THE QUEBEC MOB.

The Frenchmen Disperse Without Doing Any Mischief.

A Quebec despatch says: The expected riot last night ended in a complete fiasco. From 7 o'clock crowds could be seen wending their way towards Dufferin Terrace, undoubtedly bent upon mischief. Probably three-quarters of an hour had elapsed before the local "bouters" made their appearance upon the band stand. At about 8 o'clock a few juniors presented themselves in front of the platform and harangued the crowd. Their chief aim was that the crowd should disperse and not trouble further, because the local authorities intended making a thorough test case of the Salvation Army parades. Notwithstanding the most vehement appeals upon the part of the haranguers, about one thousand persons assembled and proceeded towards St. Rochs. In passing the Army barracks *en route* a number of thoughtless youths in the procession emptied the chambers of their revolvers in the air, hoping to frighten the inmates of the barracks. The police made no endeavors to arrest the criminals. From this point to St. Rochs the crowd was momentarily augmented until its numbers reached fully six thousand, when all together proceeded through the various streets of St. Rochs singing national songs and then headed towards Upper Town, vowing vengeance on the Salvation Army and with the full intention of wrecking their barracks. The crowd in their procession were completely disorganized. One feature which was principally noticed was the absence of the English-speaking classes. After leaving St. Rochs the mob wended their way up one of the by streets until they reached St. John street, when, as though a thunder-clap had fallen, almost the whole crowd broke up. Not more than 200 proceeded further.

SLOWLY ROASTED TO DEATH.

A Prisoner Burned Alive in the Presence of a Crowd of People.

A Webberville, Mich., despatch says: The cry of "Fire!" aroused the people shortly before midnight last night, and they rushed from their homes to find the town lock-up in flames. It was a one-story wooden structure standing alone in an open square. Above the crackling of the flames cries were heard from an inmate of one of the cells. When the citizens arrived the doomed man was seen frantically beating the bars of his cell and crying for help. The people were powerless to rescue him and in the presence of the crowd he slowly roasted to death. Some of the crowd made ineffectual attempts to rescue him, but were driven away by the heat. The pale face and glaring eyes of the miserable wretch were framed by the black, unyielding bars of his cell door. Little by little he was forced back, but only when the bars became red hot did he abandon all hope of escape. The horror of the situation proved such a frightful mental strain on the prisoner that he became insane, tearing his scorched clothing off. He dashed himself against the bars and grabbed the red-hot irons in the vain effort to escape. An odor of burned flesh pervaded the air and made many of the [illegible] frantically cursing the crowd [illegible] not helping him, the roasting man rushed madly around the narrow inclosure while the spectators stood rooted by horror to the spot. Gradually his cries grew weaker and he was seen to sink to the floor and soon all was over. The prisoner was Newhall Tyler, 38 years old. He had been jailed for striking a boy on the head. Tyler had been on a spree, and the boy had annoyed him. He fired the prison, hoping that he would be released thereby.

SAVED BY RUNNING A MILE A MINUTE.

An Engineer's Race Down a Steep Grade to Escape a Runaway Train.

A Youngstown, O., despatch says: Allan Cowden, a well-known locomotive engineer, has just had a thrilling experience. While coming down a steep four-mile grade into Marquette the train broke in two. Realizing the danger of a collision, Engineer Cowden endeavored to pull away with the cars that remained with the engine, but the rear section steadily gained, until the pace of the flying trains became fearful. A mile out of Marquette he thought of the many men at work in the yard who might be killed by the runaway train and devised a plan to save them. Ordering the fireman to cut loose from the train he crowded on every pound of steam. As the locomotive shot forward he sounded three long blasts of the whistle, indicating that he wanted to keep the main track and for the switchman to send the train on the siding. The switchman on duty responded and as the engine passed over the frog at a mile a minute, he turned the lever and the two sections of the train dashed into the siding and piled the cars up in an indescribable mass. Cowden had saved his life and that of his fireman, besides twenty employees in the yard, but the train was a total wreck, which, however, it would have been in any case.

REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS TRIAL.

Men and Women Who Lived in a Nude Condition—Good Subjects for Hypnotization.

A London cablegram says: The *Chronicle* gives a strange account of a trial in Tolax, a village in Malaga, Spain, of some religious fanatics of strange practices. They originally went naked like Adam and Eve before their fall, but the authorities interposed. Since then they have inflicted wounds upon themselves in imitation of the crucifixion, and burnt all their goods, believing a higher power would provide food. When put on trial they were hypnotized in court by medical specialists like Irving in "The Bells," and proved good subjects. It is even alleged that, on being ordered to perspire, they broke out into a profuse perspiration. Others, pricked with pins, gave no sign of pain. This is the first time such a scene has happened in a court of justice in Spain. The probable result of the trial will be a nominal punishment.

An A. O. U. W. Insurance Case.

A London despatch says: Susan Drury, formerly of this city, now the wife of Mr. O'Connor, also formerly of this city, was at one time engaged to be married to Geo. W. Child, of Detroit, who, at the time of their engagement, became a member of the A. O. U. W., and had named his fiancee as his beneficiary. Child afterwards married another woman, and made an attempt to change the policy, so that his wife would receive the benefit of it at his death. Mrs. O'Connor protested against any such change being made, and the officers refused to make any alteration unless the original policy was produced, and as it was in Mrs. O'Connor's hands she refused to give it up. Child then granted power of attorney to one Galloway in the hope that he would be able to get the policy from Mrs. O'Connor, but before the attempt was made Child died. The Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. filed a bill in Wayne Circuit Court to determine to whom the benefit was to be paid. Judge Look decided in favor of Mrs. O'Connor.

Postmaster English, of New Haven, Conn., recently received a letter addressed "To the most beautiful and intelligent lady in New Haven of from 18 to 24 years of age." Not feeling competent to make the decision Mr. English consulted the postal authorities at Washington, and has just been directed to send the epistle to the Dead Letter Office. How little romance there is about a Government bureau!

"How deliciously clean he looks," said a Washington (D.C.) belle of Joseph Chamberlain.

HOT SHOT FROM POWDERLY.

Grumblers in the Knights of Labor Get a Severe Drubbing in Print—The General Master Workman Says the Men who Talk so Much About Founding a New Order are Just the Men who Would Destroy it if Formed.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Powderly's second letter to the Knights, published here in the *Journal of United Labor* to-day, is considered a "corker." He gives the growlers and so-called secessionists a sound drubbing. Mr. Powderly seldom indulges in talk of this kind, but when he does hit a blow it comes straight from the shoulder.

"When I hear men talk of seceding from the organization, with the threat of starting an improved Order," he says, "I fancy that they know but little of the trials, the dangers, the odds against which they will have to contend, and I feel that the amount of energy necessary to build up a new Order, if properly applied in the old one, would make it invincible.

Powderly pitches into the "assassinators of character" with much vigor, and asks that slander shall cease and honest criticism take its place. "Let me ask a question of the member who now and then publishes a column or half column of abuse of the general officers, charging them with all sorts of shortcomings. What are you doing in your own locality to make the lot of the toiler easier? Can you expect of me to give my whole, undivided and cheerful attention to my work while those who should be my lieutenants are furnishing the enemy with the ammunition with which to attack me?

"Attack if you will, criticise if you please, abuse if you choose, but do not forget that right where you live, in your own town or city, within sound of your own voice, you will find the degradation of the workshop or factory. You will find the curse of poverty in the tenement house. You will find the evils of child labor; yes, if you listen, you will hear the moan of starvation, and the wail of men and women urged to sin because of hunger and cold.

"From an organization numbering less than 10,000 members when the first General Assembly was held, we have seen the Knights of Labor grow until over 700,000 men and women claim membership at one time. While that vast and industrial army was being gathered together, while the seed was being sown, men who were pioneers were making sacrifices that the Order might live in history as a power for good. They never found fault with the Order because of their misfortunes, for the reason that they felt that it was theirs to do or to die. They were not working for self nor the present, they worked for posterity and the future."

LOVE MADE HIM A WANDERER.

The Romantic Story of a Ragged Old Nobleman in Evansville, Ind.

An Evansville, Ind., despatch says: A few nights ago the police found Henry Gabling unconscious in the gutter. Gabling has long been an inmate of the almshouse, and often, when away from the institution, has been seen tapping kegs in front of the saloons in an effort to wring out a drink of stale beer. When taken to the station-house the officer found an ugly wound on his head. They told the poor wretch when he came to consciousness that his days of life were few and sent for a preacher to visit him. To the clergyman Gabling told a romantic story. He is an Austrian by birth, a Count in rank, was carefully educated and had a wife picked out for him. But he didn't marry her. All unknown to his aristocratic relatives, the scion of an old nobility had quietly fallen in love with a peasant girl. Have her he would, and his parents, finding all other methods unavailing, secretly had the girl gotten out of the way. One morning the young Count left home without saying aught to any one of where he was going. The hour grew late and still the hope of the household did not return. Messengers were sent in all directions, but returned without tidings of the missing one. The fleeting days, months and years brought no word of him. Gabling had discovered the trick played on him and had started out into the wide world, hunting for his girl and hoping to find her. For years he went to and fro among the capitals of Europe, but he didn't find her. He roamed over country roads in all quarters of the continent and the isles of the sea, but the fair face of which he was in quest lived only in hope and memory. Then he came to America, where he went to work as a book-keeper. From Cincinnati he went to Louisville and then came here, where for years he held responsible positions. In despondency he took to drink and it has wrecked him. He is 80 years old. Of his childhood's friends he knows nothing and of his lost love he hasn't found a trace.

WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES.

How a British M. P. Got Into Difficulties With His Creditors and His Mistress.

A London cable says: The examination of Mr. Borlase, ex-Under-Secretary of the Local Government Board, was continued in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday. He admitted having borrowed £1,000 from Madame de Quiros, who was formerly his mistress, but he said the money was his own, and she had simply restored it to him. He had never promised to settle £1,500 upon her. She asked him, he said, for £500 down and £1,500 a year, saying that she was going to get the same amount out of another man. He dined at her house after borrowing the £1,000, when she tried to murder him. After getting the sum mentioned he borrowed £2,700 from her, giving his acceptance for that amount. He heard afterward that this money had been given to her by another man. Mr. Borlase said that his average income was £2,000, and that his money had been largely expended in political life for elections, dinner parties, etc. Ever since he entered Parliament he had been involved in financial troubles. The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

A Vexatious Tax in Paris.

One of the greatest impositions in Paris is the octroi or duty on eatables and drinkables collected at the various barriers or gates. As each market-cart passes through the fortifications in the morning it is stopped and a small tax charged on each and every article brought into Paris. The same system is vigorously practiced for all articles going out of Paris. The suburbs are now composed of some dozen townships lying outside of the fortifications, and numerous straggling villages which extend for miles around Paris. Each of these places has its barrier and custom house. An English friend of mine, recently settled here, had a dreadful experience with this system yesterday. He lives at Connelles, a suburb some three miles out of the city proper, and to reach which he is obliged to pass through six different townships. He had purchased at an English butcher's, on Rue Sainte Honore, a leg of Southdown mutton as a treat for his wife. He was stopped at each of the six custom houses on his way home, and was obliged to pay a sum equivalent to 10 cents every time on the unfortunate leg of mutton.—*New York World.*

Mme. Grevy thinks that her husband and son-in-law are the victims of a political conspiracy.

A lady in Milton, Pa., who was accosted by a rascal just at dusk the other evening, defended herself in a novel way. She was returning from marketing and had in her basket a piece of bologna sausage, which she pointed at the fellow, crying out, "You scoundrel, if you touch me I'll shoot you." Supposing it was a pistol she had, the man took to his heels.

CHINESE MASONS.

A Curious Lodge of them in New York City.

(New York World.)

Old Masons were, until late, of the opinion that no such a thing as a Chinese Mason existed. One gentleman said he had seen Arabs and Turks who were good Masons, but to the best of his knowledge, no Chinaman was in the Order. Nevertheless, there are not only Chinese Masons, but right here in New York there is a Chinese Masonic lodge in full blast with a membership of over three hundred. It is a native organization, not allied directly to the Free and Accepted Masons, but said to be founded on principles very nearly akin. The lodge-room is at No. 18 Mott street, second floor, front, and has recently been remodelled and refitted in very good shape, all newly painted and cleaned. The lodge furniture is of Chinese design, and imported from China expressly for the society at a great expense. A tall flagstaff with a rope for running up colors is on top of the building. Above the door as one enters the lodge-room is a red sign in native characters signifying "Chinese Masonic Society," and down the sides are two long slips of red paper bearing mottoes. One of these is "Do good to one another," and the other relates to the business of the Order. The interior is like most Chinese quarters, only lighter, and not full of odd turns and unsuspected corners. Immediately on entering one is led into a sort of ante-room and thence into the main or lodge-room. At the lower end of this room is the altar, and a very valuable one it is, costing in China $1,500. Above it is an alcove in which a colored drawing is suspended. It is not the least curious thing in the place, the design being three figures, one seated and two others bending over his shoulder. The seated figure represents the venerable father of Chinese Masonry. The face is heavy, placid and adorned with a long black beard. The other two are respectively the spirits of light and darkness, who are supposed to be giving him counsel. In front of the altar a lamp is hung. It is never extinguished, and burns in commemoration of the dead of the Order. Another emblem is two sticks of sandal-wood punk thrust into a box of sand. They keep smouldering away and fill the air with a faint but sweet perfume. On the wall is a long board, and on this are pasted a great number of sheets of paper covered with Chinese hieroglyphics. These are the lists of members voted on in the New York lodge. Near the roster hang two books. One of these is sent out from the Supreme Lodge at San Francisco, and gives a detailed account of a number of cases of those in distress and sickness, and the whereabouts of each one who needs help. The other is a subscription book in which the various amounts subscribed are entered. At intervals these two books and the amount raised are transmitted to the Supreme Lodge, from which the dependent members are relieved. Meetings are not held upon regular nights, but at intervals decided upon by the dignitaries of the Order, as the necessities of business may demand. The members are notified of meetings, held generally on Sunday nights, by the appearance of a triangular flag at the top of the pole on top of the house. This flag is white and bears the picture of a huge red dragon with its tail towards the point. There are grips, signs and passwords exactly as in an American lodge. "The travelling card" of this society is quite a curiosity in itself. It is a square of red silk inscribed with Chinese characters, and is a document highly prized by all its possessors.

THE TELEPHONE IN CANADA.

How Hamilton, Montreal and Toronto Compare With Other Cities.

The rapidity with which Canadian citizens adopt new and useful inventions is illustrated by the following comparative statement of the number of subscribers to telephones in Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton as compared with other cities of larger populations:

Cities.	Pop.	No. of subs.	Rates
Baltimore	333,000	1,965	$ 86
Boston	564,000	2,450	120
Cincinnati	255,000	2,714	100
Cleveland	161,000	1,886	72
New Orleans	216,000	1,148	96
Pittsburg	219,379	1,727	100
Detroit	116,000	2,363	72
Paris	2,225,000	4,500	120
London	5,000,000		125
Montreal	200,000	2,000	50
Toronto	100,000	1,900	50
Hamilton	43,000	760	37

From the above it will be seen that Montreal, with a population of 200,000—or less than one-tenth the population of Paris—has almost half as many telephones, with the prospect, as soon as the new company gets into operation, of a largely increased number. In Montreal there is one telephone to every 200 inhabitants, in Toronto one to every fifty-three, in Hamilton one to every fifty-seven, and in Paris one to every 4,946. If, as claimed by post-office and other statisticians, letter-writing and electric messages are to be taken as an evidence of civilization and advanced education, Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal may count themselves as cities high up in the educational scale.

The Last Hours of Lady Brassey.

A Port Elizabeth correspondent writes to the Liverpool *Post* giving some particulars of Lady Brassey's death. It would seem that the party on the yacht consisted of Lord and Lady Brassey, the Hon. Mr. Brassey and the Hon. Misses Brassey (three). They had a delightful cruise and were bringing away from Australia exceedingly pleasant reminiscences. Lady Brassey was continuing her book, and when the yacht left Port Darwin, Western Australia, on the 7th of September, seemed in the best of health and spirits. The Sunbeam went for a short cruise along the northern coast, and it is assumed that there her ladyship contracted some form of malarial fever, which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty, nevertheless, prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board, and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that recovery was hopeless, and that her ladyship was sinking. Next day the scene aboard the Sunbeam was an affecting one. Feeling that the end was nigh, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book upon which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterwards she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites.

P. T. Barnum says that his favorite novel is "Ivanhoe." He is, of course, especially interested in the scene which describes the burning of Front-de-Bœuf's castle.

—Mr. Seth Cohoe, foreman of the oatmeal department of Mr. H. S. Moore's roller flour mills at Norwich, is about to leave for Rockton, where he will start in business for himself.

Premier and Madame Mercier have returned to Montreal from Quebec. The Premier is still very ill, and it is expected that he will have to take a trip south.

A WASTED LIFE.

The Old Man Who Heard a Song in the Night and Thought of Mother.

In the quiet waiting room of the Grand Trunk depot in Lewiston sat a gray whiskered old fellow in a broad-brimmed hat. He had been studying a time-table with some perplexity and had just laid it aside. A question from him relative to the starting of the trains for Oxford county was introduction enough. His voice was hoarse, but not unpleasant. His inflection was odd. Being a Down Easter, it was safe for the writer to guess that the stranger was from the West.

"From the West?"

"You bet," was the reply.

"Going to Oxford County?"

"That's where I'm going."

Conversation was desultory until the Westerner opened up.

Said he, "It's thirty-two years since I see the hills of Maine. I was raised up in old Oxford County. I reckon I ain't thought o' these hills since I were a boy in copper-toed boots with a good old daddy—too good, God bless him, for nary such a youngster as I were. I left home when I was 16 and went out West, then I came back and went to sea. I coasted eight years and in '55 went on a deep-sea voyage and brought up in California. I've been there ever since. Have come back now."

"Alone?"

"Alone? Yes, alone! That's the bother of it, my boy. Nary a darned soul there nor here as I know of that cares whether I get here or not—a lonesome old man. Don't you do it. Take my word for it, it's awful. For thirty-five years nothing to think of but work and dig and dive. No wife. Never had none. No friends, except boys in the diggings when I first went there, and in town where I've been runnin' a little business of my own for the past eight years. Nothing ahead of me for the past twenty years but getting rich. No letters from anybody as I knows of. Nothing in my dreams but money. Nothing else in the visions of the mountain peaks, nothing else in the changin' surface of the Pacific whenever I've caught a glimpse of it. I've been a sordid, mean, low-lived skinflint part o' the time, and a roisterin', tearin' fellow rest of it. Lookin' back it makes a lump in my throat, boy, it do honest, and I agree that a wasted life is the awfullest thing beneath the canopy of blue. It makes me sick. I don't like to think of it, I like to talk, ye see, to keep away from thinking of it.

"Goin' back to the old place?"

"The old place?" Eh! Yes, the old place. Leastwise that's what I reckon on. What do you suppose made me? Hadn't thought o' home for forty-five years. Hadn't been to church any to speak of. It were only just a song as did it. A little old-fashioned song that I heard in the evening, three months ago 'bout a mother who wanted to know where her wandering boy was. It came up out o' the night way off there beyond the mountains and I thought of my old mother. God bless her, and of the old place. I couldn't s'eep for a cent that night. I turned and twisted and sweat great drops. I kept thinkin' about home and about all I'd ever read or heard about it. Seems as though I could see the old lady's face looking into mine, with eyes full of love, as good as she did when I was a kid. I thought it ever for a day or two. Life didn't look half so rosy out there. Fact is I wanted to go home, just home, nowhere else, and you bet I started when I made up my mind. I think I only kind o' want to see the grave of my mother and fix up the family lot, you know, and, do you know, my boy, I been sort o' holdin' on to have a good cry (somethin' I ain't known for thirty years), and when I'm done with that, and when I've shied around and seen all I want to of the old place, I'm goin' to Boston and see a brother of mine, and go back again beyond the Rockies and die there with my face toward the East. I could afford to do it and I ain't the sort to be ashamed of it. Let me tell you one thing, though—all of life and all its gold ain't worth the loss of your mother's love. Put that down to keep; for if you was me you would be able to prove it, and wouldn't run any risk of being lured away from it by any of the other things of earth. It's the best thing the Lord gives us, and the last thing, I'm thinkin', He ought to take away."—*Lewiston Journal.*

STOOD ON A HOT STOVE.

Inhuman Punishment of a Child Who Went Skating Without Leave.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Little Willie Van Hontrigg, a colored boy, 6 years old, hobbled into the Municipal Court on Friday and told Judge Curtis how John Williams, of No. 40 Grove street, had punished him for going skating. The child's mother is a domestic in a family at the Back Bay, and pays the boy's board and lodging at Williams'. The child went out skating on Thursday, and when he returned Williams took off his shoes and stockings and stood him on a hot stove until both feet were blistered. Williams confessed the deed and said he must do something to keep the child at home.

Perilous Work on Great Bridges.

"In a lecture given at Dundee, Scotland, Mr. Baker, one of the Forth Bridge engineers, tells a fine story of modern heroism," says the *St. James' Gazette*: "Six men were one day working at the bridge, standing on a plank 140 feet above the sea level. One of the hooks supporting the plank gave way. With great presence of mind three of the men sprang at the steel works of the bridge and held on; a fourth dived, was rescued, and, it may be added incidentally, almost immediately resumed work. Of the three hanging to the steel work by the arms, two were in particular danger; yet when the rescue party reached the first of them, all he said was, 'I can hold on; go to the other man; he is dazed.' In all, thirty-five men lost their lives during the five years the bridge has been building, and 2,300 is the average number of workmen employed at a time. Mr. Baker says that though many superior workmen were needed, there was no lack of them. As for the magnitude of the undertaking, 'as a grenadier guardsman is to a new-born infant, so is the Forth Bridge to the largest bridge yet built in Great Britain.'"

Some Natural Differences.

Between France and England there is as much difference as between a man and a woman—both capital in their own way, and neither understanding the other. Frenchmen imitate Englishmen; Englishwomen copy Frenchwomen. Frenchmen drink coffee and eat veal; Englishmen drink tea and eat beef. France has but one religion; Frenchmen are prepared to die for it, but refuse to live up to it. In England we have 365 different religions—and practise them all—on Sundays. French newspapers fill their columns with romances; English newspapers fill theirs with facts. Frenchmen marry their daughters by contract; we marry ours by auction—to the highest bidder. These are but a few and the less important of the contradictory characteristics that exist between the two nations. It is not, therefore, surprising that constant petty disagreements should occur, any one of which might, if not treated with straightforwardness and tact, lead to deplorable results. Like lovers' quarrels, what begins in a pout may end in a bout.—*Vanity Fair (London).*

Rev. F. W. Warne, of the late Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Church of Canada, now of Austin, Ill., Conference, and son-in-law of the Rev. T. M. Jefferis, Niagara Conference, has been appointed by the Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church, U. S., to Calcutta, India.

Prof. Bell has constructed a machine on the general principles of the typewriter, for facilitating conversation with deaf mutes.

CURRENT TOPICS.

President Cleveland sent back the deed for a corner lot presented him by his admirers in St. Paul, and it has taken two-thirds of the time of the good wives of Minneapolis to keep buttons sewed on the vests of tickled Minneapolitans.

Wong Chin Foo, the naturalized Chinaman who was recently taxed $50 on the Canadian border by the Dominion Government, is in receipt of a letter from Secretary Bayard saying that he has forwarded Wong Chin's formal complaint to Minister Phelps in London, who will lay it before the British Government for explanations.

Natural gas has been known and extensively used in Asia and China for a long time. History tells us of a well in France in the time of Julius Cæsar. The first in the United States was in Charleston. The Taylor House, in Fredonia, N. Y., was illuminated in 1824 in honor of Lafayette. A few years ago a gas well was discovered in Ocean Spray, near Boston. The nature and efficiency of natural gas is but partly understood.

Joaquin Miller has had a vast amount of trouble in his domestic affairs. Not long ago his favorite daughter married an actor against her father's will, and now "Hal" Miller, a son of the famous poet, is in jail in Nevada City for horse stealing. "Hal" is a young fellow not yet 18 years of age. He offers another illustration of the fact that his father's life has been one of verses and reverses.

The first statue of Longfellow to be erected will be set up in Portland, Me., the poet's birthplace, and will be the work of Franklin Simmons, a Maine sculptor. The clay model has just been finished in Rome, and represents the poet in a sitting attitude, the right arm resting in an easy position on the back of a richly carved and ornamental chair, while the other is thrown carelessly forward on his lap and loosely holds a mass of manuscript.

M. Pasteur, of France, has perfected a scheme which he thinks will result in the extermination of the pestiferous rabbits of Australia and New Zealand. He proposes to introduce chicken cholera among the animals by means of microbes. But who can establish the fact that the microbes will not be a greater nuisance than the rabbits? Chicken cholera microbes do not bear a very good general reputation. They might kill all the rabbits in Australia, but would they stop there?

If the condensed breath collected on the cool window-panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of a singed hair will show the presence of organic matter; and, if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days it will be found, on examination by microscope, that it is alive with animalculæ. The inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter causes untold complaints, which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

The Compulsory Education law in New York State is a failure. The Superintendent of Public Instruction gives two conclusive reasons for it. He says: "School trustees elected to supervise the schools, and serving without compensation, naturally object to being turned into constables and police officers for the purpose of apprehending delinquent children or the children of delinquent parents. Moreover, the schools are full." The number of children who attend the schools in New York as compared with the number entitled to attend has been decreasing since 1870.

Men have often been driven to crime by hunger. Dr. Charles Bradley, formerly of Chicago, became a forger and thief through his passion for cocaine. A victim of the use of the drug, he reduced himself to poverty, lost a good practice, went to New York, and was the other morning placed in the hands of the police. His practice was to write letters from doctor to another, asking the loan of a hypodermic syringe and some cocaine for immediate use. His condition induced his committal to the penitentiary. The saddest part of the story is the fact that he made his wife and six children also victims of the drug.

North Carolina takes the palm for negro mechanics. Within her border are to be found wholesale merchants, wholesale manufacturers and dealers in tobacco, architects, silversmiths, locksmiths, boot and shoe dealers and auctioneers. Stewart Ellis, of Raleigh, has filled a Government contract for carpentering on a building worth $300,000. W. C. Coleman, wholesale and retail merchant at Concord, owns several of the finest breed of horses in the State. Miss Drake, an Africo-American, of Nash, took the prize at all the State fairs for the best production of cotton. There are twenty individuals in the State worth from $10,000 to $30,000 each.

According to recent experiments of MM. Haurlot and Richet, of which an account has been given to the French Academy of Sciences, the ventilation of the lungs is increased by muscular labor. In moderate work the ventilation is more than sufficient for the excretion of the carbonic acid produced, and above all for the absorption of the necessary oxygen. In hard work the proportions of carbonic acid produced and oxygen absorbed rise slightly the harder the work; but it is chiefly the proportion of carbonic acid which increases. During muscular exertion the ratio of carbonic acid produced to oxygen absorbed tends to become unity, although normally it is less than unity.

A new magazine rifle is to be adopted by the Italian army which seems in some respects quite as effective as the French arm. It is called the Freddi rifle, after its inventor, Capt. Freddi, who has just made known his invention. The rifle weighs but seven pounds four ounces; the bore is .315 calibre or a trifle larger than an ordinary lead-pencil; the bullet weighs but 225 grains, or half the weight of the Springfield bullet; the charge of powder is eighty-three grains, which is heavier than the Springfield, and the muzzle velocity is 1,640 feet a second, 300 feet greater than that of the Springfield. A soldier can carry 200 cartridges, which weigh but eleven pounds four ounces, and he can fire twenty-four rounds in a minute.

Carter H. Harrison, ex-Mayor of Chicago, writes from Japan that he is sorry that the women of that country have adopted the European style of dress. He says they might much better have chosen the costume worn by the ladies of China. "I would like to build a wall around China," he says, "out of which no almond-eyed Celestial could escape, but I would be delighted if the costume of their ladies could be introduced among Western nations. We would then have our better halves dressed to please an aristic eye, without the present waste of female health and strength." Mr. Harrison does not mention "feet," but doubtless he does not wish the ladies of Chicago to follow the example of the Chinese belles in keeping down the size of their pedal extremities.

A topic of no small importance from the standpoint of public health has been exercising the wits of the leading medical men of New York. The discussion began in an article in the *Medical Record*, which maintained that cholera was stopped by cold weather and that an epidemic at this time of the year would be impossible. Dr. Reginald H. Sayre, of New York, holds, on the contrary, that cholera is a scourge of which the march cannot be stayed by either cold or heat, dry or damp, and, in support of his views, he gives the dates of the various visitations from 1830 onwards. In that year it appeared at Moscow in October, and in 1831 in Great Britain in the same month, being most fatal in December. In March, 1832, it was at its worst in Paris, 861 persons dying in ten days. From these and other statistics Dr. Sayre argues that it is madness to trust to any notion of the cold season being less susceptible of its ravages. In matters of sanitation, indeed, there is only one safe principle, that is being always prepared, so far as human precautions can avail.

The other day, Field-Marshal von Moltke delivered himself of the following opinion concerning the French and German armies. At a military gathering at Berlin, held in honor of the veteran's 87th birthday, he said: "The next war will be above all a war in which strategic science and the art of commanding will play the greatest part. Our campaigns and our victories have taught our enemies, who, like us, have numbers, armament and courage. Our strength will lie in the handling, in the commandment—in a word, in the head-quarter's staff, to which I have devoted the last days of my life. Our enemies may envy us this force, but they do not possess it." This speech, which is not over-modest, does not seem to have given any offence in France; at least one of our Paris contemporaries, after quoting it, simply observes: "If the opinion of M. de Moltke is correct, let us try to acquire the only quality in which, according to him, we are still wanting." Previous to the war of 1870-71 the French military attache at Berlin, Baron Stoffel, frequently warned his Government to beware of the Prussian staff. His warnings were disregarded. Will those of the old Field-Marshal meet with more serious consideration?

The transmission from the cow to man of scarlet fever and tuberculosis was the subject of the opening address of Professor Hamilton at Marischal College, Aberdeen, in which the lecturer gave an excellent account of the investigations conducted by Mr. Power and Dr. Klein into the relation of a cow malady to scarlet fever in man. He referred also to the observations of Copland, who believed that both the dog and the horse could suffer from the latter affection, and stated that a febrile condition of some kind can be communicated to animals by inoculating them with the blood of persons who are the subjects of scarlet fever. He further expressed the opinion that tubercle could be conveyed to man by means of milk from tuberculous cows. While the possibility of such occurrence cannot be denied, it must be borne in mind that Klein has pointed out that there are certain important differences between bovine and human tuberculosis; and again, Creighton has shown that man occasionally suffers from a form of this disease which resembles the bovine malady, making it probable that by far the greater number of cases are not of bovine origin. Nevertheless, the subject deserves much greater investigation, and certainly every effort should be made to prevent the distribution of milk from turberculous cows.

VITRIOLIC VENGEANCE.

A Young Man's Face Disfigured by His Discarded Sweetheart.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: Miss Maggie Lloyd until a short time ago was the pretty cashier in the largest dry goods house in this city. She resides with her aunt, the wife of Dr. Frank Rieser. Miss Lloyd is well connected and highly respected. In the same establishment was Mr. Howard Potter, nephew of the leading member of the firm. He held a responsible position also. The young people became lovers, and finally their friends were told they were engaged to be married. Recently it was noticed that Mr. Potter's attentions to Miss Lloyd were falling off, and finally he informed the young lady that their engagement must be cancelled. This happened last Sunday night. He called on Miss Lloyd at Dr. Rieser's and said he would not marry her. This was in the parlor. The young lady was laboring under a high state of excitement, and she handed Potter a glass filled with dark liquid and asked him to take a drink of wine. He refused in alarm. He refused a second time. She then pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and with her left hand held it over his eyes, and dashed the glass, which was full of vitriol, into Potter's face. Frenzied with pain he rushed into the kitchen, washed his face and hurried out toward his home. He got no further than a neighboring restaurant, when a doctor was called. Since then he has been confined to his room. The doctor was with him three hours this day. Potter will probably be disfigured. Miss Lloyd is quite melancholy and does not know the extent of Potter's injuries. Dr. Rieser says he found the lady afterward entirely out of her mind in the parlor, wondering where she was.

Her Majesty and the Honest Scotch Laird—Cape Diamonds.

While in Perthshire recently Queen Victoria requested an old Highland laird to visit her, and when he did so very graciously received him, thanked him for coming, and then explained why she wished to see him. "I should like to know," she said, "the exact spot where the Pretender landed, and——" She was allowed to proceed no further. Instantly the old chief laid his hand upon her shoulder, saying: "He was no pretender, madame; he was our king." "I beg your pardon," said the Queen, kindly; "I ought not to have used that word. I should have said Prince Charles Edward." Then, by way of humoring the gruff old Jacobite, she added: "You know that I, too, have Stuart blood in my veins." "Yes, I know it," was the reply, "and were it not for that you would not be where you are." This plain speaking, which rather startled her retinue, did not displease the Queen. On the contrary, she was amused at it, and seemed to like it, and it roused her interest in her uncourtly mannered subject, and her way of taking it went to his heart, and unbent and softened his stern spirit. They talked long together, and they parted like old friends. On the Queen's return to the castle where she was staying she said to her host: "I have just met one of the most honest men in my realm."—*London Globe.*

The present from the Town Council and people of Kimberley, South Africa, to the Queen on the occasion of her Jubilee is a massive ivory casket supported by four Corinthian pillars of gold and enriched with plaques of gold and crocidolite. The plaques are inscribed with the words "Loyalty," "Unity," "Love" and "Devotion." Upon the lid of the casket is a golden spray composed of the rose, shamrock and thistle. These national emblems are studded with 212 diamonds, polished and rough, from the four mines of Kimberley. The names of the mines appear on four small gold plates at the sides of the lid, which serve to enhance the glittering pride of the centre ornament. An address to the Queen will be placed in the casket, which is lined throughout with snowy ostrich feathers.—*London Court Journal.*

An Oft-Worked Dodge.

Ex-millionaire—My son, you have ruined me.

Son—Have I?

"My whole fortune has been squandered in paying your debts."

"Haven't you any real estate you can mortgage?"

"Nothing. We must move next week to a rented house. I can no longer support you. You must go to work."

"Well, I'll go into politics."

"Papers which know your record will oppose you."

"That's all right. I'll claim they are opposing me because I am poor."

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, is said to have struck another gold bonanza near the Matchless mine at Leadville. The Matchless has already yielded $1,250,000, and the new mine gives promise of equaling its record.

CUTTING OUT CANCERS.

Cases of Especial Interest in View of the Crown Prince's Malady.

In the amphitheatre at the New York hospital the other day Professor R. F. Weir wore a long white operating gown, which reached almost to his feet, says the New York *Sun*. A square table, set on wheels, and having a shelf half way from the floor, bore a glass tray filled with a solution of carbolic. In this liquid lay the professor's instruments. "The cases for operation to-day," said the professor to the 100 medical students and 25 doctors present, "are of peculiar interest, both being cases of epithelioma, which first attracted such general attention in the case of General Grant, and is at present creating great interest in the case of the Crown Prince of Germany. I have not studied the case of the prince so as to be able to criticise the diagnosis made in it, but one thing is certain, his case proves that we must not trust too much to microscopic tests. In his case several sections of the growth were examined, which, according to the microscopist, were non-malignant. Later sections were undoubtedly cancerous. We must judge for ourselves as to the advisability of operating, even when the microscopist pronounces it non-malignant." The professor signalled to his assistants, and they wheeled in a stretcher on which lay the patient. He was under the influence of ether. On his right cheek was the growth. It was about the size and shape of a big egg and looked like an ulcer. "Eighteen months ago," said the professor "a small pimple appeared on this man's cheek. It enlarged and he consulted a physician, who burned the growth with caustic. This treatment, according to modern authorities, is not good practice, as it irritates the tumor and promotes its growth. Within the last year it has grown to its present size." The patient's face had been carefully cleansed by the professor's assistants with a diluted solution of bichloride of mercury. "Give me a scalpel," said Prof. Weir, "a sharp one." Taking the knife handed him, he carefully cut out the tumor, removing about one quarter of an inch of healthy tissue on all sides of the growth, in order to thoroughly extirpate it. Each artery as it was severed was seized by a pair of self-clamping artery forceps, until six or eight pair were hanging to the wound. The big tumor was removed, together with a small section of the masseter muscle and a portion of the parotid gland, with which the tumor seemed to be incorporated. Some exfolliations on the molar bone were removed with a pair of forceps, and the cutting was dressed as an open wound, to bring the edges together would distort the mouth. Gauze or cheese cloth, impregnated with iodoform and covered with a mass of cotton retained by a bandage, completed the dressing, after which the patient was removed. Professor Weir retired to don a clean white gown, and then his second patient was brought in. He, too, was under the influence of ether. He had an epitheliomatous growth on the left side of his tongue. "This man," began the professor, "has confessed to the immoderate use of tobacco, but I do not believe that caused his trouble. Epithelioma seems to be contagious. Houses appear to become affected with it, as cases occur which can be explained in no other way. We know two or more members of the same family become victims