SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Sensational Close of a Triple Murder Trial in Paris.

A Paris cable says: The Pranzini trial came to an end at half-past 6 o'clock last evening in the presence of a most dazzling bouquet of Parisian *mondaines*, artists and *demi-mondaines*. Among the spectators sitting near me I noticed the Comtesse de Bouchon, the Duchesse de Fitzjames, Mlle Rossita Mauri and a bevy of dancers from the Opera. Sitting right behind me [illegible] Mlle. Jeanne [illegible] trial eating chicken sandwiches and now and then refreshing herself from a little silver flask.

Pranzini stood cool but pale, listening to every word uttered by his counsel, and now and then he turned his eyes toward the pretty women and bewitching toilets that made the courtroom resemble a flower garden.

When the prisoner's counsel, Maître Demange—who is considered at the bar one of the most accomplished rhetoricians since Maître Lachaud—ended his speech with the words, "Pranzini demande la vie avec toutes ses jouissances—la vie avec les femmes; la vie avec le jeu," Pranzini stretched out his left arm, and with stentorian voice shouted:

"Give me death or give me liberty; I am innocent!"

The jury retired, and after an hour and three-quarters' deliberation they returned a verdict of guilty as to the murder of Marie Regnault and her servant, but said that the killing of the little girl was without premeditation.

The President, eyeing Pranzini ferociously, said, "Pranzini, have you anything to say?"

Pranzini answered in dry, crisp tones, and with clenched teeth, "*Non!*"

Then the judge pronounced the death sentence. The ladies cried "Oh! Oh!" and many fainted away, causing a tremendous tumult. Pranzini motioned with his hands as if he wanted to speak. A dead silence ensued. Pranzini then muttered, "I swear to God I am innocent!"

And this closed the trial for the triple murder of the Rue Montaigne.

KILLED IN COLD BLOOD.

Prominent Washington Citizen Knifed to Death on the Streets by a Laboring Man.

A last (Wednesday) night's Washington despatch says: The most sensational murder that has occurred here since the assassination of President Garfield was committed about 5 o'clock this evening on the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, opposite the northeastern end of the Treasury Department Building. Mr. J. C. Kennedy, an attorney and real estate agent, one of the oldest residents of Washington and a personal acquaintance of many of the most prominent people of the National Capital, was murdered in cold blood and apparently without provocation by John Daily, a white laborer. A few minutes before 5 o'clock Mr. Kennedy left his office, just above Riggs' Bank, and crossed the street to the opposite corner, where he mailed several letters. He then started to take a car of the Fourteenth street road. When he was within a few feet of the car Daily, who had been loitering around the corner for several hours, walked up behind him and drawing a large, keen-bladed knife, similar to those used by butchers in killing hogs, ran it into Mr. Kennedy's right side near the abdomen with a vicious lunge, and then gave it a jerk sideways. Mr. Kennedy fell to the ground, and after giving one cry of "Murder," groaned deeply and pointed to his murderer, who made no attempt to escape. A crowd assembled, and HenryAson, a colored watchman, seized Daily, who had stood looking on, apparently the most unconcerned and self-possessed man in the crowd. Mr. Kennedy expired in about five minutes. The excitement rose rapidly and the crowd grew boisterous, threatening to hang the murderer. Daily paid but little attention to them and refused to say why he committed the crime. Once when provoked he turned serenely to the crowd and said, "Yes, I killed him—d—n him." It was with difficulty that the crowd was restrained until Daily was conveyed to the station.

COL. REYNOLD'S ROMANCE.

Why a Rich South Carolinian Took His Slave for a Wife.

A Columbia, S. C., despatch says: A special to the *Daily Register* from Sumter, S. C., reports the death in that county last Saturday of Colonel William J. Reynolds, in the 79th year of his age. Colonel Reynolds, fifty years ago, was one of the most promising young men in the State, and was noted for his industry, integrity and active interest in military affairs. He fell deeply in love with a beautiful young girl belonging to one of the first families in Claremont county, and made suit for her hand. He seemed to be favorably regarded by the girl herself, but her parents had more ambitious views for her, and would not allow her to marry him. Nothing daunted, the young man went to work to win a name and position which would render him more acceptable to the parents. He was elected to represent his county in the State Legislature; served one term with credit and distinction, and returning to his home made another effort to secure the hand of the girl to whom he was attached. He was again refused; but after he had been elected a third time over prominent and wealthy competitors the opposition to him was apparently silenced, the young woman promised to be his wife, and all the preparations were made for the wedding. At the last moment she wrote a note saying that she had yielded to the wishes of her mother and must decline to fulfil her engagement. This broke up Colonel Reynolds' life and career. After brooding for a long time over his disappointment he took for a wife a negro girl who had been his slave, and lived with her to the last, regardless of public opinion and the entreaties of his relatives. He reared a large family of children, and himself drew up a will providing for them all and putting them on an equality with his own nearest relatives. He left an estate consisting of some thousands of dollars in money and 1,000 acres of land, and it is thought that the validity of the will will be sustained.

THE NOBLE NOODLES

Who Admire Mrs. Leslie Will Not Fight.

A London cable says: There will be no duel between the Marquis de Leuville and the Russian Prince Kristoff, who a few days ago played respectively the parts of cowhider and cowhided in Hyde Park. The Marquis thirsted for blood, so he told his friends, but various influences, which were brought to bear, induced the Prince to disappoint the noble Marquis in his longing. He was appealed to by Mrs. Leslie not to increase a painful scandal, and declared that consideration for her feelings was sufficient to induce him to let the Marquis alone. He has proposed marriage to Mrs. Leslie and has been refused, but that did not diminish his princely politeness and consideration. Mrs. Leslie, who has great confidence in the ability of the Marquis to do things well, also advanced the argument that the Marquis, who she says, is the best duellist in the world, would either wound or kill him, and that it was beneath him entirely to be run through or shot by a man like De Leuville. The Prince refused to consider the question of danger, but he decided that if Mrs. Leslie's feelings were not at stake, his dignity as a genuine and unquestioned prince would prevent him from fighting with a gentleman who was not even a genuine and an unquestioned marquis.

GOVERNING IRELAND.

Lord Churchill Adversely Criticises the Land Bill—Goschen Defends It—Speeches by Gladstone and Parnell—Crime in Kerry—Juries that Won't Convict.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons this evening, Lord Randolph Churchill, resuming the debate on the Land Bill, objected [illegible] issue. There was a general agreement, however, [illegible] imperatively necessary to afford relief to the Irish tenantry. It was a great mistake to impute a want of good faith to the Government in the proposals of the Bill. The Government had been forced to offer a temporary land measure before the session closed, for no more odious duty could devolve upon the Irish Government than to administer the Crimes Act unaccompanied by a measure which would satisfy the tenantry. (Cries of hear, hear.) Proceeding to examine the clauses of the Bill, he supported Mr. Dillon's criticisms on the restrictions of the lease-holders' clause, which he hoped the Government would amend. He did not see that the tenantry would derive any benefit from the clause dealing with evictions. (Parnellite cheers.) He would fear to entrust Irish agents, the advisers of the landlords, with the powers conferred upon them by that clause. (Cries of "Oh!" from the Conservative benches and cheers.) What would have been the state of Ireland if this clause had been in operation last winter? He did not doubt that from one-quarter to one-half of the tenantry would have been in a state of tumult and disorder appalling to contemplate. It was not within the limit of physical possibilities to deal with the clause this session. The Bill must be lightened by throwing it over. The bankruptcy clauses were equally objectionable, inasmuch as they would tend to lower the moral tone of the tenantry, besides producing an immeasurable mass of litigation. The Government, in view of the large number of tenants who it was expected would be forced into bankruptcy, seemed to be trying to build up a system of national credit on a widespread foundation of national insolvency. If the Government, with the Irish members, would agree to deal with arrears and a revision of the judicial rents instead of the bankruptcy clauses, the Bill would be deprived of its worst features and would become acceptable to the country. (Cheers.)

Sir William Harcourt congratulated Lord Randolph on his clear exposition of the defects of the Bill. If Lord Randolph's speech led to a new development of the Bill, the House would have no difficulty in passing it. Lord Randolph had performed a capital operation under chloroform upon the measure, transforming its nature and leaving the mere skeleton of the Bill. If the Government assented, the House would try to put some decent clothing on the skeleton. Let the Government throw overboard the clauses that both Tories and Liberals opposed, and the Bill going without delay into committee would find an easy passage.

Mr. Goschen, speaking in behalf of the Government, said that while they would not attempt to disguise the difficulty of their task, they must refuse to buy a single vote by making any concession against their convictions. Dwelling upon the temporary character of the Bill, he said the Government would do their best to meet the views of the gentlemen on the other side with regard to the leaseholders' clause. He boldly defended the eviction clause. He defended the bankruptcy clauses, and denied Lord Churchill's assertion that the Government was trying to found a system of national credit. He opposed the plan for a revision of rents advised by the Cowper Commission as fatal to the coming land purchase measure.

Mr. Parnell said he thought Mr. Goschen was looking rather to the enhanced value of his property under his future Land Purchase Bill than to the interest of the Irish tenants. The Government proposed to abolish evictions by executing them under another name, with the object of getting rid of the record of such transactions as evictions. The attempt to bolster up the judicial rents as the basis for purchase would defeat its own end, because the land would not be purchased on the judicial basis. The present measure would simply be regarded as a monument of stupidity and inaptitude. A speedy revision of rents was absolutely necessary.

Mr. Gladstone thought the debate had been conducted with great ability. Presuming that the Government maintained an open mind with regard to the suggestions made he thought it needless to press the amendment to a division, but that the House should be left at liberty to amend and substantially improve the Bill. The committee understood that if pressed to do so, the Government were willing to drop the bankruptcy clauses. He reminded the House that those clauses constituted what the Government had always put forward as a prominent part of the Bill and that no substitute was proposed. Assuming that Mr. Chamberlain intended to press his amendments, Mr. Gladstone called attention to and hailed his speech with great satisfaction. There was no reason to compel the Government to reject the suggestion with regard to the revision of judicial rents, and there was no apparent disposition on the part of the House to sustain the Government in rejecting the proposals of the Cowper commission. The Opposition had obtained a vantage ground which they could not have anticipated a week ago, and with the prospect of a still further improvement in the views with which the measure was regarded by the other side of the House, he had hoped the amendment would not be pressed.

The amendment was negatived and the Bill read a second time without division. It was decided to consider this Bill in committee on Thursday next.

In the House of Lords this afternoon Baron Ashbourne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, moved the second reading of the Crimes Bill. After speeches by Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Carnarvon and others, the Bill was read a second time.

A Dublin cable says: Justice O'Brien, in his address to the Grand Jury of County Kerry yesterday, stated that there was a decrease of crime in the county. He said he could not, however, congratulate the people on the fact, the cause of it being the complete subjugation of the peaceable members of the community to a lawless organization, which was now allowing the well-disposed a little repose from violence. Notwithstanding this there were 60 cases of malicious injury before the jury, showing that a deplorable amount of crime was still committed with impunity. The applications for protection had also increased. The social tyranny had extended to mercantile and legal dealings, resulting in the complete suspension of the law.

Full reports of the first criminal trials which took place on Wednesday for resisting eviction with scalding water, compiled [illegible] have just reached here from Limerick. Justice Johnson presided at the assizes. It seems that on the estate of the Earl of Devon a sheriff, thirty constables and eight bailiffs had evicted a tenant named Hallinan. There had been the usual barricade of trees, timber and rocks. Six men and three women—part belonging to the family of the tenant and the others being neighbors—were the resistants and indicted. Evidence was given by the bailiffs establishing beyond doubt the identities of those of the accused who threw boiling water and scalding porridge and used pitchforks through the orifices made by the besieging bailiffs. It was distinctly shown that one prisoner thrust a red-hot iron bar through one of the orifices, burning an emergency man. Local solicitors appeared for the accused and watched the case, but there was no barrister. Not a bit of evidence for the defence was adduced, and no address was made in favor of the prisoners. Justice Johnson summed up pointedly against the accused, but, after some hours' deliberation, a majority of the jurors favoring acquittal, they were discharged, the judge roundly scolding the unknown dissentients. Five men were next tried for riotous conduct at another eviction on the same estate. In this case [illegible] In a short time the jury acquitted the accused, amid the cheers of the spectators.

OVER A BANK WITH A BURGLAR.

Mr. Bleakly's Thrilling Encounter with a Midnight Visitor.

A story of a thrilling midnight tussle with a burglar comes from Verplanck, New York State. For some weeks Tarrytown, Peekskill and other towns along the Hudson have been visited at frequent intervals by marauders who have entered and robbed houses, and when pursued, have escaped in a small yacht in which their nocturnal excursions are made. The gang numbers five men and usually includes a boy, who crawls through windows or transoms and opens the doors for his pals. Wednesday night they visited Verplanck and entered the houses of A. Bleakly, D. Tuttle and two others. At Tuttle's they secured a watch, but were frightened off at the other places without booty, one of their number barely escaping capture at the hands of Mr. Bleakly. Mrs. Bleakly, who has been ill, was aroused by some one fumbling under her pillow. She asked if it was her husband and received a muttered affirmative from the burglar. She detected the strange voice, however, and her cries brought Mr. Bleakly from a lounge in an adjoining room, where he lay asleep. He grappled with the intruder and a fierce struggle ensued in the dark. Mr. Bleakly finally succeeded in wrapping his fingers in the burglar's mustache, and was speedily subduing him, when the latter fastened his teeth in the captor's hand, and freeing himself, dashed through the door. Mr. Bleakly, though clad only in his nightrobe, pursued and again grappled the thief in front of the house. In the struggle which followed both men rolled down a steep embankment upon which the house stands, and fell heavily upon the rocks below. Here the burglar again broke away and disappeared through a neighboring alley. Mrs. Bleakly, who had arisen from her bed and followed her husband to the street, where she stood calling upon the neighbors for help, was thoroughly prostrated with fright and her life is despaired of. The thief is described as short and thick set, with a mustache and curly hair.

TURNED THE HOSE ON THEM.

A Lively Battle Between Railroad Laborers and the City Authorities at Youngstown, O.

A Youngstown (O.) despatch says: A regular pitched battle between about fifty Pittsburg & Western Railroad employees, mostly Italians, on one side, and the whole city police force, with twenty-five specials, the City Engineer and Street Commissioner's force, every member of the City Council and Fire Department, under the leadership of Marshal Williams, on the other, took place at 1.30 yesterday afternoon. Contractor Kelly, of the Pittsburg & Western, had a construction train standing across Mill street, making a roadbed about three feet above its grade, when the city forces at a given signal, blown on the fire whistle, put in an appearance, and two well directed streams from three-inch nozzles soon drowned the railroaders out. They deserted their locomotive and cars and the police mounted the locomotive. The railroaders rallied and climbed upon it, and a battle took place. Revolvers were drawn, the police used clubs and both parties fought until they all tumbled out of the engine cab. By this time 2,000 people had congregated and a hand-to-hand fight occurred. The police again captured the locomotive and pulled the train out of reach. Several arrests have been made, among them Contractor Kelly, who is now in the lock-up. The city forces are now shoveling away the obstructions, and police are guarding the crossing.

THE LATE YACHT CALAMITY.

Three More Bodies Recovered—A Distressing Incident of the Accident.

A Brooklyn despatch says: Three more of the bodies of the ill-fated pleasure seekers who went down with the yacht Mystery were recovered at Point Breeze yesterday afternoon, and there are only twelve now missing. One of the saddest incidents of the disaster came to light to-day. A month ago Chas. Gargot, of 86 Park avenue, after having been out of employment for some weeks, secured a lucrative position in a Chicago plate glass establishment. He went on, leaving his wife and two children at home. They were drowned. Yesterday a letter came from Chicago to 86 Park avenue. Mrs. Gargot's brother received it, and seeing it addressed to his dead sister in the familiar hand-writing of her husband, forwarded it to Mr. Gargot's brother. He opened it and found within an affectionate letter to the dead wife and money to pay her expenses to Chicago with her children. There was an admonition to come at once.

Krupp Dead.

A Berlin cable says: Frederick Krupp, the well known German metal founder and gigantic steel gun manufacturer, died yesterday in his villa near Essen, Rhenish Prussia. Herr Krupp was born at Essen, 1812. The enormous manufactory at Essen was established by the father of the deceased in 1827. At first the elder Krupp had only two workmen, and the works were conducted on the most limited scale; but under the supervision of the son they attained to their present gigantic proportions. Herr Frederick was the discoverer of the method of casting steel in very large masses. He sent to the London Exhibition of 1851 a block weighing 45 German quintals, and at present a block can be cast weighing more than 4,000 quintals. Herr Krupp manufactured a large number of articles used for peaceful purposes, but his name is more particularly associated with the gigantic steel siege guns which the Germans used with such terrible effect against the city of Paris. In 1864 the Emperor William offered him letters of nobility, which he declined to accept.

The Age of the Earth.

In boring a well on the farm of Mrs. Sarah Williams, some five miles south of Colusa, J. C. Frazier, who has the farm rented, struck a piece of wood at a depth of 170 feet. The wood brought up by the auger was in an excellent state of preservation, and was pronounced "all oak." The place is only fifty feet above the sea level, so that the wood is 120 feet below the ocean surface. If it was sunk there when this valley was a lake or an arm of the bay it was in pretty deep water. How long since this piece of wood was in a growing tree? The valley, of course, has grown, but without some convulsion of nature the growth has been slow, not perhaps, over one foot per century. Then has it been 17,000 years since this oak tree grew? In the shadow of the Infinite this is not long, but measured by the history of man it is indeed a long space.—*Colusa (Cal.) Sun.*

An infant son of George A. Perkins, of Petrolea, set fire to its clothing while playing with matches last Wednesday, and was burned to death. The child's mother was also badly burned in trying to put out the flames.

LABBY'S LETTER.

What the Jubilee Cost the Queen—Cheap French Wines—The Language of a Fishfag—Advice to the Irish.

Mr. Labouchere cables from London to the New York *World*:

The announcement that the Jubilee hospitalities will cost the Queen upward of 500,000 is an exaggeration. The very highest official estimate, including charges of every sort and description, is under [illegible]

People who are in the habit of drinking cheap French wines under the delusion that they are consuming pure Bordeaux or Burgundy, will be interested to learn that within the last few weeks half a million gallons of Italian wines have reached Bordeaux from Naples and Bari, in addition to some two hundred thousand gallons of Greek wine. Of course these wines, which are bought at inconceivably low rates, will leave the town to which they are consigned after having been transferred by dexterous mixing into Medoc or Macon.

Having sought consolation by the abuse of its friends, the *Times* proceeds to deal with Mr. Gladstone's speech to the American delegates who brought him over the testimonial and with the delegates. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is described as a Bavarian, Mr. Perry Belmont as a man who wants promotion and is willing to flatter the Irish, the committee as composed of pushing Irish tradesmen. Says the *Times*: "The whole thing is, as was shown in our columns a month ago, a delightful combination of vulgar political intrigue and sordid commercial speculation. The money was raised by charging for admission to dancing and fireworks. As for Mr. Gladstone, his colossal vanity and insatiable appetite for flattery are well known, and he has repaid the donors with flattery as gross and as clumsy as that which pleases his own far from fastidious palate. It is difficult to conceive the depths to which a man has sunk before he can contemplate such an offering with anything but repugnance and disgust." Is not all this a little overdoing the vituperation? The *Times* appeals to all patriotic and intelligent men. May not possibly some of them vaguely opine that the cause that has to be defended by vilification of every one in the language of a fishfag is more notable for its weakness than its strength?

The Coercion Bill has passed the House of Commons and will in a few days receive the Royal assent. The centre of resistance will therefore be transferred from London to Ireland. If the Tories fancy that the victory is already won, they are in a fool's paradise. Let there be no outrage. The Tories hope to force the Irish into crime as a justification for the Crimes Act. The Irish must not play their game. They must oppose with a passive resistance whenever an eviction is attempted. The home of the victim should be barricaded and the task of the exterminators rendered difficult. Whenever a man turns informer or takes land from which the rightful holder has been evicted, such a man should be treated as a leper. If the Irish are only true to themselves it will be found more easy to pass a Coercion Act in England than to carry it out in Ireland.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER

A Russian Grand Duchess by Religious Fanatics.

A London cable says: A despatch from St. Petersburg, which has come by way of Gumbinnen, in Eastern Russia, states that on July 10th a band of religious fanatics attempted to murder the wife of Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, son of Grand Duke Constantine, uncle of the Czar. The attempt at assassination was made at the palace, where the lady and her husband were stopping. The cause given for the attack was that the Grand Duchess, who is a Lutheran, refused to modify the terms of her marriage covenant, which accords her the privilege of remaining a Lutheran and joining the Greek Church. The fanatics were all arrested, having been caught near the palace. While they were being removed to jail they cried to the Grand Duchess, "We have already had enough of Maria Paulovona," referring to the Grand Duchess of that name who is the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, brother of the Czar, whom the populace have suspected of making proselytes. It is stated that previous to the attempt religious fanatics also tried to kill the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, wife of the Grand Duke Serge. This lady is also a Protestant, being a daughter of Grand Duke Louis the Fourth of Hesse.

A LONG BRANCH COSTUME.

A Story Which All the Ladies Will Appreciate.

One of the drollest exhibitions of dress was made by a stout lady who went on an excursion to escape the heat of the city. She had bestowed unusual pains on her costume, which was of ecru pongee. The skirt and the waist were trimmed with innumerable rows of fine knife pleating, made by machinery. It was flat-pressed, neat and rather becoming. She had a parasol made of over-lapping rows of the same pleating. She had a peaked bonnet, on which several rows of it were placed. Nothing could have been finer than the lady's appearance as she sat down among the rather envious company. Pretty soon dampness came into the air and did a fatal work for the frills. Every particle of the dressing came out of the knife pleats. A brisk wind blew them out and blew them up. The fulness required for pleating is just three times the surface it covers. That parasol was a mass of crazy, ruffled rags. That hat laid over any old Irish cap that ever crossed a peat bog on a Tipperary widdy's head. That dress was a half-inflated, flopping balloon. The face of the lady got crimson with a sense of her disordered condition, and one was justified in thinking it would be $10 or ten days she would be getting at 10 in the morning in the police court.—*Long Branch Letter.*

Advertising for Skin Grafts.

(Hartford Times.)

Several months ago Miss Emma Neuman, of Bristol, had her scalp torn from her head by her hair catching in machinery in the mill where she was employed. Dr. J. Wilson, of Bristol, has been diligently engaged since in building up a new scalp by grafting on the head minute bits of skin taken from the arms of various persons. Probably he has exhausted the list of Miss Neuman's friends who were willing to contribute to her relief, for at this time he calls for outside aid, in the following card:

Young persons, not over 30, who are willing to confer a favor on Miss Emma Neuman, will greatly oblige her and her friends if they will allow seeds for grafting in the new scalp to be taken from their arm. The family and friends have furnished material, and a good scalp is being made, but the lack of sufficient material is now the greatest obstacle in successfully covering the entire head. The piece for grafting is pinched up and slipped off with out pain or bad effect on the person. Those who will assist the recovery of Miss Neuman may call on Dr. Wilson at his office at 9.30 a.m., or notify him, and arrangements will be made for the convenience of parties.

DR. J. WILSON, Bristol, Conn.

V. V. Ashford, a member of the Sandwich Islands revolutionary Cabinet, was at one time a book agent in Toronto.

"And what would you prescribe for the baby?" asked an anxious father of an absent-minded physician. "Oh! the usual thing," returned he. "Perfect quiet, no worry, exercise, amusement; no coffee, no spirits, and smoking in moderation."

The mosquito is at hum wherever he may be.

MRS. STOWE'S GREAT STORY.

The Aged Authoress Tells How She Wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"No, I write no more. I have done, I have done, I have done."

Anything more pitiful, more pathetic, more tragic, cannot be imagined than the effect of the above few words, coming in broken and faltering accents from the lips of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

That the bright intellect of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is [illegible] [illegible] yesterday, with [illegible] against Miss Elizabeth Case, whose treatment, judging solely from the reports in the morning newspapers, both at the hands of the policeman Endacott, and the Police Magistrate, Mr. Newton, seems to have been simply abominable. Here are the facts, taken from the report in the *Standard*:

On Tuesday night, at quarter-past 8 o'clock, Miss Case, a modest looking, neatly dressed young woman of 23, left her lodgings in the neighborhood of Oxford street to make some small purchases for herself. Miss Case was forewoman in a large dressmaker's establishment, near Oxford street. She had been in her situation three weeks, and during that time had never been out of doors until the night before last, when, with her employer's assent, she went out to buy some things. She walked along Tottenham Court road and Oxford street, and then round by Jay's mourning warehouse in Regent street. On her return she was making her way through the crowd, when Police Constable Endacott took hold of her arm. Startled beyond measure, she asked him what he wanted. He replied by accusing her of soliciting prostitution, and forthwith ran her into the police station. When the police constable was sworn he declared that he saw Miss Case, in company with another woman, whom he did not identify or produce, stop three gentlemen in succession, the last of whom, the constable said, complained in her hearing that he had been stopped three times in the streets since he had left church, and that he was glad she was in custody. That gentleman was not produced, and no evidence whatever was tendered in support of the constable's evidence. Three specific offences were alleged to have been committed at three separate places with three different men, but not one of these men was produced in court. The whole charge rested upon the unsupported oath of one policeman. Then the lady who employed Miss Case entered the box. She said she was the prisoner's employer. She had a large establishment near Oxford street, and the prisoner was her forewoman. (The rest of the evidence we quote textually.) The policeman has been to my house about it, and I consider that he made an improper accusation against my forewoman. He said, "I want to know where your lodger is, as she has been walking the streets for an improper purpose." I told him she was not doing such a thing.

Mr. Newton—I think she was.

The employer—Oh, no; it is quite a mistake. She has never been out of my house before.

Mr. Newton—She was out last night. Stand down, if you please.

The employer—I say she was not out for such a purpose.

Mr. Newton—I say yes.

The employer—I do not understand what you mean.

Mr. Newton (addressing the prisoner) said: Now, just you take my advice. If you are a respectable girl, as you say you are, don't walk Regent street and stop gentlemen at 10 o'clock at night. If you do, you will be surely fined or sent to prison, after this caution I have given you.

The prisoner left the dock with her friends.

Now, here we have a Magistrate declaring, on the unsupported testimony of one police constable, that a modest looking young girl, whose employer gave a perfectly good account of her presence in Regent street at that time, was a prostitute plying for hire. It seems to be enough for Mr. Newton that a young woman is in Regent street at half-past 9 at night for him to believe any statement made by a policeman as to her misconduct. This is a monstrous ruling, against which we cannot too strongly protest. Regent street after half-past 9 is practically set apart for prostitutes, and all decent girls who have to pass through it if they stop a man, even to ask their way, are to be fined or sent to prison. The matter cannot stop here. Sir Charles Warren will do well to institute a searching inquiry into the conduct of the Constable Endacott. If Miss Case had her companion with her, and she can swear to the facts, proceedings ought to be instituted for perjury without delay. It is intolerable that the liberty and character of every decent woman who passes through Regent street at night is to be at the mercy of every police constable on the beat. But this is the actual result of Mr. Newton's decision—a decision which that gentleman must look back upon to-day with grave regret.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Story of a Popular Song.

Mr. J. M. Whyte, the evangelist, is now in the city, after a season of hard work in the Ottawa Valley region. Mr. Whyte is one of the well-known Whyte brothers, whose singing of gospel songs touches a responsive chord in the popular heart, as is shown by the fact that they are in demand at revivals all over the Continent. One of Mr. Whyte's most touching songs is one called "Papa, What Would You Take For Me?" which he has sung in many places. The music is his own, the poem being one of those literary wanderers which are constantly found going the endless "rounds of the press." Mr. Whyte tried to find the author of the poem, but could not for a long time. Another evangelist visited Warsaw, Ind., and there the author found the wandering child of his genius in musical dress. He made himself known and has since communicated with Mr. Whyte. His name is S. B. McManus, and he informs Mr. Whyte that the poem has been published in hundreds of papers in America, Britain and other countries, and has been translated into half-a-dozen foreign languages.—*Toronto Globe.*

Natural Gas and Setting Hens.

The women in and for eight or ten miles around Anderson are just boiling over with wrath because the terrible roaring of the immense gas well at that village has been more disastrous to the egg crop than the loudest thunder ever heard. Not an egg will hatch, and even the old hens refuse to lay, the noise being so great that the biddies become so bewildered that they cannot return to the nest, and even forget to put a shell on the egg.—*Muncie Herald.*

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had ills,
Mrs. Peters had chills,
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
They dosed her with pills,
With powders and squills,
With remedies wet and with remedies dry.
Many medicines lured her,
But none of them cured her,
Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some "Pellets" were tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters, and now she wouldn't be without them.

Who are to be blessed? Surely the man who minds his own business will be among the number.

If best treatment you could get failed to cure rheumatism do not be discouraged, but take McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, the best remedy known. Sold by wholesale druggists of Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg and by retail druggists generally.

Brass kettles, once hammered out, are now spun on a lathe.

THE ARREST OF MISS CASE.

The Incident which has Set England Boiling.

Mr. Newton is a hard-worked magistrate who has the misfortune to preside over a court the atmosphere of which is saturated with moral effluvia. It is therefore not to be wondered at if occasionally his decisions are such as to make men marvel who are less habituated to the poisoned air of Marlborough street. But even when we make allowance for his vitiating environment, we [illegible] yesterday, with [illegible] against Miss Elizabeth Case, whose treatment, judging solely from the reports in the morning newspapers, both at the hands of the policeman Endacott, and the Police Magistrate, Mr. Newton, seems to have been simply abominable. Here are the facts, taken from the report in the *Standard*:

On Tuesday night, at quarter-past 8 o'clock, Miss Case, a modest looking, neatly dressed young woman of 23, left her lodgings in the neighborhood of Oxford street to make some small purchases for herself. Miss Case was forewoman in a large dressmaker's establishment, near Oxford street. She had been in her situation three weeks, and during that time had never been out of doors until the night before last, when, with her employer's assent, she went out to buy some things. She walked along Tottenham Court road and Oxford street, and then round by Jay's mourning warehouse in Regent street. On her return she was making her way through the crowd, when Police Constable Endacott took hold of her arm. Startled beyond measure, she asked him what he wanted. He replied by accusing her of soliciting prostitution, and forthwith ran her into the police station. When the police constable was sworn he declared that he saw Miss Case, in company with another woman, whom he did not identify or produce, stop three gentlemen in succession, the last of whom, the constable said, complained in her hearing that he had been stopped three times in the streets since he had left church, and that he was glad she was in custody. That gentleman was not produced, and no evidence whatever was tendered in support of the constable's evidence. Three specific offences were alleged to have been committed at three separate places with three different men, but not one of these men was produced in court. The whole charge rested upon the unsupported oath of one policeman. Then the lady who employed Miss Case entered the box. She said she was the prisoner's employer. She had a large establishment near Oxford street, and the prisoner was her forewoman. (The rest of the evidence we quote textually.) The policeman has been to my house about it, and I consider that he made an improper accusation against my forewoman. He said, "I want to know where your lodger is, as she has been walking the streets for an improper purpose." I told him she was not doing such a thing.

Mr. Newton—I think she was.

The employer—Oh, no; it is quite a mistake. She has never been out of my house before.

Mr. Newton—She was out last night. Stand down, if you please.

The employer—I say she was not out for such a purpose.

Mr. Newton—I say yes.

The employer—I do not understand what you mean.

Mr. Newton (addressing the prisoner) said: Now, just you take my advice. If you are a respectable girl, as you say you are, don't walk Regent street and stop gentlemen at 10 o'clock at night. If you do, you will be surely fined or sent to prison, after this caution I have given you.

The prisoner left the dock with her friends.

Now, here we have a Magistrate declaring, on the unsupported testimony of one police constable, that a modest looking young girl, whose employer gave a perfectly good account of her presence in Regent street at that time, was a prostitute plying for hire. It seems to be enough for Mr. Newton that a young woman is in Regent street at half-past 9 at night for him to believe any statement made by a policeman as to her misconduct. This is a monstrous ruling, against which we cannot too strongly protest. Regent street after half-past 9 is practically set apart for prostitutes, and all decent girls who have to pass through it if they stop a man, even to ask their way, are to be fined or sent to prison. The matter cannot stop here. Sir Charles Warren will do well to institute a searching inquiry into the conduct of the Constable Endacott. If Miss Case had her companion with her, and she can swear to the facts, proceedings ought to be instituted for perjury without delay. It is intolerable that the liberty and character of every decent woman who passes through Regent street at night is to be at the mercy of every police constable on the beat. But this is the actual result of Mr. Newton's decision—a decision which that gentleman must look back upon to-day with grave regret.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Good Advice to Contributors.

Every now and then it becomes an editor's duty to say a few words to contributors, either privately or in his editorial columns, in regard to their methods of preparing manuscripts. It is, fortunately, no longer necessary to say "write only on one side of the paper," or "don't fold each sheet separately;" for no one to-day commits these capital offences. Untidy manuscripts, however, are still common. A private letter, bearing on this point, was written by one of our editors last week, which ran somewhat as follows:

DEAR MISS ——,—I am sorry that we cannot use the accompanying article. As I have written to you once or twice in a way not usual with an editor, I am tempted to go further and give you a little advice about the appearance of your manuscripts. If you will excuse my saying it, they are very untidy. It is greatly to your disadvantage that they come into the editor's hands in such condition; he is always prejudiced at the start against a manuscript that is rolled, or folded so as to necessitate a constant effort to keep the pages open sufficiently to read, and made up of different kinds and sizes of paper, or blotted and interlined to the extent of being rendered in the least illegible, or that is in any other way untidy. It is said of one well-known editor that he refuses to read any manuscripts that are untidy or hard to hold. The manuscript should be so prepared that the editor can put his whole thought upon its subject matter. That manuscript is the most welcome, perhaps, that is prepared from a pad of note paper size, and is sent in an envelope large enough so that the paper need not be folded. Then the editor will at least not be prejudiced against an article before he begins to read.—*Independent.*

Paper and Glass Houses.

Chicago architects are discussing the possibilities of glass and paper as building material. Glass as a building material has many advantages from a sanitary standpoint. It is cleanly and easily kept unpolluted by disease organisms or disease-producing filth. It is non-absorbent and will not collect or hold moisture, as is the case with wood or brick. It is a poor conductor of heat, save that received from the rays of the sun, which for health purposes is the most valuable. Paper also has its advantages when treated by certain processes. It can be prepared so as to be fire-proof and water-proof, and as a non-conductor of heat it is invaluable. It is no idle hope which calls up a vision of manufactured articles from glass and paper which will fill all the requirements exacted of the building materials of to-day.—*Chicago Herald.*

Broken Needles Made Into Pins.

Sitting alongside a lady in the elevated train the other day she had occasion to adjust a portion of her dress which was fastened with a black pin, when the head broke in fragments and disclosed the fact that it was some kind of composition fastened on a broken needle. Curiosity led me to make some inquiries, and I found that nearly all the black-headed pins in the market are made from needles which are broken in the factories in testing the eyes. Any one who has handled the black-headed pins has probably noticed their remarkable sharpness as compared with the ordinary white pins sold in the market. This is the explanation—that they are old needles.—*New York Tribune.*

Mr. Wiman's New Enterprise.

Mr. Erastus Wiman has, it is said, bought the large and famous steamship Great Eastern. The price agreed upon is rumored to be not far from $100,000. Those who are acquainted with the facts say that Mr. Wiman is to bring the leviathan over here and anchor her near Staten Island. The Great Eastern is then to be turned into a monster place of amusement, and will include within its bulwarks a theatre, museum, variety show and restaurant.

A Cheap Dinner.

The Scotch, unlike their English neighbors, make Sunday more a day of fasting than feasting. A young Englishman who had paid a visit to the northern portion of Her Majesty's dominions found this to be a fact, and his temper was not improved thereby. On being asked by his friends how he liked his visit to Scotland, he replied: "Oh, I enjoyed myself very much, but I don't care for their Sunday dinners." "Indeed," said they, "and what did you get?" "Nothing in particular," was the reply. "When I was in Crieff all I had for dinner on Sunday was a walk round the church and a smell of the flowers.'

Number 16 Fetter lane, Fleur de Lis court, London, is to be pulled down. It bears a tablet which reads: "Here liv'd John Dryden, ye poet. Born in 1631. Died 1700. Glorious John."

Mr. Henry Irving, in recognition of Miss Ellen Terry's success in the "Amber Heart," presented her with the play, which he had bought from the author, Mr. Calmour.

Boston has a tailor appropriately named Bodkin.

A Square Statement by a Carpenter.

"For years I have had a chest trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I saw how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own case. The results are so plain as hardly to require a bitstock or any auger-ment in favor of this great remedy. It does all it claims! It builds up the system, supports and strengthens where others fail." He adds: "My recovery, which is now on a sure foundation, hinges [illegible] Restorative, having tried other remedies without a bit of relief."

You can get more wind out of a ten cent fan than you can from a $500 one. It's the same way with a ten cent man.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cured. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

A Western paper tells about "a sensational lynching." This was to distinguish it from the ordinary quiet and unobtrusive kind.

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to