, and was reviled by his countrymen, and so he set out under God's guidance to escape from them. After eight years' wanderings in a southeasterly direction, amid hardships and privations, they arrived on the sea shore. Here there were constructed, according to command, vessels which bore them across the great sea, finally reaching this continent, and, according to later Mormon revelation, the coast of Chili.—*G R Gibson, in New Princeton Review for September.*

Overheard in a Lunatic Asylum.

It is true, my son, there is always room at the top, but nobody wants it when he goes to a hotel. And the great trouble with the strawberry box is that there is so little room at the bottom. The best scoller often stands at the foot of the class. Never buy a thermometer because it is low. The Romans called a day *dies* just to kill time probably. The hens in the barn yard and belles in the ball room have their own set. The woman whose head is turned by flattery would feel much flatter if she heard what is said when her back is turned. Women do not swear, but the profanest man in America would give $5 if he could imitate the expression of a good woman when she hits her thumb with the hammer and says, "Mercy on me!" A man dreamed that his mother-in-law was dead and laughed aloud in his sleep. The next morning she came to his house with three trunks, a vapor bath, a foot muff and two pugs. Now he does not dare to go to sleep, and if he should fall into a doze from exhaustion he shrieks with fright and awakes. He is afraid he will have another dream. I please Dr Mary Walker if you say this you mister white-hat was away.—*Burdette.*

Seventeen quails were seen in the streets of Newark, N.J., on Sunday. Sportsmen say this is a sign of an early and severe winter.

The arrival at New York of M. Meyer, the Parisian art dealer with Makart's great picture of "Christ Before Pilate," which it is said he intends exhibiting throughout the country, has caused a flutter of excitement among the foreign art dealers in the country.

LILLIE LANGTRY.

How She Takes Daily Care of Her Beautiful Self.

This notice appeared above the polished bell knob of 381 West Twenty-third street: "Our personal friends and gentlemen of the press will be received. All others must apply by letter. Lillie Langtry." The notice is in the writing of the beauty, and the signature, which is large enough to be read almost from the street, is identical with that which, side by side with the eminent Brooklyn preacher's, has immortalized a London soapmaker. Mrs Langtry is always awakened at 9 o'clock in the morning, no matter at what hour she retires. She then spends ten minutes

IN AN ICE COLD BATH,

into which she splashes without an instant's hesitancy. She goes back to her couch for half an hour's nap, from which she is again aroused by her maid, who brings on a dainty silver salver some fruit, a Sevres cup of Russian tea and all the morning newspapers. Before she arises, Mrs. Langtry has seen every mention of herself in the papers, and run over sufficient of the current topics of the day to make herself familiar with them. Then the maid comes in and the morning toilet is made. At 10 30 o'clock the secretary arrives, and the actress' correspondence is dictated. At 11 o'clock Mrs Langtry takes up the foils and, after a rapid bout with her master, to keep herself in form, she goes to rehearsal. As a fencer, it is doubtful if she has a superior in gowns among those of her profession, or amateurs. She is clever with the pistol, and never misses a card at fifteen paces.

TO HER VAPOR BATHS

Mrs. Langtry attributes her complexion and three times a week she undergoes either the Turkish or Russian mode. She habitually uses white castile soap, with warm water, for her face every night upon her return from the theatre and before retiring for the night. In the use of tooth powder she is very conservative. She does not believe in the use of powder or cosmetics in the hours of daylight. The beauty's favorite perfume is wood violet and it comes from the quaint cathedral town of Canterbury. Long ago, one morning she had been to the cathedral, and as she walked up a lane near some delightful perfume filled the air. There was a little chemist's establishment, and the proprietor was asked whence the odor came. He said it was from the distilling of violets which he gathered in the woods. They all purchased some of his scent, and it became famous. The obscure chemist is now a rich perfumer. Mrs. Langtry's ears are not pierced and earrings are never seen in the pink lobes. She never wears her wedding ring, but on the third finger of the left hand a slender band of yellow gold holds an immense turquoise. Mrs. Langtry keeps two distinct robes, one for home and one for the theatre. When she goes to the theatre in the evening she takes a shower bath and then changes her entire costume for the theatrical wardrobe. A manicure always meets her at this hour, and the nails are polished to rose tints when she leaves.—*New York despatch to Boston Herald*

ST. ANDREW BROTHERHOOD.

A Widespread Organization to Bring Young Men Into the Episcopal Church.

A Chicago despatch says: The first annual convention or council of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, an Episcopal Church organization which originated three years ago in Chicago in St. James' parish, was held in the Central Music Hall last evening. Delegates were present from twenty chapters, representing eight dioceses, extending from Connecticut to Nebraska. A constitution was adopted, a central committee elected, and preparations made for greatly extending the Brotherhood. The objects of the organization are embodied in two vows taken by all its members: To pray daily for young men, and to labor individually to bring young men into the Church.

Something Like a Tyrant.

Scene: Interior of the Czar's bomb-proof study, guarded by a small army of Horse, Foot and Artillery. The Emperor of Russia and his most trusted aide-de-camp discovered conversing in whispers. Czar—"So, at my contemptuous nod, the heroic Alexander of Battenberg has been ignominiously driven from his Principality?" Aide—"Certainly, your Majesty." Czar—"And now to arrange a matter of far greater importance. Have you lined the railroad with armed troops?" Aide—"Yes, your Majesty." Czar—"Given them loaded rifles with fixed bayonets, ready to fire upon any one who comes within a thousand yards of the road along which I have to travel?" Aide—"Yes, your Majesty." Czar—"And have you got me three trains, so that by frequent changes I may baffle the conspirators?" Aide—"Yes, your Majesty." Czar—"And are all the stations carefully fortified, so that a surprise is impossible?" Aide—"Yes, your Majesty." Czar—"And is the route flooded with police spies, prepared, at the smallest sign of danger, to sound an alarm?" Aide—"Yes, your Majesty." Czar—"And are you *quite* sure there is no one is looking?" Aide—"Yes, your Majesty." Czar—"Then I think I may venture to travel from one town in my dominions to another." [Does so.]—*Punch.*

A Slave to Milk.

A stock broker dropped into a Broad street saloon yesterday, and the barkeeper, seeming to anticipate his wants, put before him a large glass of creamy milk, which was drunk with such evident relish that, when he had gone, a gentleman inquired of the cocktail dispenser if there was much of a call for the beverage. "You'd be surprised," was the answer, "if you knew to what an extent milk is drunk. Take the case of that person who just went out. He used to average twenty drinks of whiskey or brandy a day over this bar. When it had begun to tell on him he saw a physician, who advised him to take a glass of good rich milk whenever he felt a craving for drink. He did as the doctor advised. He has not taken a cocktail to my knowledge for four months, but is now averaging over twelve glasses of milk a day. He told me the other morning that he has come to have a craving for the lacteal fluid fully as great as for whiskey, and he was confident it would break him all up if his supplies were to be cut off."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Something in a Name.

What's in a name? Not much, as we all know. If that were all, it would not matter. But it is very often an expensive luxury. "It should be publicly known" said the coroner yesterday, that "it is a great mistake for parents to christen their children with too many names. Some short time ago a young man who had three Christian names was left a legacy of £100, but the testator in his will only referred to one name, and the consequence was that it cost the legatee £40 to obtain the sum bequeathed to him." Twenty pounds for each of the unnecessary names is a big price. But what use is it for the coroner to preach common sense to the poor as long as the fashion continues to be set in the other direction by the rich? Take the royal family, for instance. The Queen's children were christened with an array of three names apiece, so that, coupled with the consequent inconvenience and her recent date, they have every all five names piece.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A pastor in this city has on the wall of his study in large, but not too conspicuous, letters, for the benefit of his visitors, this Scriptural benediction: "The Lord bless thy goings out."—*Detroit Christian Herald.*

SCOTLAND.

Singular Scene in Church—Highland Mary Remembered—Storm and Floods—Notable Deaths.

The Town Council of Glasgow have determined to promote a National Exhibition in that city in 1888.

In consequence of the lamented death of Colonel Macpherson, of Cluny Macpherson the annual gathering dinner of the "Black Watch," which was to have taken place at Edinburgh on the 6th inst., was postponed.

Mr. John Graham, of Skelmorlie, dropped down dead on the 4th inst. at his residence. He was aged 90 years, and was the senior partner of the firm of Graham & Co., Glasgow, Manchester, Lisbon, Calcutta and Bombay. The firm is over 100 years' standing.

Mr. James Hunter, of Glenapp, died on the 5th inst., at his residence, in Ellisburgh, from inflammation of the lungs. Mr. Hunter, who was in his 68th year, was a native of Muirkirk, and had nearly all his life been identified with the Coltness Iron Company, of which he was a partner.

It is understood that in the event of Mr. Carnegie's offer being accepted by the Edinburgh citizens, steps will be taken to acquire the southwest end of Chambers street, in the city, extending from the new wing of the Science and Art Museum to Lindsay Place and Brinto, for the erection of the library buildings.

At a meeting of the Glasgow Free Church Presbytery, on the 6th inst., reference was made to the deaths of the Revs. Dr Kerr, of the U. P. Church; Dr Fleming Stevenson, of the Irish Presbyterian Church; Professor Binnie, Aberdeen; Mr. Mudie, Arbroath, and Mr. Jolly, of West Port, Edinburgh.

The personal estate of the late Mr. James Thomson Gibson-Craig, W.S., Edinburgh, amounts as per inventory to £68 769 5s. 7d. It is said that his library, one of the most valuable ever collected in Scotland, and containing many important manuscripts and letters from eminent persons, is to be sold in London in the spring.

The Earl of Fife's annual dinner to his tenantry was held on the 30th ultimo at New Mar Lodge, Braemar. Amongst the guests were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Henry James, all of whom took part in a torchlight ball in the pine wood.

The Glasgow Cowal Society has resolved to erect a memorial at the birthplace of Burns' "Highland Mary," on the farm of Auchmore, at Dunoon. It has been arranged to limit the individual subscription to one shilling, in order that a large number of the poet's admirers may have an opportunity of contributing to the cost of the monument.

Considerable damage was caused to the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, by a heavy rainstorm on the 8th inst. A level portion between the hill and Holyrood was flooded to such an extent that traffic had to be suspended. The main sewer was unable to carry off the water and burst in two places, one of the rents being several feet long. A fall of rock took place from the face of Salisbury Crags, fortunately without injuring any one.

A great sensation was caused in a church in the vicinity of Forres, Morayshire, on Sunday, Sept. 26th. Just as the minister had entered the pulpit, a man rose in the body of the church holding a huge manuscript in his hand. Reading from it he requested the "prayers of the congregation on behalf of a certain individual who had accused him of dishonesty." The individual for whom the prayers were asked was present in the church, but gave no sign. He accepted the prayers with equanimity. After some other remarks the man sat down, and the service proceeded as usual.

QUEER STORY OF A BOY.

Willie Brough, of Turlock, Cal., said to Possess Supernatural Characteristics.

A San Francisco special says: Investigation of the story about Willie Brough, the boy living at Turlock, in the San Joaquin valley, who was supposed by superstitious people to set fire to objects by merely fixing his eyes upon them, exploded that part of it, of course. He is evidently overcharged with electricity to a remarkable extent. The snapping of his fingers causes sparks to fly. The postmaster of Turlock had him relate gleefully how he set fire to wall paper by this means. An insurance agent, it is alleged, had refused to take more risks on property in the neighborhood so long as the boy remained there. The man, however, denies this statement, but confirms the story of the peculiar electric phenomena and declares himself deeply interested from a scientific point of view. Popular excitement has been so great since the story of the sinister power of Master Brough was circulated that the father has felt impelled to move away, and has gone to reside on the other side of the San Joaquin River, taking refuge with his family in a cottage in the cottonwood timber, a long way from village or railroad. A reporter found him there. He denied that his son had caused fires, but admitted he had told him that when lying in bed at night he saw sparks flying about him. Willie is an extremely nervous boy, 11 years old, with a largely developed head. In a melancholy way he said that he did not know how the mysterious fires occurred, but said he saw sparks about his own body at night. M. A. Kuhlman, who keeps a school in Mercer county, in which the alarm first began, describes how five fires broke out in one afternoon in different parts of the school-house, being caused by no visible agency. Other scholars were hastily dismissed, but Willie Brough was detained. A few minutes later he fixed his eyes on a hay-shed a few yards distant and called the teacher's attention to the fact that smoke issued from the same. Very soon it was in a blaze. The teacher forbade him attending school any more. He does not believe him guilty of arson, but is inclined to think he is the victim of supernatural agencies. On the previous Sunday eleven mysterious blazes occurred in the house of William's father. One broke out at a corner of the roof, another in some bedding on the middle of the floor, and the third charred some grain sacks in the barn. Willie looked at a straw stack near by and flames issued out of the top. The mother of the boy is prostrated with excitement and anxiety. Many of the inhabitants of the county around Turlock are spiritualists, and implicitly believe that no natural explanation can account for these occurrences.

He Shut Up Like a Jack Knife.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Topnoddy to his wife, after a little domestic jar, "a fool is not the worst thing in the world."

"Possibly not, Topnoddy," she replied shortly.

"On the contrary, my dear," he continued, "I think a fool is more sinned against than sinning, and that he is in many respects a superior person, and"——

"Self praise is half scandal, Topnoddy," she interrupted, "and I wouldn't say any more if I was you."

He didn't.—*Washington Critic.*

An insurance company that will insure Dan Flower's Monte a cattle ranch and secure himself against all loss this winter can have $250,000. This is Flower's standing offer.

A thriving business is done in Boston by a man who hires out dress suits. The *Post* of that city says that Harvard students are customers. The charge for an evening is three dollars.

The spendthrift's justification: "A man cannot live on his income and under it at the same time."

The Sound of Life.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the seaman's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green doll by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale, that has been told
In days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the listening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling lips beneath the old roof tree;
A lifted latch, and a radiant face
By the opening door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old church yard on a green hill side,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fisherman's boat going out with the tide
In the fading glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The light that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year.

TEN YEARS MARRIED.

The Old, Old Story of a Husband's Neglect.

"Are you going to the lecture, Henry?" I said, as I saw my husband one evening putting on his overcoat after tea.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I wish you would take me," I answered.

"Really, Mary, I think home is the proper place for a mother."

"But one of my sisters would look after the children. I do so want to hear this great lecturer."

"Tell the truth, I have but one ticket," was the reply as he went out of the door, "and I don't think I can afford to buy another."

My husband and I had been married for several years. Before the marriage he had been unusually attentive, even for a lover, and if another gentleman spoke to me he was jealous. When there was a lecture or concert anywhere he always took me. If I was invited to a party he was only too glad to attend me. But now "parties are a bore," he says, "he can't think why women wish to go to them." Then he was all affection.

Now, he acts as if it would lower his dignity to show his love to me or my children; and if I offer him a kiss or a caress he is almost certain to refuse me. I cannot complain that he neglects his more obvious duties. He gives me plenty of money for dress, lives well, and is even talking of buying a house. But he seems to think that a wife has no business with anything but housekeeping, and never needs change of scene or other recreation. "What's the use of a woman," he says, "going about? Home is the place for her."

It may be so, but after a hard day's work I often feel as if a walk in the fresh air, or a visit to a neighbor's would be a real blessing. I said to him the other evening when he was going out:

"Won't you stay at