A RUNAWAY TRAIN

Dashes Down Hill at a 120-Miles-an-Hour Gait,

AND CRASHES INTO ANOTHER TRAIN.

The grade of the National road from this city for a distance of ninety miles to Saltillo is very steep, and two engines are required to get ordinary freight trains over the Sierra Madeira Mountains above Saltillo. On Sunday afternoon, as one of these double-headers was pulling a train-load of corn up the almost perpendicular mountain side, twenty miles south of Saltillo, the coupling broke, releasing the cabooses and six cars, filled with 3,000 bushels of corn, from the train. James Martin, the conductor, and Frank Harwood the rear brakeman, were in the caboose. They rushed out and began setting brakes, but were powerless to stop the increasing momentum of the cars down the mountain. Within a distance of six miles the train was running at a speed of ninety miles an hour. The cars began jumping the track at Buena Vista, and Martin and Harwood went down, both meeting a terrible death. Before Saltillo was reached all of the cars with the exception of the caboose and one other had left the track. It then was continued their wild flight, passing through Saltillo yards at the rate of 120 miles an hour.

The train despatcher at Saltillo was terror-stricken when he saw the cars pass, as he knew they were certain to crash into another double header freight train that was pulling up the mountain twenty miles below Saltillo. There was no telegraph station within that twenty miles, and no warning could be given the crew of the train below. He did the next best thing, by having the wrecking car ordered out. The caboose and loaded car kept to the track. Frank Davis, the engineer of the up train, saw them coming down the mountain, but too late to save himself. His fireman and the crew of the second engine, jumped and received but slight injuries. Davis was buried under a pile of corn and debris. Both engines were completely dismantled.

MANY MINERS KILLED.

Terrific Explosion of Blasting Powder in a West Virginia Mine.

A Steubenville, O., special says: At the Blanche mine of West end colliery, in West Virginia yard, 25 kegs of blasting powder exploded at 12 15 p. m. to-day. The explosion was caused by a fizzing fuse throwing fire into a miner's powder can, the explosion of which fired others, until the volume of flame was sufficient to explode the whole stock of loose powder. The miners had been losing powder. They kept a day's supply in boxes, which were left open at the noon hour. The men in the mine had just begun to come in where the powder was stored, and in a few minutes more most of them would have been there. A stunning explosion in the mine, a great blast of flame and smoke from the mine's mouth, and then a roar was flung out to the country round that told only too well that there was death and disaster at the mine. The scene that followed cannot be told in words. The women who had husbands, brothers, sons or sweethearts in the smoking pit were simply frantic. Crowds came swarming to the mine's mouth just as they dropped their work or left their tables, their faces white with dread and one eager enquiry on every lip, "Who is in the mine?" Wives and fathers were there, tearfully imploring the men to go in where all knew that death lurked in the air, to rescue those who were not past rescue, and learn the worst at once. The mine boss and a squad of brave fellows took their chances on the "bad air," and went in and soon returned, bearing among them, seared and mutilated, the victims of the explosion.

A CANADIAN TENNYSON.

A Kent (Ont.) Farmer Claims High Relationship.

An item having been going the rounds that the late Lord Tennyson had a brother residing at Dresden, Ont., a reporter visited this pleasant little town to interview him. Dresden itself is rather romantically situated in Kent County, the banks overlooking Sydenham River dividing it in two. The country hereabouts is a fine farming district. The thickly-shocked cornfields and orchards, with apples in great red and yellow heaps, indicated thrift and prosperity. The Tennyson home is a modest four-roomed cottage on the outskirts of the town. Mr. Tennyson is a short, rather thick-set man with a strong Cornish accent, a typical "Hodge." The reporter said: "It is stated in the papers that you are a brother of the late laureate of England." That is not true, then. The late Lord Tennyson was my uncle. My father's name was Elias Tennyson, a tenant-farmer in Cornwall, England. Besides my father, there were Alfred, the poet; Charles, a Church of England clergyman, and William, a wholesale tea merchant on Chatham street, New York. "Have you any remembrances of Lord Tennyson?" "I remember visiting with my father at his place in the Isle of Wight, and remember the poet as an odd-looking man, though I read by the papers three late years that he was the greatest man in England. My own father was a better-looking man, though." "Did Lord Tennyson ever write to you?" "When this boy was born," pointing to his grand son, Alfred Tennyson, a boy of 10 or 12—"we decided to call him after the poet laureate, and I wrote my uncle so. A reply came back from Allam Tennyson, and shortly after Lord Tennyson himself wrote me a kind letter, and I can tell you he could write. None of the scratching like the lawyers write, but a hand like copper plate." "Have you those letters with you?" "No; they are at my married daughter's on the North Branch (near Wallaceburg). Her neighbors wanted to see them, but I can get them for you to see them, but I won't sell them. Some man wrote to me from London, England, wanting to buy them, but I don't want to sell them."

That Free Trade Nightmare.

"Bring me a lobster and milk, a Welsh rarebit, a bottle of ale, some pig's feet and a mince pie," said Mr. Squawker, the editorial writer, to the waiter half an hour before bed time.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his friend Liverpadd. "Don't do all that. You'll get a nightmare."

"Nightmare! That's just what I want. I've got to write a campaign article tomorrow morning telling about the horrors of free trade."—*New York Herald.*

Not So Sure.

"What are you storming about, Josiah?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.

"Nothing!" roared Mr. Chugwater, throwing his hat on the lounge. "Nothing, only I've made a fool of myself again! That's all! I got a 3-cent piece in change somewhere this morning and I find I passed it on a street car conductor a little while ago for a dime and cheated myself out of seven—out of—er—no," he continued, moderating his tone, "I guess it's—hum—it's all right, Samantha."

Went in Deep.

"So you had to stop work at the gas well, eh?"

"Yes; ran out of money."

"How deep did you go?"

"About fifteen thousand—"

"What! Fifteen thousand feet?"

——"dollars."

The Sensation Was So Similar.

Customer—Did you get it out?

Barber—Hien; how's that?

Customer—Oh, pardon me; I thought I was at the dentists.

He Was Truthful.

"He told me he was a single man, Judge," sobbed the bigamist's second wife.

"Well, I ain't two men, am I?" snarled the prisoner.

Rev. Mr. Arlington—You should always be particular about details, Miss Tucker. It is little things that tell. Nellie—I know that. I have three small sisters.

Housemaid—Oh, professor, professor, just think. I have actually swallowed a pin! Professor (looking up from his book)—What! you've swallowed a pin? Well, here's another one for you.

The steamer Lahn, which sailed from Bremen yesterday morning for New York, ran aground in the River Weser.

Miss Frances E. Willard, who was recently visiting Lady Henry Somerset in England, expects to do so again soon, and is to sail next week.

George Robertson, the regular party nominee, and John A. Chesley, both Conservatives, were nominated yesterday in St. John, N. B., for the House of Commons.

A THIEF'S LAST RAID.

William Palmer, of Pickering, Caught in a Hen Roost

SHOT DOWN AS HE RAN.

A Farmer and His Man After Him With Shotgun and Revolver.

Sixty Grains of Shot in the Thief's Body and a Bullet Through His Heart—

Three Shots Fired—The Thief Had Turned to Flight—The Evidence at the Inquest—An Excited Village.

This has been the most exciting day that the village of Pickering has ever experienced, and few, if any, of the inhabitants of the quiet hamlet have slept since 3 o'clock this morning. Shortly before that hour two men came driving furiously through the mud into the village, never halting until they reached the house of George Warren Decker, the resident constable. They were both in a state of unusual excitement, and alarmed the officer by shouting at the top their voices as soon as he had been aroused. "Decker, come quickly, there's a man up on the Kingston road with a bullet in his breast." Immediately following that terrible announcement the constable heard one of the men say:

"HURRY UP, I SHOT HIM,

and I'm afraid he's dying." The officer hurriedly dressed and followed the men, whom he could not recognize in the darkness, to the house of Dr. Bateman, the nearest physician. By the time the doctor was ready to leave for the scene of the tragedy the whole village was astir, and as the two men started out on the Kingston road they were closely followed by the constable, the doctor and a large crowd of villagers. After groping their way along the road through the dense darkness for nearly three-quarters of a mile, the man in the lead, Henry Lingford, a farm hand, halted and said, "Here he is." Lingford's companion on the hasty errand was Bernard Baker, the farmer with whom Lingford was engaged. A lantern was secured from the house of Baker, which stood but 150 yards from where the body lay, and the startled crowd gathered around the apparently lifeless form. The terrifying scene could not well be described by any of those who were present. The first glimmer of light emitted by the lantern dimly revealed to those around the form of a man lying deep down in the mud, with his face turned upwards. His clothing from the waist down to the knees was tattered and hanging in shreds, and his body was shattered and bleeding.

THE GHASTLY DEATH WOUND.

On the left breast, just where the heart is located, was noticed a hole large enough to admit the index finger of a man's hand. The physician leaned over the mutilated form of the man, but all the spectators, save the constable, turned in horror from the sickening sight. The body was still warm, and there was a slight fluttering of the heart perceptible. Half a dozen of the stout-hearted members of the party were asked to lend a hand in carrying the unfortunate victim into Mr. Baker's house. As soon as the muddy and bloody form had been placed on the floor of the little farm-house, Dr. Bateman again placed his ear to the breast of the prostrate man, and immediately announced that life was extinct. Some of those present identified the dead man as Wm. Palmer, of Frenchman's Bay. A thrilling scene followed on the words, "He is dead," uttered by the doctor. Bernard Baker, Henry Lingford, Mrs Baker and her sister, all of whom were in the room, gazed wildly and almost incredulously at one another. They were the only four present who knew by whom and by what means the awful tragedy had been enacted. After a few emotional moments had passed away Farmer Baker began to speak in a trembling voice. It was he and Henry Lingford who had killed Wm. Palmer.

THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

The family, including Lingford, were asleep at midnight. An hour later they were aroused by a noise coming from the direction of the barn, about 25 yards away. As some thief or thieves had robbed their hen house of a number of their best geese and turkeys, they supposed that another raid was being made. All four got out of bed and listened intently, at the same time hurriedly throwing on their clothes. The noise continued, and before they were ready to investigate the cause they distinctly heard the squawking of the geese. Baker's house had been burglarized about two months ago, and after that he always kept a loaded shotgun in his room. Henry Lingford, the farm hand, had a six-shooter, 38-calibre revolver. With these two weapons in their possession Baker and his man quietly left the back door of the house and stole up to the place from whence the noise appeared to come. Lingford had a dark lantern, but did not light it for fear their approach might be made known to the thief or thieves, if such should happen to be in the hen-house. The two men went within two rods of the door of the place where the poultry was kept, and from that position noticed a gleam of light coming out between the boards of the place. They waited silently for a moment, and then they saw the light disappear. The sound of the footsteps of the thief indicated that he was about to depart, and Farmer Baker put the butt of the gun to his shoulder and waited. Presently he heard the door of the hen-house open and shut again. It was at that moment that

HE PULLED THE TRIGGER,

aiming as nearly as possible through the darkness of the night at the door. Just after Baker fired Lingford lighted his dark lantern and, throwing the light along the path leading from the barn to the road, noticed a man running as fast as he could. Lingford drew his revolver and fired at the receding intruder and then started down the yard in pursuit of him. The man in front was Palmer, and before he reached the Kingston road, which is probably 100 yards from the barn, Lingford fired another shot after him. After reaching the road Lingford still pursued, and when fifty yards from the gate Palmer turned and faced him, at the same time raising his hand and saying: "I've got you now." Lingford had the light shining full in the man's face as they stood 25 feet apart.

CRACK! WENT LINGFORD'S PISTOL

again and Palmer fell upon the muddy road groaning. Lingford went up and when he saw the awful condition in which his victim was he turned, joined his employer and hurried away for help. By daylight the news of the tragedy had been heralded throughout the whole countryside, and before noon the village was filled with acquaintances of the parties to the awful affair.

THE VICTIM.

Palmer was a man probably 40 years of age, and worked only when it suited his convenience. He leaves a widow and several small children, who live up the lake near Frenchman's Bay. Yesterday he was about the village hotels, and is said to have taken freely of liquor. Between midnight and 1 o'clock this morning he went into Spink's flour mill, which is situated about half way between the village and Baker's farm. It is believed that he went directly from there to Bakers place. The mill employees state that he was not sober when he left the mill. For the past six months geese and turkeys have been purloined from the sheds of a number of neighboring farmers, but while Palmer was suspected of being the thief, no evidence could be secured against him. So many of these depredations had been committed that the farmers in the community had seriously considered the formation of a Vigilance Committee. All of them were determined to run down the culprit if possible, but it was never dreamed that it would be accomplished in so tragic a manner.

THE THIEF-SLAYER.

Harry Lingford is a young Englishman of 25 years, having come out to Canada about four years ago to learn farming. He is a good-looking chap, and highly respected in the community where he was employed. His father, it was learned, is a wealthy wholesale merchant in Birmingham, to whom a cablegram will probably be sent to-morrow. Bernard Baker is also an Englishman, 34 years old, of kind and inoffensive disposition. He has been living in this vicinity for many years, and was living on a rented farm three-quarters of a mile out from the village. He has a wife, but no children. Mrs. Baker and her sister saw the tragedy enacted from a window of their house.

The Inquest.

Early this morning County Crown Attorney Farewell, of Whitby, came up, and, after consulting with Coroner Bateman, a warrant for the holding of an inquest was issued. A jury was sworn in, and at 2 o'clock the hearing was commenced at the house of Baker. The body of the dead man lay in an adjoining room, where it was viewed by the jury and a great concourse of interested and disinterested friends. Lingford and Baker were both taken into charge by Constable Decker, but they will be allowed to remain here pending the verdict of the coroner's jury. The first witness examined was the constable, who testified as to the finding of the body. Lingford had told him that he fired three times, the last being on the Kingston road, at Baker's gate. He also told witness that deceased turned around on the road, and, facing him, said, "I have got you now." That was when Lingford says he fired. Baker stated to witness that he told Lingford not to get too close to the man after he came out of the hen-house. It was a very dark night when Lingford came for Baker witness, so dark that Baker or Lingford could not have recognized Palmer three feet away if they had known him. Lingford further told Decker that he turned his bull's-eye lantern on Palmer before shooting. They did not say that they shouted to the man to stop. The body was found 130 or 140 feet west from Baker's gate leading on to the Kingston road. The deceased was lying on his back, with face towards the south. Lingford said he thought it was best man first, and then fired.

WHAT THE WOMEN SAW.

Lucy Valentine, sister-in-law of Bernard Baker, swore that she saw the shooting from the window. She was staying with her sister over night. About 11 o'clock they first heard the geese making a noise. Mr. and Mrs. Baker and she subsequently looked out of the window, but could see nothing. Between 12 and 1 o'clock Baker and Lingford went out, and while she was in her sister's room, they heard a gun shot, coming seemingly from the barn. She afterwards saw two men running towards the road, one a little ahead of the other. The one in front was swearing. She was looking through the bedroom window then. The first man as he ran swore that he would fix someone for this. The second and third shots were fired opposite the house. She then went out and met Baker and Lingford coming in. Lingford told her they had shot some one, but didn't know who it was. The men then harnessed the horse and started for the constable and doctor. Lingford said he fired at the man near the gate and that he was dead. She had frequently heard Baker complain of having his geese stolen.

WORRIED BY THIEVES.

Mrs. Mary Ann Baker, wife of one of the prisoners, testified that Bernard went out after hearing the noise for the fourth time, Lingford followed him. Thieves had come to their place night after night, but her husband could never find out who they were. They had stolen geese from them on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday mornings of this week. After Bernard and Lingford went out she heard a noise on the step, and, looking out of the west window, saw two men running. Lingford was behind with a light running north. The man ahead was swearing, and said, "I'll fix you for this.' They were fifteen or twenty-five feet apart. She saw shots fired. The third shot was fired from some position on the road. She had gone to sleep again after the last shot. She saw a light shining on the man in front in the road when he turned and said, "I have you now." Lingford had been working for her husband since April. They had had constables at their place before, and offered a reward to have the thief arrested. The shotgun had been stolen about two months ago when the house was burglarized. Bernard had told her that Palmer turned on him with a club. The inquest then adjourned until 8 o'clock, when the investigation was continued in the fire hall. Constable Decker being recalled stated that nothing was found on the dead man except a pipe, some tobacco and matches. An old clasp-knife was found on the road some feet away from the body.

WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

Dr. John H. Eastwood, who conducted the post-mortem examination, testified that he discovered 60 shot wounds on Palmer's body and a large bullet wound in the breast. The shot wounds would not have caused death, but the bullet had gone through the man's heart, causing almost instant death. The inquest then adjourned until Friday evening.

While the evening session of the inquest was in progress the remains of the victim were placed in a rough coffin at Baker's house, and removed to the little cemetery of the Disciples, about a mile away. He was buried in the same blood-stained and tattered clothes that were on him when found in the road. There were half a dozen friends of the unfortunate man and two or three mourning relatives around the grave when the remains were lowered into their last resting place.

At 7 30 o'clock yesterday the inquest was resumed in the village fire hall. The building was crowded to the doors, and the audience gave the strictest attention to everything that was said. The first witness was Stephen Cronk, a Quaker, and an intimate friend of both Baker and Lingford. He affirmed that he had had a conversation with Baker at the time of the first sitting of the coroner's jury. Witness said to Baker, "This is a bad thing you're into," and Baker replied, "Yes." Cronk told the prisoners he would do all he could for them. Baker felt badly, and wanted to know if the family of the deceased were grown. Baker said the matter couldn't be helped now. Lingford thought that he had done a wrong and sinful act. Witness said to Lingford, "Harry, you didn't realize what you were doing!" Lingford replied, "If I had, I couldn't have done it." Lingford thought it was sinful to take a life, as he belonged to the Society of Friends, who do not believe in taking a life, even in self-defence.

D. F. Every, the next witness, had a conversation with Mrs. Baker. She told him that they couldn't do anything with Bernard anyway.

The other witness swore that Baker said he heard Lingford call to the deceased to stop before he, Lingford, fired at all, and that he, Baker, called to Lingford to shoot when deceased was running towards the road. The court adjourned at 11.45 to meet to-morrow at 10 a. m. Crown Attorney Farewell refused to grant bail, and the prisoners were handed over to County Constable Decker.

Charles Burwell testified that Baker had told him since the shooting that he had a man-trap in his hen-roost. If a man got into it he claimed he could not extricate himself without assistance. Baker also told him that if he had had a double-barrelled gun on Wednesday morning, or could have reloaded, he certainly would have fired a second charge at the deceased, as the latter passed him on the run.

Dr. Eastwood, also recalled, stated that the bullet wound which produced death had come from a point-blank shot. The grains of shot in Palmer's body from the gun of Baker would probably interfere with the locomotion of the deceased prior to receiving the bullet wound.

George Palmer swore that Baker told him that he had his hen house door locked.

Constable Decker, on being recalled, testified to having found a pop bottle containing what he supposed to be whiskey on the dead man.

Mrs. James Palmer, who lives a quarter of a mile from Baker's place, said she heard two shots at 2.24 on Wednesday morning and heard voices.

THE CORONER ON THE LAW.

This concluded the evidence and Coroner Bateman, after reading the whole of the lengthy testimony, summed up the case to the jury in a clear, comprehensive and judicial manner. He began by saying that after considering the evidence they would be able to say whether the prisoners were guilty of murder or manslaughter, or whether justified in killing Wm. Palmer. Murder was the unlawful killing of a person with malice aforethought. All homicide was considered by the law to be malicious unless there was something to show that it was not. They would then have to consider the provocation. The fact that Baker lost poultry a week before would be no provocation whatever. The provocation must be immediate. If the men had time to reflect the law would not excuse them. If there was provocation the jury would have to decide whether or not that provocation was commensurate with the act. When a man uses a weapon that usually causes death, the law presumes that malice was intended. If death had resulted unexpectedly then perhaps, it might be manslaughter. Wanton and malicious disregard in killing was termed murder. The fact that the deceased was somewhat to blame for his own death did not lessen the offence. If there had been no carelessness or negligence then it would be killing by misadventure. No trespass against land or goods would reduce killing to manslaughter when there was malicious intent. A rational man using a deadly weapon must of course think that death will follow and that death was intended. Where a trespass was committed merely against property or chattels without any felonious intent the law does not justify any person in using deadly weapons. The violence used should be in accordance with the provocation. But if the owner used a weapon which would not be likely to result in death simply for the purpose of chastising the intruder, then there was no murder, but it would be manslaughter. The coroner here pointed out that the act of the prisoners was not in accordance with the law. It was their duty of the jury to consider whether or not Baker thought his life was in danger when he shot the deceased. But there was no evidence to show, continued the coroner, that the deceased even knew that Baker was outside when he left the henroost. It was certain, therefore, that Baker was not justified in shooting. If Baker had taken measures to apprehend the intruder and was threatened then he might have been justified in shooting or even killing the trespasser. It was their duty to consider whether the deceased was a little under the influence of liquor and when the hen house was found not finding it to his liking, started out in search of a more congenial place. If any fowl had been stolen by him it would have been discovered, but there was no evidence to show that he had taken any, and therefore no felony had been committed. The evidence at the most only presumed that a felony was attempted. There was therefore,

NO PROVOCATION FOR SHOOTING

in that case. In referring to justifiable homicide the coroner observed that even an officer of the law had no right to shoot a man for a misdemeanor. He must be a felon and resisting the law. They would notice, continued Coroner Bateman, from all the evidence that the deceased was endeavoring to get away from the first time he was shot at the henroost door until the last fatal scene on the Kingston road. The law would justify a battery on a man who attempted to steal one's goods, but they must not go beyond it. If they were lawful for Baker to shoot at the deceased the coroner believed it was just as lawful for Lingford to shoot. With reference to self-defence, he asked the jury to consider carefully as to whether or not Lingford had a possible or probable means of getting away if the deceased turned and threatened him. If he believed he was in actual and imminent danger, then his action might be construed as self-defence. If not, he was guilty. All could see from the evidence that Palmer retreated as quickly as his legs would carry him after being fired at first by Baker. "Do you not think," said the coroner, "that Palmer ran as far as he could, that Lingford was running faster and overtaking him and that he turned to give up the chase." If the deceased had had a revolver after being pursued and fired at by Lingford, and then turning fired back at his pursuer and killed him, the law would in all probability pronounce the act one of self-defence. If the jury concluded that Baker and Lingford arranged beforehand which weapons they would use and how, then they stood on the same footing if the jury adjudged their action as unjustifiable. The evidence showed that Baker had called to Lingford to shoot. If the jury believed that, then the two prisoners were linked together in guilt, if there was any guilt.

AN ASTONISHING VERDICT.

At the close of Coroner Bateman's exhaustive charge the jury retired to the house of Wm. Logan, one of the jurors, accompanied by several specially sworn in county constables. After about one hour's deliberation the jury returned, and brought in the following extraordinary verdict:

"The jury upon their oath say: On the morning of the 16th day of November, instant, one Henry Lingford, a certain pistol, called a revolver, charged with gunpowder and a leaden bullet, which he, the said Henry Lingford, then had and held in his hand, discharged and shot off, and that the said Henry Lingford, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, then discharged and shot out of the said pistol, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, him, the said Wm. Palmer, in and upon the breast of him, the said Wm. Palmer, did then strike and penetrate thereby, then giving to him, the said Wm. Palmer, with the bullet aforesaid, so shot off, one mortal wound of which said mortal wound the said Wm. Palmer then instantly died, and the jurors aforesaid, on their oath aforesaid, do further say that the said Henry Lingford, for the preservation and safety of his person, and of inevitable necessity, did so discharge and shoot off the said pistol, so causing the death of the said Wm. Palmer, and that the said Henry Lingford shot the said Wm. Palmer, in the defence of himself, the said Henry Lingford, the said Wm. Palmer, in manner and by the means aforesaid, did kill and slay.

The effect of the foregoing verdict is, in brief, that the jury find that Henry Lingford shot and killed Wm. Palmer, but that the act was committed in self defence.

JURORS WHO REFUSED TO SIGN.

The verdict was signed by twelve of the sixteen jurors, exactly the requisite number. The names of those who disagreed from the verdict are: John Gordon, Wm. Peak, James Hills and John Field. The prisoners, who were in custody at the Gordon hotel during the evening, received the announcement quietly and without any outward show of joy. Baker immediately despatched a messenger with the news to his wife, who was waiting for the result at their farmhouse up the Kingston road. As soon as the verdict had been signed and sealed County Crown Attorney Farewell proceeded to the house of Magistrate Bunting and expressed his intention of preparing an indictment against the prisoners on behalf of the Crown. In view, however, of the verdict of the coroner's jury, Baker and Lingford were allowed their liberty, each being bound in $1,000 bail. They will come up for a preliminary hearing before the magistrate next Monday morning. When the verdict had been announced Charles L. Palmer, one of the brothers of the unfortunate victim, left for his home at Saginaw, Mich.

Hot-Water Fountains in Paris.

The following account of the establishment of hot-water fountains in Paris may seem strange to many of our readers who fail to realize the singular conditions which obtain there. In our issues of October 3rd and October 17th, 1891, we showed how the occupants of some of the best residences in the newest parts of Paris are obliged, when they desire to bathe in their apartments, to send to a bathing establishment which supplies the bath and the hot water. A regular business is carried on with carts specially fitted for transporting the bath tubs and the hot-water kettles. In view of these facts it can be understood that the placing of public hot-water fountains indicates a lack of hot-water supply in houses, which it is difficult for an American to appreciate. The *American Register* is authority for the statement that hot water fountains continue to be placed in the different wards of Paris, and not only prove a perfect blessing to the people near them, but also plainly demonstrates that more of them are wanted. In view of the approaching cold season, the cabmen have an excellent chance of heating their vehicles for the comfort of their fares, while hundreds of workingmen's families have hot water made handy for them at any hour of the day or night at a sou for a bucketful. The fountain in the Faubourg Montmartre, near the Passage Verdeau, which was opened on a Monday afternoon, had 125 sous in the till before nightfall, showing that 125 persons had been served during the day.—*New York Engineering Record.*

Chrysanthemums.

Chrysanthemums are all the rage this season. Everybody wears them; they adorn the windows of fashionable residences, are carried for hand bouquets and worn as boutonnieres. For the time carnations are quite distanced in the race for popularity. So general is the favor for this flower that its devotees are no longer particular as to the variety they wear; simply let it be a chrysanthemum. An ordinary little specimen, one of the variety that stands outdoors proudly during the first snow flakes and laughs with brazen indifference at Jack Frost, is found peeping from the folds of a sealskin sacque, where next time may nestle a great shaggy Jap. There is a modest little flower coming into favor this season. It is called bouvardia, and its dainty little sprays of red, pink and white blossoms, much resembling honeysuckle, are very pretty for corsage wear.

Madge—Going to church, Mame? Mame—No, I guess I won't. I'm pretty well posted on the fall styles already.

The sixteenth annual general assembly of the Knights of Labor began in St. Louis yesterday.

DAY AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

To be Provided for the Catholic Children of the States.

TO BE TAUGHT CHURCH DOCTRINE.

A New York despatch says: The conference of the Archbishops of the Roman Catholic Church in America continued its sessions to-day. All the members were present but Archbishop Satolli, the Italian prelate, who did not lend his presence to the deliberations.

It is stated on positive authority that the debates in the conference have not been carried on altogether harmoniously, and that Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, have generally been on opposite sides in some heated arguments.

To-day's discussions were largely spent in considering the condition of the Catholic University at Washington, which, as already stated, is not in a state wholly satisfactory to the Church authorities. At the close of the evening session the council gave out the following statement: Report of Public Schools—At the meeting of the Archbishops of the United States, held at the residence of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York on November 16th, 1892, to consider the best means to provide for the religious education of such children as do not at present attend the parochial schools or Catholic schools of any kind, the assembled prelates unanimously agreed on the following resolution:

First, resolved to promote the erection of Catholic schools so that there may be accommodation for more or if possible for all our Catholic children, according to the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore and the decisions of the Holy See.

Second, resolved that as to children who at present do not attend Catholic schools we direct, in addition, that provision be made for them by Sunday schools and also by instructions on some other day or days of the week and by urging parents to teach their children the Christian doctrine in their homes. These Sunday and week-day schools should be under the direct supervision of the clergy aided by intelligent lay teachers and when possible by members of religious teaching orders.

The conference will conclude its business to-morrow.

CAPTURED THE WIDOW'S HEART,

Swindled Her and Will Now Go to Prison for Six Years.

A London cable says: George Cooper Trent, alias Count Barneveldt, the pretended theatrical agent, was to-day sentenced to six years' penal servitude for swindling. The prisoner had an office at No. 36 St. Martin's lane, Charing Cross, and did business under the style and title of Trent & St. John's Universal Theatrical Agency. The only business that the prisoner can find out about that was done by the agency was the swindling of those who were so unfortunate as to apply there for work. The victims were nearly all widows. One of these, a Mrs. Blewitt, who had a confectionery store on the London road, having advanced the Count various sums amounting to about forty pounds, and having also lent him her gold watch, became suspicious, and having ascertained that the Count had pawned the watch placed the case in the hands of the police. The detectives unearthed a mass of testimony against him, and when the case came up for trial there was practically no defence. The prisoner is a good looking young fellow and an accomplished linguist. Mrs. Blewitt admitted that she had been infatuated with him, and in giving her evidence she became hysterical and cried out at the prisoner: "You have robbed me of everything. The bailiffs turned me out of my own house and you have left me penniless and homeless." Trent is married and has five children. He represented himself to some of his victims as a bachelor, to others as a widower. The court was crowded with people whom he had swindled, and the sentence met with general approval.

REFUSES TO BE SWORN.

A Socialist Member Raises the Oaths Question in Switzerland.

A Berne cable says: At a meeting of the Berne Council to-day, M. Streck, the socialist who was recently elected a member, declined to take the customary oath to perform his duty, which is administered upon admission, and which is religious in form. The question of Streck's admission was put to a vote and it was decided by 136 against 40 not to allow him to take his seat without first having taken the oath. Streck will appeal to the Federal Council. He argues that it is illegal to impose what he considers a religious act upon a citizen of the Swiss republic.

An Ancient Reservoir

Considerable interest, from an historical point of view, is attached to some work carried out within the past eighteen months by the gas and water company of Tunis, and referred to, at the time, in *Le Genie Civil.* It involves the restoration of the old covered reservoirs of Carthage, which are said to date back fully 2,000 years. It appears that these reservoirs form a block measuring 420 feet long by 89 feet 6 inches broad. The interior of this block is divided into 18 compartments, all of which are in communication with each other and with the incoming and outgoing conduits. During their long existence these cisterns have passed through four periods, alternately of repairs and neglect, evidences of which are furnished not only by the different varieties of masonry occurring where repairs have been effected, but also by the character of the various layers of deposits on the walls of the tanks. The first layer of this deposit probably dates back to the time of Hannibal, when the cisterns were in full working order. It is very uniform, and apparently corresponds to a considerable lapse of time; that portion which was first deposited is yellowish, becoming whiter as time went on, and more care was taken with regard to the quality of water impounded. After the Roman conquest the tanks fell into disuse, and the water in them rapidly became foul, an irregular dark colored layer being deposited on the sides. The Emperor Adrian repaired the tanks and impounded in the waters of the Oued-Mejerda, and during this period a third layer, pure and white as the first, was deposited. But this state of affairs was put an end to by the irruption of the Arabs in 697, and since that time the cisterns have been entirely neglected.

Discovery of Steam.

A remarkable story recently printed in the *St. James' Gazette* raises the question whether the discovery of steam was not made by a Gallican monk in the twelfth century. According to this account archæological investigations in Finland brought to light a quantity of ancient ironwork and a roll of parchment containing a detailed treatise in Latin upon steam considered as a force and on its applications. It is stated that the ironwork forms a rudimentary steam engine, the cylinders, pistons and other parts of which had been taken to pieces, but are wonderfully fashioned, considering their antiquity. Each piece bears the inscription, "Ruger parens Gallus fecit." Ruger was the well-known administrator under both Louis VI. and Louis VII. During the absence of the latter in the Holy Land he acted as Regent. He died in 1152

Wild Canadian Animals.

An Ottawa despatch says: Few people know how large a number of wild animals in cages there are in the Dominion. Among the letters which come in crowds every day to the office of the Canadian Commissioner to the World's Fair at Chicago have been several of late asking if space can be had for cages holding Canadian wild animals to be shown among the Canadian products. One man in the Northwest has forty different animals in cages, which he is anxious to send to Chicago. A reply has not yet been received here from the World's Fair management to the enquiry if wild animals will be eligible as exhibits.

Laker—I suppose this large white building is a club house. William Ann—Yes; that is police headquarters.

He (anxiously)—You are not your own dear self to-night, sweetheart. She (passively)—No, darling; I am yours.

A boy named Christopher Williams, while shooting ducks on Niagara river opposite Fort Erie, Ont., yesterday afternoon, was seized with a fit, fell out of his boat, and was drowned. The body has not been recovered.

"Let's get out!" exclaimed Noah, gleefully; "the ark's touched land." Wait till I put on my gloves, dear," replied Mrs. Noah.

It is stated that a member of the Russian Imperial family is negotiating for the purchase of the Borghese palace in Rome.

MONTE CARLO'S GAMBLING HELL.

Profits Made Out of a Years Ccquetting With Fickle Fortune.

Herve and his Critics—A Blood-Thirsty Youth Asks a Bank Clerk the Time and Stabs Him Through the Heart—Paris Booksellers' and Harmless' Legacy—Josephine's Chateau, of Malmaison Makes Way for Bricks and Mortar.

PARIS, Nov.

HOW the Monte Carlo Gambling House Company which is euphemistically described as the Society des Bains de Mer and du Cercle des Etrangers, has issued accounts which show that it has made a gross gain of the tidy little sum of $4,500,000 in the course of the past financial year, and a net gain of about $2,300,000, which will enable it to pay 36 per cent. on the original value of the ordinary shares (500 francs or $100) of which 60,000 were issued. The shares have, however, risen enormously in value since then, and they now stand at $2,000 francs ($400). Even at this enormously increased price the dividend represents 9½ per cent. which is very decent interest these days.

ELIXIR OF YOUTH PARIS 1889 SHAKE BOTTLE

BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

In 1891 the dividend was ten francs less than in 1892, while in the previous year shareholders had to content themselves with only 160 francs—that is, a paltry dividend of 32½ per cent. Besides this, in the last six years, a million francs has been set aside annually as a reserve fund, which now amounts to $1,200,000; so that, by 1913, in the ordinary course of events, the company will have a reserve fund as big as their capital, in addition to the gardens, buildings and property in which the original capital was sunk, and will have been paying dividends varying from 20 to 40 per cent. all through on the original capital. These figures do not, however, represent the full winnings of the company, for they have first to pay immense expenses.

RENT, A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

First item is the rent of $250,000, which they give to the Prince of Monaco. Then there is the cost of the whole of the business of government, sanitary arrangements, etc., which is thoroughly well done. After that come bribes to newspapers, subsidies to theatres, pensions to persons who have been ruined at the tables, salaries to croupiers, chuckers-out, and detectives, the total amounting to about $2,250,000, which is about half the gross gain of the company. The explanation of those enormous winnings is the fact that the company possesses a monopoly of roulette, and that, as it is reasonable that man is determined to play roulette, the only result of suppressing the game elsewhere is to enable a single company to offer every possible attraction to draw people to their rooms, and at the same time to pay enormous dividends to their shareholders.

NOT THE ONLY GAMBLING HELL IN EUROPE.

On the other hand, though Monte Carlo has the monopoly of roulette, it is quite a mistake to imagine that gambling is suppressed elsewhere. There is plenty of gambling, but it is done in a shady, unrecognized way. For instance, gambling is prohibited by law in Belgium, but, in spite of this, the casinos at Ostend and Spa are nothing more nor less than gambling-hells. The municipalities of Ostend and Spa know perfectly well that the "club" is used mainly by the visitors for baccarat and *trente-et-quarente*, but as they receive a handsome subsidy to keep quiet, they do so, and take no notice even when the rooms are kept open all night, or when disgraceful scenes occur which make all Europe ring.

The truth is that the Belgian Senate has been considering the advisability of a more stringent law to deal with the subject. This has woke the Government up, and in consequence the police were instructed to make raids on the Ostend Casino.

COLD SQUARES THE POLICE.

The Ostend police, however, arrested nobody, fined nobody, and only reported that there were "no irregularities." This means, therefore, that this Casino at Ostend is now particularly licensed by the police in defiance of the law. The sordid explanation of the seesaw movement of the authorities is that gambling has brought prosperity to Ostend and Spa; and though both the Belgian authorities and their advisers are ultramoral, in Belgium matters where the Congo State is concerned, they are afraid to be too straight-laced at home. They take the astute view that though it is a sad pity that men will gamble, yet if they insist on it and experience shows that they do, it is better that Ostend and Spa should benefit by it than not. And this, no doubt, is a highly practical and patriotic view, if not a moral one.

MARMIER'S BOOKWORMS FEAST.

Not only do the bouquinistes of the quays intend to have a good dinner on the 20th with the money left to them for this purpose by the late M. Marmier, the academician, but they have resolved to seize such an excellent occasion, when they will be more united in spirit than they have ever been before, for "syndicating themselves."

These vendors of old books, who carry on their open-air business in every kind of weather, except rain and snow, have a common grievance. They object to the practice adopted of late years by many regularly-established booksellers, with shops, of renting space on the quay wall and spreading their second-hand books upon it. They consider this an infringement upon the rights of the legitimate bouquiniste, whose stall is merely a tray. By banding themselves together, the genuine stall keepers hope that they will be strong enough to drive away the greedy librarians.

It was the chief solace of the late M. Marmier in his old age to stroll along the quays and to turn over the books on the stall. He who had travelled so much in the Arctic regions, and had felt all the grandeur of vast horizons, found at length all the excitement that he needed in walking over the same half-mile of pavement day after day, year after year. Many of the rare old volumes which he left to his mother were acquired in this way.

Anybody who has spent a few half-hours at these stalls knows what English books have been chiefly read in France during the present century. First on the list stand Walter Scott's works,