TRIPLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Horrible Tragedy Enacted on Christmas Day at Worcester.

A FOURTH VICTIM DYING.

A Worcester, Mass., despatch says: A horrible triple murder and suicide was discovered at noon to-day in the upper flat of a tenement building at No. 24 Exeter street. Mary C. Varnum and her foster adopted daughter, Florence, were found dead, the wife died on the way to the hospital, and Mrs. Wright, the mother of Mrs. Varnum now lies at the hospital in a critical condition, unable to tell the story of the crime. Mrs. Varnum was a regular attendant at Hope Congregational Church, where she sang in the choir. Mrs. Varnum was not present at any of the church services yesterday, and the pastor, Rev. E. W. Phillips, remarked the absence. Mr. Phillips had occasion to-day to make a call upon Mrs. Varnum's mother, and in making the thought he would see if anything was wrong. He rang the Varnum bell, but received no answer, and called up the occupant of the middle dwelling, Mrs. F. E. Hall, who said she had not heard anything from the Varnums, and that she felt uneasy about them. She also said that the upper stairs was open. Mr. Phillips went upstairs immediately, and found the apartments in the bed-room leading off from the kitchen a terrible sight. First his gaze fell on the bed, covered with blood, were Mrs. Varnum and her wife. The man wandered, but the woman was breathing heavily. In a pool of blood on the floor lay the child, with a gash over one her face, also dead. Mr. Phillips rushed down stairs and telephoned for the police. When the police arrived the mother, Mrs. Wright, was discovered in an adjoining room. She was unconscious, but not able to speak, though she understood what was said to her and made several ineffectual attempts to art-culate. The bodies of the man and child were removed by an undertaker, and the two women were carried to the hospital. The younger woman died just as the ambulance stopped at the hospital door. Mrs. Wright is still unable to speak, but it is thought she may live. She is about 80 years of age. The weapon with which the deed was committed was an iron door hanger, an iron strap about fifteen inches long, headed by a cylindrical knob. The instrument weighs fully four pounds. Varnum was killed by a stab from a knife, identified as his own. He was cut in the region of the heart. Medical examiner Keefe, who examined the bodies, says the fiendish deed was done early yesterday morning. The bodies of the man and child when found were stiff, and water in the kitchen was frozen. There was no sign of violence about the house outside of the bedrooms. Mrs. F. E. Hall, who lives in the tenement below, says that she heard a slight sound from the child at about 5 o'clock yesterday morning, and a moment later the sound of footsteps. The noises ceased immediately and she thought nothing of them.

NOSE AND THROAT.

Many Diseases Caused by Our Ignorance of Their Functions.

In a recent lecture before the Chemists' Assistants' Association, London, by William Hill, M. D., London, the throat was described in detail, and the pharynx and the larnyx pointed out as the two most important parts. The nose has a very important connection with the throat and its disorders. It contains a series of bones called the turbinated bones, which expose a large surface of warm blood, and cause the air inhaled to be warmed ready for the lungs; moreover, the cilia of the nose cause the secretions to move and reject the solid particles it has collected. The nose is the proper organ for breathing, not the mouth. The larnyx, which is the air passage, is bounded at its upper extremity by the vocal cords, and has, therefore the double function of breathing and of phonation. The epiglottis, by altering its form, causes the food to pass down the pharynx and keeps it from the larynx. In speaking of proper breathing, the author pointed out that diaphragmic breathing was the proper method, and not abdominal. It was reported that Rubini had broken his clavicle during singing, by persisting in this method of breathing. Throat diseases are often caused by germs, by inhalation of sewer gas, etc. Fortunately, there are other organisms in the throat always ready to attack these germs. The throat was well provided with tonsils, both faucial and lingual. The tonsils produce phagocytes, or leucocytes, amoeboid corpuscles, which actually swallow up the germs. Why, then, should tonsils be cut out? Because, when they become enlarged and horny, they lose this function, and by removing the horny surface, the newly exposed portion can go on producing the corpuscles. The decay of teeth is largely due to germs. This shows the importance of keeping the teeth in order. Obstruction in the nose is the cause of many throat disorders. Care must be exercised in the use of both alcohol and tobacco; many people can use these luxuries with impunity in moderation, others cannot. People liable to throat disorders should be very chary of eating piquant or hot dishes. Irritating mustard—too, such as cayenne and (except in special cases) tannin lozenges or nitrate of silver, should be avoided. Hot tea, too, is bad.—*Scientific American.*

PETRIFIED BIG ATTACKS.

A Coarse-Tongued Evangelist Rotten-Egged by Maligned Citizens.

A despatch from Bradford, Pa., says: The "Rev." Mr. Betts, who poses as the "Cowboy preacher," has for the past week or ten days been holding revival services at Armory Hall, in that city. During his harangues to the audience he has permitted himself to make certain unwise and untruthful statements about the characters of leading citizens, which have been the means of provoking considerable bitter comment and ill feeling against the speaker.

On Tuesday evening it was decided to teach this reverend malignor a lesson that he would not soon forget. With this end in view several of Bradford's residents who had been hauled over the coals by the preacher provided themselves with a supply of stale eggs, and took up their stations in various parts of the hall. It was understood beforehand that in case the minister confined himself strictly to the Gospel he was not to be molested, but in case he resorted to his familiar tactics a shower of the eggs should follow. For a time matters ran along smoothly, but when Betts got fairly warmed up he began making comparisons between Bradford and certain Biblical cities that were destroyed on account of their immoralities, which reflected considerably to the former's disadvantage. At a signal each man who came there for the purpose arose in his seat, and clutching an egg, threw it at the speaker. Although the bulk of the missiles went wide of the mark a few landed. With one wild look at the audience the "cowboy" broke for the wings of the stage, and escaping from a rear door sought safety in flight.

A Discomfiting Judgment.

Mr. and Mrs. Foxxy have been calling on the Swinks.

"What a delightful married life they have, don't they, dear?" said Mr. Foxxy. "They're so affectionate."

"That's just like a stupid man," said Mrs. Foxxy. "Why, didn't you hear him say that he's lived happily with his wife for 20 years? She makes her 50 at least. I tell you he's simply brutal."

Brought it on Himself.

"Teacher says that the ground freezes 600 feet deep in Siberia," said Mr Haicade's son, with a superior air. "You didn't know that, did you?"

"No, I didn't know," replied the old man, "an' I'm mighty glad you told me. You've jes reminded me that I want you to stay at home an' dig that tater hole to-morrow. An' we'll be jes' as glad as you kin be thankful you ain't in Siberia."

A Last Refuge.

Fiery Anarchist—But if France and England and America close their doors against us where will we go?

Plain American—To work.

"Please take off your Eiffel Tower," is the latest slang phrase. It is addressed to the person who wears that sky scraper at the back of his head.

What do you think of this Christmas gift, anyway? asked the children of the family, as they lay side by side on the floor. "Oh," replied the baby, "it's a good enough room, but the furniture and all—Grandma's Relic, Bizzella, or Cousin Hezekiah, or some ancient relic, it looks like to me."

Mat—Is it true that Miss Bluestocking is going to take her husband's name?

Pat—Yes, she's going to call herself Mrs. Bluestocking.

STOLEN BY A LOVER.

The Object of a Scotchman's Adoration Hidden in a Cave.

THE PERILS OF A RICH GIRL.

A London cable says: A few weeks ago Miss Edith Bailey, daughter of a rich London merchant, went on a visit to Keswick, Scotland, and from there suddenly disappeared. They searched everywhere for her, but in vain, and she was finally given up for dead. The other day she reappeared, and this is the story of her adventures as discovered by the police:

There is a sanitarium a couple of miles outside the town for people in the first stages of consumption. Among the men employed about the grounds was a young man named George Adair. He was 20 years old, and was hardly able to read or write. He fell in love with Miss Bailey, who is a particularly handsome girl. He realized that the young lady was so far above him in social scale that no nothing to hope for unless he could secure some unusual advantage. Two miles away in the mountains was an old drift or tunnel which had been driven for a distance of 40 feet and then abandoned. The entrance was hidden by vines and bushes and everybody about the neighborhood seemed to have forgotten the place.

Adair cleared this out, and one afternoon succeeded in carrying off Miss Bailey when she had fallen asleep on a sunny bank over the rock. He had furnished the opening with a rude but stout door, and as soon as she was safe inside he returned to his work. That night he returned to the cave and explained to Miss Bailey why he had carried her off.

It was he who got her trunk, desiring to make her more comfortable. Adair visited the cave only once in twenty-four hours, about 9 o'clock at night. He provided his prisoner with a lamp, gave her all the news in the case as it happened, and seemed to be delighted over the accounts in the newspapers. Her fare was a part of that with which he was supplied, supplemented by some luxuries he bought in the village. He usually remained from 10 to 12. He was nervous and abashed in her presence, and he treated her with the utmost consideration and respect. He would shed tears over her appeals, but he never relented his purpose. Every day for the first week she hoped to prevail upon Adair to release her.

Finding that he could not be moved from his position she gave her consent to wed him, having no intention, of course, of standing by her word. At the beginning of the third week Adair became sullen and morose and she began to fear him.

On Wednesday night of that week he proposed that they secretly leave the neighborhood for the coast, and on reaching it take a ship for America. She agreed, but here he was baffled again. She had some money in the safe at the sanitarium, but he could not get it and had none of his own.

He did not come on Thursday night, but the next evening he threatened that if she did not bring forward some plan within a couple of days to solve the difficulty he would murder her. If he could not marry her no one else should. There was no question in her mind but he had become daft and dangerous. A simple incident in the kitchen of the sanitarium solved the whole mystery.

One of the female servants noticed that Adair had changed greatly of late, and she had her eye upon him when he slipped some food from the table into his handkerchief. Nothing was said to him at the time, but the woman began to put this and that together, and she finally began to wonder and suspect. She communicated with her master and he with the detective, who was still at the place, and that evening Adair was followed and Miss Bailey rescued.

The young man was arrested and thrown into prison and it became evident that he had lost his mind and could not be held legally responsible. After a medical commission had pronounced on his case he was sent to an asylum. Mr. Bailey and his daughter went home, and those who still lingered had ceased to talk of the case when a climax to it came. Adair escaped from the asylum, returned to the sanitarium, proceeded to the room formerly occupied by Miss Bailey, and there committed suicide by cutting his throat.

DARING BRIGANDS

Go Through a Passenger Train and Rob Everybody in It.

A Warsaw cable says: A daring train robbery occurred last night on the railway between this city and Kowal. A body of brigands succeeded by the use of signals in stopping a well-filled passenger train. Once the train was at a standstill it was boarded by a number of the gang. Other members of the band guarded the doors of the coaches to prevent the escape of any of the passengers. The brigands went through each coach with revolvers in their hands and ordered the passengers, men and women, to deliver their valuables and money to them. They even forced the married women to give up their wedding rings. Not the slightest attempt at resistance was made, and it is estimated that the plunder secured by the robbers amounted in value to 30,000 roubles. As the brigands were leaving the train they relived the train hands of their watches.

Sale of a Human Heart.

Parisian gossips have had something now to talk about within the past few days. The heart of the supposed Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette is to be put up for sale on an auction block, having been preserved in spirits for 97 years. That ancient practice of cutting out the hearts from the bodies of famous personages was thoroughly barbarous. Still the strange custom has given the world one of its finest examples of heroism on the field of battle. The story of the Black Douglas is well known. His effort to bear the heart of Robert Bruce to a place of sepulture in Jerusalem was ill-fated, but never did baffled warrior die with more exulting bravery than when he hurled the precious casket in the midst of his Moorish enemies and advanced to certain death with the cry: "Heart of Bruce, I follow thee."

Well Amended.

Undoubtedly one way of testifying a genuine affection is by helping a somewhat timid suitor. A member of the House of Commons was once very grateful for a graceful and witty bit of encouragement from the lady of his choice.

For a long time he had been paying the lady attention, and had taken her to attend the House until she was well acquainted with the rules.

One day he brought a bouquet of flowers, and said: "May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

She replied promptly: "I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand!"

He blushingly and happily accepted the amendment, and the motion was adopted unanimously.—*Youth's Companion.*

When Diamonds are Genuine.

Here is an easy method of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not. Place the stone on a piece of paper and with a pin prick it into a hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond only a single hole will appear. This may also make the test in another way. Put your finger behind the stone and look at it through the diamond as through a magnifying glass. If the stone is genuine you will be unable to distinguish the pores of the skin, but with a false stone they will be plainly visible. Furthermore, looking through a real diamond the writing is never visible, whereas it is with a false one.

Augustus Harris, it is said, will establish permanent exhibits in London.

"Are you tired?" asked the poet, as he stopped in one of his flights. "No, not truly," "Oh, no," she interrupted. "I have just been asleep."

It is an odd thing about the fashionable Sabbatarians that they never get in a wall she comes out.

"What do you mean by throwing your boy without provocation?" "Well, you see, a boy like the one must discipline sometimes." "Which he happens to have time."

Mrs. Knickerbocker—Are you dancing yet, Mrs. Lobsocial. Mrs.—No; I produced my best one to dance to-night. Mr. Knickerbocker—Oh, I see. The night was so warm. Mrs.—Only weak five minutes so it.

Ahead recently celebrated the seventieth anniversary of her debut at Bologna.

Jenks—Watson, your father was robbed again last night. Watson—Was he held up on the street? Jenks—No; it was a church image.

THE NOORDLAND'S PERIL.

For Twenty-Four Hours the Crew Worked the Pumps

TO KEEP HER AFLOAT.

Women Wept and Men Played Cards While the Ship Rolled Helplessly—No Hope for the Small Boats—A Welcome Steamer—A Slow Voyage to Queenstown.

A London cable says: The steamer Ohio, from Philadelphia December 14th for Liverpool, passed Browhead to-day. She had in tow the Belgian steamer Noordland, from New York December 14th for Antwerp. The Noordland's shaft is broken. The Ohio took her to Queenstown.

THE SHAFT BROKE.

The voyage of the Noordland was tempestuous almost from the hour of leaving Sandy Hook. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the ship had much difficulty in making headway through the waves. Some of the passengers were so apprehensive of danger that they could not be induced to retire at night, and sat about the saloon, dozing at intervals and ready with their clothes on to take to the boats in the event of an accident, although the boats could have lived only by a miracle in the terrible sea. The Noordland laboured along successfully until Thursday evening. It was a bitter cold night, and the passengers were congratulating themselves on gradually nearing the end of their stormy voyage, when at twenty minutes past nine in the evening a tremendous crash was heard and the vessel quivered from end to end. The passengers who were sitting up were tossed about like ninepins, several of them being thrown to the floor.

THREE TERRIFIC BLOWS

resounded one after the other as if the vessel was being struck by a gigantic hammer, which, indeed, was the fact. The fright of some of the people was pitiful to behold. They rushed hither and thither, delaying the officers in their efforts to get at the cause and extent of the disaster. Captain Nickels knew well enough what the sound meant, and with a reassuring word to the passengers he hastened to investigate personally. The engines raced furiously, while the broken shaft, for that proved to be the danger, seemed about to crush the ship at every concussion. Water rushed in the tube, menacing the stokehold and the engine-rooms, and the panic-stricken passengers thought for a while that the vessel was about to sink. Several minutes elapsed before word was given for the engines to stop. The Noordland lay helpless, tossed by the gale, and as the water rushed in there seemed to be imminent danger of sinking. The pumps were manned and put to work, every man of the crew being summoned to duty. For 24 hours continuously, the pumps were kept at work and the water prevented from gaining on the vessel. The excited passengers, finding that they were not in instant peril of being swallowed up by the waves, regained courage, and patiently waited for a steamer to tow them into port. At the time of the accident the Noordland was 400 miles west of Queenstown. The crippled steamer was sighted by the steamship Ohio, which left Philadelphia on the same day that the Noordland left New York, and the needed assistance was at once extended. The voyage to Queenstown in tow was attended by much difficulty, and the continuous stormy weather made it necessary to navigate with caution, but the Noordland arrived without further accident. An examination showed that the fracture of the shaft was six feet inside the stern.

A PASSENGER'S GRAPHIC STORY.

Fred Kotz, a first cabin passenger, now stopping at a Queenstown hotel, told his experience to-night as follows: The first two days out of New York were fairish, although part of the time a heavy sea was running. The weather then grew rapidly worse. On the night of the accident we were making about 12 knots an hour. The ship was rolling heavily and most of the cabin passengers were below sick. Five or six of us were in the smoking-room talking about how we should pass Christmas in Antwerp, when there came a terrific crash and we were thrown from our seats into a heap on the floor. The vibration of the ship almost shook us from our feet as we started from the door. It seemed as if a gigantic hammer was pounding the ship's bottom. When we got outside we saw the captain coming from the engine-room. The passengers came running on deck

HALF DRESSED AND WHITE WITH FEAR.

We surrounded the captain and he told us that the main shaft was broken, but there was no immediate reason for alarm. The other officers who were not busy below walked about among the passengers incessantly and tried to encourage all to believe that there wasno danger. In a few minutes we learned that the engineers, at risk to their lives, had found the damage done to the engine. The bulkhead, however, had been kept tight. The vessel pitched and rolled terribly, so that we saw we could not trust to the boats in case the worst came. We were just becoming calmer when we saw the crew rushing through the steerage carrying, bedding mats and carpets to be stuffed into the tunnel-box. We all knew then that water was coming in. Nobody slept that night. The women sat crying in the cabins, and the men crowded the smoking-room to

PLAY CARDS AND TALK

over the situation. We all were badly frightened. The vessel rolled terribly, and with every roll came a tremendous blow as if a piece of shaft was loose, and smashing things in the hold. The sails had been spread, but they did not steady the ship noticeably. We knew we were far from the track of trans-Atlantic steamships, and most of us at that night would not have guessed that our chances of life were more than 2 in 5. The crew worked heroically at the pumps for the 24 hours after the accident, and at the same time the engineers were busy at the shaft, fixing plugs, and trying to prevent a further influx of water. Eventually word was sent out that the flow of water had been checked. We had plenty of food and water, and therefore with fairly favorable weather would have been able to hold our own for some time. As the sea was too rough, however, for any lifeboat, we were a gloomy lot. Friday was uneventful. The tables were laid as usual, but few cared to eat. At 2 o'clock on Saturday morning the lookout yelled "light ahead." Everybody turned out and listened eagerly for the next word.

SHE'S A STEAMER

was the next call. We all shook hands and cheered, and many ran about shouting for joy. We all remained on deck the rest of the night watching the Ohio's lights. At daylight she stood by and passed a hawser. At that time, as I learned subsequently, one after part was full of water, and, despite their expressions of confidence, the officers of the ship were intensely anxious. The Ohio began towing us very slowly. The strain caused by the heavy sea was too great, however, and after five minutes the hawser broke. Before another hawser could be passed nine hours elapsed. The second morning another hawser was fixed, and as the weather had improved meantime, they held until we reached harbor. We proceeded at about seven knots an hour. At Daunt's rock the hawsers were shortened off.

The steamship Ohio proceeded to Liverpool this evening. Most of the steerage passengers who went ashore were taken back later, and will live aboard the Noordland until final orders are received from London as regards their transport to London.

Probably the Noordland will be repaired temporarily here, and then will proceed to Antwerp, where she will be completely overhauled.

Thirteen an Unlucky Number.

Mrs. Roughlake—Mrs. Brooker is so superstitious lately.

Mrs. Sawyell—In what way?

Mrs. Roughlake. Here she is really hesitating about getting a divorce just because it happens to be the thirteenth one she has applied for.

Very Green.

She—Did your grandfather live to a green old age?

He—Well, I should say so! He was honeymoon three times after he was 70.

Hicks—You [illegible] the remainder of your Christmas shopping [illegible] your will. Mrs. Hicks—[illegible] wish to impose my will on you. Hicks—[illegible] leave that part of it which [illegible] those presents.

Senator—He is very learned, [illegible] is proud of all he knows? Senator—Oh, so. He is an agnostic, and proud of all he doesn't know.

TRICKED FROM CANADA.

Mrs. Pritchard, of Hamilton, Deserted by Her Husband.

LEFT PENNILESS IN A BOARDING HOUSE.

New York Recorder: Private detectives were searching for George Pritchard yesterday on the nominal complaint of his support-made by his wife. Last week the Recorder in its Bloomfield [illegible] stated that Mrs. Gertrude France [illegible] had disappeared from her home. George Pritchard, who had boarded in the Cregier house, was also missing. Mr. Cregier is a carpenter. His wife is a remarkably pretty woman, about 22 years old.

During the summer Pritchard and Mrs. Cregier were frequently seen riding together in a dogcart. News of this reached Mr. Cregier, and he sold his dogcart, and the couple did no more driving.

A young woman applied at Bloomfield recently and asked where she could find Mr. Pritchard. She was referred to the Cregier house. No one was at home, so she made inquiries of the neighbors. She said that she was Pritchard's wife, and that she came from Canada last week at his solicitation. She said that she received a letter from her husband about three weeks ago at her home in Hamilton, Ont.

In that letter he urged her to come to Bloomfield, where he had an elegant home fitted up for her. She packed up all her belongings and went to New York, where her husband met her. She had subsequently received a letter from him in a registered letter all the money she had, and had addressed it to herself at Nutley. The pair went there, the woman said, and got the letter, and then went to Newark. There the man took his wife to a boarding house in Washington street, where he left her with the assurance that he would return shortly. But he never came back. This was on Saturday, and the wife, without money or friends, waited in the strange boarding house for her husband. After a time she went to Bloomfield and learned why her husband had not returned. It was night when she arrived there, and a woman living near the Cregier house having heard her story and finding that she was penniless, took her in for the night.

Mrs. Pritchard said that about two months ago her husband wrote that he had been sick and out of work, and she sent him all the money she could spare to pay his doctor's bills. She had laid her case before the Newark police and the township authorities and they are seeking the husband. She says she will apply for a divorce. Mr. Cregier says that he, too, will begin divorce proceedings against his wife.

HE QUIT FOR GOOD.

A Sensible Man Who Knew it Was Time to Look to His Home.

"No, boys, I am going to quit—this time for good," said a melancholy young man to a crowd of cronies as they stopped in front of a saloon and asked him to "take something." "You know I have been with you for years, and the 'painting' we have done has given this town a terrible bust. But I must quit now. Its may go a little hard with me at first, but in a short while I guess I will be able to rid myself of all desire for those jolly rants and revels that we have had together. Yes, the resolution is a sudden one, but it is none the less firm."

"You see, after I was married I quit you fellows for a long time and then gravitated back to you. It was not that I loved my wife any the less. I just got careless and thought I was free. Somehow I seemed to think that since I was providing her with all the material luxuries of life she ought to be satisfied. I didn't intend to neglect her, you know, and thought she did too. I did come down town occasionally at night.

"Since these nocturnal absences from home have become so frequent I notice that a change has appeared in her nature. Her sparkling vivacity has gone, her charm and sweetness me commenced to wane. Still she strives hard to appear happy. But she is not the woman she used to be. Her face has grown wan, her cheeks sunken, and the merry gleam has left her eyes. We arised this morning with redimmed eyes and no appetite she looks at me pityingly and hugs the baby closer to her bosom than I ever noticed her do before.

"She has never spoken to me about it. You see, that's the devil of it. If she would just pitch in and give me a tongue lashing her sorrowing look wouldn't make me feel so like a dog. I would rather have her do that. She doesn't fear for herself except as I am affected. That look tells me plainer than words that she feels I am ruining myself and will soon be lost to her. This morning she held the baby to me as I passed out. There was a strange pathos in her voice when she spoke the words that I never heard before. And then she turned away and broke into low sobs that she tried to hide from me.

"Good God, boys, if I didn't think those things were taken out of the novels or off the stage! That's the reason I tell you that I have quit. I like you all, know you are splendid fellows, and that you are my friends. But—but—or—she's the best friend I ever had of the lot. Good-bye, boys—well, I'm going to be her friend, too." The crowd dispersed. Nobody "took anything."—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

Where the Women Prepose.

In the Ukraine, Russia, the woman does all the courting. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his house and informs him of the state of her feelings. If he reciprocates all is well, and the formal marriage is duly arranged. If, however, he is unwilling, she remains there, hoping to coax him to a better frame of mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy, for he has to the consolation of being able to turn her out, as her friends in such a case would feel bound to avenge the insult. His remedy, therefore, if determined not to marry her, is to leave his home and stay away so long as she is in it.

On the Islands of Darien either sex can do the courting, with the natural results that almost every one gets married. A similar practice to that in the Ukraine exists among the Zuni tribe of Indians. The woman does all the courting, and also controls the situation after marriage. To her belong all the children and descent, including inheritance, is also on her side. The same custom prevails among the Vugrees, a tribe in Cutlui, and the Naiks of Malabar. Among the Garo race of Assam, in Northeast India, it is not only the privilege but even the duty of the girl there to speak first.

Domestic Don'ts.

Don't forget that the patient little woman you call your wife was once your sweet heart. A caress now and then or a tender word costs so little and means so much to the woman of your choice.

Don't forget that the sunshiny side of a woman's nature cannot outlive coldness, indifference and neglect.

Don't take it for granted that if your wife wears a little change she will ask for it.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house. The man who gives out the week's washand counts the cost of every household move is an unmitigated nuisance.

Don't make a habit of [illegible] your 6 o'clock [illegible] unless you have a congenial soul who would like to enjoy your society to the horrors of an evening alone. Remember that the tenderest mother and the most untiring housekeeper will enjoy an occasional change from nursery and home duties.

Short Sermons.

The most valuable [illegible] pocket is a happy family.

One never grows [illegible] trying to set his own words.

The wind [illegible] who rises high.

"Silence is [illegible] from wolf.

Kicking a horse [illegible] friends of him.

The surest way to [illegible] your mouth shut.

The road to rain [illegible] to the land of plenty.

The fool that [illegible] be taught.

Daughter—Mamma, the cat [illegible] on the roof of the house has [illegible] used to me!

Mother—How shocking! [illegible] into the bottom and [illegible]

Ha—You seem to be [illegible] thing on hand? She—[illegible]

"This is the time for [illegible] work in. As [illegible] lings of an early fall [illegible]

An orchestra [illegible] presently billed [illegible]

DYNAMITE IN DUBLIN.

An Explosion Near the Castle Kills a Passing Detective.

PRESS OPINIONS ON IT.

A Dublin cable says: There was an explosion at 11 o'clock last night outside of the detective office in Exchange court, Dublin. Detective Sergeant Mahony, who was passing at the time, was killed. The scene of the explosion is near the Castle. The place is far from Dublin [illegible] known as the Irish Detective headquarters is in Exchange court, [illegible] Dublin Castle. Many persons were passing at the time of the explosion. Many were thrown down by the force of the explosion. Many persons rushed to the scene of the explosion in intense excitement. Many persons rushed to the attempt to blow up Dublin Castle on December 11th last, and thought that another effort had been made to accomplish its destruction. No satisfactory explanation of the explosion has yet been obtained.

The explosion happened immediately beneath the window of the Chief of the Detective Department. Detective Synnott had just been discharged from a hospital, where he had been confined with a serious illness, and was to have resumed his duties to-day. The right leg was blown off and he was killed on the spot. The authorities are making a rigid investigation. The general opinion is that the bomb, or infernal machine, was placed by a person having a grudge against the Detective force. All day people from all parts of the city and outlying villages have gathered in crowds near the place. Three men and a woman in a side street about 100 yards off were thrown to the ground and received concussions for several minutes. They sustained only a few bruises, and walked home.

Referring to the dynamite explosion in Dublin the *Times* this morning says: This terrible crime is a striking commentary on Mr. Morley's latest act of homage to his masters. The outrage appears to have been designed and executed in general accordance with the methods of the Clan-na-Gael emissaries.

The *Standard* says: This crime should serve to convince Mr. Morley of the futility of the hopes he has based on a policy of conciliation. It has rather spoiled the effect of the pretty device of allowing Gweduore murderers to return to their families for Christmas.

At the inquest in the case of Detective Sinnot, who lost his life by the explosion at the Dublin detective office, a number of witnesses testified. The expert on explosives, Mr. Tichborne, expressed the opinion that the explosion was one of either dynamite or nitro-glycerine. That the explosion was of incendiary origin in this case, and not from any gas accumulation, was considered evident from the fact that small pieces of metal casing, which had evidently been parts of an infernal machine, were found near about. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that the explosion was due to the explosion of a high class explosive substance, placed in the court by a person whose identity was unknown to the jury. It was recommended that the authorities provide for the family of Detective Synnott.

A Dublin cable says: A man named Kevans has been arrested at Nenagh, County Tipperary, on the charge of being connected with the Dublin explosion. Kevans is a stranger to the townspeople and is unable to give a satisfactory account of his recent movements.

Cols. Majendie and Cundell, Government experts, to-day made a minute examination of the scene of Saturday night's explosion. They took away as specimens for further study in the Government laboratory some of the debris resulting from the explosion. Among their finds is a massive granite slab five inches thick, upon which the explosive rested and through which a hole was blown.

A meeting of the citizens of Cork was held this evening for the purpose of denouncing the Dublin outrage. The Mayor of Cork presided. Mr. Maurice Healy, M. P., moved a strong resolution expressing "detestation and condemnation of the atrocious outrage, and the hope that in the true interest of our common country the authors of so terrible an offence against the Irish cause may be speedily detected and brought to condign punishment." The resolution was carried almost unanimously. Some persons showed their dissent by shouting "Dublin Castle ought to be destroyed," "Down with castle government," etc.

Kevans is 26 years of age. He admits that he was in Dublin last week up to Sunday morning.

The arrest of Kevans caused great excitement in Nenagh. A police sergeant had been informed of the arrival of a suspicious looking stranger, and had followed Kevans from place to place. Kevans saw that he was watched and tried to escape, whereupon he was taken into custody. In his possession were found discharge papers bearing the name of a steamer plying between Montreal and Glasgow, and dated in July last.

The Executive members of the Irish National League of Great Britain, at a meeting in London this evening, adopted a resolution declaring that they view with abhorrence the outrage perpetrated in Dublin, and that the said outrage emanated from the enemies of Home Rule.

Newspapers in the Campaign.

The Campaign Committees will say this year of the dominance of ideas and machinery in the elections, that they contributed hugely in the making of the result by their great output of campaign literature. There is, of course, much of it in this claim. But now-a-days in newspaper rather than speeches in print form and "campaign documents" are that reach and influence the voters. As far as the committees [illegible] papers—which they did to an [illegible] extent—they found their way to [illegible] But most newspapers do not take the [illegible] from politicians and Campaign Committees. In England the politicians make [illegible] opinion, and the party editor is his [illegible] and obedient servant. In this country the situation is exactly the reverse. The leaders and the politician follows. For a few great editors who [illegible] think, proclaim and hold their [illegible] particularly open just now, [illegible] the Republican side. [illegible] papers have of late years [illegible] influential with the people, [illegible] terprising and meritorious [illegible] speaking in the general [illegible] Republican papers.—*Review.*

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

Beauty's Decree Demands Natural Flowers for Adornment of Both Hair and Dress.

Green and Gold is Worn This Season—Great Quantities Growing Wheat is in Demand—Some Centre Pieces for Tables, Mantelpiece Decorations and Gifts—The Christmas Tree.

LOVELY OPINION, Dear—Natural flowers are to be delighted in this year, for they are quite the most fashionable adornment for the hair. There can, indeed, be nothing prettier than a charming in every way than a fresh, sweet flower, for the adornment of any woman's dress. Worn by a bright young girl it suggests the idea of the loveliest of love songs, "Thou art like some fair flower, so pure, so sweet and good"; there is a cheery look about the matron who wears a flower and scorns to think that it is fashionable for any but the young to so adore themselves. And what is more beautiful than to see a natural flower nestle among the white hair of an old lady?

One thing only, in connection with the present fashion, sickens one as preposterous. Whenever the announcement is made that "fresh flowers are coming in again" one also reads that such and such flowers are most fashionable. What nonsense this is. You choose flowers, and above all, flowers which you intend to wear in your hair or on your dress, chiefly for the sake of their shapes and color, unless, indeed, you are independent enough and self-possessed enough to choose the flower which, for some reason or other, is dearer to you than all the others. For instance, pansies may or may not be numbered among the things fashionable, but there is not a flower which looks more lovely in light brown hair than a pansy of purplish velvet; or in auburn hair that pansy of various shades of burnished gold which has become so popular of late.

NATURE THE MOST PERFECT ARTIST.

Again, snowdrops in black hair or ruby carnations—neither of which flowers seems to "count" just now—are very lovely, and a fair child is exquisite with fair hair that has a golden tint. And in every case care should be taken that the flowers are not too [illegible] Middle-aged ladies look [illegible] with a very few flowers (or by themselves when they are very charming), are not at all pretty; they suggest old-fashion [illegible] or Christmas cards. Where it is possible, the following rule should be followed: Which flower should go with it, since, after all, nature is and remains the most perfect artist, and what she has chosen cannot be improved upon. Very often, however, flowers only without any green, are prettiest.

PRETTY BOGUS JEWELRY

The electric light is answerable for much in the way of wearing imitation jewels. It favors them so much as to encourage those to wear them who combine social ambitions with a sudden sort of thrift-iness. Diamonds and thrift are rarely associated, though there are some ladies who are economical in proportion to the wealth of their ducal husbands. But then duchesses can afford to be parsimonious. It would be an extravagance in them to buy imitation jewels, since they always have a collection of valuable ones. But the little lady who moves in the middle circle of society may invest many a dollar in the glittering stuff, and, fondly fancying that no one will know the real truth about what they cost. Unfortunately, she generally overdoes it, and wears "diamonds" of such size and number that were such stones to be genuine, they would be far beyond the means of her husband or herself. Beware of gaslit rooms, yo who wear false gems. The electric light, and it only, can give the proper whiteness that deceives the eye. But people are getting very clever at imitation jewelry; many of them make quite a study of the lovely things. A lady at a dance last week made quite a sensation by a display of beautiful diamond ornaments. A girl was admiring them very much to a languid young partner, who was at last roused to exclaim, "Yes; they're good of kind, you know, very clever I call them; but I like gems, they're so awfully pretty, and I study them under an old lapidary, so I happen to share your admiration only for the clever imitation."

BOOM OF THE SPINNING-W

The old-world spinning wheel appears more and more frequently in the drawing rooms. In a good many cases it is only a top handed just now because it is "the right thing" to count it among the furniture. There is no harm in such a toy, though it is slightly ridiculous to make an ornament of an ornament only, of what was primarily a useful article. A little more intelligence is to see the spinning steel without the wheel. It is like keeping an ornamental cage in the room without a bird. But one is glad to see that a good [illegible] Lessons in spinning can be [illegible] large fancy stores in London. It is something delightfully home-like and soothing in the very sound of the whirr of the wheel. It makes a charming picture to see a woman at work twisting the flax or wool into a smooth strong thread. In country houses many ladies spin the wool for the household, and they make kind hits, and there is at least one young Scotch peeress who excels in spinning, and the melodious hum of these wheels is heard most evenings in her home in the north. In Europe old spinning wheels are still sold almost for a song, but even in outlying country districts the value of the article is rising. Two or three months ago [illegible] of an hotel in a small town on the Atlantic Railway [illegible] spinning wheel [illegible] Montreal, [illegible] coming out as a [illegible] pugilistic [illegible] between [illegible] world's strongest [illegible] yesterday [illegible] by the [illegible]

Athletics.

A prominent member of the Manhattan Athletic Club says that the sentiment of the club was in favor of dropping athletics entirely for a year in order to curtail expenses. To train the men, pay their board and lodging and travelling expenses of track athletes, oarsmen, football, lacrosse and baseball teams costs between $20 000 and $30,000 annually, and the club cannot at the present time afford such an outlay.

The bar, billiard and pool rooms and other social departments of the organization, he said, paid well, and the members think the saving of the money now spent on athletics would be of material assistance in their present financial difficulties.

It is not unlikely that the club will shut down on its athletic department as soon as the new board of governors goes into office.

The Car.

RICHARD K. FOX'S SCHEME.

Richard K. Fox has hit upon a plan whereby he thinks he will settle the vexed aquatic championship question. He has written a letter to Hanlan, who thinks the idea is not a half bad one. In order to carry out his scheme, Richard K. Fox's *Police Gazette* says he has decided to offer a trophy open to every oarsman in the world to compete for, the trophy to represent the single-sculling championship.

The winner of this emblem, which will be called the *Police Gazette* championship trophy, will be required to row against all challengers twice a year at least, or oftener if he desires. In all contests the distance must be five miles, either straightway or with a turn, and each winner of the challenge trophy shall have the privilege of naming the course upon which the race shall be rowed, but he will be compelled to select the course within the boundaries of the United States. The fee to recover the trophy is to be rowed in June. No entrance fee is to be charged, and it will be rowed on a course selected by the oarsman who shall challenge for it. Fox's idea is that more half-dollars (250 to $1,000 a side.

The value of the prizes won by Zimmerman this year is variously estimated at from $12,000 to $20 000; C. A. Rankler's prizes are worth $8,000; J. L. Munger's, $4 000; W. W. Taxis, $6,000; J. P. [illegible] $7,500; P. J. Barlow, $4,800; W. C. Sanger, $4,000; H. C. Tyler, $3,500; E. A. Lamsdin, $3 500; E. A. Nelson, $2,500; H. A. Gilbert, $2,500, and E. J. McDuffie, $2,000. Bantor and Munger, who won $8,000 each, secured 23 and 27 firsts, 20 and 24 seconds, 9 and 18 thirds, respectively. Zimmerman won 75 first, 10 seconds and 5 thirds.

The Ring.

Fitzsimmons has acknowledged that he made a fake fight with Hall for $65,and now as they are to fight for $10,000 there is not the least doubt Sealey that either one could be induced to lay down for $10,000 and for the betting.

"Jack" McAuliffe signed articles of agreement to fight "Dick" Burge the Coney Island [illegible] for a purse of $2,000, with the stipulation that his trainer, Dick Roche, approve of the match [illegible] odds and [illegible]

[illegible] Montreal, [illegible] coming out as a [illegible] pugilistic [illegible]

[illegible] between [illegible] world's strongest [illegible] yesterday [illegible] by the [illegible] Republican pap