CANOE FACTORY DESTROYED.

Twenty-five Thousand Dollars' Worth of Canoes and Stock Lost.

A Peterboro' despatch says: About 1.30 o'clock this morning a fire was discovered at the factory of the Ontario Canoe Company in Ashburnham. When first seen the blaze was a small one, but notwithstanding the efforts of the neighbors, who arrived first, it spread rapidly, and when the fire brigade reached the spot from town the flames had secured a good hold of the building. If the village had a water service the firemen might even then have checked the progress of the flames, but a delay in getting the steamer to work gave the fire complete control of the great wooden structure. The factory burned like tinder, and was completely swept out of existence, together with the adjoining sheds in which were many thousand feet of fine dry lumber, canoe models and other stock. Everything was a total loss, estimated at $25,000. There was no insurance, as the cost of carrying a risk on such a building was considered too heavy by the company. It is a serious loss, and comes at the busiest time of the year, when the factory was pushed with orders. Some of the finest canoes ever made by the company had just been finished, and went up in the flames. The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary.

A FOOLISH GIRL

Steals Her Father's Money and Elopes With a Ruffian.

A Chicago despatch says: The infatuation of a young girl for a worthless scamp, and her ruin in a second-class hotel in this city have come to light here to-day. Christie Jackson, the daughter of Hon. D. A. Jackson, of Sharon Springs, N. Y., is the victim. There were four characters in the drama, Miss Jackson, Louis Marcott, George Hoffman and Teresa Smith, the daughter of a leading clergyman of Sharon Springs, and Miss Jackson's boon companion. Miss Smith had agreed to be a party to the elopement, but backed out at the last moment. The others left Sharon Springs while Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were away from home and came west. At Detroit Hoffman left the couple, taking $1,000 that Miss Jackson had stolen from her father. Hoffman was arrested in New York, and through him the whereabouts of the runaway pair became known. Sheriff Black, of Sharon Springs, came to Chicago, and with the aid of the police to-day arrested Marcott and Miss Jackson. The girl is utterly broken down. The sheriff and his prisoners left for New York to-night. It is stated that the young woman's brother will not await the slow process of the law to secure the punishment of the abductor.

A MINING HORROR.

Fifty Men Believed to have Been Killed by a Gas Explosion.

A special to the Seattle *Post Intelligencer* from Roslyn, Wash., says: This afternoon a terrible gas explosion happened in the slope of mine No. 2, of the Northern Pacific Coal Company at this point, in which the loss of life has exceeded in number that of any other disaster that has ever been chronicled in the Northwest. The exact nature of the explosion or the circumstances that led to it will probably never be known, since it is believed that every miner who was at work in the slope at the time has perished. It is not definitely known how many men were in the vicinity of the disaster, but it is believed that between 45 and 50 were on the three levels that were affected by the gas explosion. Large relief forces are at work, and at this time two bodies have been recovered. These men were working nearest to the opening and at some distance from the point where it is supposed the explosion took place. Most of the men were 1,500 and 2,000 feet farther in the slope and in the immediate vicinity of the accident. There is no doubt either in the minds of the miners or the company's officials that every man was instantly killed.

A SHOCKING SPECTACLE.

A Berlin Youth Leaps from a High Building to Death.

A Berlin cable says: A horrible sight was witnessed to-day in the Neue Friedrichstrasse, a young man committing suicide in the presence of hundreds of spectators by jumping from the top of a building. The unfortunate youth, a clerk named Bauer, had for some time past shown signs of failing mind. His insanity finally took the shape of a delusion to the effect that he was the son of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, who committed suicide by jumping into a lake in the Royal grounds at Munich. To-day Bauer climbed to the parapet of a house in the street mentioned and stood there a long time singing selections from Lohengrin and shouting incoherent words to the people who gathered below. A physician who lived in the vicinity and a police officer endeavored to rescue the man from his perilous position, but he resisted all their efforts, and they nearly lost their lives in the attempt to reach him. Finally they succeeded in getting upon the roof, and were about to seize the maniac, when he rushed to the edge of the parapet, and shrieking out, "I will die as my father did," he sprang to the pavement. His body was smashed into a shapeless mass by contact with the stones.

Baby's Meals.

The seasons of baby's meals should be household habits by the time he is allowed to partake of cooked food, says *Babyhood*. Do not blunt the zest which he ought to bring to the consumption of regular rations by intervening nibbles and lunches. He will learn to expect and demand these, and be discontented when they are withheld. The practice of appeasing him when restless, from whatever cause, by thrusting a cracker, a slice of bread or, worse yet, a "hunk" of gingerbread or a "cookey" into his hand is discountenanced by wise mothers. He besmears his face and clothes, drops crumbs on the carpet and makes a continual want for himself.

When the hour comes for feeding him give him his quantum of proper food, properly prepared. Let him eat it leisurely, and as soon as he is old enough to sit at a table serve his meal neatly in plate, cup or saucer, set on a clean cloth, his own spoon, china and finger napkin laid in order. These are not trifles. More Americans would breakfast, dine or sup in healthful decorum and fewer "feed" if they were trained to consider a meal as a ceremonial observance, and the need of popular essays on "Table Manners would be less urgent.

Condensation of a Three-Volume Novel.

"Beautiful silken hair," Philip murmured fondly, toying lovingly with one of her nut-brown tresses; "soft as the plumage of an angel's wing; light as the thistledown that dances on the summer air; the shimmer of sunset, the glimmer of yellow gold, the rich red-brown of autumnal forests, blend in entancing beauty in its——"

Just then her hair came off in his hands, and he forgot what to say next. There was a moment of profound silence, and then Aurelia took it from him and went out of the room with it. When Aurelia came back he was gone.—*Rosclay.*

A Chance For Shorthand Writers.

A gentleman writes from Australia that there is a great chance for shorthand writers in that country. A while ago an examination was held in Melbourne for shorthand writers in the courts. Out of 13 only six passed the test of 120 words a minute, and fewer still the test of 150. Sir John Thurston, who had tried to engage a stenographer for correspondence, offering $1,000 a year and board, complained that most of the applicants were unable either to write rapidly or to read their notes afterward.

Time to Understand Her.

Jones (who has quarrelled with his sweetheart, Cora Bellows)—And shall this parting be forever, Miss Bellows?

Cora Bellows—Of course it shall. Haven't I told you it should every time we ever quarrelled? It looks like you ought to understand me by this time.

Diagnosis at Fault.

Life: Doctor—H'm! You are run down, sir. You need an ocean voyage. What is your business?

Patient—Second mate of the Anna Maria, just in from Hong Kong.

Not to Be Interrupted.

Servant—Madam, there is a poor man at the door who says he is out of work, and has a large family who depend upon him for support, and have nothing to eat. He wants employment.

Lady—Do tell him to go away. He should have come before Lent was over, when charity was all the go.

German railway directors are experimenting with rails made of paper, which are said to be as superior to steel rails as paper carwheels are to those made of iron.

A JEKYLL-HYDE CASE.

A Versatile Ruffian Alternately Monk and Highwayman.

HE WILL LOSE HIS HEAD.

A Paris cable says: In the Department of the Drome to-day Mathias Hadelt was sentenced to death for killing, last October, Pere Ildifonse, bursar in the Trappist monastery at Aigne-Belle on the Arc. In the course of the trial Mathias was revealed as a wretch of little less versatility than Deeming. For the last fifteen years he has passed from place to place on the continent, killing, robbing and blackmailing without rest. He speaks all Continental languages, and confesses to at least sixty crimes. He began his criminal career in Copenhagen as a pickpocket. He tried to rob a bank, was suspected, and fled to Switzerland. To escape detection he entered a monastery near Berne, where he earned a reputation for exceptional piety. At the end of six months he stole part of the communion service, rifled the treasury of 5,000f. and fled to Italy. After squandering the money in Rome he entered another monastery, from which he disappeared shortly after with several hundred francs' worth of silver plate. This robbery was committed near Florence. Thence he went through Southern Italy and Sicily alternately as a highwayman and monk. Near Palermo he is said to have killed a man who resisted his attempt at robbery in the street. From Italy Hadelt went to Bosnia, where he robbed a convent and a church. In Berlin he passed a few weeks in spending about 12,000f. which he had realized from his monastic life, and then proceeded to Hanover, where he joined an infantry regiment. He stole eight hundred marks from the officer at whose personal service he was placed, and deserted before the theft was discovered. He was captured while making his way toward the French border. He was then disguised as a monk, and had the money concealed in the skirts of his habit. To avoid suspicion he was begging his way from door to door. He was tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the fortress at Mayence, but escaped by letting himself over the wall at night. He went directly to Paris, where, for a few months, he was the most expert of the city's confidence men. With the money obtained in this period he set up a flashy establishment, introducing himself as a foreign count who had adopted France as his country. On the strength of his military experience in Hanover he posed as a military man, and eventually joined the French army. He served some time in the French Legion of Honor. When his funds began to dwindle he again put on the garb of a monk, and after numerous robberies and attempted murders in French monasteries he brought up, one year ago, as a Trappist brother in Aigne-Belle. He affected the utmost piety, and gave to the Order two or three hundred francs, which he had with him when he entered it. One night, in the sixth month of his residence there, he entered the room of Pere Ildefonse, the bursar, killed him and fled, taking with him 12,135 francs in notes and securities belonging to the Order. During his trial Hadelt behaved with the utmost callousness, alternately laughing at the testimony against him and glorying in the narrative of some exceptionally atrocious bit of crime. The Police of Italian, Swiss, German, Austrian and Danish cities were active in securing evidence as to his past life, and the testimony sent in writing fills hundreds of pages. Hadelt will be guillotined at the end of this month, it is said.

A SUICIDE CLUB.

An Uncouth Fraternity Discovered in a Windy City.

A Chicago despatch says: Another man, who is said to be a member of the suicide club which is declared to exist in this city, shot himself in Douglas Park last night, dying instantly. He was Joseph Kraker, a brewery employee. Andrew Rudman is authority for the assertion that Kraker belonged to an organization called the club, a member of which is bound by oath to commit suicide. Rudman is under arrest. Before being taken into custody Rudman, who like Kraker worked in a brewing establishment, had written a letter announcing a purpose of perpetrating self-murder. Then Rudman broke open a room-mate's trunk, abstracted $30, bought a revolver, attempted to kill Miss Eva Diessler, to whom he has been engaged, and fired a shot at one Meister, who was the foreman who recently discharged Rudman. The latter fired into a group of citizens, and attempted to put a bullet into a policeman who arrested him. Rudman's unsteady aim was due to the fact that he had been drinking heavily. He will have to postpone further tragic moves pending his appearance in the Criminal Court, to which he was remanded this afternoon.

A CRY FOR BREAD.

Newfoundlanders Starving and Dying for Lack of Food.

A St. John's (Nfld.) despatch says: Information from the northern coasts depict a wretched condition of affairs. Owing to the ravages of grip last year the miserable inhabitants were unable to gather their usual catch of fish. Just before navigation closed the Government sent the people of Flower's Cove 60 barrels of flour to save them from perishing during the winter. For five months they have been cut off from the outside world by ice. Early in February the people watched with horror the consumption of the last handful of flour. How they have lived since God alone knows. For two months the cry of hunger has been heard. Whole families had not a crust of bread. There is not a barrel of flour on the whole coast between Bonne Bay and St. Anthony. Some people have already perished from starvation, and, at the date of the last advices, March 26th, a terrible condition of affairs existed.

A STEP-MOTHER'S CRUELTY.

She Tortured a Nine-Year-Old Girl, Till Death Released Her.

A London cable says: The second wife of Jas. Clark, a carman, was arraigned today on the charge of having caused the death of her step-daughter, aged 9 years. She was committed for trial, and her husband was severely censured by the magistrate for not having prevented the cruelties that led to the death of his daughter. The evidence showed that the child had been treated with the greatest brutality. The girl was often tied tightly to the balusters of the house and was kept there for hours at a stretch. Mrs. Clark frequently beat her terribly with a strap or cane, and often, when she claimed that she had discovered the girl telling falsehoods, she tied a string about her tongue and left her for hours to suffer excruciating torture. The child finally gave way under her step-mother's treatment and died.

THE COMPARTMENT CAR.

Another English Lady a Victim of a Foul Outrage in it.

A London cable says: Another railway outrage is reported. The victim is a dressmaker, named Amy Faulkner, and from present indications her assailant, if arrested, will have to answer a charge of murder. Some men walking along the railway near Leeds found a woman lying near the rails. Her clothing was disarranged and she was terribly injured. She was just able to state that she had been assaulted in the compartment of a railway carriage and that after her assailant had outraged her he had thrown her headlong from the carriage. The train was running at full speed, and her injuries were sustained by her being thrown from the train. The police are looking for the assailant.

Did Not Want Too Much of It.

I saw Spurgeon once lying on a couch and twitching in great pain from gout. He said: "Some of our friends think themselves perfect saints. We all thought a certain brother perfect till he said his wife. Most of these are old maids or retired officers with few cares. (Another twitch of pain.) If they had gout and the bell was not answered quickly, they would find some of the old devil left in them." He asked me to pray with him saying: "I know you can be short. A dear brother was praying with me one day at such length that I had to say: 'Stop, stop! I can't bear any more.'"—*Good Words.*

A Smart Child.

Good News: Bertha—What are you laughing at, mother? Tell me what Mrs. Frivole said, please?

Mrs. Brown Stone—Impossible, my child. It was not a story for children of your age.

Bertha—Oh, do tell me, mamma. I promise I won't understand a word.

M. Guirand, a composer and one of the greatest authorities on music in France, is dead.

DEEMING'S FAMILY HISTORY.

His Story of Hereditary Insanity Finds Little Credence.

A Melbourne cable says: Deeming, the condemned murderer, is kept in irons to keep him from injuring himself and others, as he is at times very savage. He is reported as saying that his mother predicted that he would be hanged before he reached the age of 40. With regard to his family history he states that his father's mind was unhinged, that he was of a very violent temper, and that he died in a lunatic asylum at Birkenhead. His mother he describes as good and kind, but she also was confined in a lunatic asylum until shortly before the prisoner's birth. His brother Sam, he also asserts, was likewise confined in a lunatic asylum, but the fact is only known to his other brother, Albert. When in England last year the prisoner declares he vainly endeavored to ascertain the whereabouts of his brother Sam. He has a sister, who is employed as a housemaid at New Brighton, near Liverpool, and another who is not right in her head. Deeming has also given information as to some serious family trouble, which he says occurred between 1880 and 1881. These stories, however, are emphatically denied by persons who knew the Deeming family, and who say that, while never distinguished by special energy of character, its members, except Deeming, were always respectable and clear-headed. Nobody in Melbourne puts any faith whatever in the murderer's stories about himself and others, although it is believed that the manuscript which he is preparing may give a substantially correct account of the tragedies at Rainhill and Windsor.

MONEY AND MONKEY GONE.

An Aged Venezuela Couple Victimized in Paris.

A Paris cable says: Sala Rubini and his wife, natives of Venezuela, now travelling on the continent, reported to the police last evening the loss of almost 100,000f. and a pet monkey. Mr. Rubini says that he and Mrs. Rubini left Paris on the Club train, intending to cross to England. Before leaving the station they missed the basket containing the monkey, but decided to leave without him and telegraph to the police from London. En route to St. Denis, Mrs. Rubini missed her hand satchel, in which she had jewelry, a letter of credit and bank notes of a total value of 80,000f. Her husband alighted at Amiens and took a train back to Paris, and she, after proceeding to Calais, followed him thither. They found no trace of the thief or monkey at the Paris station. On Tuesday Mr. Rubini was robbed of a purse containing 18,000f. He thinks that the thief, having learned that he carried much ready money with him, shadowed him to the Paris station and took the satchel and basket while they sat in the waiting-room. Mrs. Rubini thinks that the monkey is following the thief. She says she had left "Jocko," as she calls him, out of his basket for a little air, and when she put him back did not fasten the cover securely. She had trained him to attack anybody touching her belongings, and she believes he may have jumped out after the thief when the latter took her satchel, dragging after him the basket to which he was chained.

THE GERMAN SOLDIER'S LIFE.

The Brutality of Officers Driving Privates to Suicide.

A Berlin cable says: The body of the Grenadier Hermsdorf, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards in Potsdam, who disappeared some time ago, has been found in the River Navel. At the time of his disappearance August Bebel, Social Democrat, said that Hermsdorf had been driven to suicide by abuse from the non-commissioned officers of the regiment. Hermsdorf had told his friends that he was compelled to do the work of a scavenger, was kicked or cuffed almost daily, and had been kept standing on one leg for an hour frequently while his corporal was eating dinner. Bebel said this was a typical case of abuse such as thousands of privates suffered in the best Prussian regiments. The commander in Potsdam contended that Hermsdorf had deserted. The finding of the body and the accompanying proof of suicide will be made the basis of a motion in the next session of the Reichstag for the investigation of the maltreatment of soldiers in Prussian regiments.

THE DANGEROUS REVOLVER.

A London Lad Nearly Meets His Death by a Bullet.

A London despatch says: The 12-year-old son of Mr. J. E. Moorehouse, who lives on the corner of Bruce and Teresa streets, South London, had a narrow escape from death on Saturday morning. He was engaged in picking watercress along the west bank of the Thames, a short distance south of Victoria Bridge, when he came across a jar and picked it up. A boy of about 14 years was standing on the opposite bank, and saw Moorehouse with the jar, and called over to him to "put it down or I'll shoot you." Almost immediately thereafter the young rascal pulled the trigger of a small revolver and discharged it, the bullet striking Moorehouse behind the left ear. Fortunately the force of the leaden messenger was about spent when it reached its victim, and, striking a bone, it glanced upward about two inches and lodged in the flesh. Had it struck a quarter of an inch lower the effect would have been very serious, but the lad is now all right again. Dr. Graham extracted the bullet and dressed the wound. The culprit who fired the shot is not known.

MARRIED TWENTY WOMEN.

John Anderson, the Man Who Could Not Resist the Maidens.

A Cleveland despatch says: The main evidence against John Anderson, the Dane, who is supposed to have married twenty women, was submitted yesterday. Mrs. Ellen Purcell, of St. Louis, his latest bride, described how Anderson had brought her to the city, stole a note and cash amounting to $1,200 from an inner pocket of her under garments, and fled to the east. The Dane was put on the stand in his own defence. He proved to be anything but a simpleton, and, though his story was interesting and plausible, the prosecution succeeded in tangling him upon cross-examination. He admitted his marriage to Mrs. Purcell, but refused to answer questions concerning the Elmira marriage. He claimed Mrs. Purcell had forced him into marrying her by putting a policeman on his track after he had become intimate with her, and that she insisted upon his taking all her money and keeping it for his own use. His reason for deserting her was that she was old and so affectionate that he became disgusted and resolved to take a vacation.

Coal Bricks for Fuel.

Interested experts have been making an investigation of the proposed process of manufacturing bricks out of coal for fuel. The plan as outlined is certainly a novel one. It is to crush the coal at the mine, mix it with water, and transport this pasty mass through pipes to New York or other great distributing points. Then by pressing it into bricks it is claimed that the consumer will be able to secure a slow-burning coal, which will leave few ashes, and will cost no more than under the present method of supply.

Wallace C. Andrews, President of the New York Steam Heating Company, is at the head of the movement. He made a success of steam distribution through pipes in New York city and claims to have good financial backing in his present enterprise. He is already considering plans for laying coal pipes from the Pennsylvania mines to Jersey City.—*Rochester Herald.*

A Prevalent Evil.

Buffalo is suffering from a thing that once annoyed Utica—the littering of the streets with waste paper. The papers are complaining of it, and say that no amount of picking up will keep the streets clean. Try Utica's theory of punishing those who offend by throwing bills, dodgers and sample copies of cheap publications around the streets, and teach people that the public street is not a dumping ground for their waste baskets. Utica has the theory and lots of paper, too.—*Utica Observer.*

A Power for License Law Amendment.

A Brooklyn divine was endeavoring to convince a young man that high license was highly desirable. "We can close up nine out of ten saloons by this means," said the preacher. "Suppose you would close up all but one of the saloons of Brooklyn," was the reply, "would it be right of me to keep that saloon?" "No-o." "Then how could it be right for me to vote that some other man shall keep it?"

—One reason why some people read the Bible so little is because it tells them so many things they don't want to know about themselves.—*Rose's Horn.*

MOTHER OF MARY.

Fragment of the Arm of St. Ann Coming to Canada.

MIRACLES WROUGHT BY IT.

Secured Through His Holiness, the Pope, For the Church of Saint Anne de Beaupre on the St. Lawrence—The Precious Relic in New York.

A New York despatch of last Tuesday night says: With more than wonted reverence the feet of the worshippers in the quaint little French Church of St. Jean Baptiste, No. 159 East Seventy-sixth street, tread the aisles this week.

In a gold-lined casket on the altar has lain each day since Monday from half-past six until 10 a. m. the most sacred relic to Catholic eyes of the days when Christ walked the earth which ever reached America.

It is a large fragment of the arm of St. Ann, mother of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus. For many centuries it has been guarded more jealously than were ever guarded royal jewels or kingly crowns by the Benedictine monks at Rome in the great Basilica of St. Paul's outside the walls. Now, by special request of His Holiness the Pope, a portion of it is sent to increase the faith and devotion of all members of the church in the United States and Canada.

This relic, which will be regarded by Catholics everywhere with the deepest feelings of piety and joy, is brought to America through the efforts of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Quebec and the Right Rev. Mgr. Marquis, Protonotary Apostolic, one of Quebec's most patriotic and distinguished prelates. It is to be kept at the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on the St. Lawrence River.

Mgr. Marquis reached this city on Sunday last, bearing the relic. For a short time he proposed being the guest of the Rev. Father Tetreau, pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, at the pastoral residence just around the corner from the church, No. 1,081 Lexington avenue.

Father Tetreau pleaded with Mgr. Marquis to allow him to expose the sacred object in his little church during certain hours of the day as long as he remained here. He consented, with the permission of Mgr. Farley, Vicar-General of the diocese, and every morning at half-past 6 the extraordinary relic is exposed to view and is on exhibition until 10 o'clock.

It can be seen to-day, to-morrow and Saturday between those hours. It can be seen and touched by all the Catholics of this city who desire an opportunity to gaze on what they must all regard as being so very near the person of the incarnate God. Also can it be seen on Monday up to the hour of noon, and Monday night the distinguished divine and his companions will resume their homeward journey to place the fragment of the arm of St. Ann in the beautiful church on the St. Lawrence, which bears her name and over which she is believed to have exerted her blessed influence in many remarkable ways.

The news that the relic was at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste has spread all through that portion of the city in which it is situated. Thousands have already seen it, and as each day passes the number who crowd the little church during the hours the doors are open constantly increases.

The Church of Sainte Anne de Beaupre is twenty miles below Quebec. There nearly three centuries ago it was established as a little mariners' chapel, amid scenery wonderfully grand and impressive, and it has slowly risen from its lowly beginnings to be a spacious and beautiful temple rising from the beach.

It has seemed that over the church which bore her name St. Ann has ever hovered with her beneficient influence. To Catholics the place, as Mgr. O'Reilly, of this city, describes it, "it is like a fountain of living waters, which purify souls, cure bodily ills, revive and nourish faith in the Incarnate God and is the solemn protestation of a whole people against anti-Christian unbelief."

There is already at the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupre a very small fragment of one of the fingers of St. Ann, but in view of the fact that so famous had become the shrine for the afflicted and the faithful a larger memento was earnestly desired. More than 100,000 pilgrims resorted to the church last year. Thousands and thousands claim to have been instantly cured through the intercession of her who was, in the flesh, the grandparent of the Redeemer.

The body of St. Ann was taken from Jerusalem to Constantinople in the year 710. The arm has been in Rome for many centuries. The Popes have for ages refused to have any part of the member mutilated. In the "Revelations" of the great St. Bridget, who died in 1373, there is a striking passage connected with the relic. St. Bridget made a pilgrimage to Rome and had the happiness of venerating the arm of St. Ann. That night St. Ann appeared to her and assured her that the arm was her own.

The body of the saint must have been carefully embalmed, as was the Jewish custom. The arm, through nearly nineteen hundred years, was in a good state of preservation when Mgr. Marquis beheld it.

The Prior of St. Paul's accompanied the Canadian divine to the spot where the relic is kept. In his attempt to saw off a piece of the arm the saw was broken. Mgr. Marquis had a saw also, and he cut off as large a piece as he in decency could. It is one-half of the wrist, and to it the flesh and skin still adhere.

The fragment is about three inches in length. Mgr. Marquis had made for it a little casket of bronze, lined with gold, around which runs a band of satin, studded with silver stars. Around the relic is a piece of paper with this lettering: "Ex Brachio S. Annæ, M. B. M. V."—"From the arm of St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin."

The casket has a glass top through which the relic can be seen, and the seal of the Abbot of St. Paul's is still unbroken.

"At night the relic is kept in Father Tetreau's safe.

Mgr. Marquis, happy in the possession of his treasure, beamed smilingly on Father Tetreau as he talked to me last night.

"There, before you," he said, "lies the bone of the forearm of her who clasped to her maternal bosom the Virgin Mary. Can we doubt that that arm also held the infant Jesus? I am proud to have such a relic to show to my people. And I am glad to know that now on its way across the sea is another similar fragment of the arm of the blessed St. Ann, which has been given to our little Church of St. Jean Baptiste."

A BRUTAL AFFAIR.

Shocking Outrage of Two Young Ladies by Five Ruffians.

A London despatch says: Further particulars of the recent horrible affair at Dreaney's Corners show that two respectable young women of this city were driven out to Dreaney's Corners, on Sunday evening, by a young man to whom one of them is engaged. At about 10 o'clock the young people were preparing to return home, and the two young girls stood in front of Young's hotel speaking to a lady friend while their escort was getting his buggy out of the shed across the street. Suddenly a gang of five ruffians seized the young women, and in spite of their struggles, and a fighting efforton the part of the young man, carried them off to a lonely spot in the woods, gagged them, and outraged them in a most brutal manner. The girls were beaten insensible, and remained in that state until the morning, when they were found and brought back to this city. The police were notified, but their efforts to catch the desperadoes were very much hampered by the young women's reluctance to let the affair become known. Two young men, Geo. Lee and Armstrong, have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the outrage.

Spriggins' Little Game.

Friend (at a French play)—Why did you applaud so vigorously when that comedian made his speech before the curtain?

Spriggins' (confidently)—So folks would think I understand French. What did he say?

Friend—He said the remainder of his part must be taken by an understudy, as his mother was dying.

A Cautious Lover.

"Did I understand you to offer me your hand in matrimony?"

"Well, Miss Esmeralda, I didn't exactly commit myself, but what I wanted to know was if your hand were free and if I were to propose would you be inclined to give me a favorable answer?

Hens are doing all right now. They need no lay conference to encourage others in their work.

The young woman who marries a dissipated young man with the idea of reforming him is liable to have her hands full as well as her husband.

HAS WORKED MIRACLES.

Cures Effected by Faith in the Relic of St. Ann.

VENERATED BY GREAT CROWDS.

A New York despatch says: "Room for the crippled! Make way for the blind! Lend a hand there to help the feeble along!" "'Tis the afflicted who long have suffered that most do need the intercession of St. Ann. Pass them forward to the chancel rail, where they can venerate the relic which they believe can make them well." Thus the good fathers of the little French parish of St. Jean Baptiste, in East Seventy-sixth street, addressed the pressing, pushing throng as they stood bareheaded in the bright May sunshine on the church steps yesterday. Calmly and kindly they spoke, soothing injured feelings after they had come in contact with the gruffer tones of policemen, quieting the anxiety of suffering ones who felt that they never, never would be able to reach the shrine.

More eagerness was never shown at the troubling of the pool by those racked with bodily pains than by those who sought access to the little church. Faces lined and furrowed with distress, eyes beaming anew with hope, all striving to reach the sacred place where they could venerate the flesh and bone of the blessed saint—surely a wonderful spectacle of human faith in things divine in this matter of fact nineteenth century.

Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly preached at the evening service in English. The church was crowded and the priests attached to the parish and the venerable Mgr. Marquis sat within the chancel. He spoke of the various means employed by God to work miracles, spoke of the power of the prophets, of Christ and of his apostles to raise the dead and heal the sick. Then he said: "There are two things we should never lose sight of. One is that it is God who employs the agencies to work miracles; the other is that we must believe in Him. We have here to-night a relic more sacred and precious than the seamless coat which Mary wove for the divine Jesus. It is the very flesh which the mother of Mary gave to her and which she gave to her Son, who died on the cross for the world's redemption. Do you understand me? This thing brings you almost in communication with Jesus Christ. It is bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh. Ask me not what proof I have that it is the body of St. Ann. I will reply that God gives testimony that it is authentic by performing miracles with it.

"I am informed that since the relic has been here three separate and wonderful cures have been made. A man who was so deaf that he has not heard a sound for years can now hear perfectly well. A young woman who was palsied has been restored to perfect health. And there is another, of which I will not specially speak, who is within the sound of my voice.

"If God performs such miracles you must admit that it is probable that it is part of the wrist of the mother of the Virgin Mary and flesh of His flesh. I have not time now to tell you how the body came to reach Constantinople from Jerusalem, but it was taken there for safe keeping during the persecutions by the Jews, and afterward was removed to the Cathedral of Apt in France, where it remains to this day. An arm, by direction of the Pope, was removed to the basilica of St. Paul's Outside the Walls, of Rome, where Paul was slain.

"Why should I detain you. You are anxious to come. The arm of St. Ann in working miracles is only the arm and shadow of the arm of Jesus Christ Himself. Before we come into His sacramental presence let me take the relic, hold it above you and bless you."

Holding the relic aloft Mgr. O'Reilly blessed every one in the church and reverently kissed it.

After the congregation venerated the relic the waiting crowd of several thousand persons was admitted.

WOMEN IN THE "HOUSE."

A Fancy Picture which May yet Become a Reality.

A London cable says: The best thing produced by the discussion on the Woman Suffrage question is perhaps a picture and sketch in the *Daily Graphic*, written in the style of the "Battle of Dorking." A member of Parliament, after a long absence from England, returns to the House of Commons and finds, to his horror, the majority of seats in Parliament occupied by women. He thought at first "he had entered a purgatory of politicians," or that he was mad, drunk or dreaming. But he was informed by an old fellow-member the facts in Tea Room No. 8.

The ancient friend told him that in the elections of 1892 the G. O. M. had got a majority of fifty, whereupon Salisbury resigned. The Home Rule Bill got through its second reading. Meanwhile the Tories went in neck and crop, or rather heart and soul, for women's suffrage. Balfour engineered it splendidly, and got all the women to his idea, and they pretty quickly showed that they meant to vote. Gladstone hedged too late. He got badly beaten in 1894. The great Women's Suffrage Bill was brought in, and in its passage through committee was enormously enlarged. Still no one thought for a moment that it gave women any right to sit in the House. Never was a bigger mistake. Fifty-three women were elected, and they insisted on taking their seats, and threatened instant vengeance on any party which objected to their presence.

Once again Balfour grasped the situation. He reconciled the ladies by making Miss Glitters First Commissioner of Works, and gave minor offices to half a dozen other women. Yes, that was Miss Glitters who was being attacked by Mrs. Blakins, who will be Home Secretary in the next Liberal Ministry—a clever woman and a good lawyer, but rather too free with her tongue. "Harcourt's young friend?" "Oh, that's Lilly Fiske, the junior whip." "And the one who has the audacity to sit in my old seat?" "Oh, that is Mrs. Brodgers, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Journeywomen Laundresses—a most worthy woman, I assure you, and very influential, but a sad trial to Gladstone, for she will not suck peppermint lozenges."

It was enough. The member fled from the House to ponder over the statistics handed to him by his old friend, from which he learned that there are a million more females than males in England, and that if they were given the right to vote, to sit in Parliament and to occupy State offices the great nation to which he belongs would be practically ruled by women.

The Relic of St. Ann

New York *Herald*: The exhibition now in progress at the temporary shrine in the French Canadian Church of St. Jean Baptiste, this city, is likely not only to create the utmost interest among Catholics in this country, but arouse discussion as to the authenticity of the relic as a portion of the body of Ann, the mother of the Virgin Mary, whom the Church venerates as a saint.

Many people have asserted that under no circumstances could the body which was taken to Constantinople in the year 710 have been that of St. Ann. Yet there are documents attesting its genuineness for many centuries prior to the placing of the arm in the Basilica of St. Paul's Outside-the-Walls. Scattered all over Europe are portions of this body still in a remarkable state of preservation, and so firmly rooted is the belief in their authenticity in the Catholic mind that it is not likely to be shaken by any amount of derision of discussion.

Would You Have Peace at Home?

When you don't know what to say, say so.

Open doors quietly and shut them without a bang.

Use the door-mat, instead of the floor-carpet, for a foot-scraper.

Live sociably with your family and peaceably with your neighbors.

Let your manners at home be a little better than they are abroad.

Be as agreeable to your wife as you would be with "other man's wives."

Speak as pleasantly to your husband as you would to "other women's husbands."

When the "last word" is likely to be an unkind one, let some one else say it.

Look out for the claws of the family cat when its paws are fairly let out of the bag.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Earth-worm Oil.

There is no better specific for rheumatism than earth-worm oil. It is commonly made by taking two or three dozen of the largest earth-worms that can be found, and, placing them in a tin or iron cup over the fire. In a few moments the worms will dissolve into a fine oil, which is then strained and may be bottled, tightly corked, and set away in a cool place for use. It should be employed as a liniment, and the stiffest rheumatic joints, well rubbed with this natural lubricant, will recover their former suppleness.

HATTIE ADAMS GUILTY.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst Wins His Famous Case in Court.

THE SENTENCE AWAITING HER.

A New York despatch of last Monday night says: Hattie Adams is convicted. After two hours' deliberation the jury in the Court of General Sessions found that she was guilty of keeping a disorderly house. The punishment prescribed by law is one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary or $500 fine, or both. That is the maximum penalty. Hattie may be fined and not imprisoned for the full term. But if Judge Fitzgerald's utterances during the trial are to serve as indications Hattie may as well prepare herself for the full penalty.

Mrs. Hattie had no appetite for dinner. She sat alone in the prisoners' pen at half-past six o'clock. The jury had just retired. In spite of her gaily flowered hat and her red, shiny, apple-like cheeks and the purple and green and violet beads on her cream colored wrap, she was a very dejected looking woman.

Hattie heard the scraping and shuffling of scores of feet at a quarter past 8 o'clock. The door of the pen was unlocked and Hattie advanced to the bar. Abe Hummel sat at her right hand. Judge Fitzgerald hurried to his seat upon the bench. The clerk, with his emotionless voice, swiftly called the roll of the jury, and the twelve men answered "Here!" like so many schoolboys. Had they agreed upon a verdict? They had, answered Foreman Albert A. Steininger.

"We find the defendant guilty, with a recommendation to mercy."

Hattie's hard face did not exhibit any change. In fact, she looked at Abe Hummel with that I-told-you-so expression that is a balm even to a convicted woman. Not a tear was visible on her hard cheeks.

"In my opinion, gentlemen," said Judge Fitzgerald, as he thanked and discharged the jury, "the verdict of guilty is the only one that could have been found upon the evidence. Your recommendation to mercy will receive due consideration.'

Judge Fitzgerald granted Mr. Hummel's motion to remand Mrs. Adams until next Tuesday. Then she will be sentenced and her lawyer will move for a new trial. Judge Fitzgerald will doubtless deny the motion, and Hattie will be taken to the Penitentiary, where she will have to work and wear striped skirts and where the absence of curling papers will rob her yellow hair of its curls.

After Judge Fitzgerald sorted out a choice lot of sentences for half a dozen minor criminals, the last day of Hattie Adams' trial began near noon yesterday. Lawyer William F. Howe, in splendid condition as to diamonds, voice and a new blue and white cravat, opened for the defence. He said:

"Think, think of Parkhurst, the minister of the Gospel, as an instigator of crime, roaming about this city, paying with his own money poor, degraded women to disgrace themselves to such an extent that you must be disgusted when you think of it! I declare to you that by the law of God, by the moral law, aye! by the statutes of the State of New York, Parkhurst, the minister, is a criminal. I will show"——

"If Your Honor please," protested Assistant District Attorney McIntyre.

"Allow me, sir," roared Mr. Howe, shaking his great sides in a avalanche of fury. "Allow me. I'll prove it. I propose to show by the evidence that Parkhurst is a criminal and therefore ought not to be believed."

Judge Fitzgerald dryly suggested that Hattie Adams was on trial just now. Hattie promptly began to weep. Her little green-ish eyes almost faded out of sight in a flood of jury dissolving tears. She spoiled their effect somewhat by calmly fanning herself meanwhile.

Mr. Howe denounced Dr. Parkhurst by reading these words from the Penal Code: "Any person who directly or indirectly commands, induces or procures another to commit a crime is a principal therein." Then he said: "I do not know that I ever felt so much my inability to express my loathing and disgust for any man as I do for Parkhurst. In the words of M. Thiers, 'I cannot elevate him to the level of my contempt.'"

During all this vehemence Dr. Parkhurst did not look happy. He sat half hidden by the judge's bench, a newspaper partly screening his dark and impassive face. He seemed to be paying polite attention to all the unsolicited tributes Mr. Howe was heaping upon him. It would be a slight exaggeration to say that he looked amused.

Assistant District Attorney John F. McIntyre delivered a stunning oration for the prosecution.

"In my honest judgment," he said, "Dr. Parkhurst was actuated by laudable, honest and sincere motives. It is the duty of any citizen to go about and detect crime and visit these houses if necessary. Do you believe that Dr. Parkhurst lied? Do you believe that a minister of the gospel would go upon the witness stand and call upon his God to witness that he would tell the truth, and then deliberately give perjurious testimony? Do you believe his story? Contrast his character with that of Hattie Adams. Can there be any doubt as to which you shall believe?"

Judge Fitzgerald was all unmoved by the fierce storm of denunciation and counter denunciation that had been sweeping around him