NORTHWEST NOTES.

The promoters of the Winnipeg Transfer Railway, that is to connect the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific roads by a line along the river front, says it will be in operation in a month's time.

A Bryant boy, aged 13 was drowned while bathing in the Red River to-night.

Mr. James Fisher, Liberal member for Russell, was given a banquet at Russell village to-night.

The Indian Agents of the Northern Treaties have left to make their annual payments. Dr. Orton left yesterday with Commissioner McLean to attend the Indians in the neighborhood of Cumberland House, disease having broken out among them.

At the Baptist Convention of the Northwest to-day the report of the Educational Committee was presented. It recommended the erection of a college at Brandon, providing that city gave $10,000, the college to cost $25,000 and have a staff of four first-class professors to begin with and have fine arts and musical departments. Steps, it was said, would be taken to secure an endowment of $5,000 a year for three years to carry on the work. A committee in connection with the scheme was appointed.

Mr. Buchanan, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, is making a trip through the Province.

The Plum Creek Lacrosse Club visited the city and played matches with the city clubs. The Winnipegs defeated them four to one last night, and the Nineteenth with the same score to-day.

There have been light showers of rain in various parts of the Province last night and to-day. The indications are that harvesting will begin about August 1st.

The body of Willie Bryant, the boy who was drowned in the river yesterday, was recovered this morning near the place where the lad sank.

Bishop Farand, from the Athabasca region, has arrived for the purpose of attending the Catholic Council at St. Boniface on the 16th inst. He says a good many Indians died from starvation last spring.

St. Paul and Manitoba people are reported to be behind the scheme for building a railroad between Winnipeg and Duluth.

Sir John Lester Kaye is having made 24 sprinkling carts in Winnipeg. These he intends to use on his Western farms with a view to overcoming the effects of drouth.

The Provincial Sunday School Convention at Portage la Prairie closed its proceedings to-day. A resolution was passed condemning the Provincial papers for publishing reports of the Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight.

Immediate application will be made to the Department of Justice for authority to extradite the prisoner Burke, but until the appeal is settled action will be deferred.

It is practically settled that the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Burke case will be applied for next week. Burke has no money, but a few citizens who desire to see the accused receive the best of fair play have intimated that if his lawyer will appeal it will be seen that all disbursements at any rate will be paid. This is sufficient to satisfy the lawyers, and there is practically no doubt an appeal will be made. It will be made next week before one judge, it being quite impossible to get it on during term. The lawyers for the defence think they have a very good fighting case. In fact Mr. Perdue is quite confident that the date flaw in the depositions will prove fatal to them. If it does, the whole business will be dropped, as without the depositions Cronin's death is not proved, and there is no crime upon which the prisoner can be sent back.

Showers of rain fell throughout the province to-day. Nr. John T. Moore, of Toronto, managing director of the Saskatchewan Land Company says the damage by drought has been greatly overestimated. A good many cried before they were hurt.

About four hundred Orangemen went from this city to-day to celebrate the 12th at Brandon. A demonstration was also held at Rapid City.

Detective Broderick has received definite orders for himself and John Collins to wait in Winnipeg until Burke is surrendered, as it is most desirable they should bring him back with them.

Bishop Clute, of the Diocese of Mackenzie River, arrived here to-day from Montreal to attend the meeting of bishops to be held next week. Bishop Clute has been living in Montreal for two years owing to ill-health, but will return to Mackenzie River in a few weeks.

A DELICATE OPERATION.

A Cancer Patient's Stomach Provided With a New Outlet.

A highly-interesting surgical operation, the first of its kind ever attempted in Buffalo, and perhaps in the United States, has just been successfully performed at the Sisters' Hospital there. A patient was recently taken there suffering from cancer of the stomach, the disease which killed the great Napoleon. He was suffering terrible agony and dying from starvation literally, because the cancer had by its growth completely closed up the outlet from the stomach to the intestines, and all food was rejected, not even a swallow of milk being retained. The house surgeon, Dr. W. H. Heath, resolved to resort to the operation of gastroenterotomy. Having placed the patient on the operating table, the surgeon cut open his abdomen on the median line, took out the stomach in part, as well as a portion of the intestines, which were carefully protected by warm cloths. Then he made an opening in the lower part of the stomach and connected it by stitches with the small gut, thus making a new channel for the passage of matter from the stomach and overcoming the obstruction of the cancer. The patient bore the operation well, and is now being fed with small portions of milk and champagne. The operation cannot save him from the effects of the cancer, but it is expected that it will prolong life for months, or even perhaps for years, while insuring him a comfortable ending when his time comes. The result in this case will doubtless be watched with interest by the medical profession.

O'Conner's Code.

A London cable of Thursday says: Upon John O'Connor's refusal to violate his Fenian oath or to tell anything which he has promised to keep secret, notwithstanding his hostility to the extremes to which the secret societies had gone, Sir James Hannen, after reproving the witness in somewhat strong language, asked him whether he were a Protestant or a Roman Catholic; and then whether the Church justified him in refusing to answer all questions in giving evidence on the ground that he had taken an illegal oath. O'Connor replied that he had not studied the theological aspect of the subject. "Not the moral?" asked Justice Hannen. "No," replied O'Connor; "but I know my own code of honor." Everyone in the Court room thought that something serious was about to happen, but the matter was dropped. The presiding Justice exhibits a disposition to give an ultimate judgment unfavorable to the Parnellites if he can, but he tries to be careful not to be unjust during the evidence.

Confusion of Terms.

"Leave," said the young lady's mother, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you had the gas turned rather low last evening!"

"It was solely for economy, mamma," the maiden answered.

"There is no use trying to beat the gas company, my daughter. I have noticed that the shutting off of the gas is always followed by a corresponding increase of pressure."

"Well, that lessens the waist, doesn't it, mamma dear?" replied the artless girl. And her fond parent could find no more to say.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Subjects Exhausted.

Little Alice—Oh, dear, I'm afraid if Mrs Blank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma. Ain't her call near over?

Little Dick—I guess so. Mamma is talking about the second girl now, an' there is only the nurse an' the janitor left.

A Wise Mother.

Daughter (who is engaged)—Mother, John is coming to tea to-night. Let me make him some cakes?

Mother—Not for the world, my dear, unless you have an intention of suing him for a breach of promise.

—Before her husband boiled Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" down it was four times its present size.

—There are now in actual operation in Bengal 844 miles of canal, of which 614 are navigable. The area commanded by irrigation canals is 2,698,846 acres.

The woman who hesitates is lost or deserves to be—but, unluckily, the world has never been able to lose her permanently yet.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE JUBILEE SHOT.

It Would Demolish Boston or New York With Great Ease.

In 1868 two shots were fired at Shoeburyness, Boston (from a wire wound one weighing 35 tons) of Harper's Weekly. It is a compressively light gun, with a caliber of 9.2 inches. The weight of its projectile is 380 pounds. It was fired at an angle of 40 degrees, and the initial velocity was 2,375 feet a second. The mean shot is known to artillerists the world over as the "jubilee shot." Before the gun was fired the problem of the shot was given out by the Professor of Ballistics at Woolwich to all the artillery schools of the world. It contained the elements which have been mentioned, and the question was asked, How far will the gun send the projectile? The mean distance of the two shots was 21,203 yards, or twelve miles and eighty-three yards. The greatest altitude reached by the projectile was 6,275 yards—a little more than three and a half miles. The shot traveled higher than any mountain on the North American continent or in the world, except some peaks of the Himalayas and the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes. The professors of ballistics worked their problem and announced the results to the Royal Artillery School. The most accurate result was obtained by Captain James M. Ingalls, of the First Artillery, who is instructor in ballistics at Fort Monroe. General Ingalls' computation was within 266 yards of the mean shot, and within eleven yards of one of the shots. This shot ought to serve as a warning to the country, which leaves its richest cities unprotected. It may be objected that the piece could not be discharged at 40 great an angle as 40 degrees from the deck of a modern ship without irreparably damaging the carriage and the vessel. The best authority, however, says that there is no reason why such a comparatively light gun should not be discharged from a ship of war at any desired elevation. But even if we assume the correctness of the position of naval experts that 10° represents the greatest angle of elevation at which a gun can be safely discharged from a vessel, the projectile of this particular gun would then travel more than eight miles. It has been discharged at an angle of 15° with the result of sending the shot seven and sixty-three one-hundredth miles. There is nothing in this country which can resist this shot. Judging from recent experiments in resistance, there is nothing in the world which can successfully oppose the force of a projectile of 380 pounds, sent from a gun with the initial velocity of the Long-ridge 9.2-inch cannon.

JACK THE RIPPER

Alleged to Have Murdered and Mutilated Another Whitechapel Woman.

A last (Tuesday) night's London cable says: There is apparently to be another series of Whitechapel horrors. At half-past 1 this morning a woman was found at her last gasp in Castle alley, Whitechapel district, with her throat cut and her stomach frightfully slashed. There is every indication that Jack the Ripper is at work again. The unfortunate woman lies in outcast. She died in a few moments after being found. No trace of the murderer can be traced. The woman's name is unknown. The hue and cry will begin again, and Whitechapel will be invaded by an army of the curious, and will be patrolled by hundreds of police, who cannot see, hear or think. The woman is about 45 years of age. She was known as Kelly to Mrs. Smith, keeper of the baths at Castle alley. The body was found near a lamp-post, under the glare of the light. Carts of many descriptions were stacked on both sides of the street just where the murder occurred, with room for a man to stand out of sight. The theory of the police is that the man and woman entered Castle alley from Pettycoat lane, and as they were passing an unoccupied building he thrust the knife into her neck below the right ear. The woman apparently fell on her face, as there is mud on the front of her dress. The murderer then turned her over and inflicted the frightful gashes on the stomach. The police, as usual, are reticent when they know nothing. There is a report that the man has been arrested. Another report says he answers the description of Jack the Ripper. The police refuse to deny or confirm the report

POPULATION OF ROME.

At One Time It Contained Four Millions of Inhabitants.

An interesting writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," after examining all available data figures that ancient Rome had probably 4,000,000 inhabitants. He thinks it much more probable that it was larger than that it was smaller. De Quincey also estimates the inhabitants of Rome at 4,000,000. The circus maximus was constructed to hold 250,000, or, according to Victor at a later period probably 385,000 spectators. Taking the smaller number, then it would be one in sixteen of all the inhabitants if there were 4,000,000. But as one half of the population was composed of slaves, who must be struck out of the spectators, when the circus was built there would be accommodations then for one in eight of the total population, excluding slaves. Reducing again the number one half by striking out the women, there would be room for one in four. Again, striking out the young children and the old men and the sick and impotent, there would be accommodation for nearly the whole population. Is it possible to believe that the Romans constructed a circus to hold the entire population of Rome capable of going to it?—for such must have been the case were there only 4,000,000 of inhabitants.

Apotheosis of the Hired Girl.

Who says hired girls are never appreciated and get no credit for what they do? Just read this eulogy from an Iowa paper over a servant who had moved to another town: "Her service in this city, covering a period of many years, was confined to two families. She was master of her art in all its branches, and it is said in her praise that she could manage a large house without fuss, worry, or apparent effort. By her superior talent she was able to have every department running smoothly without clash or friction, and the mistress of the house was made to feel that ease, security and comfort which well paid domestics should provide. For perfect neatness, austere cleanliness and quiet dignity in her place, this young woman was a model many, even housewives, might more pattern after. Never a queen on her throne or belle in the ballroom more becomingly conducted herself or was more perfectly master of the situation than was this young woman, who has made the title 'hired girl' to be honored and respected by all who knew her in our city." There now, did any "belle" ever get a better send-off than that in any society column?

Cooler Than a Flannel Shirt.

The flannel shirt is coming in for its full share of adoration during the hot spell, when starched linen wilts so easily. There is only one thing that is cooler than this article, and that is a calm and contented mind. There's nothing more heating than fret and worry.—*Boston Herald.*

Crumbs of Comfort.

First Dame—"What does the doctor say ails y'r husband?"

Second Dame (sadly)—"Bright's disease."

"Well, dearie, don't be so down-hearted. Poor, afflicted John Bright lived to a good old age in spite of his disease."

The Weapons of Modern Warfare.

Gaggs—By what weapons permissible in good society can I punish Miss Sharps for snubbing me?

Waggs—Cross beau and cut lass.

Crime Must be Stopped.

"There are a great many suicides now," remarked Mr. Fangle.

"Yes," replied his wife, "an example ought to be made of some of them."

Ingenuous Love.

Johnny—Dear papa, I love you so much. Papa—I love you too, Johnny, when you are good.

"But, papa, I love you even when you ain't good.

—"What business are you going to put your son into, Mr. Slocon?" "Well, I don't know. He is not quick to apprehend anything." "Not quick to apprehend? I'll tell you the very place for him." "Indeed, where is it?" "On the Chicago detective force."

—An observer of human nature has discovered that when a Chinaman is pleased he takes off his shoes and opens his mouth.

—Lord Tennyson is to receive $1,000 for the poem he is now writing. His first accepted poem brought him the munificent sum of 15 shillings.

THE HAND OF DEATH.

Diphtheria Claims 360 Victims in a Year in St. John's, Nfld.

The returns for last week show that diphtheria is steadily though slowly abating. Twenty-three cases were under treatment, the number of new cases during the week was thirty-six, and there were but four deaths. It is thus evident that under the vigorous and judicious means employed the destructive pestilence which has desolated so many homes, and caused such an amount of suffering, is fast disappearing. That it will linger for some time yet may be expected; but its operations are curtailed, and we may reasonably hope that it will decline more and more till we shall at no distant date be delivered from it entirely. There must be no relaxation of vigilance for some time to come, for we have a treacherous foe to deal with; but we can now breathe more freely, in the hope of entire deliverance.

At this stage we may glance backward at the history of the epidemic and the ravages it has wrought. There were but few cases of diphtheria up to the 1st of July last year, and these were in the sporadic form. The disease presented no symptoms of becoming epidemic. On the 28th of June, 1888, the Board of Health, from the medical reports, were able to affirm that "St. John's was more free from infectious diseases than for a great many previous years—more free than ever in their experience."

From that date a change began. The number of cases began to increase. From a foul locality at King's bridge, where a number of families were infected, it spread into the city and appeared at various places. The efforts of the Board of Health were baffled by the concealment practised in too many cases, and thus intercourse with infected houses where it was not suspected to exist, diffused the germs of the disease widely. Still, during the fall months the extent of the disease was not very serious, and did not create much alarm. It was not till near Christmas that its proportions began to create a panic. Just before Christmas, there were 76 cases and 10 deaths. The increase went on, and in the first half of February there were 124 cases and 24 deaths, and in the second half 91 cases and 6 deaths. From March 14th to the 25th there were 124 cases and 18 deaths. The returns from that time showed that cases ranged from 47 to 69 each week. May proved to be a particularly fatal month. For the week ending May 5th there were 70 new cases and 14 deaths; in the second week 55 new cases, 11 deaths; third week 83 new cases, 11 deaths; fourth week 69 new cases, 9 deaths. Since then, there has been a gradual abatement.

From the returns compiled by that able and intelligent Health Inspector, Head Constable Winslow, who has rendered most valuable services throughout, we are now able to give the statistics of the epidemic since its first appearance, with a very close approximation to the facts. Altogether, there have been, up to the present time, 2,000 cases of diphtheria in St. John's and the immediate vicinity, and 360 deaths. The death rate has thus been 18 per cent. This is considerably lower than the death rate of other places, where diphtheria has been epidemic. The average of death ranges from 20 to 25 per cent. This lighter death rate speaks well for the skill and care of our medical men, as well as for the efficient energy of our Board of Health, especially in their efforts to aid the poor with medicines and necessaries.

We have had a severe lesson in the ravages of this epidemic—one that will not soon be forgotten. Two thousand out of a population of 30,000 have been attacked. Death has darkened many a dwelling. The amount of suffering, sorrow, anxiety, who can calculate? The mere loss of money—the disturbance of business—the public expenditure in meeting the visitation—the loss of time and labor—have been immense. The lesson will be thrown away upon us if we do not adopt the most stringent and efficient means in the future to secure the sanitary condition of the city, and guard the community from the invasion of infectious diseases.—*St. John's (Nfld.) Mercury.*

THE QUAINT AND DROLL.

Answers Appropriate and Otherwise.

Occasionally some really amusing answers are given at examinations, and these lose none of their point by the absolute innocence of the pupil who perpetrates the witticism. "Who was Esau?" was asked an English school pupil. "Esau," said he, with great promptness and confidence, "was a man who became famous as a writer of fables, and who sold his copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash." "Write an account of Cardinal Wolsey" brought the answer: "He was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, remarked to Cromwell: 'Ah! if I had only served you as you have served me, would not have been deserted in my old age.'" "What is the Age of Reason?" evoked the reply: "The time elapsing since that person's birth." A not too devoted student was asked: "What are the letters of Junius?" and his mentor almost fainted when he read the reply: "Letters written in the month of June." "What do we understand by the expression 'The year of Jubilee'?" was asked of a girls' class in an English Sunday School. "Leap year," was the prompt response, given with manner born of assurance of absolute correctness. "Why do we stamp on our coins 'In God we trust'?" was asked of a Weldon, N.C., class. Of course this was a puzzler, and after wrestling with it for a few minutes a sharp little girl put up her hand, saying: "Please, sir, that was a long time ago." It has always struck me that there was a good deal of point in the naive answer. Like the physiology pupil who described the bone of the upper arm as the "humorous," "because it is the funny bone," she got very near the truth.

The Last Suez Canal Report.

The receipts for 1888 were 67,000,000 fr. and the expenses 7,743,000 fr., or only 11½ per cent., though including 400,000 fr. for the working of the night service. The expenses have only increased by 2,500,000 fr. since the opening of the canal, for canals, unlike railways, do not use up rails or coal, and increasing traffic requires but a very slight increase of the staff. The dividend, including the sum paid on account, will be 84 fr. The reserve being already above the obligatory amount, will not be increased, but 300,000 fr. is allotted towards the new works; 3,440 vessels used the canal last year, the passengers numbering 183,000; 1,680 vessels passed through by night. The average duration of the transit was 30¾ hours, which shows a steady reduction of time.

Placed Behind the Bars.

A Chicago despatch of Friday says: Judge Horton to-day, after hearing the arguments, refused to issue a writ of habeas corpus looking to the release on bail of John J. Beggs, the chief officer of camp No. 20, Clan-na-Gael, indicted for conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin. Judge Horton held that the indictment was sufficient presumption of guilt to warrant holding the prisoner without bail. He did not require the State to disclose the evidence on which the indictment was found. It was said that the application was made partly with a view to obtain this evidence, that it might be used to assist Burke in his fight against extradition at Winnipeg.

The Painlessness of Death.

The act of dying, it is now ascertained, is absolutely free from suffering; is really unconscious, insensibility always preceding it. Any anguish that may attend mortal illness ceases before the close, as thousands who have recovered, after hope had been surrendered, have borne witness. Sudden and violent death, shocking to the senses, may not be, probably it is not, painful to the victim. Drowning, hanging, freezing, shooting, falling from a height, poisoning of many kinds, beget stupor or numbness of the nerves, which is incompatible with sensation. Persons who have met with such accidents, and survived them, testify to this. Records to the effect are numberless.—*Forum.*

Rural Delights.

Tired city child—Mamma, I'm awful sick of city streets.

Mamma—Well my dear, next Saturday we'll go to Central Park, and you can have a lovely time all day long keeping off the grass.

—"Hurry to the door, Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice." "That isn't Mr. Smith, it is the other young gentleman." "Well, wait a minute, then I must change the photographs on the mantel."

"But what proof have I of your love?" whispered Calliope, after Talemaches had declared himself. "Only this," murmured Telemachus, as he applied his little green about her waist, and she took the proof.

WICKED CHICAGO.

A Vivid Picture Thereof Painted by a Home Artist.

The truth is not always palatable even to us Chicagoans. The greater the truth, it is the more we dislike it.

The New York Sun says: "What Chicago needs is more virtue and more intelligence in the hearts and minds of her people. Mere bigness, a million and a quarter of population, will not suffice to make Chicago great."

Here is a solid chunk of truth, well aimed, that hits us squarely between the eyes.

As to our vices—do it necessary to particularize? Where are there filthier slums? Where is there a more open and brazen disregard for common decency than our down-town streets present after nightfall? Where are concert halls, dance halls and dives of every description tolerated to a greater or more shameful extent? Where are blacklegs permitted to follow their calling with more freedom? Where are gambling hells run more wide open? Where are the police on more intimate terms with thugs and thieves? Where do the divorce courts present greater attraction for people of depraved tastes? Where is there a more reckless disregard for morality among all classes?

As to our intelligence—is it necessary to particularize? What sort of literature finds the readiest sale in Chicago? What kind of news is devoured the soonest? What sort of newspapers do the masses of the people demand? What sort of men are most certain to be elected to office? What sort of men are, generally speaking, the most popular? Where is integrity of the cast-iron stamp held for less, and where is dishonesty of the genteel kind held for more? Where is the money-getter asked fewer questions as to the manner of his getting it? Where is talent without means a less desirable or a less profitable thing to be possessed of? Where on God's footstool is genius without a bank account likely to have fewer admirers?

The virtue and intelligence of the populace, using the words in their highest meaning, have not been generally considered essential here to the greatness of the city. They are not generally considered essential now. Perhaps when we shall all have become rich, no matter how, we will pay a little more attention to those things. At present the poor are striving for the dollar, the well-to-do for real estate, and the millionaire for the earth. There is no time to spare—no time to be wasted upon virtue, intelligence, and other immaterial things.—*Chicago Times.*

IS AN ELECTRIC STROKE FATAL?

Testimony of Experts Taken Before the New York State Commission.

A New York despatch says: The Kemmler electricity execution referred was continued yesterday in the presence of a large number of electric experts. Dr. Frederick Peterson, a specialist in nervous diseases, testified to dissecting dogs killed by electricity. He was positive that an electrical current could be produced that would cause death without pain in every instance. By machine application the current would be diffused throughout the entire system. Dr. Peterson said that after he had cut open some dogs their hearts beat for thirty-six minutes, although it was no indication of life. In some of the experiments he witnessed the dogs seemed to suffer great pain. This was not noticed in those performed on in the Edison laboratory. The resistance he found varied, but he was confident that resistance could be accurately measured at any time given. Invariably the resistance decreased instead of increased. Dr. Peterson thought 1,500 volts were necessary to kill. He knew one of the dogs experimented upon offered a resistance of 200,000 ohms and there might be human beings with even a greater resistance. If the human skin was thoroughly wet he was positive that the resistance could not be over 20,000 ohms. J. H. Noble, an electrical expert, testified that he fell on a machine of 1,060 volts (the same force as the instrument of execution) with both hands on the poles. He was severely burned and had an extreme nervous shock, which lasted several hours. Mr. Noble did not know of any current that could be considered absolutely fatal, and by experiments he found that the resistance increased instead of lowering.

ELLEN DIDN'T LOVE HIM.

An Aged Doctor Shoots His Young and Attractive Wife and then Commits Suicide.

A Boston despatch says: The dwelling-house No. 4 Jefferson place was the scene of a tragedy late yesterday afternoon. Dr. William B. White, a medical electrician, 75 years old, shot his wife Ellen, an attractive lady about 25 years of age, and then committed suicide. Dr. White has been married twice. By his first wife he had several children, now all grown up and doing well. Two years ago his wife died and he married a pretty ballet dancer. Of late the couple have not lived happily together, the doctor becoming imbued with the idea that his young wife loved some other man. While both were eating dinner yesterday the doctor got up from the table with the exclamation, "Ellen, you don't love me!" She made no reply, and he left the room, going into the yard. After Mrs. White had finished her dinner she went up to her room and began to change her apparel. Only a few minutes had elapsed when the servant girl heard a pistol shot, closely followed by another. Going upstairs she saw Mrs. White lying on the floor with the blood flowing from a wound in the right temple. Dr. White was lying on the lounge dead, with a revolver in his right hand and a wound in his right ear. Physicians were called, who found that Dr. White had been instantly killed, while his wife will probably recover. Dr. White was a very quiet and gentlemanly man, it is said, and was very well liked by his neighbors.

The Wife's Position.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered; "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Treasurer."

As economical.

"These stars near the zenith form the great square of Pegasus, I believe Professor."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, I suppose, that is why poets are said to ride a high horse."

Warner's Safe Cure cures both malaria and kidney disease by taking out of the blood the poisonous malarial germs, and by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition.

Overheard on the Fourth.

"Are you coming up to-night?" asked the man in the moon.

"Yes," replied the rocket, "if it doesn't rain."—*Harper's Bazar.*

It cost Colorado $37.60 per member for each of the ninety days her Legislature was in session.

And now the Syracuse *Standard* gravely asks: "Is marriage a crime?"

A LOVER'S CONSOLATION.

Sweet, lay your head upon my breast,
As Minnie, long ago;
Tell me, like Maud, you love me best
Of all the men you know;
Turn up, as Lilly used to do,
Those eyes, and look in mine;
Swear, as I have often sworn to Leo,
That I alone can shine.
A radiance flits about thy hair
That once framed Mollie's face;
A soft, seductive, baby air
Once loved so much in Grace.
A fragrance as the violet,
Reminding me of Fan,
Comes from thy balmy lips, my pet
And makes me think of Nan.
But do not call me fickle, sweet,
For my lost Julia's sake!
This very morn, at Flora's feet,
I swore you took the cake.
Then kiss me dear—you kiss like Nell—
Your true love darling still;
Tomorrow I shall love Bell
I love you best of all!

Wife, emphatically—"Did you say marriage was a failure?" Husband, humbly—"No, my dear, I did not. A married man doesn't have to say what he thinks, does he?"

"This is no picnic you've brought me to!" "No picnic! Why not?" "Where is the young man with lavender trousers? Where is the custard pie under the tree? Where is the ants' nest? And the men putting up the swing? And the idiot rocking the boat full of girls? Not any of them here! I'm going home!"

An association of *endormeurs* has been unearthed in Belgium whose occupation is to engage a single railway traveller in conversation, offer him a cigar prepared with chloroform, which puts him to sleep, and rob him.

—Alarm bells are tolled for lost children in Altoona, Pa.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Woman.

ETIQUETTE FOR MOURNERS.

Flowers in the Parlor—Mother and Home—How to Clean Carpets—The English Girl, Etc.

The Perfect Woman.

A perfectly formed woman will stand at the average height of five feet and three inches to five feet and seven inches. She will weigh from 135 to 140 pounds. A plumb line dropped from a point marked by the tip of her nose will fall at a point one inch in front of her great toe. Her shoulders and her hips will strike a straight line drawn up and down. Her waist will taper gradually to a size on a line drawn from the outer third of the collar bone to the hips. Her bust will measure from 28 to 36 inches. Her hips will measure from 6 to 10 more than this, and her waist will call for a belt from 22 to 28 inches. The upper arm of the perfectly formed woman will end at the waist line, so that she can rest her elbow on a table while standing erect, and her forearm shall extend to a point below the middle of the thigh. Her neck and thigh should be at the same circumference. The calf of her leg and upper arm should measure about the same. Her limbs should be about as long as a line drawn from her chin to her finger tips, or about one-half her height. She should measure from her waist to her feet about a foot more than from her waist to the crown of her head. Her neck should be from 12 to 14 inches around, her head erect and on a line with the central plane of the body, and her foot should be of a size and shape to conform with her hands. The well-proportioned woman wears a shoe one-half the size of the glove that her hand calls for. Thus, if a woman wears a six glove she should wear a three shoe.

The English Girl.

The English girl, observes a traveller in the Boston *Herald*, is romantic and submissive, while as full of sentiment as the ideal love letters tied with blue ribbon, she still regards man as her lord and master. She rarely dreams of disputing the supremacy of husband, father, or even brother, and her privilege and pleasure is to minister unto them. She is so affectionate in her home circle that the average man has only to be admitted there to straightway fall head over heels in love with a girl who worships her brother, is forever kissing her fond father, and disputes with her sisters the honor and delight of warming the paternal slippers. Even when of "high station" she takes her turn in making the tea and preparing the toast and superintending the breakfast generally—a task which mamma relegates to her daughters. The English girl breathes this engaging air of domesticity. Man doesn't say, "How she can waltz! how well she looks at the opera; how she surpasses all the girls in the cotillion!" No matter to what advantage she may appear in evening dress under the soft radiance of the wax candles, what the most inveterate bachelor whispers to himself is: "By George! what a wife she would make! And what a home!"

The Women Are All Alike.

An old astrological prediction gives the character of a girl according to the month she was born, as follows:

If a girl is born in January she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered and fond of fine clothes.

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother and devoted to dress.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking and studious of fashion plates.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes.

If in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly.

If in September, discreet, affable, much liked, and a fashionable dresser.

If in October, pretty and coquetish, and devoted to attractive garniture.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects.

Mourning Etiquette.

The London code prevails in New York in all these matters, says *Good Housekeeping*. The time during which crape is worn varies with individual feeling and no rules can be laid down. It is not, however, considered in good taste for a widow adopting mourning to lay aside her crape and enter society in less time than a year, while it is allowable for a daughter to appear at social gatherings in two or three months. The stationery used in mourning is finished with a black band, which varies from a quarter of an inch to a mere line on the edge. The extreme band, half an inch in depth, is seldom or never used by refined persons. The quarter inch band is used only for a few months while the mourner is in crape. Cards are not necessary while in the deepest mourning. A very slight band of black is sometimes used on the visiting card after crape is taken off and the lady enters society for the first time since her seclusion. It has been an open question how ladies should intimate to their friends that they are willing to receive and pay visits and ready to enter society. It is customary to send out cards of thanks for kind inquiries, and when these cards are sent out it is sufficient intimation that the lady will receive calls, or the lady entering society may leave her ordinary visiting card. It is also an open question whether a widow may retain her husband's name. In London a widow uses her own name only, but custom has sanctioned the use of the husband's name in this country, should she prefer, and the custom of refined people creates etiquette.

Flowers in the Parlor.

Some old-fashioned folk still say that growing plants should not be kept in our windows. They argue, plants are filled with rich black earth from swamps full of malaria, and this soil being watered and kept at a high temperature, must itself breed the germs of disease. Mother earth is scarcely so dangerous as this argument would imply. If only a few plants are kept, the entire amount in the pots contained in them would be little more than the peck of dirt that everbody is supposed to eat at some time during his or her mortal life. The fear of malaria coming in homœopathic doses is utterly chimerical. Dry earth is itself one of the best disinfectants, and especially earth placed in pots containing house plants should be in the sunlight. In winter houses are apt, through poor ventilation, to be filled with foul odors, often from the cellar. From the breath and from burning light, the air is poisoned by carbonic acid gas. This gas the growing plants absorb, especially during the night, when least ventilation is given to rooms. In the daytime the soil itself absorbs foul odors, which are taken up and used as food by growing plants. Instead of being an injury to health, plants in the house are a benefit, provided they do not so obstruct windows as to prevent plenty of sunlight in the room.

Mother and Home.

The mother is the heart of the home. She it is who determines its characteristics, and diffuses through it that subtle atmosphere which every sensitive person can feel when introduced into the home circle, and from which can quickly be inferred the ruling spirit of the home. There can be no doubt that the most effective training for children is parental example, and this truth the mother needs constantly to bear in mind. How can the impatient, quarrelsome, fault-finding mother teach patience and kindness and form good tempers? How can the mother greatly absorbed in keeping up with the pomp and vanities of life, eager for the place and show, teach her children the true principles of a happy life? How can the selfish mother teach generosity, or the discontented mother teach contentment?

How to Clean Carpets.

For a carpet of about twenty yards or so, take a pound of hard, white castile soap and scrape fine, add a quarter of a pound of washing soda, and as much spirits of turpentine as will bring it to the consistency of dough; make it into a ball. When it is time to clean the carpet, take a pail of clear, hot water and a large, flannel cloth; wet the carpet with the flannel, then rub over with the ball of soap, and wipe off the soap with the flannel wrung as dry as possible. If the carpet is very much soiled a scrub brush may be used after the soap is applied. Clean about three quarters of a yard at a time, and let it become thoroughly dry before it is used. Brussels and velvet carpets may be washed while on the floor, but tacks should be taken out, lest the water soak through.

Novelties in Footwear.

Shoe laces are made in thirty or forty shades to match the many colors in which shoes are now made.

An expert's suggestion for the correct thing in riding boots is a boot with patent leather vamp and leggings of morocco.

Tan colored tennis shoes so popular last summer have been revived this season. The soles are of rubber without heels. Canvas and black dongola are also worn.

A baseball shoe which has made its first appearance this year is made of kangaroo skin and the only seams are the back and under the toe cap, which is divided into two strips to form the lace front.

One of the latest notions is a patent-leather shoe, having at the top an imitation gaiter of broadcloth, with buttons, buckles and narrow straps. These shoes so closely resemble a genuine shoe and overgaiter as to be indistinguishable.

Woman's Influence.

Marion Murphy says: Woman holds the balance of power over man; and she can throw that balance to the side she wills—either for his good or for his ruin. Her influence can make man pure, brave and strong, or make him stoop to things so weak and unbecoming; things not criminal, perhaps, yet so beneath a proper dignity, that the blush of shame will mantle his cheek when away from that presence. Whiskey makes a man beastly, money will make him avaricious, woman can make his life good or evil—as she chooses.

How to Purify a Room.

The best way to purify a room, says a writer in the Boston *Traveller*, is to set a pitcher of water in it, and in a few hours the water will have absorbed nearly all the respired gases in the apartment, rendering the air pure, but making the water utterly unfit to drink. The colder the water the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pail of water will absorb a pint of carbolic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Never drink water that has been allowed to stand in a sleeping apartment.

Five Reasons for Getting Married.

Goethe said he got married to obtain respectability.

Wycherly, in his old age, married his servant girl to spite his relations.

There is a story of a man who got married because he inherited a four-post bedstead.

A man got married because he had bought a piece of silk cheap at a sale and wanted a wife to give it to.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was so inconsolable for the loss of her husband that she took another to keep her from fretting herself to death.

THE GHOST OF CAMERON PASS.

It Turned Out to be a Wild Girl of 23, Dressed in Skins.

In the summer of 1882 W. C. Hart, the geologist, and other enthusiastic collectors of specimens were encamped near the lava beds between the head waters of the Cache de la Poudre River and North Park. It was a rough, broken region, and the desolation was heightened by the proximity of the crater of an extinct volcano, while bare rocks and dead timber were everywhere. The hope of securing rare formations for their cabinets attracted the gentlemen to the uncanny spot, for every one averred that Cameron Pass was haunted by the spirit of an emigrant's daughter. Joe Shepler, a well-known mountaineer, who was piloting the party through the hills, had often seen the ghost, and promised his companions that they should view the strange apparition before returning to their homes. He said the spirit was a thief, and frequently stole food and furniture from the camps of hunters who ventured within her uninviting domain. At dinner on August 2nd, 1882, Shepler calmly announced that the spirit of Cameron Pass was approaching, and pointed to a strange being which was swiftly moving toward the camp. The marauder came within 500 yards of the men, and seizing a haunch of venison which had been placed on a stone, ran off with it. Hart picked up his rifle, and, calling on his comrades to follow started in pursuit of the thief. She—they were sure it was a woman—led them all a lively race directly toward the lava beds. Being close pressed the hunted creature dropped the meat and sped onward to the opening of a cave. The pursuers entered the cavern on the heels of the strange robber and found the warm body of a dead woman. The fright and exertion had killed her. The corpse was that of a woman about 25 years old. Her only clothing was a rude gown, fashioned of skins. Her hair was very long and she was sunburned and barefooted. The remains were buried decently. An exploration of the cave disclosed the fact that it had for some time been used as a habitation by the alleged spirit. The ground was covered with bones, and, although there were cooking utensils about, it was evident that they had never been used. The unfortunate girl had subsisted on stolen meats, roots and leaves. She had dried meat for winter use. For several years she was thought to be a spirit.—*Chicago Herald.*

A DELICATE MACHINE

Used for Weighing Gold in the Bank of England.

Colonel Albert D. Shaw has been visiting the Bank of England, and writes an account of it for the Watertown *Times*. Here is an extract: We were shown a wonderful machine used for "testing" gold weight, the only one of the kind in the world. The inventor cannot be induced to make another, and he regards this one as a sort of monument to his genius. To show us the extreme delicacy of this machine, a small ungummed postage stamp was placed upon the scales and instantly the needle pointed to 2 1-500 part of an ounce! This was getting things down "mighty fine" beyond any question. It is as near perfection in its way as any machine can be made. In the weighing office there is a beautiful little machine for weighing sovereigns, a dozen of which are kept constantly at work. Each gold piece received at the bank is weighed, and all "short" coins are "canceled," *i. e.*, slit open and returned to the depositor. These are re sold to the bank and re-coined. The sovereigns are placed in tin tubes two feet long and these are set at an angle so that they will drop upon an automatic weighing disc at the rate of 33 per minute. If the coin is "full weight" a spring presses it to the left into a little box; if "light," a spring on