GOLD CRAZY CALIFORNIA!

A Big Discovery to the South of San Diego.

EVERYBODY RUSHING TO THE MINES.

A special despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., dated March 7th, says: The gold discoveries in Lower California have created intense excitement in every town in the southern part of the State. The Santo Clara district, where the crowds are rushing, is 150 miles south of San Diego and 40 miles west of Eusnada. All along the line thousands are en route to the fields. At San Diego the streets are filled with strangers outfitting for the mines and with waggons and pack mules loaded with miners' outfits. An average of 600 men a day have left for the mines for the last four days, and yesterday the number was much larger. Waiters at the hotels and restaurants have largely left, and two-thirds of the force on the Cuyamaca Railroad are gone. The best indications regarding the value of the mines are that no one has returned except to replenish "grub stakes." The telegraphers have also joined the prospectors. James Kerrane, of Los Angeles, returned from the camp last night. He said: There are already over 1,000 men on the ground. The stuff brought out is placer gold and light and flakey. The valley in which the mine was discovered has three well defined gold quartz ledges. They descend from the mountains above in separate gulches. The gulch to the north is the one in which the greatest find has been made. Above are to be found croppings of slate and porphyry. A tracing has been made of one lode, 1,400 feet from the upper side of the valley into the mountains. At present in the valley four dry washers are located, only one of which is in operation. A great many rockers and ground sluices are being worked. The dirt is easily handled and the richest of returns are had in some instances. I saw one man who had knocked out $200 in four hours. But above all things the prices of provisions are simply outrageous. I paid $5 for a 50 pound sack of flour, $3 50 for a 10 pound sack of oatmeal, and drinks are two bits a piece. San Diego has about gone in a body to the gold country. Four telegrams have been received in this city requesting that hotel waiters be sent at once to San Diego, as none could be had there at any price. The guests were left to get their own meals out of the kitchen for one entire day.

A despatch direct from the camp says: New arrivals poured in in a constant stream to-day. A company of Mexican rural guards arrived this morning and the commandant put the camp under martial law and disarmed every one, the arms to be returned when they leave the camp. I have seen to-day over $20,000 in dust and nuggets. Few take the trouble to wash, simply dig hard pan and pick out the grains and nuggets with a horn spoon. I believe many paying quartz leads will be worked. One lode can be traced 1,400 feet up the mountain. In washing, the dirt is easily handled, as the gold is light and flakey. Reports of a large find at Real Del, Castello, just came in this evening. The camp is wild over the find of a Mexican named Jesus Roselle. He came yesterday morning and took a claim. This evening his clean up weighs $1,350. The camp is orderly; there are ruffians, but all work. Teams ply regularly between Ensenada and here; the charge is $50 each. Provisions are scarce; flour sells at $40 a sack and everything in the same proportion. Large stocks of goods are reported on the road. Five women have arrived and are now working neighboring claims and doing well. The nights are cold. There are a few dug-outs, but no one is willing to stop work to build shelter. The whole camp sleeps on the ground. There are 1,500 people and more are coming every hour.

A MISERABLE END.

Young Man Poisons Himself to Escape the Consequences of His Crime.

A last (Thursday) night's Lansing, Mich., despatch says: Edward M. Marietta, a Lansing man, decoyed from Canada to Detroit yesterday by means of a letter which the officers induced Mrs. Emma Parker to write, and who was wanted here for criminally assaulting a 9-year old girl named Kettie Hedges, was brought home dead by Deputy Sheriff Cook last night. Marietta induced his brother-in-law to bail him for the offence against the Hedges girl, and last week fled to Canada on money furnished by Mrs. Parker, who was to join him later. She was shadowed to Detroit on Monday and there arrested. An officer induced her to send a letter to Marietta at Chatham, telling him she was ill in Detroit, and afterward telephoned him to cross the river. He was arrested as he stepped off the ferry boat. The officer started for home with both his prisoners on the train last evening. When half an hour's ride from Detroit Marietta remarked that he did not feel well. A drink of water seemed to revive him, but in a few moments he again complained of illness, which was not so readily relieved. Suddenly his limbs stiffened out, and he then confessed that just before leaving Detroit he swallowed a dose of strychnine, purchased in Windsor for that purpose if arrested. He grew rapidly worse, experiencing convulsions frightful to witness, and died shortly before the train reached Plymouth. Marietta was 26 years old, and leaves a young wife.

A BAND OF MASKED ROBBERS

Compel Their Victims to Give Up Their Money by Torturing Them With Fire.

A last (Tuesday) night's Uniontown, Pa., despatch says: McClellandtown was terrorized last night by five armed, masked robbers. They entered Farmer Anderson's house and demanded his money. He protested he had none. They placed hot coals to his feet and compelled him to give them $30, all he had. They then ransacked the house, but finding nothing of value rode off. They next visited Farmer Lilly. The old man said he had no money, and the desperadoes tied him in bed and set fire to it. Lilly begged for mercy and finally gave up $130. He was unbound and the fire extinguished. A fruitless search of the house for valuables followed, after which the robbers went to the home of one Grove. The latter was put through the same torture, but had no money and after thoroughly ransacking the house the party left. They then visited the house of an old widow named Keeler. They bound and gagged her and threatened all manner of torture until she gave them a pension cheque, which they returned. Finding nothing here they rode off into the mountains, flourishing their weapons. The gang is believed to be the same that robbed Farmer Core, of Franklin, on Saturday, of $300. The residents of Fayette County are greatly excited, and armed parties will be organized to capture the robbers.

STUCK TILL HE DIED.

The Horrible Death of a Man who Fell from a Charleston Dock.

A Charleston, N.C., despatch says: John D. Wrede, a drummer for a commission house in this city, met a horrible death the other night. He left his home at about 9 o'clock, and was not heard from till the next day, when his body was found in the mud at Hunter's dock, on the eastern water front. The body was buried in the mud up to the arms, which were extended. It is supposed that he fell from the wharf into the dock, and while trying to extricate himself sank so deep in the mud as to be unable to get out. At that hour, 10 p.m., the tide was low, and at high tide there is not over three feet of water over the spot where he perished. He must have been slowly drowned by the rising tide. There are residences within 100 yards of the place where he was found, but his cries were unheeded. He must have been alive for four hours before the tide reached his mouth and drowned him. Wrede is the fourth victim who has perished there in the same way.

Strange Story of a Salvationist.

A despatch from Kingston says: William French, of Brockville, who was attacked recently for retaining connection with the Salvation Army after being told to quit, was kidnapped last Friday, and found next day beyond Prescott with his feet frozen. He tells the following story: "I was chloroformed, tied hand and foot, and put into a sleigh. When I came to I untied my hands with my teeth, and then untied my feet. I then jumped out of the sleigh, and being light, the snow crust held me up, while the fellow who was driving, being heavy, went through the crust, and by that means I got the start of him. He followed me some distance. Then the horses started and he had to return to them. I took to the woods and wandered about some time before I found the road, and was taken care of by some farmers."

HOW HE GOT A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Young Nunan Sought and Found the Long Missing Mother of His Betrothed.

A New Haven despatch says: In the quiet wedding in the little village of Terryville, Litchfield County, this afternoon, of Thomas E. Nunan, a reporter for the New Haven *Morning News*, and Jennie Hart, the adopted daughter of J. T. Hart, a wealthy resident of Kensington, culminates in a love story in which a search for the mother of the bride was an important episode.

In South Coventry, in 1876, a Mr. Hayden died, and his wife, left destitute, had to go to the poor house. Their 6-year-old daughter was adopted by Mr. Hart from an orphans' home in Boston, in which she had been placed by her grandfather. Mother and daughter had not since heard of each other. Mr. Hart subsequently died and left part of his estate to his adopted daughter, who took the name of Jennie Hart. She went to reside, in 1885, with James Woodruff, a brother-in-law of Mr. Hart, at Terryville.

Here she met young Nunan, who then conducted the Terryville *Eagle*. The paper had but a brief existence, and when Nunan deserted the *Eagle's* sanctum he decided while looking for a position to try and find the mother of Miss Hart, to whom he had become attached. He knew only that the daughter had been taken from Boston and her name had been Hayden.

A visit to most of the institutions was made in vain before Nunan struck the Little Wanderer's Home on Baldwin place. Here it was said the rules forbade giving information, as in a majority of cases it was well that such children should not know who their parents were. It was subsequently found, however, that she had been received from South Coventry in 1876, and thither the reporter went. This village was next visited, and a long resulted in finding the mother at Rockville. She had married again, and had three children by her second husband, George Eldridge. But she had to continue working in the mill at that place.

The mother was overjoyed to learn of her long lost daughter. She, too, had sought fruitlessly for her offspring with a photograph of her taken when very young. It was shown to many, but none had seen the lost one.

Nunan in executive session told his intended bride of having found her mother. They went next day to Rockville and visited the mill where her mother was working. An affecting scene followed when the mother was called out into the office. Soon after the Eldridge children were caressed by a sister whom they had never seen before, and the sister, besides her mother, found relatives of whom she had never heard.

The intimacy has been maintained, and the young man received the mother's blessing when he led to the altar the daughter whose hand he had earned by the long search.

A VILLAINOUS DEED.

A Young Lady Treacherously Shot by Her Rejected Lover—The Assassin Dying.

A last (Tuesday) night's Detroit despatch says: At half-past 10 o'clock last night Patrolman Schik heard the report of a pistol in the neighborhood of Sherman and Dubois streets, and going in the direction of the sound, he saw a woman stagger and fall against a fence. On getting up to her a second report was heard, and going a little farther, Schik and Policeman Wild, who had appeared upon the scene, found a blood-bespattered man in the gutter with a smoking revolver by his side. While the wounded man was taken in the patrol waggon to the station, a crowd gathered around the apparently dying woman. Among them was Captain Germain, of the Grace Whitney schooner, who lives on Maple street, who was astounded to find that she was his sister-in-law, a lady of 22, named Ida Combe, who has been living at his house. On a medical examination being made it was found that the ball had glanced round the skull and lodged near the base of the brain. The wound was dressed by Dr. Smith, who pronounces the injury not necessarily fatal, unless inflammation supervenes. At Gratiot Avenue Station, the would-be murderer remained conscious long enough to give his name as Nelson Brule, formerly assistant postmaster at Lake Linden, Mich. It appears that Brule has been courting Miss Combe for some time, but the affair was broken off in consequence of Capt. Germain hearing that he had a wife and two children living. He, however, prevailed on the young lady to see him off by the train by which he was going to leave the neighborhood, and in a quiet part of the street clasped her to his side with his left arm and exclaiming, "If I can't have you I'll kill you," placed the revolver against her head and fired. It is expected he will die.

MISTRESS OF THE SEAS.

Tremendous Increase Proposed to the British Navy—Fighting Charlie Wants More—The Radicals to Oppose the Increase.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons yesterday Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated that the Government proposed to build eight first-class men of war, of 14,000 tons each, and two of 9,000 tons, nine first-class cruisers, twenty-nine smaller cruisers, four of the Pandora type of cruisers, and eighteen of the sharpshooter type of torpedo vessels. The total tonnage of all these vessels will be 318,000, and the total cost £21,500,000. Lord George asked that £10,000,000 be appropriated from the consolidated fund for the proposed increase of the navy, and that the remainder of the sum required be provided for in the ordinary estimates. He promised that the Admiralty's programme would be executed within four and a-half years. Lord George did not think the proposed increase would induce other nations to attempt to rival England in naval strength, because England had refrained from military rivalry. He did not believe that any other power was capable of executing such an extensive programme in so short a time.

Lord Charles Beresford complained that the Government gave no real reason why just so many ships, no more and no less, should be built. He gave notice of an amendment, declaring that England's naval strength ought to be equal to the navies of France and any other great power combined.

The Radicals will oppose every stage of the legislation connected with Lord George Hamilton's scheme. It is expected Mr. Gladstone will lead the Opposition attack on the Government.

THE CHINESE OUTRAGES.

Treaty Ports Not Safe Resorts for Foreigners.

A recent telegram says: The North China *Daily News* says: "The chief lesson learned from this outbreak (the outrages on Europeans and Americans in the treaty port of Chin Kiang, China) is that it will not do to believe that foreigners are in absolute security at any of the treaty ports. Such incidents as happened at Chin Kiang may occur at any moment at any of the ports, and every port should be within easy reach of a man-of-war. The Chinese Government will have to pay full compensation for the damage done. It is no kindness of the Chinese to withdraw the gunboats for fear of wounding their sensibility, for, in any event like this, the loss falls ultimately on the Government." It is feared that the accession of the young Emperor will be accompanied by a recurrence of anti-foreign feeling, as he is under the influence of a tutor who is known to be a violent reactionary.

The foreign residents who died to the hulks stationed in the river subsequently went on board a merchant steamer and were taken to Shanghai. One foreigner is reported missing. Gen. Jones, the American Consul, and British Consul Mansfield remained at Chin Kiang under the protection of a British gunboat, but sent their families to Shanghai. Among the foreign buildings burned were the British Consulate, the British Marshal's house, the Baptist Chapel and the houses of two missionaries, Rev. Mr. Hunnex and Rev. Mr. Bryant. The United States Consulate and the Methodist Chapel were not burned. The wife of the American Consul had to run for her life, accompanied by her children, being pursued to the river by the rioters.

Her Prayer Answered.

A Jersey City, N. J., despatch says: About a year ago Captain Wm. A. Langdon, of the Fourteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, dropped dead in the street as the regiment was starting on a trip to Gettysburg. On Thursday his widow died here. Her aged mother, Mrs. Johnson, in her grief, persistently prayed that she too might die. To-day, while arranging flowers in the casket, Mrs. Johnson suddenly fell over her daughter's remains, and soon died of heart failure. Mrs. Langdon's funeral was delayed half an hour, and Mrs. Johnson's sudden death caused a sensation among the large congregation assembled in the church.

CURRENT TOPICS.

A NOISELESS and smokeless locomotive engine has been built at Palmyra, Wis., which perfectly consumes its fuel of coal or wood and re-uses the water at boiling point, the steam after use in the engine being condensed in a new manner. The side motion and jarring felt in the ordinary engine are done away with.

FOR blandness of expression the following advertisement, taken from a London paper, wants a good deal of beating: "I, Emanuel Emanuel, sole surviving partner of the firm of E. & E. Emanuel, goldsmiths, etc., beg to inform my customers and friends that the announcement in a London paper of my death and burial is premature."

AN exchange notes a variation of the well-known peppermint test for leaky drain and soil pipes. An infusion of valerian was poured down the vent-pipe, and a cat was given the run of the rooms and passages where any escape might reach. Pussy located three leaks and came near uncovering them, too, in her eagerness to reach the source of the, to her, attractive odor.

THE Gatling Company's factory in new England can turn out 3,000,000 cartridges a week and 1,000 machine guns a year. Thirteen hundred is the full complement of employees, and the company, which has secured from Dr. Gatling the right to supply the Eastern hemisphere with his guns, is already negotiating with nearly all the Governments of Europe and Asia.

AN attempt will shortly be made by the electricians of the Berlin Telephone Company to use their telephone wires for transmitting regulating currents to the clocks of the subscribers. Once a day, about 5 a.m., all the subscribers' wires will be automatically connected to a central clock, and the time currents will be transmitted. The wires will then be automatically disconnected and the usual service resumed.

THOMAS A. EDISON'S 42nd birthday was celebrated the other day by the presentation from his employees of a two thousand dollar outfit of laboratory furniture and conveniences, including an elegant phonograph in gold, silver and steel, and embodying a new automatic arrangement that Mr. Edison himself completed only on Friday last. The whole thing was a surprise to the great inventor. After congratulations he ordered the services of a caterer.

AT Evangelist Moody's school at Northampton, Mass., is a fair-haired Norwegian girl, who came to this country entirely alone, in order to attend this seminary. She says: "Norway is much better acquainted with America than America is with Norway. I learned of Mr. Moody's school through the papers. I wanted to be enrolled among its number, and so I came." There is a Bulgarian girl among Mr. Moody's pupils and a number of Canadian damsels.

THERE seems to be little doubt that poor Fr. Damien, the heroic priest who has voluntarily thrown in his lot with the lepers of Molokai Island, to which they are banished by the Hawaiian Government, is slowly dying of the leprosy. Private letters recently received by his friends in London state that he appeared to be slightly better, owing to the application of the latest remedies known to science, but the improvement can be only transitory, and the news of his end may come at any moment.

IN a recent lecture at Birmingham, England, Prof. Austen, of the Royal Mint, said: "Here is a bar of tin, two feet long and one inch thick, which it would be most difficult to break, though it would readily bend double. If only I rub a little quicksilver on its surface a remarkable effect will be produced—the fluid metal will penetrate the solid one, and in a few seconds the bar will, as you see, break readily, the fractured surface being white like silver." This is one of the curiosities of alloys.

A WOMAN near Ventura recently made $100,000 in land speculation. This fired her with the ambition to get up a special "boom" and make a million, if possible. So she chartered a train from San Francisco, 600 miles away, gave a free ride, a free lunch and free music to all who would come, and held a big sale. But though the train was crowded with people from San Francisco, no one would buy; and instead of making a fortune she lost $20,000. All of which proves that land booms are very uncertain things.

A NEW glass has just been made in Sweden which consists of fourteen substances, the most important elements being phosphorus and boron, which are not found in any other glass. The revolution which this new refractor is destined to make is almost inconceivable, if it is true, as positively alleged, that, while the highest power of an old-fashioned microscopic lens reveals only the one four hundred thousandth part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish one two hundred and four million seven hundred thousandth part of an inch.

THE stories of the vast wealth taken out of the Comstock mines are revived by the announcement of the death of Mr. Flood, the California millionaire. The story of his rise from a lunch counter to a splendid mansion on Nob Hill reads like a romance, but there is another side to this tale of mining speculation. The number of people who have lost their little all in just such ventures as that by which Flood and his partners made their money is legion. Flood was one of a few. Tens of thousands have only their experience to bequeath to their heirs.

A "NICKEL-IN-THE SLOT" contrivance that has not reached this country is told of by the Birmingham (Eng.) *Post*. It says: "Ingenuity is not dead yet, even in effete Europe. A company has just been formed in London to run small one-horse omnibuses on short routes at half-penny fares. Every second or third omnibus will be a smoking-car, and these latter will be fitted with automatic delivery boxes for the supply of cigars and cigarettes. These smoking omnibuses will be fitted with racks of newspapers, so that a passenger may read the latest news solaced by a more or less excellent cigarette."

THE *Medical Era* relates the case of a girl aged about 8, living at Fortress Monroe, Va., who was some months ago attacked by scarlet fever, the disease running a typical course. For a long time no possible course of contagion could be discovered. The child had not been absent from home, had been with no one lately exposed, and no other case was known to exist anywhere in the vicinity. Subsequently Dr. Brooke learned that one of she house servants had nursed a case of scarlet fever in a distant city just about a year before. After the case terminated she packed some of her things, including some clothing then worn, in a trunk and left the place. A year later she had the trunk sent to her, opened it and took out the contents, the little girl being present and handling the things. Very soon after the latter was attacked, as stated.

ADMINISTRATIONS may come and administrations may go at Washington, but there is one person who seems destined to haunt the corridors of the Congressional halls for all time to come. This person caused a peculiar scene on the floor of the House yesterday. An effeminate-looking individual, says our despatch, wearing trousers, a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat, ascended to the Speaker's desk, and, removing her hat, began an address in a sharp, squeaky voice. It was Dr. Mary Walker. She informed the astonished crowd that the time was not far distant when the Speaker of the House of Representatives would be a woman, and instead of the Speaker recognizing the gentleman from Indiana, Dakota, etc., he would say the lady from Indiana, Dakota, etc. She was right in the midst of an old-fashioned woman's rights speech when the confusion and crowd began to grow so great that she was politely led from her exalted position by a doorkeeper, who escorted her out of the hall.

THE Duke of Portland owns six country seats and is a member of at least seven clubs but he cannot speak half a dozen words in public with ease, and he carefully prepares, or has prepared, all his speeches, and reads them off as a young curate reads the lessons at church.

DR. HOLE, the English Dean of Rochester, protests against the addition of three commandments to the decalogue, "Thou shalt not play cards," "Thou shalt not drink a glass of wine," "Thou shalt not dance." The dean also advocates the opening of museums and galleries on Sunday.

FIVE historical swords have been left by the old German Emperor to the Berlin arsenal. They are the long sword, with a leather sheath, which the monarch wore from 1810 to 1834; the sword worn through the Austro-German and the Franco-German wars, on the handle of which are inscribed the names of the most famous battles of 1866 and 1870-71; the sword which the Emperor wore at parades, and which was called the "konigs-sabel;" the sword he inherited from Frederick William IV., and his father's old sword, which had been through all the wars against the first Napoleon, and which had its place next to the desk of William I., close to the famous corner window where the old man was daily greeted by the crowd when the guards passed the palace.

THE Salvation Army has been creating a sensation in India and claims many converts. The editor of the *Harvest Field*, the magazine of the Wesleyan Mission at Bangalore, has in a friendly way been asking some questions regarding this work of the army. Mr. Booth-Tucker, in replying, states that according to the weekly returns 78 per cent. of the converts are raw heathens, 16 per cent. native Christians and 6 per cent. Europeans or Eurasians. Previous reports had placed the proportion of native Christians much higher. Referring to the dangerous character of the work Mr. Booth-Tucker says the workers are made fully aware of what they may have to endure before setting out.

MASSACRED BY INDIANS.

A Party of Five French Tourists Murdered in Yellowstone Park—The Guide's Graphic Story.

A Cheyenne, Wyo., despatch says: A half-breed hunter, who arrived here to-day from the extreme northwestern part of the Territory, reports the massacre of five French tourists in Yellowstone National Park. The messenger heard the story at Canyon City, a new mining town, near the park, where Hank Ferry, the guide and sole survivor, reported the slaughter. Ferry said his charges included M. Leclaire and wife, J. Vincent and wife and Paul Gerst, father of Mme. Vincent. He entered the service of the sight-seers at Virginia City, Montana, contracting to show them through the park in violation of the United States statutes. The strangers were very wealthy, and said they journeyed overland from San Francisco for the express purpose of going through the park during the absence of summer excursionists. The party enjoyed themselves hugely, affiliating with the poachers, who were slaughtering game for hides. Their camp was always the headquarters for professional hunters, whom they supplied with luxuries. The guide's story of the murder, which he says was committed by Indians, is graphic.

Just before dawn blood curdling cries and a fusillade of shots were heard and roused Ferry. He realized the situation, and crawling through the brush took refuge in the mouth of a sleeping geyser. Here he heard the piteous groans and begging of the foreigners, mingled with the yells of the redskins. The latter killed old Gerst just as the sun was rising. The slaughter was most brutal, wound after wound being inflicted before the deathshot was given. No body contained less than ten bullets, and the body of Vincent, who made a desperate struggle for life, was completely riddled. The savages passed the morning in further mutilating the bodies and pillaging the outfit. The women were neatly scalped, and their long tresses, matted with blood, dangled from the belt of the chief. The heads of the men were hacked, and their bodies frightfully disfigured. The Indians found a store of liquors carried by the Frenchmen, but the quantity was not sufficient to intoxicate them all, else they would doubtless have fought among themselves. The clothes of the victims were donned by the fiends, who, as they ran from one waggon to the other, would halt an instant to give one of the bodies a kick or a gash with a sword. Finally they marauded wearied of their bloody feast, and, packing the effects of the dead people on their ponies, fired the waggons and left. Ferry, who was nearly dead with fright, emerged from his hiding place and started for Canyon City. He avoided the hunters, and must have suffered from hunger and exposure, as he was weak and emaciated and seemed slightly demented when telling the story. The guide was placed in the care of a physician, but disappeared the second night after his arrival, and has not been seen since. It is presumed he is crazy, as he started to the scene of the massacre. Officers at Canyon City have organized a posse to secure the bodies of the murdered people, and, if possible, avenge their deaths. They will proceed with all possible haste, as the place is isolated and wolves are liable to devour the remains. Ferry is a tough character, but his story is believed, although some of the miners think the hide hunters, who are mostly outlaws, may have murdered the tourists for the purpose of robbery.

Experimental Work for Farmers.

The members of the Experimental Union are endeavoring to introduce a system of practical experiments, in which they solicit the co-operation of the farming community. The object is to inaugurate such experimental work as will be valuable to every farmer in the Province. These experiments are intended to be such as can be carried out by almost every farmer, with but little trouble or expense. The following are the experiments chosen for this year, and the systems for carrying them on:

1. A continuation of the experiments of 1888 on the same plots, without further application of fertilizers.

2. A test of superphospate, dried blood, farmyard manure, and no manure with oats.

3. A comparison of the different systems of raising fodder corn.

The first is only to be undertaken by those who experimented with fertilizers in 1888; the second is to ascertain the value of some of our quick-acting and best known fertilizers. This experiment will prove especially valuable to small farms, grain and truck farms. The third, the shortage of pasture and increased use of supplemental crops impresses upon us the need of the best methods of raising fodder for summer and winter use. With this object in view the experiment with corn was planned.

Other experiments are being arranged in stock feeding, dairying, horticulture and bee-keeping by different committees.

We solicit the help of farmers in this work, and would ask them to apply to Mr. C. A. Zavitz, Secretary of the experiments, O.A.C., Guelph, for further information. Our means being limited, those who apply first will be supplied with experimental material. The results of the work should well repay each one who takes part in it.—EXPERIMENTAL COMMITTEE ON GRAINS AND FERTILIZERS.

Hints as to Advertising.

If you have goods to sell, advertise the fact. If an advertising canvasser wants to advertise your business in a fancy frame at a depot, pay him about 200 per cent. more than it is worth, and let him put it there. When a man has three-quarters of a second in which to catch a train, he invariably stops to read depot advertisements, and your card might take his eye. Patronize every canvasser that shows you an advertising tablet, card, directory, dictionary, or even an advertising Bible, if one is offered. But don't think of advertising in a well-established, legitimate newspaper. Your advertisement would find its way into all the thrifty households of the region where the farmer, the mechanic, the tradesmen and others live, and into the homes of the wealthy and refined—all of whom need articles and have the money with which to buy them; and in the quiet of the evening, after the news of the day had been digested, it would be read and pondered upon, and the next day people would come down to your store and patronize you, and keep coming in increasing numbers, and you might have to hire an extra clerk or two, move into a larger block and more favorable location, and do a bigger business; but, of course, it would be more expensive.—*New Haven Register.*

A Point in Western Etiquette.

He—Will you marry me? She—Wait a minute. (Exit). (Reappearing with a shotgun)—Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place.—*Terre Haute Express.*

In a Prohibition State.

Employment agent—I have a position which you can fill if, as you say, you are willing to leave the city. Do you drink?

Young Man—No, sir.

"Ever have the habit?"

"No, sir."

"Then I suppose you could resist the temptation to get tight even if swimming in liquor?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. The position I have reference to is that of soda fountain clerk in an Iowa drug-store."—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Ghost Layer.

First Wife—Why did you have your husband cremated?

Second Wife—He swore he would haunt me. Now let him haunt.

DR. CHARLES J. W. KARN

W[illegible] She Didn't Grow.

LOVING AND POETICAL EPISTLES.

He Has to Donate $1,500 Cold Cash to Miss Olga for Lacerated Feelings.

A last (Tuesday night's Walkerton despatch says: Miss Olga Niemeier vs. Charlie J. W. Karn, a spicy breach of promise case between parties in high social circles, was up at the Assizes. C. J. W. Karn is a medical practitioner of Woodstock. Miss Niemeier, a fine-looking young girl of about 18 years, is the daughter of a wealthy medical gentleman of Neustadt. Karn did not deny the promise and the case went to the jury simply to assess the damages. Mr. O'Connor, much to the delight of a very large audience, read extracts from letters by Karn. The following is a fair sample of his effusions:

MY DEAR OLGA,—I received your sweet, sweet little letter and was more than usually struck with its goodness and purity. My sweet, kind, generous Olga. I can't help thinking thus like a sponge I am good at absorbing, but very poor at giving anything out, but when you see me again you must squeeze me, and like the sponge with its moisture so am I with the sweetness you have given me; squeeze me and you will get it all back. Just a lovely Xmas card. My dear Olga, you must have extra good taste to pick out such a beautiful card. The color means love, the violets were love, the roses mean love, the forget-me-nots mean love, the lily of the valley indicates a return of friendship. My dear Olga, I will always keep the card and remember it as a love offering. When I decided to go to Neustadt I little expected to be all broken up in small pieces, but in that respect was agreeably surprised. I have wandered in society a good deal, and was never before able to draw any distinction between my lady friends, but at last I have found the lady of my dream. As some author puts it, there is a twin in unison. You, Olga, be my balm and you will never have cause to regret it.

You are the very light of my life, and no matter where I go your sweet and loving nature seems to follow me like the spirit of a dream, loving, loving, loving.

Beecher says that when there is love in the heart there are rainbows in the eyes which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues. * * * Common as light is, love and its familiar voice wearies not ever. * * *

Again he quotes:

How dreary and lonely the world would appear
If women there were none;
It would be like a fair,
With neither fun nor business there.
Dear st, where thy shadow faces
Beauty sits and music calls.

Again:

I'll serve you in such noble ways
As never was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more;
Oh, my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

Like the lily of the valley, if you live at all, it must be in an atmosphere congenial to your nature.

When around you dying autumn leaves are lying, oh, then remember me, love.

The kiss you sent me was very nice, although it was indirect, but when I think of the direct one I got at Neustadt I can't help saying: You send a kiss by letter, like other fruit to me is sweeter tastes fresh gathered from the tree.

Speaking of an incident on the train, he continued:

There was a golden-haired boy and a golden-haired maid, as spooney as spooney could be. I like a little of that kind of thing myself, but I like it strictly private.

In another letter, he gushed forth in this manner:

I appreciate the kiss the more, for I know if it were possible you would help me to gather the fruit. Dearest Olga, I have been trying for about five minutes to express a thought: how much and how dearly I love you, but words seem to be meaningless symbols in expressing such depths of thought and feeling.

Dear Olga, although I am not pretty I try to be good, and earnestly each day ask God to make me better. Dear Olga, my heart is yours with the same burning ardent love which I have always cherished for you since our acquaintance. * * * We had a patient in the hospital to-day from Carlsruhe complaining of constriction of the œsophagus. * * *

Sam Jones, the evangelist, is getting along well. It is reported that over 200 were converted at the last night meeting.

Olga, when the storms are long,
Will you sing a cheerful song?
When the rude winds rock the tree,
Will you closer cling to me?

Never before have I been able to so thoroughly appreciate the worthlessness of words as expressing the deep regret one has at parting with the one he loves above all others. Although the parting was a simple kiss and a good-bye, still my heart is left with you. It is yours, my dear, and yours alone forever.

When you get back to Walkerton don't study too hard.

In his last letter he performed the unpleasant duty of sending the following extract:

I really do not care for you as I used to. Have entirely ceased to love you and would be pleased to see you in December only as a friend. I am sorry to have to write this, knowing as I do that it will strike deeply into your poor heart, but, Olga, I do not think I am to blame, for you have failed to make yourself sufficiently attractive to reclaim my love, and it would be only deception on my part to keep you in the dark.

He closed by bidding her a sorrowful good-bye and asked her to take her trouble to Jesus. Karn has since married the daughter of a leading and reputedly wealthy medical man of Woodstock. When examined before the trial he gave as one reason why he broke off the engagement with little Olga, to whom he had penned the poetical effusion, that when he became engaged she was a small of stature. He expected she would grow, but she did not, and he would be ashamed of her upon the street. Mr. O'Connor acted for the plaintiff. Mr. Blackstock acted for the defendant, and made a big effort to get young Karn off lightly, but it was no good. The jury gave the plaintiff $1,500 damages. Dr. Karn and his wife walked the streets of Walkerton during the afternoon, and when little Olga met them the smile on her face indicated that the Bruce lassies mean business.

The Best Exercise for Children.

Instinctive gymnastics is, from the hygienic point of view, the best adapted to the regular development of the child. It is not liable to any of the objections we have brought against gymnastics with apparatus. It cannot deform the body, for it is made up of spontaneous movements and conformed to the natural office of each limb. It does not localize the work in a particular region of the body, for all the limbs are instinctively invited to take their quota of exercise; and it does not seduce the child into efforts touching upon the limits of his strength. Instinct also invites him to the kind of work which is best adapted to his particular aptitudes for resisting fatigue. He has a natural disposition to perform light but frequently recurring acts, quick motions, which put him out of breath, while exercise with apparatus rather exact slow and intense efforts that bring on local fatigue. Now all observers have noticed the wonderful facility with which a child recovers its breath and its impatience of local fatigue. Finally, natural exercise, being the satisfaction of a want, is by that very fact a pleasure; and joy shines in the face of the child who is playing freely.—*From "The Physical Training of Young Children," by M. Fernan Lagrange, in the Popular Science Monthly for February.*

Eli Perkins on Modern Music.

My cousin Julia is learning to sing hi—opera. Everything is on the hi now; hi—opera, hi—church, hi—heels, or hi—poorisy.

When Eugene Augustus asked her to sing last night she flirted up her long train, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the piano, and sang:

When the moo-hoon is mi bild-ly be-heaming
O'er the ca-balm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e-a;
Its ray-dyance so softly stre-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh ther-en,
I thee-hink
Hof thee-ee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hi-k,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof thee-e-e-e!

"Beautiful, Miss Julia! beautiful!" and we all clapped our hands.

"Do please sing another hymn. You sing perfectly divine, Miss Julia," said Eugene Augustus.

Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers and warbled:

And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee—
And we'll catch the flee-ting hour!

I thought it was divine—Julia's singing—but I changed my mind that evening when my good old family clergyman, Elder Wilson, took me out behind the barn and read this good, old-fashioned hymn:

Could poor King David but for once
To Eaton Church resair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord, how he would swear!

Honors for Emperor William.

Labouchere says that when Emperor William comes to England in July the Queen will make him a G.C.B., and he will receive his father's gold collar and insignia, while the late Emperor's garter is to be given to Prince Henry of Prussia.

Visiting foreigner—My man, why is all this dirt heaped up semi-periodically on the streets? Laborer—It's cleanin' the streets we are, sor. Foreigner—But why don't they haul it off instead of leaving it to be scattered and scraped up again? Laborer—Git out wid yes! Yo'd be afther takin' the breed out of a poor laborin' man's mouth.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

English Girls.

AFRAID OF A SEVERE SCOLDING.

They Tie Themselves Together and Drown in Each Other's Arms.

(London Edition of the N. Y. Herald.)

Two girls tied themselves together and drowned themselves in the Birmingham Canal on Sunday night. The particulars of the tragedy are without parallel in the annals of self-destruction. The pathos of the case and the insignificance of the events which led the unfortunate girls to do away with themselves are circumstances which would be regarded as the wildest flights of fancy if narrated in the pages of some latter-day romance. The two girls were mere children. Their names were Sarah Ann Ward and Elizabeth Wylde, 17 and 16 years of age respectively; and, as far as can be learned, they were both of excellent character. Both were domestic servants, both were employed in the same house, both started out for a holiday on Sunday forenoon without a second to shadow their prospects of enjoying themselves. The next morning their dead bodies were dragged out of the sluggish waters of the Birmingham Canal, where they had drowned themselves together but a few hours before. When found the two bodies were tied together with a red woollen wrap, and the arms of each were entwined around the other as though they had

DIED IN A FOND EMBRACE,

which never loosened even when the cold waters closed over them and hushed their [illegible] gasps in death. From the evidence given at the inquest it seems that the girls were driven to their mutual death through fear of being reprimanded by their employer. They got leave only to stay out until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but when it came to 8 o'clock and they had not yet returned to their home, they seemed to have become terrified at the possible consequences and decided not to go back at all. What foolish ideas got into their childish imaginations, and what thoughts terrified them all through the Sabbath evening, no one will ever know. When they were last seen they were trying to put a bold face on the awful intentions they had already conceived, and the girl Wylde laughed as she told a boy friend of hers that she was going to do away with herself in the canal. No one saw them alive after a quarter past 9 o'clock. No one heard of them again until their bodies were taken from the canal next morning.

James Amphlett, a horse driver employed at the East Cannock colliery, stated at the inquest that he had been "keeping company" with Sarah Ward for six months back. On Sunday evening he went to the Salvation Army barracks at Hednesford, with a friend of his named Lloyd, and there saw the two girls. They were outside the barracks then, but later they went in and attended the service, where he afterwards again saw them. At 8 o'clock he saw them again, and they talked together for a while; and then the girls told him how it was that they should have been home at 4, and were now

AFRAID TO RETURN.

They then turned away and began whispering to each other. Amphlett listened, and overheard the girl Ward saying, "We will be drowned together;" but at the time he could not understand what they meant. The girls then went down the street towards Hednesford station, and Amphlett went off in an opposite direction altogether. About an hour later Amphlett and Lloyd were returning to their home when they again met the two girls. Lloyd went home and Amphlett remained with the girls for a while, endeavoring to persuade them to go home, but his attempts were fruitless.

"Why won't you go?" he asked.

"Because they will begin reprimanding us," explained the girls.

"Well, what do you mean to do?"

"Make away with ourselves in the canal," answered Elizabeth Wylde, with a laugh, and Amphlett went away thinking the girls were only jesting.

He went and asked his friend Lloyd what he thought of the matter, however; but Lloyd took his view of the case, and said the girls were too sensible for anything wrong to happen them.

And so Amphlett went home and forgot about the girl he had been "keeping company with" for the last six months, and apparently forgot all about her child companion too. And the next morning, when the canal boatmen were dragging their slow boats up the sluggish waterway, they found the two girls slimy and cold and dead, tied together with a