LIMBURGER FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A Club That Pins Its Faith to This Loud Variety of Cheese.

Several prominent gentlemen of this city have organized an association to be known by the peculiar name of "The Limberger Club." The object of the organization is to cure dyspepsia by the scientific application of Limburger cheese inwardly. Primarily the club has in view the benefits of its own members, but secondarily it aims to extend throughout the state the internal application of Limburger as a remedy for that dread destroyer of domestic felicity and general enemy of human kind, the demon dyspepsia.

The club had its origin in an experiment made some time ago by George Brown, the searcher of records, whose stomach suffered terribly from the qualms of its stomachic conscience after fishnobbing with mince pie, cucumbers and dishes with a superabundance of shortening in them. A gentleman of German extraction informed Mr. Brown one day that Limburger was an infallible remedy for the disorder, and the searcher of records at once engaged apartments in his barn and began to experiment. Within a month he was able to eat with impunity a whole hog barbecued. He imparted to a few friends the secret of his restoration to health, and the result was the formation of the Stockton Limburger Club, which meets every evening at the Arion Hall in pursuance of the aims and objects of its existence.

No beverage whatever—not even water—is allowed at the sessions of the club. It is said that if nothing be drank after eating the cheese the rare, racy and aggressive odor of the edible cannot be detected on the breath. New members of the Limburger Club are not allowed to eat more than three ounces at each meeting. Two weeks after their initiation they can take the second degree and eat six ounces. At the expiration of a month each member is allowed a whole cheese, and is granted the much-coveted privilege of taking home whatever is left over of his share in order that at night he may have it under his pillow, ready in case dyspepsia should put in an appearance. At each meeting the members report progress and encourage one another to stand up to the Limburger to the last.—*Stockton Mail.*

THE FIRMAMENT IN JUNE.

And the Beginning of the Astronomical Summer.

The choicest gift in the power of June to bestow is the summer solstice, which occurs on the 20th, at 6 hours 16 minutes in the evening, as the sun enters the sign of the Crab and astronomical summer begins.

The moon quarters early in the morning of the 2nd of June, and the following day is in conjunction with Saturn. On the 6th there is conjunction with Uranus.

The next conjunction is with Mars on the 14th, followed five days later by Jupiter and the waning crescent being at their closest for the month. Neptune's turn comes next.

On the 24th Mercury and the young moon hobnob together, and on the 25th we have Venus in conjunction.

Venus graces the month by appearing in her role of greatest brilliancy. She is still pursuing us as we revolve about the sun, and as she draws nearer her size increases. She is, however, yielding to the strain of the chain that binds her to the sun, and before the month closes the beautiful queen of the night will be lost to us.

Mars is morning star, although he rises a little after 11 o'clock in the evening and gets up earlier and earlier as the month advances. He is growing large quite perceptibly and at the close of June will be four times the size he was when the year began. In August, when he is in apposition, he will be a most glorious object and we shall have his ruddy face to gaze upon throughout the night.

Saturn is evening star. His steady light, of a slightly ruddy tinge, makes him quite easily distinguished, as he bears south about 7 o'clock and is about half way between overhead and the horizon.

Jupiter is morning star and rises about 2 o'clock. He is nearly at the average distance from the earth, but is gradually approaching us and in consequence gaining in brilliancy and size.—*New York Times.*

IT LOOKS LIKE MURDER.

Young Woman's Mysterious Death in a Detroit Lodging House.

A Detroit despatch says: Coroner Keefe was called to 25 Macomb street at noon today, to take charge of the body of a woman who died under suspicious circumstances. Mrs. Martin lives at this number, and keeps boarders. She told the coroner the dead woman came in a coupe about 4 o'clock this morning, in company with a man and another woman. The man engaged lodgings for his two companions, and leaving them at the door drove away. At 8 20 this morning one of the women came out of the bedroom, telling Mrs. Martin that she had to go to work, and that her companion was ill and must not be disturbed before 11 o'clock. At 11.30 Mrs. Martin knocked at the door of the sleeping apartment, but received no answer. The door was not locked and entering the room she found the only occupant lying on the bed dead. Mrs. Martin hurried to Patterson's drug store. A clerk at Patterson's drug store identified the body as that of a girl who came to the store after midnight, accompanied by a man, and asked for chloroform. Both said the drug was to be used by a physician, and it was sold to the man, who gave the name of W. Hillman. The description given of this man convinces Mrs. Martin he is the same man that accompanied the two girls to her house. Coroner Keefe found the body clad in a night-dress. The girl was about 28 years old, and more than ordinarily good-looking; her complexion and dark hair, the latter, especially so. Her weight is about 140 pounds. An inquest will be held. Dr. Dumas, who was called to the house, says the woman died of strangulation, and that the drug was not the immediate cause of her death.

The Preacher of the Future.

Rev. S. Magus Getthere: Well, have you discovered anything?

Private Detective—Yes, I have unearthed an A 1 scandal.

Rev. S. M. G.—Have the papers got it yet?

Private Detective—No!

Rev. S. M. G.—Good! Leave your notes with me. Have the bulletin board hump out and rush dodgers around town announcing that I preach an "Extra" to-night.

His Failing Served Him.

"Miranda has accepted the young man who stutters so much."

"Yes; it was her tender heart that led her to do it."

"How is that?"

"When he addressed her in broken accents she couldn't resist him."

About Gout.

Dr. Smith says of gout that not all drinks will produce it, for it is rare in Scotland. Not all wines will produce it, for it is rare in Spain and Italy. Not all malt liquors will produce it, for it is rare in Vienna and Munich.

Santa De Cabon, a young Mexican woman, who claims to be endowed with divine power, has been banished from Mexico on a charge of inciting the recent Mayo Indian outbreak.

The little village of Abbach, Bavaria, has been completely destroyed by fire.

—The Methodist Protestant Church has stricken the word "obey" from the marriage service. Nearly every wife in the land did the same thing long ago.—*New York World.*

Notification has been received that the directors of the World's Fair at Chicago have allotted ten thousand square feet to Canada in the Mines and Mining building.

Rev. J. G. Scott was elected President of London Methodist Conference yesterday; Rev. John Scott was elected President of the Guelph Conference, and Rev. W. H. Graham was elected President of the Montreal Conference.

Mr. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, will leave Ottawa this afternoon for New York, whence he will sail for England to take part in the preliminary work of preparing the British case for the Behring Sea arbitration.

The candy-maker wouldn't be in it if it wasn't for his pull.

—Miss Elder—Well, I maintain that woman can do anything men can." Mr. Gazman—Oh no. The auctioneer's business is one woman cannot go into." "Nonsense. She makes every bit as good an auctioneer as a man." "Well, just imagine an unmarried woman getting up before a crowd and exclaiming, 'Now, gentlemen, all I want is an offer.'"

—Naturalists say that a single mother will devour 6,000 flies in a day.

—Look out for the new shade of green in neckwear!—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

SIXTY CHILDREN INJURED.

A Cyclone Strikes a Crowded Church and Wrecks it.

THROWN ON A RED HOT STOVE.

An Omaha, Neb., despatch says: McCook, Neb., was visited yesterday by a terrible cyclone. As the huge funeral-shaped cloud passed over the Burlington & Missouri shops and round house it seemed to suddenly drop to the ground, first striking the business building owned by H. W. Cole, and with awful power raised the metal roof clear off the two parts in the rear and whirling it around brought it down with terrible force in almost its former position upon the heads of the cigarmakers who were at work there. All escaped except one who was severely injured. The storm centre seemed to rise up in the air and again drop to the ground about three blocks away. In a moment the air was filled with flying debris and the cry was raised that the Congregational Church was in ruins and hundreds of children buried in the ruins. The children of the city were rehearsing for the children's day at the Congregational Church, and that edifice was packed to its utmost capacity with the little folks. Only two minutes before the cyclone struck the building about 200 of the smaller children had finished their exercises and gone home. The church was raised from the foundation and dashed down in one mass of ruins, burying about 60 children, together with the pastor of the church and several teachers. Many of the children who were leaving were hurt by flying timbers, but so far as is known none seriously. With willing hands the fallen timbers were raised from the ruins and soon all were released from their imprisonment. Timbers in falling had formed an arch over the heads of those who were in the church. Several of the children are so seriously injured that it is feared they cannot live beyond a few hours. Many of the injured children have legs and arms broken, and still others seem to be hurt internally. The list of the injured is about 50, and as many were carried home at once it is impossible at this hour to get the exact number. Had the cyclone struck the church five minutes earlier at least 250 would have been buried in the ruins.

A TEXAS TOWN VISITED.

A Galveston, Tex., despatch says: Reports continue to come in of damage and casualties caused by Tuesday's cyclone. At Lufkin several persons were injured, a number of them fatally, and a number of buildings were demolished. Blascoe reports a number of houses destroyed and at least 20 persons injured, six of them fatally. A little child of Mrs. Cullenbach was thrown on a red hot stove and burned to death, and its mother and three other children were probably fatally injured. The path of the storm is now a desolate waste, all vegetation having been destroyed. Appeals for aid have been made.

WOMEN INVADE A COURT.

The Jury Threaten to Leave Unless the Ladies Are Admitted.

An Aix cable says: A trial which was replete with highly sensational features has been concluded here, when a man named Cauvin, who was charged with the inhuman murder of his aged benefactress, Mme. Moutell, was convicted of the heinous crime and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. A girl accomplice, who was also on trial, was acquitted. The proceedings ended late at night, but the case was of such absorbing interest that the large crowds which had thronged to the court-room remained to the close. The spectators were very unruly, and the trial throughout was marked by the most riotous and scandalous conduct. To such a pitch did the disorder and tumult arise that the proceedings were entirely interrupted, and the judge had to appeal to the military to preserve order. The soldiers responded, but were unable to quell the disturbance in any degree until they twice cleared the room of every one but those taking part in the trial. The jury were also a source of annoyance to the court officials. They threatened to leave the place unless their wives were admitted. So persistent were they in their demands that the judge was finally out of sheer desperation, compelled to yield to them, and the women walked triumphantly into the court room. Some law students, who had been called as witnesses, behaved in a very indecorous and disorderly manner. They indulged in a torrent of invectives and called one another liars and thieves. Cauvin appeared to enjoy the disorder hugely, and during some of the wildest scenes he laughed wildly and urged the disturbers to renewed efforts.

GETTING OUT THE DEAD.

The Loss of Life at the Pribram Mine Greater Than Expected.

Later Vienna cables give the following details of the Bohemian mine disaster: The latest news from the scene of the disaster indicates that the loss of life is much larger than was at first reported. After investigation it is reported that the list reaches the startlingly large number of 200. At last accounts 25 dead bodies, burned and blackened in a terrible manner, had been recovered from the mine, and 25 of the miners were rescued from the death-trap in a very precarious condition, the unfortunate men being shockingly burned and crushed. All the injured have been removed to hospitals, and are receiving the best medical attention and nursing possible. A large number of persons have volunteered their services to aid in the work of relieving the suffering of the rescued miners. It has been found that most of the victims, including three men who lost their lives while bravely engaged in the work of rescue, died of suffocation, being overcome by the fatal gases which pervaded the whole mine. It is believed by those who made an investigation of the mine that the fire was caused by the recklessness of a miner who carried a naked light into one of the chambers. Another rumor is that the fire was of incendiary origin. Large crowds of excited persons, mainly of the families of the unfortunate miners, are pressing closely about the entrances to the different shafts. The most agonizing scenes take place when the charred and otherwise disfigured bodies are hoisted to the surface, and recognized by some of the weeping crowd as the remains of a loved one who met death in the fiery furnace.

PALACIO THREATENS THE PRIESTS.

He Meets Another Disastrous Defeat—With Mutiny of Troops.

A cable from Caracoa, Venezuela says: Palacio is distressed at the reports reaching him from all parts of the country about the part taken by priests in the uprising against the dictatorship, and is threatening the church with retaliation unless the clergy are ordered to stop fighting the Government. In pursuance of this plan the Dictator sent word to the archbishop that if the priests continued to side with the revolutionists there would be a dissolution of Church and State. Serious complications are likely to grow out of this affair. The Catholic population is greatly excited over it. Fears are entertained that if the archbishop refuses to comply with Palacio's demand the latter will imprison him. To prevent this the Catholics are arming themselves.

A mutiny took place a few days ago among the Government soldiers under General Arras, at Mesida. Forty men were killed before the mutiny was suppressed.

A Joyous Moment.

Nervous gentleman (who has engaged individual on left to act as guide)—But, my good man, are you sure you have taken the right road?

The individual (gruffly)—I know I has; we are now close to the "Bloody Gulch," where a man's skelington was found last summer with bullet holes in the skull. They tried to fix the murder on me, but (with a grin of great satisfaction) they couldn't prove nothin'. No, they couldn't prove nothin'!

—China, with all her 400,000,000 people, has only forty miles of railroad.

LIMITATIONS.

He had studied all his lifetime in a very patient way,
His hair was thin and gray.
And yet each day he made himself unequal to the task
Of answering the questions that his little children ask.

A judge is not always eloquent, but a great many people hang on his words.

Black rust has appeared in many Illinois wheat fields.

—The great majority of people die between 3 and 3 o'clock in the morning.

The removal of the tariff on American flour in Cuba has reduced the cost of living. The tariff is a tax on the consumer any way you can fix it.—*Buffalo Times.*

A ROMAN SCANDAL.

In Which a Designing Priest and a Frail Penitent Figure.

THE PRIEST TURNS MURDERER.

A Rome cable says: The material for a drama of the Cavalleria Rusticana type might be called by some budding Mascagni from the evidence which has just been heard in a court at Montano during a trial, ending in the sentence of the priest to 30 years' penal servitude for the murder of a young woman of that place. The victim, Nicoletta Clio by name, was married, and her husband had gone to America to gain his fortune, expecting to return with money enough to make the pretty Nicoletta one of the first ladies of the little village. Meanwhile the young grass widow was overwhelmed with attentions from would-be lovers, attracted by her beauty. She was evidently only annoyed by these attentions and led a life of severe piety, attending church at every opportunity in order, it was said, to discourage all the more the unwelcome attentions of her ardent admirers. Unfortunately, however, her beauty had a baneful effect upon the priest, young Father de Lucia, with whom Nicoletta's visits to the church brought her into frequent companionship. De Lucia soon fell madly in love with the young woman, who seemed to have flirted heartlessly with him for the purpose, apparently, for the better concealing of the fact that she had at last yielded to the importunities of a suitor who had succeeded where so many others had failed in winning her heart away from her husband' memory. De Lucia in the course of time discovered the deception which had been practised upon him, and at the same time became aware of the fickle young woman's sinful liaison. Furious with jealous rage, he traced the lovers to their trysting place, and surprising them clasped in one another's arms he fell upon them furiously and attacked them with a bludgeon. The man contrived to escape alive after a severe beating, but Nicoletta received such serious injuries that she died two days afterward, having in the meantime denounced the priest as her murderer. The trial, which has just ended, was the occasion of great excitement among the people of all the country round, and the sentence of the accused to a long term of imprisonment was received with cheers from the crowded court-room. The fact that a still more severe sentence was not pronounced is due to the provocation which the woman had given the murderer.

FOMENTING REVOLUTION.

Arrest of a Former Torontonian and Several Others in Hawaii.

A San Francisco despatch says: Advices from Honolulu say great excitement was caused there on May 21st by the arrest of twenty persons charged with treason. Those arrested are members of the "Hawiian Protective Association," and have for their object the overthrow of the existing form of Government by deposing Queen Liliukalani and establishing a Hawaiian republic. The leaders of the movement are understood to be Volney V. Ashford, the well-known agitator and participator in the revolution of 1887 and 1889, and Robt. W. Wilcox, whose character as an agitator and revolutionist is also well known. Of those arrested George Markham, George Maxwell, Alex. Smith, and Lot Lane also took part in the trouble of 1889. The others are Hawaiians unknown to fame.

Col. V. V. Ashford was born at Port Hope, and lived in Toronto for many years, being a member of the volunteers there. He became well-known throughout Ontario in connection with the publication of the Belden atlas. A married sister, Mrs. Duncan, resides at Darrell, a few miles north of Chatham. He was educated at Trinity. He is friendly with Dr. Pollard's family of Shuter street, Toronto, and a letter they received from him a few days ago said there was great excitement in Hawaii, but he said nothing to lead to the belief that there was any prospects of a change. He was Attorney-General there until the recent general elections. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Pollard received a despatch which C. W. Ashford, brother of Col. Ashford, had cabled from Honolulu. It reads: "Volney and others arrested on the charge of treason. No cause for alarm. Distrust press despatches. Rest assured no facts to prove charges.

NO DIVORCE FOR BENNETT.

The Preamble of the Bill not Proven and It is Thrown Out.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Divorce Committee of the Senate considered yesterday the Bill for the relief of Robert Bennett, hotel keeper, of Georgetown, in the county of Halton, who sought divorce from his wife, alleging adultery as the ground for the application. The committee decided to throw out the Bill for the reason that the preamble was not proven. The evidence of the one witness who was examined was not judged satisfactory and conclusive. A letter was filed before the committee on behalf of Mrs. Bennett, which it was declared was written by Bennett to John Hodgins, private detective, in Toronto, instructing him how to lay a trap for Mrs. Bennett and surprise her in company with a man in order to secure against her the evidence necessary for divorce. Hodgins declares that he never received the letter. It seems to have been intercepted in some manner. The committee's report puts an end to the possibility of Bennett procuring a divorce.

MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.

Inniskillen Fusiliers Object to Sleeping on the Wet Ground.

A Dublin cable says: Great excitement prevailed last night in Lifford, County Donegal, arising from the insubordination shown by the Fifth Battalion (Donegal militia) of the Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers. The men, who are performing a series of manœuvres, were ordered to pass the night in tents which had been erected in a field. These orders the troops refused to obey, declaring the ground was wet, rendering it dangerous to sleep under canvas, and that the tents were uninhabitable. The officers were highly disconcerted by the refusal of the men to obey orders, but they had no way to enforce obedience. They argued with the men and made threats, but the militiamen remained firm in their determination not to occupy the tents. The officers were finally obliged to billet the men in houses in Lifford. The facts of the case will be laid before the military authorities.

JULIETTE'S LITTLE CLAIM.

She Wants a Pot of Money From a Buffalo Newspaper.

A Buffalo despatch says: An interesting libel suit is booked for trial in the Superior Court, Judge Hatch presiding, to-morrow. It is the case of Mrs. Juliette C. Smith against George E. Matthews and Charles E. Austin, proprietors of the *Express*. Early last year the *Express* published a despatch stating that Mrs. Smith had eloped from Toronto with a young swell of that city. The story was untrue, and after suit was begun the *Express* published a complete retraction. Mrs. Smith wants $25,000 damages, and Mr. Lyman M. Baker is her attorney here. The fair plaintiff is the wife of Mr. John C. Smith, of the shoe manufacturing firm of Cooper & Smith. It is said that none of the Toronto papers published the story of the elopement, the despatch being sent out by special correspondents.

Scotch Coopers in Sweden.

A number of Scotch coopers have, during the past winter, been employed at the Bohuslan herring-salting establishment at the expense of the State and one or two local societies. Under the supervision of these coopers some 35,000 barrels of herrings were salted during the season. As herrings treated in the Scotch style fetch a better price, this new departure is expected to materially benefit the district in question.

All the Same to Him.

She (at 7.30 p. m.)—Do you mind waiting until I put on my gloves?

He—Not at all. I don't care much for the theatre any way.

In baseball, a pitch in time will save nine.

—Hail! glorious June.

—Now you may discard your underclothing.

—Socrates said: "Women once made equal to man because his superior."

—Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic.

—Ethel—I hope the men aren't going to wear those horrid broad-brimmed straw hats again this summer. Maud—Why? Ethel—Because they mess one's hair up so much.

MANY HEARTRENDING SCENES.

Crowds Watch the Recovery of the Birkenberg Mine Victims.

TWENTY-SEVEN RESCUERS PERISH.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *News*, describing the Birkenberg disaster, says: "Whenever a body is recovered the name of the victim passes in a whisper through the crowd of awe-struck children and sobbing women until it reaches the wife of the victim. Often she reads it in the faces of companions. A cry proclaims that she has understood, and the crowd opens to allow her to pass. While she is weeping over her dead another body is brought up and the scene, terrible in its pathos, is repeated. On Wednesday morning some of the entombed men, talking through the speaking tube that runs to the mouth of the pit, said that the rafters were burning and that many of the miners were still alive. Since Thursday morning no one has been rescued alive. Some of the men who were first rescued and who have recovered sufficiently to recount their experience say that they saw companions, holding lamps in their hands and in some cases speaking to them, suddenly sink down lifeless. A hurriedly pencilled will was found in the pocketbook of one of the victims. Some precipitated themselves into the shafts to escape the stifling smoke. Two brothers were found clasped in each other's arms. A few of the rescued rescuers were so impressed by the dreadful scenes that they appear to have lost their reason. While pumping air into the Maria mine on Thursday afternoon signals were received showing that there are ten still alive in the pit, although it is impossible to reach them. Many persons are convinced that the mine was fired by Socialists and declare that a few weeks ago a quantity of wood chips saturated with petroleum was found in the mine."

The London *Chronicle's* Vienna correspondent says it has transpired that there were 700 men below at the time the fire broke out and that it is certain that 500 were lost.

It will be two weeks before all the bodies are recovered, and fully one month before the shafts can be reconstructed and the mine made safe by replacing the timbers which were destroyed by the fire. In the meantime, the miners will be without work, and much suffering will result. The fragments of bodies which were intact so far as the limbs are concerned were greatly swollen. Only thirteen of the rescued survived, while twenty-seven of the men who volunteered for the work of rescue were killed by falling timbers or suffocated. The loss is 1,800,000 florins.

"LIVING WHIST."

The Game as It Was Been Played at the Dublin Masonic Bazaar.

A London cable says: Since the living chess game played in various pastoral festivities some years ago, and the representation of the same game in one of the comic operas, there has been nothing more charming than the game of "living whist," which has been one of the features of the Masonic Bazaar, held in the grounds of the Royal Dublin Society, at Ball's Bridge, near Dublin, for the purpose of procuring funds for the Masonic Orphanage. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, inaugurated the bazaar. The most attractive feature of the entertainment was a game of "living whist," in which the cards were represented by the Masonic orphans, who had been previously drilled to absolute perfection. Here is a description of the game:

To represent the card table a large cloth is stretched on the floor, at the sides of which the four players only take their seats. To the sounding of a bugle call the living cards enter in procession, the kings and queens all attended by their knaves and aces, and guarded by the smaller cards. After the four suits have taken up position, the court cards begin a stately dance, in which the smaller cards join. Then the music changes, becoming more lively. It grows quicker and quicker by degrees, until the whole pack gets apparently into disorder—to represent "a shuffle." The trumpet sounds again, and the cards open out, disclosing in the centre a little blindfold page, who "cuts" the pack with his wand. Then the "deal" commences. The page leads the trump card to its place, and the other cards move round to quick music, arranging themselves in four lines, one on each side of the table. Another bugle call and the cards step round, face the players, step off the table, and sort themselves into suits. Each player in turn now calls out his card, which turns about and moves into the middle of the table to a dance measure, and so to the end of the trick. The winning player now calls the winning card, who, accompanied by the partner's card, takes captive the other two, walking them off to the corner of the table where the tricks are placed. After all the tricks have been played and score called, at a bugle call the winning tricks form fours and march round the table in column, the beaten tricks, with downcast heads, following. Then the corner electric "candles" go out, and all is over.

A SQUAW MURDERED.

A Rat Portage Sensation—Was Robbery the Object?

A special to the Winnipeg *Tribune* from Rat Portage says: "Yesterday a man reported to the police here that he had discovered the dead body of a squaw lying on Tunnel Island, a short distance from the water. Constable Woods, in company with the informant, went over to the island and found the body of a woman who had evidently met foul play at the hands of some person or persons unknown. Deceased came here from Winnipeg last summer, and worked some time as cook in a restaurant. She was then a widow, although calling herself Miss Mundy, and worked or lived at one time in the Robin House. Since coming here she was remarried to a man named Ostrander, who is at present working in camp at Rainy River. The woman reached here from that place a day or two ago, and is known to have had money in her possession just before she met her death. The body has been brought here, and an inquest will be held to-day."

THEY TOOK HIS WAD.

Hull's Defaulting Postmaster Had a Little Roll of Bills.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Detective O'Leary, of the Dominion Department of Justice, arrived here on Saturday night, having in charge the French deputy-postmaster of Hull, who is charged with having stolen the contents of a large number of registered letters. The pair came from San Francisco, where the deputy-postmaster was extradited. When the prisoner arrived at the jail here he was searched by Governor Lawler's assistants, and handed over a few cents. He contended they were all he had. Upon close examination a pad of something was felt concealed at his waist. It was found to contain $762, which is, perhaps, part of the money extracted from letters. He was quite indignant, and remarked that they had no business to search him, but he was informed differently. The detective and his man are now on their way east, going to Ottawa.

How to Find Heaven.

"You gave us an excellent sermon on Heaven yesterday," said a rich parishioner to his minister as he met him on Monday morning, "but you did not tell us where to find it." "Well," replied the minister, "I will tell you now. Down in that alley yonder is a poor, but most excellent widow, at times almost suffering for the necessaries of life. Go down and see her, send her a basket of provisions and a load of coal, and let her see that you care for and sympathize with her, and if you don't find heaven, you will find something very like its spirit." They parted—the rich man did as suggested. And when, after some days, he and his pastor again met, he thanked the latter warmly for his suggestion, saying that "if he didn't find heaven, he found something very much like what he thought it might be."

—"I'm at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silver.

MY DEAR WIFE.

She puts her arm around my neck;
A slave to beauty's plan,
I put my hand inside my vest
And give her all I've got.

Typhoid fever has broken out in the barracks of the garrison at Gnesen, Prussia. The troops have been removed from the infected quarters, and are partly encamped in the fields and partly billeted in private houses in the surrounding villages.

If fish are good brain food because they go in schools, wraps ought to be good to sharpen wits.

—The largest farm in the world is in Louisiana. It is 105 by 26 miles and embraces 1,600,000 acres. It cost $50,000 to fence it.

A DELUGE OF FLAME.

Blazing Gasoline From an Exploded Tank Floods a Street.

PROBABLY 150 PERSONS KILLED.

An Oil City, Pa., despatch says: Never before in the history of Oil City and the oil country has there been such disaster, excitement and turmoil as this city is now witnessing. At 11.45 o'clock this morning the city and country for miles around was startled by two explosions happening almost simultaneously. Oil creek was a raging torrent, and in Center street a crowd of people stood watching the muddy waters rollingby. Oil was perceptible floating on the water, and several gentlemen were discussing the danger should the oil catch fire. Hardly were the words uttered, when about 200 yards up the stream a mass of flame was seen to shoot heavenward. "Run," yelled a hundred voices, and the people turned like stampeded cattle and started for the hills. Hardly had they started when a terrific explosion rent the air, and the entire creek and for hundreds of feet on each side seemed one mass of flames and smoke. The panic-stricken crowd shrieked madly in their efforts to escape. Women and children were trampled under foot, and about twenty were severely bruised and had to be picked up by a few of the cooler heads and carried out of harm's way.

About half a mile northward from the post-office, on the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad, a tank filled with gasoline was standing on a siding. Some young men noticed that the tank was leaking, and, seeing a shifting engine approach, ran up the side of the hill, where they turned, and, looking down as the engine passed, witnessed a fearful sight. A mass of flame shot a hundred feet into the air, and the earth seemed to shake with an awful tremor. The engineer and firemen were seen jumping from the cab, and it is supposed they were burned to death or killed by the force of the explosion. In an instant the flames swept madly over the entire upper part of the city, which is flooded by the oily waters of the creek. Men, women, and children who were moving from their houses were caught by the deadly flames, and if not burned to death were drowned in the raging torrent. Seven bodies have been taken from the floods, and are lying on the railroad track unrecognized. At this end of the city was an iron and wooden bridge which went down five minutes after the fire started. The huge iron structure was broken and swept away like so much kindling wood. From this bridge southward for a quarter of a mile the entire town is destroyed, and the fire is still raging. The fire department are making heroic efforts to stop the flames, and risking their lives every instant, as it is not known at what moment any of the immense oil tanks above here will burst and send their burning contents down upon them.

The loss of property is estimated at from $750,000 to $1,000,000.

Up to 5 p. m. from fifteen to twenty bodies have been recovered and identified, and the death list will figure up much larger, some placing it as high as fifty.

A later despatch says: Titusville and Oil City, Pa., were visited by cloudbursts yesterday morning. Several oil refineries were struck by lightning, and the blazing oil floated on the surface of the water, setting fire to hundreds of houses. At 7 o'clock last night it was estimated that nearly 150 lives were lost in the two towns.

"IF."

How Married People Might be Happier.

Married people would be happier—if home troubles were never told to a neighbor. If expenses were proportioned to receipts. If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days. If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other. If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel. If each was as kind to the other as when they were lovers. If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work. If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better. If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts. If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses. If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private. If masculine bills for Havanas and feminine ditto far rare lace were turned into the general fund until such times as they could be incurred without risk. If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half-a-dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a 2 year-old, tie up the head of a 6-year-old on skates, and get an 8-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, dusting, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not (says an exchange) let her carry as much as a sunshade.

UNHAPPY HONDURAS.

Insurgents Carry on a Desultory Forest Warfare on the People.

A New York despatch says: The latest news from Honduras shows that in the battle between Gen. Bonilla and the Government troops about 100 persons were killed or wounded. Gen. Bonilla retired from Prto Cortez to Livingston after securing all the arms and ammunition which had been stored in the custom house. While the insurgents were in Livingston Gen. Bonilla and four of his officers were captured by the Government troops and put in prison here. Two of the officers died from fever. The army of Bonilla retreated to the forests, where they remain, making sallies into adjoining towns, seizing guns and ammunition wherever found. Bonilla was expelled from Hunduras some time ago. He is a nephew of a defeated candidate for the Presidency.

Buda-Pesth had a festival yesterday in honor of the anniversary of the coronation of Emperor Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, which took place 25 years ago. We are too far away to hear much of the twin cities, Buda and Pesth, lying on opposite sides of the Danube, which forty years ago had hardly 100,000 people, but now contain half a million. Some of the finest buildings in the world are in Buda-Pesth. The city is much like Chicago, being the centre of a vast, level, agricultural country which pours its harvests into the elevators and the mills of the capital. The railways of Hungary belong to the Government, which manufactures not only locomotives, but reaping and threshing machines. The roller process of flour making, and the middlings purifier came from Buda-Pesth. The city has many parks adorned by statues; fine boulevards; wooden, stone and asphalt pavements; a town council of 400 members; a filtered water supply; a great municipal slaughter-house; magnificent public hospital; good sewerage; free baths; much of the vacant land in and about the city belongs to the municipality; will have a municipal electric lighting plant in 1895; its tramway system pays street rentals and large taxes, and at the expiration of existing charters the street railway lines and their equipment will become the property of the city, without indemnity to the private owners. The educational system is very complete. American cities can still learn something from Europe, though many people do not like to acknowledge it.

—The Duke of Portland has given $300,000, won on the turf, to charities, through the influence of his wife.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he is often sorry that he found out.

Hon. A. W. Harvey, of Newfoundland, has gone to Spain to negotiate a treaty between that country and his colony.

—It is said that in some sections of Illinois corn planting is being done in dirigible balloons.

"Thirty Germans and twenty-five Austrians, suspected of being agitators, have been expelled from Russia without warning.

THE PLEASURES OF PICNICKING.

How doth the busy little ant
Relishes in picnic signs;
It bathes its feet in cream and pie
And dries them on our spines.

—Modern Actor—I can't play in that piece. The role does not fit me. Old Time Manager—I thought you were an actor! Modern Actor—No, only a star.

The North China *Daily News* says: To hasten the overthrow of the Tajenshen rebels Admiral Shen will take four men-of-war with him to the seats of action and co-operate with the land forces. Seventy rebels who were captured were decapitated on the spot. Two leaders will be conveyed to the capital city, where they will be sentenced to die a lingering death.

THE LUCKY MAN.

"Aunt, what is your true opinion of Bessie Fallington?"

Old Mrs. Graham smiled over her gold spectacles at her nephew Cecil, and, with just a touch of humor, asked:

"Why?"

"Well, you know I've been paying her some attention——"

"And before committing yourself you wish to get the opinions of your friends."

"You state it bluntly, aunt, but I suppose that is about the truth."

"Then, Cecil, I cannot give you my opinion."

Cecil withdrew. As may be inferred he was an indecisive fellow, and, of course, was not satisfied. Praise of Bessie from Aunt Mildred would have decided him. But he was left exactly as before, except that he could draw two opposing inferences. First, that if his aunt had not favored his suit she would have advised against it; second, that her refusal to give an opion meant that she opposed it.

Such men as he adopt tests, but he had not ingenuity to invent one. The secret of such doubt is usually high self-esteem, which conjures an ideal worthy of affection. Oddly enough the luminous point in Cecil's ideal was fidelity. Bessie's social position was level with his, but would she be true? Wasn't she a coquette?

Graham rose pettishly.

"You don't believe my opinion, I see. Very good; it's one sign you love the girl. Of course you're invited to her progressive euchre party next week. Go and criticise her—if you can in sight of her beauty. Then we'll meet and compare notes."

"Agreed. Good morning."

The next Tuesday evening found Cecil in Bessie's fashionable home. He had exactly poised his mind, but the first sight of her unbalanced it in her favor. She was rarely beautiful, and her welcome rang with genuine hospitality. It seemed impossible to criticise her; a good, true heart must be the centre of such physical loveliness, but Doubt whispered: "Wait and watch."

Of guests, there were seven ladies and eight gentlemen. Bessie had, therefore, to choose her first partner, and Cecil watched eagerly to see which this would be. It was Alfred Donaldson Hughes, who had lately won literary fame. Bessie smiled brilliantly upon him as they took seats at the ace table.

"She's flirting with that fellow," muttered Cecil, as the bell rang for play.

When it rang again for changing tables he was obliged to remain at the jacktable, because, in watching, he had blundered stupidly. Bessie and the author won the game, and though they were not partners in the next the merriment between them continued, and he saw her dart a perfect coquette's smile at him as at the next he went down to the kings.

Tom Plotton was her next partner, but her sparkle was gone. She scarcely spoke.

"Humph," muttered Cecil, "quite a descent from literature to flour. Plotton and I will surely agree, for he is undoubtedly getting the cold shoulder."

Yet, despite himself, doubts would break into the adverse decision. "Perhaps she is true, after all; her spirits may be her way of entertainment. I may be making a fearful mistake."

Finally good luck advanced him and he became her partner for a game. She was all life again; exactly as she had been to the author. He believed he detected her wish to draw him on to loving her, and though flattered, the old doubt grew stronger. The duties of hostess did not necessitate such action; she had tried to draw the author on; she was trying him now. The only result would be that she would reject them both in ridicule.

Music and promenading through the spacious house followed cards. Cecil hastened to engage Bessie as a companion, the author forestalled him. He walked angrily into the conservatory and stopped before a palm, ostensibly examining it, but in reality analyzing his state of mind. Was he jealous? If so, he really loved Bessie, but could he ask her to be his when all he had seen confirmed her coquetry?

Bessie and Hughes came near and stopped before a large plant, but with their backs toward Cecil, who was well screened from them.

"Miss Fallington," said the author, in the unmistakable voice of devotion, "do you like literature?"

"I love it," she replies. "Let me tell you a little secret that you must never reveal. I have lately had quite a number of poems published—anonymously, of course."

"Adorable," he cried, enthusiastically. "You must show them to me."

"By no means. You would criticise the poor little attempts."

"Not for worlds. They could not help being full of fire and genius. But would you not like to devote your life, yourself, to literature?"

"Oh! Mr. Hughes, my humble talents wouldn't last a fortnight."

"I don't mean in that way; though your talent would. I mean would you not like to live always in a literary atmosphere—in fact, Miss Fallington, as the wife of an author?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Hughes," she exclaimed, "but I do believe this rare plant is dying. I must tell father at once."

"Don't turn me aside," pleaded the author, trying to catch her hand. "I love you to——"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Hughes, she whispered. "Here comes some one."

The some one was Tom Plotton, and he was coming directly for them.

"Mr. Hughes," he said, "they are asking for you in the parlor. They're discussing the authorship of a late anonymous poem. They want you to help them out."

"Very well," replied Hughes, gallantly, "and I think I can make a good decision on the latest and directest information."

"Don't you dare," exclaimed Bessie, with a slight blush, the meaning of which came in words as soon as the author was out of hearing.

"Oh! I'm so glad you came, for, don't you think, he was just declaring his love for me."

Both broke into a hearty laugh. Conviction struck Cecil. If she wasn't an evidence of heartless coquetry, what could be? He sincerely thanked his good fortune that his doubts had kept him from declaring his own love several months before in a similar place.

"And I believe a doubt," he heard Plotton say, "that if I were now to say that I love you, you'd thank someone for interrupting, and laugh as heartily over my silliness, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps I should."

"Though you have given me some encouragement, Bessie."

"Have I? Come, I want to tell father this plant is dying."

They moved away, and Cecil returned to the parlor, thrilling with pleasure at his narrow escape. He reflected greatly that B