LOST IN A GREAT STORM.

Six of a Pleasure Party of Nine Drowned at Wiarton.

TWO BRAVE YOUNG MEN.

A Wiarton despatch says: The most terrific storm that ever visited Wiarton in the history of its inhabitants came yesterday evening, taking on the appearance of a genuine western cyclone. About 6 o'clock a heavy roll of clouds were seen to be gathering in the northwest horizon, and it was generally conceived that a rainstorm was approaching. Nothing more serious than the several other storms of the summer was expected. At about 6 45 it broke over the town in all its fury, and for upwards of an hour the rain fell in torrents. The wind blew with terrible violence. Not a soul was visible anywhere, all having taken shelter wherever the storm overtook them, and nothing was known of its destructiveness until it began to clear away. Great fears were entertained for those on the water, and anxious eyes were turned toward the bay, where, before the storm hid it from view, a large sailboat was seen not a mile from shore. There proved to be nine persons in the boat, six of whom, one man and five women, were drowned. The remaining three were rescued with difficulty. These who were drowned were Mr. Stevens and wife, Chesley; his two sisters from Guelph, and Mrs. Lauchlin Currie and her daughter Mary, of this town. The rescued ones were Messrs. John Savage, John Lemkie and John Awence, the last mentioned an Indian from Cape Croker. Mr. Stevens had just finished the contract of building a new church on the Indian reserve, and the party left Cape Croker during the afternoon in the large sailboat. They were sailing up the bay with a light breeze, and in another fifteen minutes would have been safely landed on the shore. Seeing the violent appearance of the coming storm they put down the sail, and, turning the boat to the waves prepared to weather the gale. At the first gust of the storm the large boat was picked up and turned completely over. The men who were saved were found clinging to the boom, which was the only part of the craft out of the water. Mr. John Savage hung on to two of the women until a great wave tore them from him. Mr. J. W. Jermyn, Indian agent at Cape Croker, came to Wiarton in a buggy, having left about the same time as the boat, and, knowing who were on the boat, hurried into town and had a tug despatched to the rescue as quickly as possible. The tug was preceded, however, by Mr. John Dance, his son, and a young man named North, who bravely went to the rescue in a small boat and succeeded in getting the three men to shore. The tug's crew looked for the bodies of the drowned ones until dark last night, but none were found. Mr. Stevens, of Chesley, brother of the unfortunate man who was drowned, arrived on the midnight train with his wife. They were not aware of the accident when they arrived. John Savage and John Lemkie are both of Chesley, and were employed with Mr. Stevens at Cape Croker. Savage is a fine-looking man, and made a heroic effort to save some of the women. Lemkie, by some means, swallowed a great deal of water, and was pretty sick last night. He was taken to the house of Mr. Dance and will recover. A steam tug and several sailboats have been searching all day, but as yet no bodies have been recovered. Bodies in Colpoy's bay are very slow to rise on account of the coldness of the water.

THE SICK CHILDREN.

The Things to do for Them When Away From Home and Physician.

The young mother who is far away from a physician may remember for her comfort that a child very seldom really requires medicine, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. What it needs is what she can give without danger—proper food, pure air, cleanliness and rest. Most of the disorders of children, particularly of infants, arise from some derangement of the digestive tract. The food is not of proper quantity or quality. It is not assimilated; that is, taken up by the blood for the nourishment of the tissues, and the child suffers. It is pale and fretful, throws up its food in undigested masses and does not thrive as a healthy child should. The first thing to be done is to change the food. Add a teaspoonful of water to each six of food; if this does not succeed, try using one-fourth cream instead of all milk with water. Vary the strength of the food by adding more or less water. If still successful try some of the artificial foods until one is found that does agree with the baby. With older children an error of diet is very apt to be followed by feverishness and restlessness. High temperature does not mean as much with children as with grown persons. A child may have a temperature of 103 or 104 degrees at night and yet be comparatively well in the morning. A simple enema of soap and water, given with a syringe such as should be in every household, is the safest way of producing a movement if there is constipation. A child two years old may have a teaspoonful of spiced syrup of rhubarb or a teaspoonful of liquid citrate of magnesia if there is reason to think that indigestible food is the cause of the attack. When this acts there will probably be an immediate improvement.

The Best Picnic Lunch.

Meats for sandwiches should be boiled the day before; then, after removing the bone, skin and gristle, they should be put in packing tins, heavily weighted, and set in a cool place over night, writes Mrs. A. G. Lewis in a seasonable article on "Lawn parties and outdoor fetes," in the July *Ladies' Home Journal*. Cut in very thin slices.

Bread one day old is best, and a very sharp knife is needed for cutting it into thin slices not over three inches square. These, buttered slightly, may be daintily filled with ham, salad, sardines, tongue or whatever one likes.

Then cut pieces of confectioner's paper just large enough to cover the sandwiches neatly. Place them side by side, closely packed, and they will preserve their shape without breaking. The paper is not to be removed until served.

Cakes must also be one day old, and for picnic use a little extra flour in stirring and an extra five or ten minutes in baking will insure a firmer crust. Frosting, if put on hot, does not crackle and fall off. Cookies are more desirable than loaf cake, as are also cup and gem cakes. Jelly and cream confections are seldom nice for picnic serving.

Pies made of jellies, fruit or sweets are best cooked turnover fashion, the pastry covering the filling entirely. Lay them in paper covers, and they serve thus very conveniently.

Lemon, orange, strawberry, raspberry or currant juices should be extracted, then sweetened, and when well dissolved, bottled. Drinks can then be prepared by adding two tablespoonfuls of the liquid to a tumbler of ice water. All these juices combined make a delicious drink.

Strong coffee or tea may also be prepared and served in the same way. Bright tin mugs are more convenient than tumblers, and there is no danger of breakage.

Hampers, with several trays, are more desirable for packing. Ordinary lunch baskets are a difficulty. White confectioner's paper should be used for lining the basket and for separating the different kinds of food; also for covering neatly individual pieces. Cookies and crackers must be put in tight boxes. Plates are too heavy, but bright, new biscuit tins—the square shape are best—are very useful in packing, and with fringed napkins laid inside they serve well for salvers in handing the food around. Paper napkins are best.

Whatever is to be eaten last should be packed at the bottom of the hamper, and that to be served first at the top. Fruit, pickles, olives and cheese must not be forgotten.

A Clock Run by a Geyser.

Amos Lane is at work on an invention which cannot fail to be one of the attractions of the town when completed. It consists of a large clock, the figures of which can be seen from the hotel, the motive power for which will be the ever-boiling geyser. The clock will be erected in some spot where it will be prominent. The geyser bubbles and rises every thirty-eight seconds, as regular as clockwork would require, and every time it does so it will raise a lever that will move the clock exactly thirty-eight seconds ahead. Thus it can be made to keep perfect time, besides being the only one of the kind in the world, we will venture to say.—*Lincoln Geyser.*

In the race for European supremacy Russia has the Pole.

Cardinal Maening did not leave property enough to pay his funeral expenses. These amounted to $2,100; and to meet them a subscription was started among his relatives and intimate friends.

Gold mines about Nevada City are the deepest and richest in the world.

STILL ARRESTING RIOTERS.

Are Men Being Entrapped For Work at Homestead?

ANOTHER STRIKE AT BRADDOCK

Story of a Riot on a Train—Some 700 Men at Work—Frick's Condition—Guarding Offices—Badly Scared Anarchists.

A Pittsburg despatch says: The Carnegie Steel Company notified their former workmen yesterday that as they were no longer in the employ of the company, the interest on the money deposited by them would stop and the principal would be paid upon application at the office. There are now 700 men at work, and all the departments are running.

The Carnegie offices on 5th avenue are under constant surveillance of the police. Suspicious looking characters have been loitering about the building for several days, but no attempt has been made to enter it. Four officers are now stationed outside, and no loitering is allowed.

Thirty-six informations were made yesterday by Secretary Lovejoy against strikers for aggravated riot, and warrants were issued. Seven arrests were made during the afternoon, and others will follow.

The men in the transportation department at the Edgar Thomson steel works at Braddock struck for higher wages yesterday afternoon. The men out are yard train men, and have charge of all freight consigned to and shipped from the mill. The Amalgamated Association men claim that as nothing can be taken into or from the steel works, it will have to shut down if the transportation department refuses to work and remains out for three days. In this case the largest plant in the Carnegie interest will be shut down.

An afternoon paper reports a riot on a B. & O. train near Whitehall this morning between non-union men on their way to Homestead and the guards on the train. It is stated that when the men learned they were bound for Homestead, a number demanded permission to get off. The guards refused and a general fight ensued, in which two men were seriously injured. Thirty-five of the men then escaped, and the others went through to their destination. The B. & O. officials deny the story, and say there was no trouble along their line. A policeman at Glenwood says one man attempted to get off a train when the guard pulled a revolver and compelled him to take his seat. This, he says, was the only trouble.

Sylvester Critchlow, a striker charged with murder on the day of the riot, applied for release on bail to-day, but the application was refused. At the hearing several witnesses swore they saw Critchlow load and fire a gun at the barges.

Wm. Close, another striker, was released on $10,000 bail.

A Homestead despatch says: Three Anarchists under the guise of workingmen gained admission to the Carnegie mill, and were secretly distributing literature among the men, and trying to make converts. One of the workingmen told Superintendent Potter, who immediately ordered the Anarchists to be put out of the works. That was two days ago, and now the police are hunting the men under the belief that they were implicated in the general plot against the Carnegies by the "Reds" which resulted in the wounding of Chairman Frick. The three Anarchists seem to have disappeared. Deputy sheriffs and constables with warrants are scourging the town for rioters and witnesses. Most of the people against whom informations have been made are either in hiding or have left town.

The police authorities of Pittsburg and Allegheny say that the Anarchists have thrown up their hands and are frightened almost to death. Those who were loudest in their claims about being Anarchists have shut up, and they pretend to be peaceful, law-abiding citizens.

Mr. Frick's condition continues satisfactory, and his rapid recovery now seems certain.

A SANCTIMONIOUS RAVISHER.

Ten-Year-Old Edna Brown's Assailant Brought Into Court.

A Belleville despatch says: The case of Albert Wheeler, aged 22 years, charged with criminal assault on 10-year-old Edna Brown, in the first concession of Sidney township, on July 12th, was called at the Police Court yesterday. It is probably the most heinous case of its kind ever reported in Ontario, and the court-room was crowded to suffocation when it was called. Mr. Jackson Brown, father of the girl, was the first witness called. He stated that and his wife had gone to visit a neighbor, when two of their children rushed into their presence with the horrible intelligence concerning Wheeler and little Edna. The parents rushed home with all possible haste to find the horrible news only too true. Wheeler in the meantime had decamped. The little girl showed evidence of having been forced by the threat. Wheeler, who was employed by Brown, has been prominently connected with the Plymouth Brethren for a long time, and preached extensively throughout the country. He was brought to Canada by the Marchmont authorities of Belleville. He was arrested 25 miles north of Belleville.

ATTACKED AT THE ALTAR.

An Assassin Stabs a Priest Who is Celebrating Mass.

A Madrid despatch says: In the city of Burgos to-day, while Canon Somerso was celebrating mass in the cathedral, a man suddenly rushed from his place in the body of the church, and bounding up the steps of the altar attacked the canon with a knife, stabbing him in two places. Instantly the worshippers were thrown into a state of excitement by the sacrilegious act, and a number of the men present made an attempt to apprehend the man. He fought desperately to make his escape, and stabbed two of those who had seized hold of him before he was overpowered and his bloody weapon wrested from his grasp. The motive which induced the man to attempt the life of the canon is not known.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

A Jewish Family of Seven Butchered by a Band of Robbers.

A St. Petersburg cable says: A horrible murder story comes from Warsaw, the victims being a Jewish innkeeper living near Warsaw, and his wife and five daughters. A band of Robbers entered the house during the night in search of plunder. First they smashed in the head of one of the daughters with an axe, and then killed the parents with knives and axes. Afterwards they murdered the three youngest daughters by dashing out their brains against the wall. Finally the eldest daughter was dragged from a hiding place, and after being forced to confess where the family savings were concealed, was stabbed repeatedly in different parts of the body. Strange to say this daughter is still alive and able to tell the awful tale.

Giving and Keeping.

"You promised me $20 for a new bonnet, my dear," said Mrs. Bloobumper to her husband, who was reading his newspaper.

"Yes, I gave it to you," replied Bloobumper, laying his newspaper aside.

"Gave me what; the $20?"

"No, I gave you the promise."

"That's what I said. Now I want to know whether you are going to keep it or not?"

"Keep what, love? The $20?"

"No, not keep the $20, of course; keep your promise to give me the $20."

"How in the world can I keep it?"

"Why not?"

"Didn't you say I gave to you?"

"Yes, you gave me your promise, and I want you to keep it."

"You are a very unreasonable woman, Lottie Bloobumper. It is impossible for one to give something away and keep it, too. Go away and don't ask me to do impossibilities."

Resumes the reading of his newspaper.

How to Make Soda Water.

Two pounds granulated sugar; two ounces Tartaric acid; one and one-half ounces ounce wintergreen; three pints cold water; two eggs, whites only; mix the sugar with the acid and water and let it come to a boil on the stove. Boil hard for two minutes. When cool stir in the wintergreen and the eggs beaten to a froth. Put into jars and set in a cool place.

Put a tablespoonful or less of the syrup into a goblet of cold water and foam it up with soda, say from one-fourth to one-half teaspoonful. If it will not foam you have not enough soda. It is a delicious summer drink.—*Housekeeper.*

Persistency is a great virtue, but it is sad to admire it in a fly.

UNDERGROUND DANGERS.

An Explosion in a Sewer Kills Three and Injures Several.

SWEPT INTO THE SEWER.

A St. Louis despatch says: The gas generated by the escaping stock from the recent fire in the Waters-Pierce oil building, heated by the intense summer sun, exploded about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, wrecking fully one-half of the great Millcreek sewer, the largest of the city's drainage system, and causing a known loss of three lives, injuring three others, with possibly other fatalities to be revealed by the search of the wreckage.

The first explosion took place under the wholesale liquor house of Carl E. Fuchs, No. 1,014 South Fourth street, and was followed an instant later by an upheaval 100 feet farther on, the latter explosion completely wrecking the Iron Mountain Railroad's southern yards. At Fuchs' liquor house the gas lifted up the basement and first floors of the building, leaving the second and third floors badly shaken, but still in position.

The work of rescue began immediately. The first body taken from the wreckage of Fuchs' store was that of Albert Mueller, barkeeper. So far no trace of Fuchs' body has been found. It is thought it has floated down and lodged against the debris of the second upheaval. Mrs. John Timpe, who was injured by flying debris, died at 7 o'clock last night. Her little son, who was with her, and Charles Humpe, who was standing in the front part of the wrecked building, were injured. At present practically 1,000 feet of sewer is an open stream. The yards of the Iron Mountain road are so thoroughly torn up as to interrupt traffic in that vicinity until the sewer can be rebuilt. And this, as the structure is large enough to drive two four-horse teams abreast in it, is a work of no small magnitude. The pecuniary loss cannot now be estimated.

The body of Carl Fuchs, the proprietor of the saloon which was demolished by the explosion yesterday, was recovered early this morning. His head was crushed. It is thought the son of Mrs. John Timpe will die. It is certain that the two unknown men who were in the saloon at the time of the explosion are missing, and it is probable their bodies are still in the ruins or have been swept into the river. Several firemen and citizens who volunteered to assist in the work of rescue were overcome by the poisonous gas, and some were with difficulty revived.

The experience of R. J. Trunstall was a startling one. He was in Fuchs' saloon at the time of the explosion, when the floor caved in. With the other occupants of the saloon he fell into the sewer beneath, but fortunately was carried by the swift waters away from the building, and was not pinioned beneath the debris like the other men. He was carried away by the water in the underground sewer a distance of 500 feet until he reached the opening made by the explosion in the railroad yards. Here he was observed floating upon the water unconscious by some of the men who had rushed to the place immediately after the explosion.

A DIABOLICAL CRIME.

An Outlaw Leader's Death Revenged on His Slayer's Daughter.

A Uniontown, Pa., despatch says: One of the most daring and dangerous bands of outlaws next to the Molly Maguires that ever persecuted the citizens of this State was last Friday led by Jack Cooley. A trap was set for Cooley last week. He was captured and shot. His last words were: "See that my death is avenged."

Since the death of Cooley a man named Rankin, said to be the new chief of the outlaws, has been active in wrongful deeds. His band stole a flock of sheep and drove them to this place and sold them to a butcher. With the proceeds liquor was bought. The men revelled in their camp in the forest during Monday.

Last evening the band, numbering a dozen men, proceeded to the house of Wesley Sisler, near Hayden town. Sisler had helped to kill Cooley, it is [illegible] was seized by the outlaws and pinioned. His only child, a young girl, was then assaulted by members of the band. The helpless father's cries for help were stifled by blows and a gag. His struggle for liberty was stopped by a blow from a musket butt. After accomplishing their revenge for the murder of their chief the band departed. It is not thought the girl will recover. A sheriff's posse will start in pursuit of the band at once. "Lynch them all," was the cry here last night.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF'S CRIME.

A Young Man Choked and His Lady Companion Brutally Outraged.

A Cincinnati despatch says: A terrible outrage was perpetrated at Parlour grove on Sunday night. Josie Berger, a pretty Covington girl, was the victim. With her escort she attended the Pandemonium Club picnic. While taking a stroll through the woods the couple were overtaken by two young men from Covington, who were both well known to both Miss Berger and her escort. One of them was Robert Brown, deputy sheriff of Covington, and the champion light-weight pugilist of Kentucky. He had a revolver in his hand, and pointing it at Ferguson, the young man who accompanied Miss Berger, said: "You are both under arrest." "You don't mean that?" said Ferguson. "I'll show you mighty quick if I don't," was Brown's reply. His companion grappled with Ferguson while Brown choked Miss Berger into insensibility and outraged her. Ferguson broke loose and ran for help, which soon arrived, but the villains had escaped. Intense excitement prevailed and a diligent search was made for the perpetrators of the outrage, but without result. The whole affair occurred within a few yards of a thousand people. All the parties are well known and well connected in Covington.

Music in the Windy City

There were two of them, and they were both extremely appreciative and rather pretty girls. A lover of music sat behind them as the concert began, and this is what he heard:

"What's that they're playing? Wagner? Oh, I do love Wagner!"

"Oh, I think he's perfectly beautiful!"

"Do you? So do I—perfectly lovely."

"Perfectly." (A pause.)

"That's something by Chopin. Isn't it pretty?"

"Awfully."

"Don't you love Chopin?"

"Yes. Don't you."

"Im-mensely! I could just die when I hear Chopin."

"So could I—just expire."

"I'm perfectly dead with delight when I hear him."

"So'm I."

"Are you? I'm so glad So'm I."

"It's nice to come with some one who appreciates music, isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it?"

"I'm perfectly in love with Chopin."

"O, perfectly! And I perfectly adore Greig."

"Me, too—almost perfectly worship him."

"Almost—me, too. He's simply beautiful."

"Awfully."—*Chicago News.*

Clergymen and Choirmasters.

The salaries of clergyman and choirmaster in New York are as five to one. The average ministerial salary in the United States is $700, ranging from $60 to $25,000. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity, gets $20,000; Dr. Talmage gets $12,000, supplemented by literary endeavors to about $20,000; Dr. Taylor, of the Tabernacle, gets $16,000; Dr. Paxton, $12,000, raised from $8,000; Dr. Wilton Merrill Smith received $7,000 his first year. His neighbor, Dr. Lloyd, has $6,000. Dr. MacArthur has $8,000, and received a purse of $1,000 the other day, in addition to a farewell send-off down the bay. Dr. Bitting, of the Mount Morris Baptist Church, declares that "it is good for his congregation to pay big salaries—they can and they've got to!" Dr. Lubeck, of Zion and St. Timothy, has $6,000; Dr. Henry M. Saunders, $6,000, and each of the pastors of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church gets $6,000.

Where a Horse is a Curiosity.

It is said that some of the Venetians, who have never been to the mainland, have never seen a horse. A fair was once held there and a showman brought a horse and called it a monster. He charged the factory hands 15 cents each to see the marvel.

The Kodak Fiend.

Amicus—How did you enjoy your trip to the Mammoth Cave?

Mr. Kodak—Splendidly. Lovelier dark room I ever was in.

"Did they treat the chaperon kindly on that yachting trip?" "Oh, my! yes. Why, they let her have the yacht all to herself every time they made a port."

A DOUBLE DROWNING.

The Kate, of Oakville, Capsized by a Squall in Bay of Quinte.

RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS.

A Belleville despatch says: An accident on the bay at an early hour this morning resulted in the death of two people. The schooner Kate, of Oakville, was capsized by a squall at 5.30 in the reach opposite Thompson's point. Mr. Salmon, a seaman who was in the forecastle asleep; and the cook, a Mrs. Pappa, who was in the cabin, were the victims. The schooner Kate is of about 200 tons capacity, and was on her way to Charlotte, light, having left Belleville last night. When the squall struck the light sails [were lowered] but the main and foresail were full of wind, and could not be handled by the crew on duty. The captain told the cook, who happened to be on deck, to call the mate to assist them, and almost immediately the squall struck the vessel in full force, turning her upside down. The masts struck the bottom, and one or both were broken off. The mate got out of the cabin, but the cook could not get out. She could be heard calling for some minutes. The steamer Hero was passing about that time, and rescued the survivors, who were clinging to the bottom, and brought them to Picton. Salmon lived in Belleville. Mrs. Pappa, the cook, lived in Kingston. Captain Dewetta was captain, and Ed. Barrett mate. Captain Dewetta bought the Kate from Captain Paul Clarke this spring, after it had been thoroughly overhauled and refitted. James Salmon, better known as the fish hunter, was 22 years of age. His father is dead, and his mother lives in Toronto.

A despatch from Picton states that Capt. Dewetta, with the tug Nellie Cuthbert, went to the wreck of the Kate to-day (July 28th) and succeeded in getting the body of Mrs. Pappa, the cook, out of the cabin. The body of the man Salmon is still in the forecastle. The vessel is now standing on end, her bow down. One of the masts is broken about ten feet below the crosstrees, and the other at the crosstrees. The body of Mrs. Pappa will be forwarded to Kingston to-morrow morning on the Hero. This woman was the sole support of a family of five small children and a crippled husband. Capt. Thomas Donnelly, marine inspector, was passing up the bay this afternoon on the yacht Ometa and saw the position of the schooner Kate. On learning there was a man still in the forecastle, he immediately came to Picton and telegraphed to Kingston for a diver to reach here in the morning to get the body out. She is standing on end in about 40 feet of water, bow down.

A FATAL PLEASURE TRIP.

A Sightseer at the Falls Drowned in the Cave of the Winds.

A Niagara despatch says: Mr. Marcus M. Mason, of the Investment Trust Company of Boston, was accidentally drowned in the Cave of the Winds yesterday afternoon. He, together with Messrs. C. N. French, of Pittsfield, Mass., and F. Currier, of Fitchburg, Mass., was on the way home from Chicago, and stopped off here and registered at the International hotel. In the afternoon the party took a drive, and on their way stopped at the above mentioned resort on Goat Island, Mr. Mason and a Mr. Reed, of New Castle, Pa., procured oilskin suits, and in company with a guide, Mr. John R. Barlow, proceeded to make a trip around the rocks and behind the Luna Island fall. As they were coming up from the front of the fall to get into the cave, and going down a pair of stone steps, Mr. Mason slipped and fell into the water beneath the fall. The guide saw him fall and rushed into the water to his assistance, but too late to save him. He was swept out from under the fall into the boiling water. The Reservation officials were notified, and the steamer Maid of the Mist and a number of row-boats made a search up along that portion of the river for the body, but without success. It is probable that the remains have sunk in the vicinity, and may not be recovered for several days.

Mr. Mason, who was well known in Boston, was about 33 years old, and had been married only about five months. His wife and relatives live in Massachusetts, and have been notified of the sad accident.

A WRESTLER TURNS PREACHER.

Jack Carkeek Quits the Carpet for the Pulpit.

Jack Carkeek, the champion Cornish wrestler, has left the wrestling ranks and turned preacher. He delivered his first sermon at Stockton, Cal., on July 17th, in the Epworth League Chapel. Carkeek dwelt mainly upon the hereafter and what would be in store for a man when the end came. In speaking of his conversion, Carkeek said: "I have had a religious feeling for some time, and the sermon I heard from the revivalist, John Curry, finished the work." He says that he is better contented than when wrestling for money, because he claims that he sees something better before him. Carkeek is well known both in England and America. He is 31 years old, and of Cornish descent. He worked when a boy with other Cornish miners in the Michigan iron mines, and commenced wrestling when 16 years old. Among the wrestlers whom he has beaten are Tom Cannon, Evan Lewis, Tom Connors, John Pierce and Matsada Sorakichi, the "Jap." Carkeek travelled with Forepaugh's circus at one time, receiving $150 a week. He says that when he was preparing to come to California Otto Floto offered him $250 a week to travel for a year, but he refused it.

A Well-Dressed Woman.

It is not so hard to dress well as many women think. The most important thing to learn is to dress appropriately; and women often appear ill-dressed when they are only dressed inappropriately. To follow the fashion does not necessarily mean that if a thing is fashionable one must have it, but simply that fashions are to be used as a guide in shaping the clothes best suited to one's needs and one's circumstances in life. The well-dressed woman is the woman who buys the best material she can afford, and would rather have one good, serviceable dress than two "shoddy" ones, however pretty the latter may be when first made. If she is a busy woman, she will not wear the furbelows which require constant attention to keep them in order, and are in anything but good taste when not in order. If she is a woman of moderate means, she will not choose the frail gowns which are intended only to be used as carriage gowns. There are many things, pretty in themselves, which are in the worst taste if used in an inappropriate way; and the woman who is well-dressed never errs regarding this point in her toilet.

Could You Cook for a King?

The Czar is described as the largest eater among crowned heads, and the Kaiser comes next. The latter is stated to have a mania for eating at extraordinary times, and although dining copiously before going to the theatre, he generally insists on the despatch from the imperial kitchens of a fourgon containing a fully prepared supper, which he devours in one of the private rooms of the theatre between the acts.

The King of Portugal is also more gourmand than gourmet. King Humbert of Italy is a light eater, and so is the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Kings of Denmark, Sweden and Norway possess truly royal appetites, while the King of Wurtemburg is contented with the simplest fare and delights in a raw onion.

Mr. Gladstone's Gingerbread.

The piece of gingerbread that was thrown at Mr. Gladstone recently, damaging his eye and causing a vast amount of indignation, has been bought for a considerable sum by an enthusiastic admirer of the Grand Old Man. The gingerbread is what is known as a "nut," a rounded cracker the size of a quarter. The proud possessor will have it mounted in gold and gems. It has been discovered, by the way, that the woman who threw it is a very warm admirer of Mr. Gladstone. She simply threw it in a frenzy of enthusiasm, and was very much terrified by the result.

For Heartburn.

Relief for heartburn will be obtained by using the following mixture, which has been recommended: Juice of one orange, water and lump of sugar to flavor; add in proportion to the acidity of the orange about half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Dissolve the sugar in the water, add the orange juice, then put in the soda. Stir and drink while effervescing.

Once every eight years all locks on the United States mail bags are changed to insure safety.

"Times always runs to extremes." "How so?" "Well, for instance, he went to a seaside hotel last summer and ordered a room with a bath."

A TRIP TO HALIFAX.

Pleasant Midsummer Holidaying Away up the Coast.

SIGHTS IN A QUAINT OLD CITY.

A Halifax despatch says: As for Halifax Bay it is as lovely a stretch of blue water as one could wish to look upon. To the right, going in, is a long island on which are masked batteries and many lovely spots of sward. In a secret waterway behind this island once lurked a swift black craft from Dixie land; outside was a Union warship which had steamed many a thousand miles in search of her. Trapped! Not much! for, as the Yankee came in, out slipped the culprit and was soon lost in the dark of the ocean. To the right is the island of the secret channel; to the left is a great peninsula, behind which is another arm of the ocean; straight ahead is George's Island, "every inch a fort," and beyond is a basin broad enough to give anchorage to the ships of the world.

Once on land, the place to go to in order to get one's bearings is Citadel Hill. This is twice as high and three times as big as our Fairmount, and to look down upon Halifax from the top of it is like looking down upon Philadelphia from Lemon Hill Observatory. We see here a fine old colonial city of the size and wealth of Philadelphia when Lord Howe's ships were in the Delaware. There is a colonial slowness about everything. Of course you see fine shops and electric lights and street cars and good newspapers and race tracks and cricket grounds and hotels that are as good as any in the world, but the people up here are not breaking their necks. The Haligonian is a man of character—solid, sensible and truly hospitable, but Chicago ozone is an unknown ingredient of Nova Scotia's commercial atmosphere.

Everything in Halifax smacks of British prowess. As I have said, the city itself centres about a frowning citadel. There are guns to the right of us and guns to the left of us, and red coats and blue coats all around. This is, indeed, John Bull's American Gibraltar, his strongest post in North America if not, indeed, in the world. In the basin below, until she steamed swiftly out for the relief of the 10,000 people of fire-ravaged St. John's, lay the crack cruiser Blake. This is, in fact, a great naval station as well as military post, and in case of a fight Halifax would be as hot as the place we sometimes mix it up with. The redcoats are a sight to see. They seem to think they own the town. They strut about the streets in twos and threes, each with a nobby cap on his head and a "swagger" cane tucked under his arm. They are stalwart and muscular, and each rolls along as though he expected Mr. Rudyard Kipling to come and write him up. They live in barracks at the foot of Citadel hill (which, by the way, was first fortifield by the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's grandfather). Ten sleep in one room, each on a cot with his rifle over his head. Each mess selects a cook, and the rations are served in common. Tommy Atkins is truly happy in Halifax. He likes it here better than in the East or West Indies, not so much because it is healthier here as because the Halifax girls are bounie beyond compare. Set a blue Scotch eye against a Jamaica maid's and Tommy is not slow to choose.

But do not conclude that Tommy really rules the roost. Oh, no! he is but a bird of passage, albeit his feathers are gay. He is decorative rather than of the town's life blood. He is but an incident in this part of the world, just as to the tourist Halifax itself is but an incident, a spot, a capital. There are thousands of things, indeed, for one to write about up here in these latitudes—the famous apple groves and cherry orchards, the Scotch scenery of the Bras d'Or lakes, Longfellow's Acadians and the never-ceasing adventures of the race of fishermen who frequent these coasts. Only a little while ago I fell in with a Gloucester lad who, with a companion, had just been adrift in a dory for three days and nights. The poor boys had been picked up by a fishing schooner from old France and landed on the island of St. Pierre, whence they had journeyed hither.

On many of these islands only French is spoken; in fact the old Canadian French race is growing rapidly throughout this part of the world—growing in the arts as well as in numbers and political power.

The whole region here is, in truth, a land of romantic interest and a place of midsummer delights for people in search of rest.

THE BEST ADVISER.

A Woman is That One—She Has Delicacy and Tact.

Those men who have learned to understand the value of a woman's advice are indeed wise in their day and generation, says the Philadelphia *Times*. There is no man in the world who can in some matters give such sound, practical counsel as the woman who has your interest at heart and who discovers more by instinct and profound course of reasoning the best thing to do. It is a rare advantage in a man, in whatever pursuit he is engaged, to have as an adviser a sensible, practical woman. In her is found that rare combination of subtle delicacy of tact and plain soundness of judgment that you so seldom find in an equal degree in a man. A woman friend is a wise counsellor. She looks at all sides, has a fine regard for a man's honor in any affair, and will never give him any advice that will injure his character or reputation. She is so anxious to be proud of him that she will never urge him to any action that will cause her to think otherwise. Beside all this her womanly timidity makes her sufficiently cautious to not push him into anything without weighing well each phase of the matter, whereas a man would rush in, hit or miss, and too frequently would find himself very wide of the mark, owing to his lack of premeditation. Many a woman, however, who forms a wise counsellor, jumps at conclusions from her heart's standpoint rather than the severer tests of worldly judgment, and it only proves that this earth is not irretrievably bad when you find how often her views are correct, even when opposed to the calculating longsightedness of more material minds.

The best adviser a man can possess is the one he so frequently thinks it unnecessary to consult, namely, his wife, and he can never appreciate the surprise in store for him until he listens to the words of wisdom she lets fall from lips accustomed usually to only words of endearment, rather than practical, common-sense talks.

Selling Wives in England.

The following clippings are copied word for word as they appeared in British papers of the dates named:

London *Morning Herald*, March 11th, 1802: On the 11th of last month a person sold at the market cross in Chapel en la Firth a wife, a child and some beggar's furniture for 11 shillings.

London *Morning Herald*, April 10th, 1802: A butcher sold his wife by auction on last market day at Hereford. She brought £1 4 shillings and a bowl of punch.

Annual Register, February 14th, 1806: A man named John Gasthorpe exposed his wife for sale in the market at Hull, but owing to the crowd brought together he was obliged to take her away and defer the sale. However, he brought her out again in the evening and she was sold for twenty guineas to a person by the name of Houseman.

Morning Post, October 10th, 1807: One of those disgraceful scenes took place at Knaresbough. * * * A man brought his wife, equipped in the usual way, and sold her for sixpence and a quid of tobacco.

A Mother's Presence of Mind.

A dwelling house took fire in one of the chambers the other night from an exploding oil lamp, says London *Tid-Bits*. The flames were extinguished after a sharp struggle by the women of the house, who had her hands pretty badly burned. She was relating her adventure to a neighbor next morning, and the woman asked, "Why didn't you raise an alarm—where was Bessie?" "Bessie and her beau were courting in the parlor," was the calm reply. "And you never called to them?" "Not a word. I have known of cases where a sudden alarm has upset a young man just as he was about to propose, and changed the whole future of two lives."

But He Had to Keep Off the Grass.

"You need outdoor exercise and fresh air," said the mundane, "particularly the fresh air."

So the poor invalid went out of the stifling atmosphere of the little room and took a walk to Jackson Park, where he inhaled freely the pure, health-giving air—the privilege of breathing the same not yet having been farmed out to any syndicate.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Finger marks may be removed from varnished furniture by rubbing well with a very little sweet oil upon a soft rag.

A BROKER SHOT DEAD.

Charles H. Page, of Philadelphia, Killed by a Customer.

THE MURDERER COMMITS SUICIDE.

A Philadelphia despatch says: While Charles Henry Page, a young man, 32 years of age, the junior member of the stock brokerage firm of E. D. Page & Brother, was sitting in his office yesterday morning at 132 South Fourth street, quietly smoking a pipe, an elderly man, who was well known as a customer of the house, entered the office, and after a controversy of words between the two, the real report of which will never be known, the visitor shot and killed Mr. Page and then took his own life.

The murderer and suicide was shortly afterwards recognized as Ranald Kennedy, aged 60 years, who boarded at No. 110 North Eleventh street, and who was known to be a stock speculator and a customer of the firm of which his victim was a member.

The tragedy was enacted within a very few moments. Kennedy entered the office at 11.15 o'clock, and within five minutes the two shots which told the story of the double crime were heard. Neighboring brokers and others who ran into the office at the sound of the shots found Mr. Page breathing his last at the foot of the stairs leading to the second floor of the building and the assassin lying full length, lifeless, on the floor in the front office, with a bullet hole through his head, his brains and blood scattered about the room, and the revolver with which the bloody deeds had been committed lying beside him.

Mr. Page was at once conveyed to the office in the rear and laid upon a table; but he was dead before he was taken up, as the bullet had entered the left side of his back and penetrated the heart. Kennedy was stretched out on his back with his head toward the south, between two stock "tickers," which were monotonously ticking out the tape on which the stock quotations of the day are recorded.

The murder and suicide were without witnesses, but the story of Mr. E. D. Hallowell, of No. 1,856 South Sixteenth street, the clerk employed by Mr. Page, and the previous relations of Kennedy with the house give a pretty clear idea of the motives that led to the crime. Kennedy had dealt with Page & Bro., had made and lost money, had become crazed by his losses and, apparently, holding his brokers responsible for the money he had sunk, wrecked vengeance on the man who had kept his accounts and whom he supposed had profited by his financial downfall.

RUSTIC LUNCHEONS.

How to Make Them a Success—Choose Guests Who Are Not Bores.

It requires a great deal of tact to save those out-of-door frolics from boredom. People are apt to associate a day in the woods with unmitigated discomforts. Festive flies indulge in swimming matches in the coffee, tea or lemonade; all sorts of creeping things from the animal kingdom arrive on the scene without the ceremony of an introduction; the sun has an exasperating way all his own of blinking and winking at one through the treetops, and yet if a really clever woman undertakes to give her friends a taste of country air or forest pleasure she is pretty sure to make a success of it.

The objective point is always a matter of serious consideration, for many lovely woodland glades are stifling hot and infested with the ever adent mosquito. When fully persuaded that the picnic ground is all that could be desired, the subject of guests is given due attention. Here the mistress of ceremonies makes or mars her entertainment.

She has a certain number of people down on her list who are not eligible. There is the sweetest of her sex, who would be a delightful acquisition were it not that she is in love. Never, as you value the success of your outing, introduce into it spooney couples. You will be sure to find enough momentary sentiment to flavor the day's idling with a deal of romance. This is all well enough, and perfectly harmless, but affairs which are no longer in the bud, but have blossomed into an ardent attachment, are indeed a weariness to the flesh.

Engaged people have a way of deserting the party or making each member of it feel terribly *de trop*. Run through your list. Ah! here is a young fellow who has an excellent voice and his friend plays the mandolin divinely; Miss R. is not a pretty girl, but one is sure to forget her face in the lovely gift which helps to while away so agreeably a passing hour. Yes, she is decidedly an acquisition.

Somebody who fingers the banjo with the expertness of a Virginia darky is pressed into service. A banjo is a sociable sort of an instrument and helps in jolly fashion to make the welkin ring.

Then you must try and secure a really good botanist, not a prosy party, but a man who can score interesting little points in favor of wild wood beauties, whether growing in some shady nook or gowned *la mode*.

And the hampers! They are all important, so bestow upon them a deal of care. Most people go to a picnic for the express purpose of eating and drinking, and if the spread is a disappointment the entire affair is vo