WINDOM'S SUDDEN DEATH.

The Secretary Drops Dead at a New York Banquet

AFTER MAKING A SPEECH.

A New York despatch of last night says: Over 250 guests attended the eighteenth annual banquet of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation at Delmonico's to-night. Many prominent gentlemen were present, including Secretaries Windom and Tracy, ex-Secretary Bayard, Murat Halstead, Collector Erhardt, Gen. Woodford, Erastus Wiman, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada; Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, and J. W. Vroomen. After the feast was over, Capt. Ambrose Snow, President of the board, introduced Secretary Windom, who responded to the toast "Our Country's Prosperity, Dependent Upon its Instruments of Commerce." The Secretary made an excellent address and was heartily applauded. Judge Arnoux then got up and was introducing ex Secretary Bayard when some one cried, "Look at Secretary Windom." The speech was broken short and every eye was turned in the direction of the Secretary. He had collapsed and was falling to the floor. His face was ghastly, and a cry of horror arose among the guests. There was an immediate rush on the part of all hands towards Mr. Windom, but several doctors who were present got there first and drove the others back. They were Drs. B. A. Robinson, Durant, Whitney, Fisher and Bishop. Dr. Robinson examined the prostrate form and discovered that the heart was still beating. By his orders the Secretary was carried into the dish room, adjoining the banquet hall, and placed on a table. Messengers were hastily despatched for electric batteries, and as many as four were applied to his body, which was rapidly growing cold. This was at 10.05 p. m. For six minutes the electric shocks were applied incessantly, but without success. At 10 11 p.m. Judge Arnoux came out of the dish room and announced that Secretary Windom had breathed his last.

"HE IS DEAD!"

his was the fearful announcement that was made in a voice midway between a sob and a whisper through that gaily bedecked banquet hall. Every man looked at his neighbor with blanched cheeks, and silence fell upon the men who only a few moments before were clamoring for news of Mr. Windom's condition. The Secretary had succumbed to an attack of heart disease. Only last Monday he had an attack, which, however, passed away without causing him much inconvenience. When it was officially announced that the Secretary was dead, Secretary Tracy went to the nearest telegraph office and sent a message to President Harrison, informing him of the untimely event, and requesting him to communicate with Mrs Windom and have her start on the 11 10 p. m. train for New York. This will bring the widow to this city by 7 o'clock in the morning, and not until then can any arrangements be made for the removal of the body.

THE SECRETARY'S SPEECH.

In the course of Secretary Windom's speech, and referring to the decadence of the American merchant marine, he said: "The tendency of late has been to surrender to foreigners even our decks in commerce, rather than to assert ourselves upon the ocean. Discriminations of the most astonishing character have been made, both by Congress and by Treasury regulations in favor of Canadian railroad lines and steamships against our own. Presidents of the United States have repeatedly expressed the national humiliation and appealed to Congress for action in behalf of our rapidly-vanishing merchant marine, but thus far words have fallen upon deaf ears. Let us hope that the urgent appeals of President Harrison on this subject may bear fruit in some well-devised measure of protection and encouragement."

CANT IN KINGSTON.

Rev. W. W. Carson and the Alien Labor Law.

A Detroit despatch says: Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Senator McMillan and his business associates are leading lights, some time ago extended a call to Rev. W. W. Carson, pastor of a Methodist church in Kingston, Ont. Mr. Carson accepted the call and agreed to withdraw from the Methodist Church, and arrangements were made to have him examined by the local Presbytery for admission to that body. Last Sunday Mr. Carson preached what was supposed to be his inaugural sermon. Last night at the annual meeting of the church a committee reported that Mr. Carson's call was apparently in contravention of the Alien Contract Labor Law. The committee recommended that the call be cancelled, and the report was unanimously adopted. There was much speculation this morning as to the cause of this remarkable move. A prominent member of the church, says: "We did not know of the law when we extended the call to Mr. Carson. When we found out about it we thought it best not to get into any trouble, so the call was cancelled. Mr. Carson has returned to Kingston. The congregation are hopeful that he will yet become a citizen of the United States, in which event he will be once more asked to accept a call to the church."

FIERCE COLLEGE FIGHT.

Sophomores and Freshmen Make a Disgraceful Exhibition of Themselves.

A Philadelphia despatch says: One of those fierce freshmen-sophomore contests which mark and disgrace student life at nearly all the colleges took place yesterday at the University of Pennsylvania. It was the annual bowl fight, and Freshman Harry Eugene Hayward, of this city, was chosen "Bowl man." The "Sops" got out a large wooden bowl, built at the Navy yard for the occasion, and then getting Hayward, fought over him for a half hour, almost getting him into their bowl. His classmates finally rescued him. Hayward was more dead than alive, black in the face, with all the clothes torn from his body, and covered with bruises from the terrible drubbing, wrenching, and trampling under foot he received. Then the freshmen returned and tried to capture the bowl and break it, but failed after an hour's efforts. Football player Beaumont succeeded in knocking down a half score of opponents, and then received a blow over the eye that cut his forehead open, and required his exit to the hospital. It was a most brutal affair.

THE LEAMINGTON SCANDAL.

Dr. Cox, of Detroit, Arrested on a Criminal Charge.

A Detroit despatch says: Annie Coulis, the 15-year-old Leamington girl, who confessed to having been ruined by her employer, John C. Minnes, a prominent merchant of that place, and also to having had an operation performed upon her by Dr. Wm. G. Cox, of this city, has so far recovered from her injuries as to come to Detroit and lay information against Cox. A warrant was issued for his arrest, and this afternoon he was arrested at his residence, Duffield street, and taken to police headquarters. A warrant has also been issued in Canada for the arrest of Minnes, but he succeeded in eluding arrest, and is now supposed to be hiding in the vicinity of Munroe, Mich. The crime for which Dr. Cox has been arrested is alleged to have been committed at No. 23 Noble street, in this city, where the girl was sent for treatment. Annie is a frail girl, of respectable parentage, and was assisting Mrs. Minnes with household duties at the time her ruin was effected. This is not the first time Dr. Cox has found himself in a similar position.

Gave Sam Jones a Caning.

A Palestine, Tex., despatch says: At a meeting here last fall Rev. Sam Jones, the evangelist, spoke of Mayor J. J. Wood's official and private character before a large audience in the severest terms. The Mayor was then absent from the city. Mr. Jones lectured here last night, and as he was about to take a train this morning, the Mayor appeared and vigorously caned him. In the struggle the cane changed hands and the mayor received several blows. Heavy bruises were inflicted, and both bled profusely. Mr. Jones soon left town on the train. Wood was arrested and placed under bonds for aggravated assault and for carrying a pistol. He declares he had no intention of doing anything further than caning Jones.

"I understand they've discovered the original man through whose whiskers the wind blew." "Who was it?" "Blue-beard!"

—He, an artist—I would ever so much like to paint you! She—I think you very much, but it is not necessary, because I paint myself.

—Rider Haggard has in press a Zulu pantomime.

RISING IN OPORTO.

Portuguese Soldiers Rebel Against the Government.

FIGHTING IN THE STREETS ENSUES.

Attempt to Establish a Republic—The Disturbance Quelled—Leaders May Be Shot.

An Oporto despatch of Tuesday says: A tremendous sensation has been caused here by what may turn out to be a revolution against the authority of the Government. The regiments of infantry comprising a portion of the garrison openly revolted to-day. The remainder of the garrison, including the Municipal Guards, remains loyal to the Government. The population of Oporto hold aloof from the movement at present. It is alleged that the object of the mutineers is to establish a Portuguese Republic. The rebels and the loyalists are, as this despatch is sent, fighting in the streets. Rumor has it that many have been killed on both sides. Citizens are barricading their houses, and the report is circulated that the Government troops are being sent in haste from several points to this city.

SOON SUPPRESSED.

A later despatch says: The revolt has been suppressed and order is once more restored in this city. Shortly after the beginning of the revolt the insurgent troops and a portion of the fiscal guards, led by two non-commissioned officers, seized the Hotel de Ville (town hall) in Dom Pedro square and proposed to shore and then declare a republic. However, a strong body of loyal troops, composed of artillery and fusiliers, promptly surrounded and laid siege to the Hotel de Ville. The artillery opened fire upon it and the bombardment was followed by a combined, well-led and cleverly-directed infantry attack upon the insurgents' fortress. The fusiliers behaved grandly, keeping up a rattling fire and advancing at the same time. After a feeble resistance the insurgents surrendered. The loss on both sides was trifling. The insurgents will be tried by court-martial and in all probability the ringleaders shot. The storekeepers have now thrown down the barricades from their windows and doors and there is general rejoicing here over the swift suppression of the outbreak.

HOW IT BEGAN.

LATER.—The insurgents to the number of 400 assembled at 4 o'clock in the morning, and with much cheering paraded through the principal streets. They made an attempt to seize the Prefecture of Police and the central telegraph office. Their plans were, however, frustrated by the municipal guard, who made repeated charges on the insurgents and repelled their attacks. Meanwhile the civil Governor transferred his authority to the general in command, who summoned loyal troops, when the few civilians supporting the rebels dispersed. The latter then proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, fortifying the structure to the best of their ability in the short time at their command, but lacking ammunition they speedily submitted in response to an artillery bombardment. The number of the killed and wounded on both side, including civilians, is variously estimated at from 20 to 50. Some of the rebels escaped, but surrendered later. The municipal guards subsequently occupied the Hotel de Ville, and at once hauled down the flag of the Republican Federal Club, which the rebels had hoisted on the building. Six or seven officers of an inferior grade took part in the revolt, which was of a distinctly republican character. It is alleged that the civilian leader in the revolt was a lawyer named Alvez Veiga. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the revolt had been entirely suppressed, but the department has been declared in a state of siege.

THE LEADERS OF THE REVOLT.

Alvez Veiga, the civilian leader in the revolt, formed a republican directorte, consisting of Senhor Freitas, a judge of the High Court; Senhor Soares, a retired general officer; Prof. Silva, and the brothers Leite. None of those persons were present, however, when the Town Hall was captured. Capt. Leitas and sub-Lieut. Malheiros, who are men of the highest rank, were with the rebels who were arrested. The number of insurgents had dwindled down to about 150 when they took refuge in the Town Hall. From the windows of this building the rebels fired several volleys at the loyal troops, who stormed the hall and captured it at the point of the bayonet. In the meantime many rebels had escaped by way of the back doors. Forty-three soldiers and eleven civilians who had taken part in the uprising were placed under arrest by the loyal troops, and 30 others surrendered themselves. Three soldiers and four civilians, including a woman, were killed during the fighting, and 36 soldiers and 10 civilians were wounded. Under direction of the authorities the offices and printing rooms of all the republican journals were raided, and all the documents found in the places were seized. Every person found on the premises was taken into custody, and the buildings were placed under charge of the military. All the banks and commercial houses in the city have closed their doors.

LISBON, Feb. — A number of prominent politicians went to the royal palace to day to give expression to their loyalty to the throne. King Charles in receiving the deputies from Oporto, asked them to thank the inhabitants of that city for their loyal attitude during the revolt.

The official report of the results of Saturday's uprising says nine persons were killed and 48 wounded during the fighting.

Professor Albuquerque has been arrested charged with having been concerned in the revolt. All the prisoners will shortly be tried by court-martial. Two hundred and twenty-five rifles were found concealed in houses around the Town Hall in Dom Pedro square.

Military law will remain in force in Oporto for a month. Several fugitives of the number of those engaged in Saturday's insurrection of garrison troops were captured to-day on the Spanish frontier.

Bradlaugh Buried.

A London cable says: The remains of Charles Bradlaugh were to-day laid to rest in the cemetery at Woking. Special trains from this city conveyed fifteen hundred admirers of the great free thinker to the Surrey tomb. In accordance with arrangements previously agreed upon, the ceremonies were of the simplest kind. Many of those who followed the body to the cemetery wore various colored ribbons in their hats.

About 2,000 people gathered around Mr. Bradlaugh's grave. Among those present were Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry Labouchere, Mrs. Besant, and a number of members of the House of Commons. The coffin was covered with floral wreaths, but no mourning garments were worn, nor was there any display of crape or black cloth. Complete silence was maintained by all who gathered around the grave.

Canadian Burglars Abroad.

A Buffalo despatch says: Wm. Fortier, a Canadian drug clerk from a frontier county, and Robert Johnstone, another Canadian youth, occupying a bachelor flat, made a raid on various saloons last night. Seifert's, the Silver Dollar and Puerner's, all located on principal streets, were burglarized and the money in the till in each at the hour of closing was grabbed. The burglars were captured, after a chase, at the point of the revolver by officers. They were held to appear at the Court of Sessions.

The following are the census chief officers for the different Provinces in the approaching census: Prince Edward Island, R. Hunt; Nova Scotia, Jonathan Parsons; New Brunswick, Ed. Barr; Quebec, P. E. Leblanc; W. E. Jones, J. H. Charlebois; Ontario, Andrew Broeder, A. F. Campbell, Philip McRae and Reine Stephenson; Manitoba, H. B. Donaldson; Northwest Territories, B. F. Richardson British Columbia, G. A. Burgiston.

Woolby Swell—Say, Fred, I was calling on my best girl last night, and at half after 10 her pa came into the parlor and turned off the gas. What do you suppose the old beggar meant? Fred Giddon—Why, light out, of course.

The Montreal Court of Appeals decided yesterday that the stealing of a cheque did not come within the Larceny Act.

A curious example was by a Nashville man is a petrified human eye, set in a gold frame. The present owner of this singular ornament found it in Peru while he was on an exploring tour in the land of the Incas with a party of scientists.

THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

A Kingston Convict Gets Twenty Lashes on the Bare Back.

BIG WELTS ON HIS BODY.

A Kingston despatch says: One month ago James McRae, alias McGuire, was sent to the Penitentiary from Toronto to serve five years for incest. For the first time in connection with such a sentence the court ordered the vile man to be lashed, twenty at the end of one month and twenty at the termination of three months. The whipping occurred at 11 o'clock on Saturday in the prison dome. McRae, a fairly well proportioned man, about five feet nine inches in height, was brought out from his cell. He was placed on a triangle and strapped. His back was bared to the waist. Dr. Strange was present and declared that McRae was physically able to stand the lashing. The warden, several prison officers, and a small company of convicts who had offended and were in a fair way of reaching the triangle, were witnesses of the dread scene. As soon as the time came for the work a stout officer stepped to the side of the convict with a cat-o'-nine-tails in his hand. The lashes, knotted and quite thick, were fastened to a stout piece of wood used as a handle. The sentence of the court was read and listened to without change of countenance on the part of McRae. Then the word of command was given and the cat swung through the air. It came down with a swish on the white back of the offender, and a livid line was seen across the skin. The successive ten lashes were laid on without stint. Another officer then stepped forward and the second consignment was given with equal force. The upper part of the back grew darker in hue and the impression of the lash stood out in bold relief. Before the twenty cuts were laid on the flesh looked broken, and blood oozed out of the swollen lines. McRae was stoical. From the first to the last he received them without an outcry or even wincing, and the punishment was by no means light. His back was covered and he was returned to his cell to meditate over the matter. The convicts who stood by were much impressed, and various cheeks blanched as the ferocious cat was seen to fall with regularity and emphasis upon the bared body of a fellow-convict. The details were carried out with precision, and the publication of the way punishment is administered here must have a deterrent effect upon the minds of offenders. The public and the press were debarred from seeing the whipping.

PARNELL ON THE STUMP.

He Asks the Dublin People to Have Patience—He Would Gain a Parliament for Them

DUBLIN, Feb. — Mr. Parnell spoke here to-day. His journey from Dublin to Ennis was a triumphal progress. There was a remarkable series of demonstrations in his honor along the route. At every stoppage an address was presented to Mr. Parnell, to which he briefly replied. At Athlone thousands of people had gathered at the station with bands, torches and illuminated devices and the crowd vainly tried to persuade Mr. Parnell to stop there.

Upon arriving at Ennis Mr. Parnell was greeted by the reception committee and by a dense multitude of people from the surrounding districts. A procession was formed with bands and banners, and Mr. Parnell was escorted to the place of meeting in front of O'Connell's statue, where a platform had been erected. Mr. John Fitzmaune, M. P. for East Limerick, presided.

Mr. Parnell in his speech declared that Ireland had stood fast to her claim to be sovereign within her own domain. He refused to admit any English veto as far as his own business was concerned, as in 1880 he told the Irish people that they would win and events had proved the truth of his words. In a few days they would know the truth of his declaration, that they had won a settlement of this question which would be everlastingly creditable to their patriotism. They would gain a Parliament with real power to protect the interests of every class, to settle the questions of land and police, to disarm and convert the constabulary into a civil force under the control of Ireland's elected representatives. Under such a parliament Ireland would realize her aspirations to be a nation. For this he had fought through many long years, and at the foot of this (O'Connell's) statue asked them to have patience and judge him by results. (Loud cheers.)

During the afternoon Mr. Parnell was presented with addresses by numerous public bodies. In the evening he returned to Dublin en route for London. To day's meeting was the last of those definitely arranged for Mr. Parnell.

A CUTE CHINAMAN

Defrauds the United States Government Out of $30,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. — A scheme has just come to light whereby a sharp Chinaman has swindled the United States Government out of some $30,000 revenue. It is their custom here when goods are imported to take to the appraiser's store 10 per cent. of them, from which the duty is to be calculated. The Custom house broker has to file a bond of $400 for the payment of the duty, and the owner is then allowed to take the other nine-tenths to his place of business. On January 1 a Chinaman went through this routine, withdrawing 10 per cent. of a large shipment of opium with the appraiser. He is now wanted to pay the duty, but cannot be found. As the duty on the full amount of opium he imported will be about $85,000 and the 10 per cent. left by him is only worth $8,500, he makes a clear profit of over $30,000.

For Your Husbands.

Gloves are indispensable to the man that aspires to be well dressed.

The wearing of evening gloves now ranks among the edicts that may not be ruthlessly broken.

The delicate shades in pearl of undressed kids, with a narrow cord embroidery upon the back in self-color and with a single large pearl button, is the ultra fastidious type for full dress.

The foible is an expensive one, because the evening gloves must be immaculate. A soiled pair of evening gloves would be deemed as great a solecism as a shirt front that betrayed a previous wearing.

The white full-dress cravats have finally felt the effect of the tendency to bigness in neckwear. They have been latterly worn in widths from one to one and a half inches. The latest examples spread out to greater widths at the end.

Overgaiters continue to be sold by the men's furnishers, although it would seem the hatter might more reasonably add them to his stock, having them to match the various derby colorings of the season.

Assuredly the overgaiter should comport with or match the waistcoat, overcoat, hat or some other portion of the attire, otherwise they are featured to a too dominant degree.

Millions in Her Glove.

Think of a woman who with a nod could sell 15 000 cattle! Yet that is what Mrs. King did at Corpus Christi, Tex, the other day. They were 2-year-old steers and brought $62 000, W. Halsell, of Vinita, I. T., being the purchaser. Mrs. K. is described as a "millionairess." One of her ranches is trampled by 150,000 horses and cattle, and she owns several other great grazing grounds.

Judge Baker, of Chicago, decides that the Salvation Army may henceforth parade with fifes and drums and disport itself as it sees fit in its noisy enthusiasm.

—If Mr. Parnell and Kitty O'Shea come to this country on their wedding tour the coming summer, the circus will be just overboard, is the opinion of the Boston *Herald*.

It is proposed in Paris to do away, as far as possible, with lunatic asylums and to place insane persons who are not prone to violence in the homes of country people, who will be suitably remunerated by the State.

It is said that Frank Meyo, Louis Aldrich and McKee Rankin will be seen in a joint starring tour next season, the repertoire being "Davy Crockett," "My Partner" and "The Cannoh."

Marie Tempest will return to America next season. Of course; they all do it don't you know.

It is the man that never advertises who discovers that he gets more cent. on his goods than in his cash drawer.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—"To-morrow's my sister's birthday." "How old is she, Johnny?" "Same as mine. She ain't changed a bit since I've known her."

THE AMERICAN JINGOES.

Some Senators Alarmed at the Possibilities of War.

AT THE MERCY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A Washington despatch says: The Fortification Bill was before the Senate this afternoon. Discussing an amendment to reduce the sum asked, Mr. Cockrell said he regarded a system of coast defences, which would cost $125,000,000, as utterly worthless and an absolute waste of money. Isolated as the United States is it could resist the combined powers of the entire earth. We have no risk to run. Mexico is our friend. The Canadians are our friends. Suppose they are our enemies, what do they amount to?

Mr. Frye—Not a row of pins.

Mr. Cockrell—That is so. But we can take Canada as a full compensation for any possible injury Great Britain may at any time hereafter do us.

Mr. Hawley ridiculed the pretension that the United States could whip any other people on the face of the earth. There was a population of 58,000,000 in the United States, capable of supplying the finest troops that the world had ever seen, but in case of an immediate and unexpected declaration of war they would be what Wellington called carrion for powder. What would the British nation care for a square mile of such troops, armed with rifles that would not shoot over 1,200 yards? He did not want to show the nakedness of his country, but it so happened the whole world knew already that the United States was absolutely helpless. The Government could not negotiate to-day with advantage. That was the Bible truth. Great Britain had a magnificent harbor at Halifax, protected by noble batteries and the best fleet in the world. She had another naval station at Bermuda and another on the northwestern coast, so close to the United States that vessels in that harbor could throw shots across the line. Wars exploded without notice. It was said Great Britain would not fight, etc., but John Bull got mad and made an ass of himself like other people. He fought against robbery, and sometimes he fought for the sake of robbery. In twelve or eighteen hours Great Britain could assemble a fleet at Portland, in eighteen or twenty hours at Boston, and in twenty-four hours, perhaps, at New York. British war vessels in the harbor of New York could levy a tribute of five hundred or a thousand million dollars on the city of New York; and New York would be compelled to pay it. In the meantime those "gallant sons of liberty" by the 100,000 or the 500,000 might be arming, but they would not be worth a single last year's bird's nest. The harbors of Boston, Portland, New York, Charleston, New Orleans or San Francisco could not be defended, as they had no modern guns.

Mr. Dolph also spoke in favor of adequate coast protection.

Mr. Blair ridiculed Mr. Dolph's and Mr. Hawley's fears of war with any nation. Great Britain had no conceivable motive to make war against the United States. He offered an amendment looking to an international conference for the suppression of the slave trade, and of the trade in intoxicating liquors, firearms and gunpowder in Africa.

Mr. Cockrell read the report of the conference of American nations on the subject of international arbitration, and argued that appropriations for war preparations were placing the United States in a false light.

Women and Their Ways.

The University of Edinburgh contemplates opening its doors to women students

Miss Kate Sickle is the first woman to receive the honor of a full professorship from the Royal Academy of Music in England.

Stenographers and typewriters can be had in bunches at $4 a week. Cooks at $30 a month cannot be found to supply the demand.

"A superior lunch-room" for the especial benefit of dyspeptic diners has recently been established in New York by Dr. Ross W. Bryan.

Pretty floral necklaces of white violets or chrysanthemums closely massed together after the fashion of a dog-collar are now worn with evening dresses.

Lillinokalani, who becomes Queen of Hawaii by the death of Kalakaua, her brother, is the wife of an Englishman, Lieut.-Gen. John O. Dominis. Her designation in their apparent wives due to the fact that she was the only member of the royal family who had children.

Mme. Barrios, wife of the celebrated President and a woman of surpassing beauty, is now staying at Washington. She was married at the age of 14 and is mother of six children, yet she looks as fresh and radiant as a young girl. She is very accomplished, speaking five languages with fluency. Her fortune is said, on good authority, to aggregate $6,000,000.

A fashionable London tailor has just completed an elegant pelisse for the Princess of Wales. It is of violet velvet, lined with ermine and trimmed with a passementerie of violet and gold. Another handsome pelisse is of scarlet cloth, gathered into a yoke of sealskin. An olive-green cloth pelisse is lined with blue fox fur, which is rolled over in large revers to the foot of the gown.

Making a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing cannot be persuaded from laying it out all at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span ness of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city. Such a room is a growth, a gathering together, of household treasures little by little, and piece by piece. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph. Such a home, built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a meaning far deeper than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Distinction Between Socialism and Democracy.

In the great future battle of the world between the two systems of Socialism and Individualism, one of the vital points of difference is be privacy; and it is important to note that it is between individualism and socialism that the point of difference lies, and that privacy is not by any means an attribute of aristocracy as opposed to democracy. That Western citizen who raised the curtain of the newcomer's shanty and desired to know "what was going on so darned private in here," was being typical socialist, not the typical democrat.—From "*The Point of View*," *in February Scribner.*

What Ailed the Reporter.

Rochester *Herald*: A Buffalo reporter was intoxicated—with delight—a day or two ago when he inspected a new electric car which is to be used in that city. They are to have stoves in them and there will be no hay on the floor.

Little Marjorie's Journalism.

Chicago *Post*: England has undoubtedly the youngest editor in the world. She is Lady Marjorie Gordon, the 10 year-old daughter of the Countess of Aberdeen. She edits the children's page of a paper called *Onward and Upward*, published in London. Little Lady Marjorie writes a lively letter to her young constituents, and tells them interesting stories about her pet animals.

Italy has offered the Garibaldi family $60,000 for Caprera.

Cardinal Lavigerie, who has become prominent through his efforts to suppress the slave trade in Northern Africa, proposes to reclaim the great Sahara Desert, and for this purpose has called for volunteers in the work of irrigating and planting.

The ship Oswald, from New Orleans, while entering Beloit Basin, at Havre, collided with and damaged above the water line the British steamers Alfred from New York and Springfield from New Orleans.

HIS HEAD CUT OFF.

Murderer Eyraud Guillotined in Paris this Morning.

He Repulsed the Priests and Would Have None of Their Prayers—The Abbe's Death Kiss Received with Anger—His Head, Sliced Off with the Keen Knife, Rolls in the Sawdust and All is Over.

PARIS, Feb. — Michael Eyraud, the murderer of the Notary Gouffe, was guillotined at 7.35 o'clock this morning. Eyraud met his fate with fortitude or sullen resignation. There were few witnesses of the execution owing to the fact that it was not generally known that the famous criminal would meet death to-day. When the governor of the prison, La Rocquette, visited the prison chaplain, Abbe Faure, were ushered into Eyraud's cell a short time previous to the hour fixed for the condemned man's execution, he found he was already up and dressed, evidently forewarned (contrary to the rules) by some kind-hearted prison official. Eyraud partook of a glass of cognac, which was tendered him by one of the wardens, and in spite of the earnest solicitations of Abbe Faure, the murder positively, even angrily, refused to listen to the good priest's prayers, to pray himself, or to have any religious rites performed in his behalf. The Abbe pleaded with the criminal in that dark cell all this morning, while within and without the prison preparations were made to usher the sullen prisoner into another world was probably the most solemn and dramatic incident of the morning. But Eyraud's iron will was not to be shaken even in the presence of death, and he continued impatiently to refuse religious consolation. While on the death march to the guillotine, which had been erected during the night on the Place De La Roquette by Me De Paris and his grim assistants, when pinioned at last on the point of being overturned upon the bascull of the guillotine, upon the plank which was to slide with him beneath the keen, razor-rounded knife, Eyraud, with a movement as if of angry contempt or resentment, refused to return the last kiss bestowed on him by Abbe Faure, as customary in the case of criminals on the point of being executed. The action of the guillotine, once Eyraud's neck was well beneath the uprights, was instantaneous. There was a flash, and all was over. Eyraud's head had fallen into the sawdust-filled receptacle which awaited it. Then followed the usual mock funeral, and the body of Gouffe's murderer was handed over to his (Eyraud's) relatives and acquaintances

IN DARKEST GUELPH.

A Shocking Story of Misery, Dirt and Drink.

People have been often shocked to read of the want and squalor in which millions of the civilized nations of the world live, but occasionally incidents are brought to light in this fair country which might surpass them for the misery and degradation shown. In Guelph, for instance, there is a family composed of what is termed a man, his wife and eight small children. The wife is dying with consumption. Not being able to rise from bed, the house has become so filthy as to defy description. Two neighbors attempted to clean it out but turned sick before they had gone far, and, it is reported, almost had to burn their clothes. A charwoman refused to have anything to do with it. A minister stayed in two minutes, and those who have seen it say they never saw anything like it. The husband is a drunken brute, cares nothing for the rest of the family, so that his own appetites may be fed. He came home the other evening intoxicated and deliberately squirted tobacco juice down the throat of the helpless woman, as she was speaking to him. In other ways he has ill-used her so that the neighbors complain of her being taken her for dead. Temporary arrangements were made on Saturday whereby the woman was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital; the children will be cared for, and the man allowed to shift for himself. It is understood that no action can be taken against him, as the wife is not in a condition to lay the information.—*Guelph Mercury.*

HOW TO FIND A MINE.

Different Sorts of Mines Are Discovered in Various Ways.

Few people in this part of the country have any idea of the difficulty of finding a mine. A man who follows it for a living must thoroughly understand the nature of the district in which he is. Different sorts of mines are found in different ways, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*. If you are in a place distinctly of contrast, you have nothing to do except to walk along a stream, with a pan in your hand, and test the soil by washing till you come to pay dirt. But if you know nothing about it you will waste a great deal of time testing dirt that an experienced prospector would know at a glance contained no gold. In a true fissure or contact district the experienced prospector will walk along the bottom of the gulches looking for "floats," although he expects to find the mine far up the mountain side. The float is vein matter which breaks off with the settling of the mountain and rolls down its sides. The prospector, who is acquainted with the district, knows it at once, and when he finds it climbs the mountain till he ascertains where it came from. But sometimes a tenderfoot strikes it richer than anybody. The Silent Friend mine at Pitkin, Col., which showed a 9-foot vein of solid galena at the grass roots, was found by two Swede railroad hands who didn't know what the metal was, and gave away three-fourths of their interest before they discovered its value. Experienced prospectors have been over the ground thousands of times, but there were no external evidences of the lead. The Swedes found it by rolling a bowlder down the mountain. The mineral cropped out from the place where the bowlder had been. The great carbonate fields of Leadville were found by a man who was thought to be insane for sinking a shaft where there were no external evidences of mineral. He found the carbonate in a "blanket vein," lying level as a sheet of water, a great distance below the ground. A regular prospector would never have sunk a shaft there. But where one tenderfoot strikes it that way a hundred thousand get broke and go home disgusted.

The Longest Straight Railroad Track.

The new Argentine Pacific Railroad, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, has on it what is probably the longest tangent in the world. This is 340 kilometers (211 miles) without a curve. In this distance there is not a single bridge and no opening larger than an ordinary culvert, no one greater than one meter in depth, and no fill of a height exceeding one meter. There is almost an entire absence of wood on the plain across which the western end of the road is located. This has led to the extensive use of metallic ties, which will be employed on nearly the entire road.

"The Twelve Temptations" has coined wealth on the New England circuit for Manager Gillmore. The big spectacle is several thousand dollars ahead of receipts for last season up to this time.

Justin Huntly McCarthy and F. C. Burnand, each of whom had conceived the idea of writing a play founded on story of "Carmen," have agreed to work in concert. Their piece, when completed, will be produced by Mrs. Langtry.

THE CURATE.

He tends his flock on Sunday,
Makes parochial calls on Monday,
And on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
He may generally be found
In the thickest of the tea fights;
Friday and Saturday are off-nights
Devoted to the sermon which
On Sunday he expounds.

Lady Londonderry, wife of the ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is considered one of the handsomest women in England, though her face lacks expression. Her husband is a prominent turfman and keeps a large racing stud at Winyard.

The German Reichstag yesterday resolved to renew the boycott on the American hog. Herr Broemel, however, held that it was un-Christianlike to make the people's necessaries of life dear in such a barbarous manner.

Lord Tavistock succeeds to the title and estates of the late Duke of Bedford. He is said to be a pure-proud man, and as he has an income of a million and a half a year we shouldn't wonder if he was.

The great Italian dramatic author, Giacosa, has written a play for Sara Bernhardt.

Roland Reed, writing from New Orleans to Manager Fleishman, says: "Lend Me Your Wife" has proved a little gold mine, and my profits thus far are over $20,000 on the season."

Lotta, Sarah Bernhardt, Langtry and Modjeska are said to be each worth over half a million.

The term "Poor Indian" can hardly be applied to the Sioux, who own within 354, square miles as great an area of territory as the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Rhode Island, New Jersey and Delaware, 12,745 more than England and Wales, and 2,004 more than Spain and Portugal combined.

NOT VERY FRAGILE.

A Gruff Doctor Gives a Young Man a Tip on His Best Girl.

A cynical doctor, without a man of wonderful resources and a quick mind, lives on one of the avenues on the south side, says the Chicago *Tribune*. He was in his study, a few days ago, when a young man came in and began questioning him about the propriety of marrying. The young man raved foolishly over his sweetheart and called her angelic and so on. He was afraid she was too fragile for this world. The old doctor grunted.

"Fragile, eh?" he asked. "How fragile? Ever test her fragility? Let me give you some figures about her and womanhood in general, showing how fragile they are. Let us suppose that this piece of perfection is in moderate good health. She will live to be, say 60 years old. Women don't like to die any more than men do—not as much—for women never grow old, you know. Listen to me. She will eat one pound of beef, mutton or some other flesh every day. That's 365 pounds of meat in a year.

"In sixty years it's 21,900 pounds. How's that for fragile? She will eat as much bread and as much vegetables per diem, and there you have in sixty years 43,800 pounds of bread and meat. If she is not too angelic she will drink daily no less than two quarts of coffee or tea. And by the time she is ready to have a monument she will have consumed 175 hogsheads of liquids. Fragile?

"Now, young man, these figures do not include the forty or fifty lambs she will worry down with mint sauce. It does not take into consideration the 2,000 spring chickens, the 500 pounds of butter, the 50,000 eggs and the four hogsheads of sugar she will consume in sixty years. It doesn't take into consideration her ice cream, her oysters, her clams and such. All this means about forty-five tons. Fragile? Think of your affinity in connection with these figures, and then rave over her being fragile. Young man, you are a fool. Boo!"

THE GUINEA PIG.

A Creature That, From one Point of View, Stands Absolutely Alone.

The secretary of the Selborne Society of England, an association of lovers of wild nature, has lately written an account of the guinea pig. This creature, the writer says, stands absolutely alone, from one point of view. Do what you will, it is impossible to make a friend of him. Titmice, robins, squirrels, wild ducks, cuckoos, even rats and mice, have been found amenable to kindness. Even Roman snails, Egyptian beetles and butterflies have been taught to recognize their masters and show a friendly interest in them. The guinea pig is an absurd little animal for a number of reasons, and one of the most remarkable absurdities about him is his name. He is not a pig of any kind, nor any relation to the pig, and he has nothing to do with Guinea. He is a kind of rat and his native home is South America. Why he should have been called a "pig" no one knows, unless it was on account of the slight grunting noise that he makes; and the word "guinea" in his name may be a corruption of Guina, where the animal has sometimes been found, though it was first brought from Brazil. His real name is the "cavy" and by that he should be called. In his wild state he is quite differently colored from the domesticated animal and lacks the spotting of white, black and tawny color which the tamed cavy often has. It used to be commonly supposed that the guinea pig drove away ordinary rats, or rather caused them to go away on account of their extreme dislike of him, but even this negative merit is denied to the poor little animal. No one, however, is able to deny his gentleness and submissiveness.—*Youth's Companion.*

FROZEN WATER-PIPES.

What to Do Before the Plumber Comes.

To find the water-pipes leaking, frozen, or perhaps burst, is no rare occurrence during the winter in the modern much-plumbed houses. Nothing more thoroughly demoralizes the domestic machinery than such unlucky happenings. Floors are wet, ceilings leak, the water is shut off, and the housekeeper has a stand still, waiting for the vexatious will-o'-the-wasp, the plumber. Whenever the leak is visible, the housewife can cure the ill herself, at least temporarily. Shut off the water first, and then spread some white lead on a cloth, like a plaster. Tie this firmly over the leak, and the plaster will soon harden, for the water cannot wash its way out or prevent the plaster's adhering. Unless the plumber will make thorough repairs when he does come, the lead paster is more permanent than any putted joint or weak solder. Let a pound of white-lead stand a day or two until a skin has formed over it, and then cover it with water. It will be soft and ready for use at any time, and the housewife can "snap her fingers at the plumber's ways," to paraphrase Sir Joseph Porter, as best suits a frosty morning. Strips of rubber cut from old rubber shoes and bound tightly over the leaks in hot-water pipes will close the holes and stop the dripping flood. When the water freezes in the traps of the bath-room or the kitchen sink, a quart of common salt thrown into them will thaw them out more rapidly than hot water. A lighted lamp placed under a frozen water-pipe is one more rapid and convenient its work than pouring on hot water. A lamp, the flame partly lowered, placed under an exposed bend or length of pipe which is liable to a freeze is a simple preventive of trouble in bitter weather.—*Harper's Bazar.*

New Use for Tam o' Shanters.

Some ingenious young women make pretty and convenient workboxes out of a Scotch Tam o' Shanter cap, says the New York *Times*. One of soft, gray tones is lined with pale pink silk, and finished on the head band with