HAYTI "IN THE SOUP."

The Northern Troops Again and Again Defeat the Southern Forces.

LEGITIME'S DAYS NUMBERED.

Horrible Cannibalistic Rites—Vigorous Protest Against the United States.

A Port au Prince (Hayti) despatch says: As this despatch is being written, the deposition of Legitime by the dissatisfied citizens of the capital or by the advancing victorious troops of the North under Hypolite, appears to be shortly expected by all but the immediate supporters of Legitime. He has thrown into prison all prominent citizens and residents of the North in Port au Prince suspected of opposing him.

Three battles have been fought and lost by Legitimeists in the past ten days. The first, near Hirche, was the most disastrous. It was followed by an engagement on December 22nd, a few miles northeast by road from here. During the rapid retreat on the capital two divisions of the Southern army under Gen. Sanfuch Paul and Gen. Rose deserted to the pursuing Northerners. Both these generals had supported Gen. Thelemaque, but had been bribed by Legitime to support him with their armies recruited in the Central and Northern departments. Gen. Paul was captured and shot by sentence of a drumhead court-martial under Hypolite. Gen. Rose escaped and sought protection at the French Minister's at Port au Prince. A stand was made the next day at a rising knoll of ground by the dispirited army of the South, but they were able to stand but a short time against Hypolite's assaults.

The army of the North are entrenching themselves some twenty miles from Port au Prince, completing their lines of communication, reorganizing their augmented army and awaiting the arrival of recently purchased arms and munitions of war. They are also devastating the great agricultural section where they are now encamped and from which Legitime received the greater portion of his supplies.

Gen. Hypolite, having been elected and declared Provisional President by the Central and Northern departments, on his capture of the capital will demand a congress of Deputies from all the departments and the election of a permanent President, declaring Legitime's election unconstitutional and void. He will probably then be the only candidate in the field. Reports of defeats and desertions have raised to a high pitch of excitement the inhabitants of this section, and hence Legitime is imprisoning all the possible ringleaders to a revolt against him. He is showing great activity in securing "volunteers" through press gangs, who seize the laborers in the fields and bring them to the barracks, frequently in chains, to prevent their escaping. Without law, life or property is unsafe in this section. Excesses of every kind are the rule.

The horrid cannibalistic rites of Voudoism are revived, and reports reach this city of a meeting of several thousand on Christmas night near Jacmel, the sacrifice of a young girl and the greedy scramble for some portion of the half cooked flesh. The devastation of the central part of the island has been the cause of the robbery of recently-buried bodies and the devouring of the same. These are well-authenticated facts. The inhabitants of the interior are even more degraded than their African ancestors. They are rarely brought in contact with any evidence of civilization, and can easily be led by any scheming adventurer.

Gen. Auguste, a resident of the North, has been thrown into the military prison here and his assassination is feared. The capital is denuded of troops and mob rule is feared. The French Minister, by his open backing of Legitime, is most unpopular. The schooner Aurora was captured in San Domingo water, her mail bag, weighted with lead, seized before it could be thrown overboard, the letters opened and found to contain statements implicating some thirty persons in Port au Prince, most of whom were previously unsuspected. All have been thrown into prison. Many held high positions in Legitime's Government. The seizure of the vessel in foreign waters was another high-handed outrage. The cargo of provisions was instantly appropriated as being much needed. The whole Haytien navy, consisting of some eight vessels, occupied the inner harbor on Dec 24th and 25th, thus rendering null and void any previous blockade. The steamship Haytien Republic is still in the hands of Admiral Luce. It is claimed that Legitime has appropriated to his own privy purse all the remainder of the cash in the treasury, and will flee by his fastest gunboat as soon as his fall is an assured fact.

Legitime's official organ issues the following to the American and European press under the title of "Une Infamie" (an outrage): "It is deplorable for a great and historical nation and a Republic as well to abuse its power by oppressing the feeble in illegally opposing the power of reason with its guns. But, after all, is it the great and historical nation which must be accused, or is it her accredited representatives, who abuse their great power by leading their Government into wrong action? This is what has taken place in our little Republic, which from its geographical position should appeal to its protection, or certainly to its impartiality. The United States is our senior. A civil war prevails, a merchant ship—the Haytien Republic—sides with the rebels, interferes with our affairs, transports arms and material of war, soldiers and delegates for the insurgents. A blockade is declared, and in defiance of all rights this vessel forces this blockade, after having attempted to stir up the people of peaceful towns to revolt. The capture is made after the blockade had been duly established, and after due judgment this prize has been declared a legal one. Nothing can be said in defence. No argument, no protestation can be made against it, as it is clear and evident that the vessel is a legal prize."

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Is Mrs. Harrington Dead or Merely in a Trance?

A Cleveland (O.) despatch says: Mrs. Mary Harrington, wife of a vessel captain, was taken to St. Alexis Hospital last week suffering from dropsy. On Sunday she died, or at least was pronounced dead by the attending physicians. An undertaker was called and prepared the remains for burial. On New Year's Day he returned with the hearse and was about to place the body in the coffin, when he was astounded to observe evidences of life in the supposed corpse. The cheeks were flushed, the hands had become soft and pliable and what appeared to be perspiration covered the brow. One of the staff physicians made a hasty examination and concluded that the body was lifeless, although he could not account for its condition. The body was removed to Capt. Harrington's house and further tests were made to day, but without avail, although there are as yet no signs of decomposition or even death, beyond total suspension of the circulatory and respiratory organs. Capt. Harrington believes that his wife is still alive, and states that some years ago she lay in a trance for eighty-nine hours and was then thought to be dead.

Poor Campanini's Collapse.

A New York correspondent writes: Most of the members of the collapsed Campanini Concert Company have got back to New York from the west, and very glad they are to get back, even with empty pockets. When the company started on the road, a month ago, the fiasco that has come was predicted. The idea underlying the venture was that Campanini's name would carry the company anywhere. But it has not been a name to conjure with for a long time. It lost its power when Campanini lost his voice. Possibly this failure, in view of the many others before it, will have some effect in opening the eyes of purveyors of "classical" music or "intellectual" music, to the fact that the American people don't care for that kind of music and won't support it. The great majority of them don't regard it as music at all. They would rather hear a good song any day than the finest "aria" ever composed. Look at the success of Patrick Gilmore and the failure of Theodore Thomas.

An Accommodating Author.

"Your story, Mr. Winterhill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe in it some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue.' Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?"

"Your criticism surprises me," said Mr. Winterhill in a pained voice. "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."

Carl Lumholtz, the Australian explorer, is on his way to America.

THE WISCONSIN DENS OF VICE.

Further Particulars of the Horrors at the Pineries.

MISS BUSHNELL'S TERRIBLE STORY.

A Chicago despatch says: From time to time stories are whispered about of the horrors of the stockaded dens of Wisconsin, where innocent girls entrapped and kidnapped are forced to lead lives of inconceivable and loathsome shame.

Miss Bushnell, who lectured in Chicago the other day, told how Charlie Le Claire secured a poor deaf mute while he kept the stockaded den at Merrill. She also gives an account of a girl 13 years of age who was entrapped into a den at Ashland, kept by a man named Anderson. She furnishes proof that the girl was subjected to dreadful treatment until made a physical wreck. She tells this experience also: "An old hag went from Florence last summer to Iron Mountain and hired a 14-year-old girl to help her with the housework. The father consented to the little daughter's return to Florence with the woman. An old friend of the father's living at Florence happened to see the girl with this woman in the streets and recognized her as the keeper of a horrible den; he took the girl away from the woman and telegraphed for her father, and the girl was rescued."

Women and girls once in the hands of the keepers of these dens are slaves without a hope of escape. The houses in which the victims are kept are surrounded with high stockades, and fierce dogs are let loose every night, which have been known to tear women frightfully who attempted to run away. The whip is not the worst torture that is used to make the women submit to unheard of indignities and crimes. "One night," says Dr. Bushnell, "when I was at Hurley, half the girls ran out of Joe Bartlett's den (owned by Jack Mahoney) because a wholesale threshing was being administered. A woman at Merrill told me of seeing a half dozen girls of that den, when Le Claire kept it, who were so frightfully bruised and mangled that they were sickening to behold. Not long ago a girl was pounded in the streets of Haywood. Former inmates of Doyle's den tell of his brutality, and even intimate that if search were made it would not be hard to find dead bodies buried in the woods about it. A former inmate of Hunter's, of Wausau, tells of a dark girl who was dragged down taire head foremost. A former inmate of Press Wade's says he would make them go down on their knees and beg, with a loaded revolver at their heads. A girl was murdered in Ashland by having her clothes saturated with oil and set on fire. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict, 'Burned to death by W. H. Griffin,' but he was never prosecuted."

In some of the dives there are veritable torture chambers, where girls who refuse to submit to the orders of their keepers are forced to obey. A favorite punishment is to hang a girl by her wrists from a hook in the ceiling, until the horrible pain forces her to yield. A former inmate of Duo Beverage's den says she has seen him suspend his mistress by the thumbs, and keep her in that position several hours. Another plan is to starve the women into submission, or, having fastened them naked to a bench, lash them with a cowhide into obedience. "But," adds Miss Bushnell, "there are worse forms of cruelty than these, too indecent to be described. I visited one town of twenty-five houses, eleven saloons and two dens of infamy. Another town of four or five hundred inhabitants contains forty dens, each having from two to five inmates. Another town I visited was made up of not more than a dozen houses, and contained a large den and about six saloons. Still another town supports one degraded woman to about four male adults. These young women, who have been taken out of the industrial world, are very generally compelled to remain in the criminal world. They are compelled to do so through fires, intimidation, and force on the part of the dekeeper, and connivance or co operation on the part of local officials, and in some cases where they succeed in escaping local officials compel their return to the den."

TERESA MASON'S MOURNFUL END.

Death in Abject Poverty of a Girl Who Was Once One of the Belles of Toronto.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says: In a second story room of a tenement in East Seventh street a costly ebony coffin rested this morning. It contained the body of a young woman, whose name inscribed on the silver plate was Teresa Camilla Mason, aged 24. The story of the girl's life and death is a remarkably sad one, as told by her sister, who sat weeping at the coffin's side. Miss Mason was the youngest daughter of the late John Mason, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Toronto, Ont., and her death resulted from pulmonary consumption, hastened by want. Reared in wealth and luxury, the petted child of indulgent parents and one of the belles of Toronto, her life promised to be fraught with happiness and sunshine. She eloped with James Anderson, a wild young man, whose attentions were violently opposed by her parents. After her marriage with this man she was disinherited, disowned and cast adrift. Anderson proved a worthless fellow, who gave most of his time to wine and cards. They went to Jamestown, D. T., where a baby boy came to them. At this juncture the husband deserted the unhappy girl, who was cared for by kind Jamestown people and when well enough to travel was presented with a ticket to St. Paul.

In this city she secured work as a seamstress and eked out a livelihood for herself and child for a time, but her frail constitution was a mark for consumption, and she took to her bed in the dark and dreary room in which she died. She suffered the pangs of hunger and disease, and only the near approach of death broke her proud spirit and induced her to apply for public succor. Half an hour before she passed away she exacted from her sister a promise that her body should be removed to Ontario and buried beside her father.

Telegrams have been received from Toronto ordering the body to be shipped there and asking the Poor Board to spare no expense in the funeral.

COUNTY DONEGAL EVICTIONS.

Another Encounter Between Tenants and Police.

A Dublin cable says: The eviction of tenants on the Olphert estates, at Falcarragh, County Donegal, was continued yesterday. The evictors went to the house of a tenant named Doogan, but found the place defended by a score of men, armed with rifles, who had entrenched themselves behind the loopholed walls. The priests who accompanied the evictors entreated the defenders to leave the house, but the men refused to pay any attention to them. The Riot Act was then read, and the soldiers were about to fire on the house when the Magistrate stopped them, and notified the party in the house that he would give them an hour in which to reflect upon the course they would pursue. After reflecting for an hour the defenders announced that they would not use their rifles. The bailiffs and police then attacked the house, and after a desperate struggle were repulsed. Finally the priests persuaded the men to surrender. A police inspector was badly wounded. A dozen bailiffs and policemen were injured. One of the defenders had his jaw fractured and another was buried beneath a barricade, which was broken down by the evictors, and sustained severe injuries.

The Bride Chosen for China's Emperor.

A Washington despatch says: The Department of State has been informed by the Minister of the United States at Pekin of the following edict of the Empress Dowager, published in the Pekin *Gazette* of Friday, Nov. 9th, 1888:

"The Emperor having reverently succeeded to his exalted inheritance, and increasing day by day in maturity, it is becoming that he should select a virtuous consort to assist in the administration of the affairs of the palace, to control the Emperor's official household and to encourage the Emperor himself in upright conduct. Let, therefore, Yeh-ho-na-la, a daughter of Deputy Lieutenant-General Kuei Hsiang, whom we have selected for her dignified and virtuous character, become the Emperor's consort."

A further edict of the same date reads:

"Let Ta-ta-la, age 15 years, a daughter of Chang Hsii, formerly a vice-president of a board, become the secondary consort of the first rank; and let Ta-ta-la, age 13, also daughter of Chang Hsii, formerly vice president of a board, become imperial concubine of the second rank. Respect this."

The Emperor has been reigning about fourteen years, and is now 23 years of age.

Herr Nowak is the name of an operatic conductor. We wonder what he would do if he were stranded and had to get to the next town.

"TRUE AS STEEL."

The History of the Tunbridge Wells Murder.

A London cable says: The details of the crime for which the two boys were hanged at Tunbridge Wells are as follows: On July 30th a workman at the Baltic saw mills, Tunbridge Wells, whose name was Lawrence, was at home with his wife and two children, when he was called out by some voice unknown to the family. The wife, as if some instinct warned her of danger, doubted the message which she heard delivered to her husband to induce him to come out, and she afterwards sent one of the children after her husband. The boy found the two conversing, but unhappily his father sent him back on some errand to the house. No more was heard of Lawrence's mysterious messenger, but Lawrence himself was found dying from a pistol shot, and he never rallied to tell what had happened. His assassination became known as the Tunbridge Wells mystery. Two months afterwards a lad asked a boy to deliver to the Tunbridge Wells *Advertiser* a letter. The epistle was a boastful representation that the writer was Lawrence's murderer. The most striking passage was the following:

Lawrence was very talkative when he was out of doors, little thinking of the death he had so shortly got to die. The week before he spoke in my company was when he caught sight of the pistol sticking out of my pocket. He said, "What do you carry them sort of things about with you for?" My answer was, "To shoot down dogs and curs like you." "What," said he, "would you shoot a ——" Bang! and one more Tunbridge Wells was startled by another mystery, which is never likely to be found out.

There was no feature in this letter that betrayed right feeling, except one sentence designed to exonerate a man on whom some suspicion had wrongfully fallen. The letter was signed "Another Whitechapel Murderer," and it was open to any one to conclude that the document was but a silly effusion due to the unhealthy excitement caused by events in the east end of London. It only attained its full and unmistakable significance by the act of confession. A moulder named Gower, 18 years of age, and his friend, Charles Dobell, a plumber of 19, attended Salvation Army meetings, and were apparently much moved by what they heard there. The moulder visited the captain, and made the startling confession that he and his friend, who are "true as steel," were the authors of the Tunbridge Wells mystery. Lawrence had been denounced by Gower to Dobell as a master's man who had further been the means of getting him fined because he kept the time at the sawmills, and had to mark Gower late. The friend "true as steel" and Gower himself drew lots who should kill Lawrence. The lot fell on Dobell, who, playing the friend "true as steel" all through, calmly executed the diabolical purpose. These accusations could only have one result. The police were called in. The steel-true comrade, after a brief hesitation, confirmed his friend's story. The revolver was found. A boy identified Dobell as the writer of the letter to the Tunbridge Wells *Advertiser*. In a word, the Tunbridge Wells mystery was cleared up by that other mystery—the working of the human mind.

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Married to the Daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

A London cable says: The most important social event of the season was the marriage Saturday of the Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, of the Grenadier Guards, son of the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley of Preston, and Lady Alice Maud Olivia Montagu, youngest daughter of the Duke of Manchester. The ceremony was performed in the Guards' chapel by the Rev. Lord William Cecil, son of the Marquis of Salisbury and cousin of the bridegroom. The eight bridesmaids were the Ladies Alexandra, Mary and Theodosia Acheson, daughters of the Earl of Gosford; Lady Mary Hamilton, and Ladies Alice and Mary Montagu, daughters of Lord Mandeville; Lady Edith Villiers, and Hon. Romala Russell, sister of Lord Amphill. The Hon. Richard Somerset was groomsman. Among the guests were the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Princess Victoria of Teck. After the reception the bride and groom left for Halwood, the Kentish seat of the Earl of Derby, where they will pass the honeymoon. The presents numbered over 300, including an Indian shawl from the Queen, a gold bracelet from Empress Frederick, a diamond brooch from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a silver lamp from Prince Albert Victor and George of Wales. The bridegroom will not only succeed to his father's barony but to the Earldom of Derby, to which his father is heir presumptive.

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THE FALSE CURE.

Methodist Ministers Denounce the So-Called "Christian Science."

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A WOMAN'S BRAVERY.

How a Montreal Servant Girl Combatted Two Sneak Thieves—Her Great Presence of Mind.

A Montreal telegram says: The residence of Mr. C. C. Snowden, at 190 Mance street, was the scene this morning of a remarkable exhibition of feminine bravery and the discomfiture of two burly sneak thieves at the hands of an old woman scarcely able to walk. A servant attracted some noise unknown to the family. The wife, as if some instinct warned her of danger, doubted the message which she heard delivered to her husband to induce him to come out, and she afterwards sent one of the children after her husband. The boy found the two conversing, but unhappily his father sent him back on some errand to the house. No more was heard of Lawrence's mysterious messenger, but Lawrence himself was found dying from a pistol shot, and he never rallied to tell what had happened. His assassination became known as the Tunbridge Wells mystery. Two months afterwards a lad asked a boy to deliver to the Tunbridge Wells *Advertiser* a letter. The epistle was a boastful representation that the writer was Lawrence's murderer. The most striking passage was the following:

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LICKED BY SAMOA.

Mataafa's Men Defeat a Party of German Troops.

An Auckland, New Zealand, despatch says: Advices from Samoa say that the German man-of-war Olga lost 20 men killed and 30 wounded out of a party of 120 men sent to assist Tamasese against Mataafa. The Germans were compelled to retreat to their boats. The commanders of the British and American men-of-war received an intimation of the German intentions, but they remained inactive.

A Berlin despatch says: Official advices from Apia confirm yesterday's announcement of an encounter between Mataafa's followers and the Germans. On Dec. 18th the German gunboat Adler, with the German Consul on board, proceeded to Lanly, Mataafa's chief position, with the intention of negotiating for the disarming of the insurgents in consequence of the destruction of German property and insults to German sailors. A party of men was landed, and while on their way to the Vailele plantation they were suddenly attacked by a party of rebels, led by an American named Klein. The Olga, Adler and Eber landed more men, who succeeded in repelling the natives and destroying some of their villages. Lieut. Sieger and 15 men were killed, and Lieuts. Denspler and Burchard and 36 men were wounded. The latter are doing well. Other accounts state that the Germans retired to Vailele and held it against the greatest odds until reinforced. Mataafa's loss was 10 killed and 30 wounded. The Germans bombarded Vailele, Letoga, Lanly, Mataafaga and Matafae. Mataafa now holds a strongly entrenched position near Apia, where great excitement prevails. The European women and children have been placed on board the man-of-war. Business is at a standstill expecting further German action. Mataafa has obtained a supply of ammunition. He declares himself ready to appear before the commanders of the British and American men-of-war

THE OLD MAN FOLLOWED.

A Young Chicago Wife Elopes and is Caught With Her Paramour in Detroit.

A Detroit despatch says: Yesterday morning, a little after 1 o'clock, an old gentleman, elegantly attired, called at the Central Police Station, accompanied by Attorney Blodgett, and said his name was James A. Bodle, that he was a resident of Chicago, and that he had traced his wife, "a bride of eight months," to a hotel in this city, where she was registered with a man named Griffin, the two occupying the same apartment. The Sergeant at once detailed Roundsmen Denler and Slater on the case, and the two officers proceeded to the Griffin House, and room 33, which had been assigned to "Mr. Griffin and lady," was entered. The couple were awakened and ordered by the policemen to dress quickly, and in a few moments the patrol waggon dashed up and the guilty pair were whirled away to the police headquarters. Griffin is an engineer on the Michigan Central Railway, living at Saginaw. He is 28 years old and single. Mrs. Bodle is a petite brunette, not apparently over 28 years old. Mr. Bodle followed her on the same train from Chicago. She had expressed a great desire to visit her sister in Ypsilanti, and he, suspecting all was not right, bought her tickets and took a passage on the same train, with the above results. Both parties are locked up.

A WOMAN KILLED BY A CAT.

She Heedlessly Stepped on the Animal's Tail and was Furiously Attacked.

A Milwaukee despatch says: A queer tragedy, in which a cat has caused the death of an elderly woman, is agitating the people of the Eighteenth Ward. The infuriated cat buried her claws in the woman's shoulder because she had unconsciously trodden on the sleeping animal's tail. The victim was Mrs. John Bernacka, the wife of a Polish laborer. Two weeks ago Mrs. Bernacka attended the wedding of Joseph Kalinski and Miss Markowski, at the saloon of Albert Markowski, on Hamilton street. Dancing was one of the pleasantries indulged in on that occasion, and she heedlessly trod upon the house cat. The cat was crazed with pain, and sprung upon Mrs. Bernacka's shoulders, sinking her claws into the flesh so deeply that she was removed with great difficulty. The woman had been in poor health, and on the day after the wedding she became very ill with symptoms of blood poisoning. Thursday night she died, and very wild stories concerning the manner of her death have been circulating in the Polish colony, where the family live. The physician who attended her thinks that the wounds inflicted by the cat perhaps only aggravated an existing tendency to blood disease. Mrs. Bernacka was about 60 years of age.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS.

Farmers in Dakota Without Clothes and Starving.

A Fargo, Dak., despatch says: A letter from Rev. C. W. Riches, Park River, Dakota, conveys the first authentic information of the extreme sufferings and privation among the Norwegian settlers in Western Walsh county. Men with the relief party report that they found about seventy families in about as destitute circumstances as it is possible for human beings to be and still exist. Many were found with barely enough clothing to cover their nakedness, and that of the thinnest material. Shoes were almost unknown. These farmers have lived on their little capital until nothing remained. Most of them have been living on a kind of porridge made by cooking frozen green wheat and oats, stuff not fit to feed a hog. One family had not seen any flour for six weeks. The people have been dividing with each other their potatoes until now they are gone too.

He was Suspicious.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 2.30 a. m.)—"Susie, what time is it?"

Susie (with a second look at Reginald who loosens his grip)—"A few minutes past ten, papa."

Old Man—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed."

The Chinese formerly beat small-pox patients with bamboo sticks, but owing to the rapid advance made in medical science in that benighted empire in the last few days, the patient is now required to beat a drum. Nations grow wise as they come in contact with each other.

FROM THE NORTHWEST.

Suicide of a Cornwall Man—Accidentally Shot.

Prairie fires in January are rather exceptional in Manitoba, but fires are now raging in the Pinestone Creek district.

The Northern Pacific Road has made a rate from Winnipeg to the Montreal carnival to the general public of $40 for the round trip, and to members of the snowshoe and curling clubs of $25.

Stewart's surveying party in locating the Regina & Long Lake Railway found three crossings of the Saskatchewan—one at Saskatoon, another a couple of miles and a third about six miles from the village. The latter is said to be the best.

Two thousand dollars have been raised for the erection of a general hospital at Medicine Hat. Building will be commenced early in the spring.

Alfred Phillips, convicted at Wolseley of horse-stealing and brought in from the west to-day, will be taken out to the Penitentiary to-morrow. This is his second offence within the year. He was brought from England by a charitable society.

Frank Boisseau, of Grandon, recently won a three thousand dollar prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, and will start in a few days for an extended trip through the States.

Wm. H. Barber, bookkeeper for Hodgison, Sumer & Co., died on Friday. He came here four years ago from Montreal. Previous to that he had carried on a large crockery business in Toronto and Montreal, and was widely known in commercial circles. The remains will be taken to Montreal.

Arthur Phillips, lately sentenced at Wolseley to three years in the penitentiary, was brought in on Saturday by Major Phipps, Deputy Sheriff of Moosomin.

It is reported in Dakota papers that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad proposes to build a road from Fargo north along the Red River to Grafton, thence northwest to the Manitoba boundary, and to connect with a spur of the C. P. Southwestern.

Last Monday night an express parcel containing $1,000 in Union Bank bills was taken from the Dominion express office at Verdun. The agent is not certain whether the money was put in the safe or not, but on Tuesday morning it was missing. Mr. Samuels, Manager of the Express Company, has been west looking into the case. He has offered a reward of $500 for the recovery of the money.

A man named Debeaupran, from Montreal, on the train from the east this morning, passed through a car of Italian immigrants, who insulted him. He passed on into the baggage car, and was shortly joined by another passenger, who was also threatened by the Italians. Debeaupran asked him what he did, and he said he stood the Italians off with a revolver, at the same time holding up the six shooter. Owing to careless handling the revolver went off, the ball penetrating Debeaupran's groin. The wounded man is now lying at the Leland House in a precarious condition.

BIRMINGHAM'S WELCOME.

An Enthusiastic Greeting to Mr. and Mrs Chamberlain—The Wedding Gifts.

A Birmingham cablegram says: The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and his bride were given a cordial greeting by the people of Birmingham last night. The reception to the couple was held in the Town Hall, which had been converted into a salon and beautifully decorated. The gathering was a large and representative one. Until the arrival of the guests of the evening the time was occupied in listening to a concert and viewing the presents intended for the bride, for which the citizens of Birmingham had subscribed £700. The entrance of Mr. and Mrs Chamberlain, who were accompanied by Mr. Chamberlain's sons and daughters, Lady Mandeville and others, was the signal for great cheering, which was again and again renewed, the organist meanwhile playing a wedding march. Handsome bouquets were presented to Mrs Chamberlain, who repeatedly bowed her acknowledgments. The bride was dressed in pink satin, and her ornaments were diamonds and sapphires. The presentation of the wedding gifts and accompanying addresses followed. The gifts consisted of a pearl necklet with a diamond clasp from the citizens and a brilliant diamond brooch containing fifty-five gems in the shape of a six-pointed star, the gift of the women of Birmingham.

Mr. Chamberlain, in replying to the addresses, said they surpassed his expectations in the warmth of their greeting to his wife, whose ancestors left England over 250 years ago. (Cheers.) Although he neither hoped nor expected to lessen her love for the country of her birth, he knew that she was prepared to take up life among them in all its fullness, and that she would say with Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people." (Cheers.) Referring to the feeling of kinship with America expressed in the address just presented, he said that that was no new feeling in Birmingham. At the time of America's greatest trial—the crisis of the Union—the eloquent voice of John Bright, now unfortunately hushed for a time by illness, was raised again and again in that very hall to defend the integrity of the republic. The same feeling permeated the whole country. It was now admitted on all hands that a serious quarrel with America would be the greatest national calamity. (Cheers.) Differences were certain to arise from time to time, but the democracies of both countries were determined that they should be amicably arranged. He was glad to say that even that august body, the American Senate, had nothing to say about his private negotiations which the hearers had just ratified by their presence.

Asphalt Pavements Kill Trees.

In connection with the re-paving of Brooklyn streets, which has become a subject of pressing concern through the recent outgoing of the Mayor, an interesting point has been made concerning the effect of asphalt pavements on trees. Experience shows that in streets where such pavements have been laid the trees do not flourish, if indeed they do not speedily wither. The reason is not far to seek. It is apparent on a moment's thought that it is almost impossible for water to penetrate to the roots of the trees beneath such an impervious covering, and hence their decline is inevitable. No plans are now in view for increasing the asphalt pavements in Brooklyn, but this matter is worth keeping in mind against the possibility that the question may be raised at some time in the future. Asphalt pavements have certain undoubted advantages, along with equally undoubted disadvantages. The drawback mentioned here is doubtless seldom taken into account.—*New York Tribune.*

"Out of the Frying Pan."

Husband (with a sigh of relief)—"New Year's at last! Thank He