OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.

Moonlighters Terrorize a County Clare Magistrate's Family.

PARNELLITES ON A WRECKING TOUR.

A Dublin cable says: Another outrage by Moonlighters is reported from Tullah, a small town in County Clare. On Saturday night a band of Moonlighters, who had a grudge against a man employed as a servant by the family of the late Judge Browne, visited the residence of the Brownes, which is situated a short distance from the town. One of the band, who was in disguise, entered the house and demanded to know the whereabouts of the manservant. The man was absent, and the only occupants of the house were the daughters of the deceased magistrate. They informed the Moonlighter that the man was not in the house. This information seemed to enrage the Moonlighter, who drew a revolver and fired upon one of the girls. Fortunately his aim was bad and the bullet went wide of its mark. He then amused himself by firing at random about the room until his weapon was empty, when the Moonlighters withdrew without making any further trouble. The Misses Browne notified the authorities of the affair, but as yet no arrests have been made.

A party of Parnellites at Kilrush, who were celebrating the New Year last night, became imbued with bitter political animosity after they had filled themselves with Irish whiskey, and determined to wreak vengeance on their political enemies, and Anti-Parnellites. They marched in a body to the rooms occupied by the Workmen's Club, and made an attack with stones upon the building, smashing all the windows and doing other damage. The mob gained fresh accessions while this attack was going on, and when a proposal was made to attack Temperance Hall, it was received with shouts of approval. In a short time the latter building was in as bad a state of wreck as the Workmen's Club. The police were absent, and the fact that no opposition was offered to their rowdyism encouraged the mob, who attacked the residences of the town commissioners, who are supporters of Mr. Timothy Healy, and the houses of other men who have been active opponents of the Parnellites. Considerable damage was done. Towards morning the mob dispersed. To-day a number of the rioters were arrested.

LONG ISLAND CITY SHAKEN.

An Explosion Kills and Injures Many People and Demolishes Buildings.

THE FIRE FIEND SETS TO WORK.

The explosion was so terrific that nearly every building on Jackson avenue, from Fifth street to Borden avenue, was either destroyed or badly damaged. The structures include the post-office and Sylvester & Co's. factory. A fire immediately started in the debris and is now burning.

At 9 o'clock nine bodies were reported to have been taken from the shaft.

10 a. m.—So far as learned three persons were killed outright by the dynamite explosion. They were Mary Graden, aged 19, of No. 27 Jackson avenue; Mrs. Receri, wife of Peter Receri, a barber of No. 27 Jackson avenue; Henry O'Brien, clerk, of No. 25 Jackson avenue.

Among the injured are William Kropp, of Green Point, and John Palmer, of Williamsburg, both of whom were at work in Gray's refrigerator factory opposite where the explosion took place: Minnie Davren, aged 19; John Davren, a reporter; Mrs. Maher and John Maher, all of Jackson avenue; Patrick McKintee, a foreman employed on the tunnel, was terribly injured and will probably die.

Davren's flats will be totally destroyed. The fire is still burning. A workman says two barrels of dynamite was taken from the storehouse on the Meadows to the lot on Fourth street, where also the tunnel shaft is situated, and a number of men were thawing it out when the explosion occurred. The damage is estimated at $50,000.

Those in the vicinity at the time of the explosion say that the shock which followed was like an earthquake. The tenements Nos. 21 to 29 Jackson avenue were shattered, with the stores and offices below. post-office was in No. 27.

The three persons killed were all in their homes, which were contiguous to the scene the explosion. O'Brien, one of the killed, had his throat cut from ear to ear, his face was badly mutilated by flying glass. He was lying on a sofa when the xplosion took place. A pane of glass was mashed directly over his head, and a large piece acted as a guillotine.

A great deal of dynamite is used in blasting. Last night the dynamite froze. The men needed some this morning and placed shree barrels of cartridges just back of the tenements to be thawed out. Then they built a bonfire beside the cartridges. The fire burn to the dynamite than was intende result was the terrific and disastrous e

MOST HORRIBLE DISEASE.

It is the Wages of Sin and Is Called Paresis.

There is but one common disease that invariably brings a victim speedily to the grave. This subtest ruthless of maladies is that terrible form of insanity technically called general paresis, and commonly known as "softening of the brain." Its unvarying history entitles it to precedence over consumption, cancer, Bright's disease; in short, places it pre-eminent in bad pre-eminence. It changes a man's personality, dethrones reason, almost eliminates the mind, and steadily weakening the body, leaves towards the last a mere skeletal, vegetative being scarce recognizable as the vestige of his former self; unknowing, unfeeling, mindless, to the friends at once a fearful mystery and a terrible objective presence. Finally death comes in a form horrible enough to be the fitting climax of so awful a disease. To make the image yet sadder it should be added that paresis usually selects for its victims the more intellectual members of the community. But parvsis does not come unbidden. It need have no terrors for anyone who does not invite it by his actions. And this, perhaps, is the saddest fact of all in the sad history of this baleful disease. To stand helpless and see a strong man cut down by disease is always appalling; but to feel that the disease was preventable; to know that he is but reaping as he has sown; to have the words come unbidden to your lips, "The wages of sin is death"—this is indeed a bitter experience.—*Dr. H S. Williams in N. A. Review.*

Mr. Harrison's Salary.

There has been some rather piteous talk about the poverty in which Mr. Harrison will quit office, says a Washington special to the *World*. It is unalloyed non-ense. Mr. Harrison has had an annual salary of $50,000. He has been allowed $5,000 a year for a private secretary, $2,500 for an assistant secretary, and from $900 to $2,000 each for one executive clerk and disbursing officer, another executive clerk, four other clerks, an usher, a steward, chief doorkeeper, four doorkeepers, four messengers, an engineer and a watchman. He has also been allowed the tidy sum of $9,000 for "contingent expenses." That is to say, Mr. Harrison, in addition to his salary of $50,000 a year, has had his expenses paid to the tune of $44,200 a year, thus making his annual earnings $94,200, and his earnings for the term $376,800. This does not include any Cape May cottages or any of the presents made to the family on the tour around the country.

British Justice.

The severity of British justice was well illustrated at Northampton recently, where a trial for murder was in progress. The jury having been permitted to partake of a lunch in their room, one of their number profited by the opportunity to step out of doors to post a letter. The judge, to whom this act was reported, promptly gave the offending juror a sharp lecture and fined him $250. He dismissed the jury and a new one was empanelled.

A small vase of Sevres ware only eight inches high was recently sold in London for $7,205.

Husband—Will you go to the theatre with me to-night, Mary? Wife—Thank you; no. H.—Why not? W.—You know very well that I have't a theatre hat. All my hats are little low crowned things.

The members of a club of rich young men in Venice are pledged to marry poor girls.

The shopper (examining 40c. cotton prints)—Will the color run? Salesman (with prompt assurance)—Not unless they're wet, lady; how many yards? Shopper (evidently relieved)—Give me eight yards.

He—My heart beats for you alone. She—Nonsense! that's your watch ticking.

THE TRIALS OF A BRIDE.

Married an Advertising Wife Hunter She Quickly Repents.

A BRUTAL HOTEL CLERK.

A Chicago despatch has the following: "For God's sake save me! I don't want to go back there any more," shouted a thinly-clad woman who ran into a policeman's arms at the corner of Sherman and VanBuren streets this morning. The woman had jumped from the second-story window of the Atlantic Hotel. A remarkable story was elicited when she was taken to the police station, where her husband hurried to put in an appearance. He gave his name as Windfield S. Jefferson, of Douglas county, Oregon, and told the following story:

"I was married to this woman, whose name was Mattie Alexander, in the Atlantic Hotel yesterday. I am the owner of a ranch in Douglas county, Oregon, and two years ago inserted an advertisement in a farming paper published in this city for a wife. The advertisement was answered by Mrs. Alexander, living in Kinderbrook, N. Y., the widow of a wealthy Joliet manufacturer. We have correspended ever since, and met in this city to be married and go to Oregon to live. I arrived in the city last Friday and she arrived from the east on Christmas day. We talked the matter over and everything was arranged satisfactorily. We were married yesterday by Rev. Mr. Nicholas. Last night we took rooms in the Atlantic Hotel about 10 o'clock. At midnight I awoke and found my wife missing. I at once dressed and went down stairs and enquired of the clerk whether he had seen a woman, and was told that a woman had left the hotel a short time before. I went out and found two policemen, who advised me to go to the Harrison street station. I did so, but could get no trace of my wife, and spent the night in looking for her. This morning I learned that a woman had jumped from the window of the hotel, and I found it to be my wife."

Mr. Jefferson says he believes his wife to be temporarily demented, and that she will be all right in a few days. When the matron at the police station searched Mrs. Jefferson she found on her person $300 in cash and $9,700 in certified cheques. She is about 32 years old, good-looking and weighs 140 lbs., and does not in any way appear insane. She declares that last night she became confident that the ranchman had married her simply on account of her money and that she had been duped by him. He had already borrowed $880. She had confided her fears to the night clerk, and asked him to assist her in getting away from her husband. The clerk agreed to take care of her, and gave her a room in a remote part of the house from that occupied by her husband, saying he would assist her to leave the house in the morning. Later the clerk entered the room and attempted to assault her. As the door was locked her only means of escape was by jumping from the window. The woman was badly bruised about the feet and ankles by the jump.

Mrs. Jefferson says the marriage took place in the parlors of the Atlantic Hotel, and was witnessed by two men and two women, none of whom she knew. The police are after the night clerk.

THE ST. GEORGE'S DISASTER.

Settlement of Suits Against the Grand Trunk Railway Co.

A Woodstock despatch says: "The last of the St. George cases have been settled by the Grand Trunk Railway Company. About a year ago several of these suits were settled by the plaintiffs getting only a small amount more than they had already paid out in costs. In June judgment was given by the Chancery Division Court in favor of the plaintiffs, and at that time all were settled, with the exception of those of Mr. D. W. Karn and Mr. R. W. Knight. The defendants gave notice of appeal, and at time for setting the cases down for argument expired on December 30th last. Mr. Karn gets $7,500, of which $500 represents his solicitor's costs. Mr. Knight gets $7,000, over half of which amount is composed of the costs of Messrs. Read, Read & Knight, his solicitors and counsel. Mr. Karn has secured for himself a much larger sum than any of the other plaintiffs in these suits. Mr. J. G. Wallace was solicitor for Mr. Karn. The other five suits for damages were settled, it was reported, for these amounts: Mrs. Swan, $3,500; D. Peacock, $2,500; Mrs. Francis, $2,500; Mrs. Peers, $1,000; Mrs. Martin, $2,000.

FOR A ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Great Preparations Making for the Ferdinand-Marie Wedding.

A Berlin cable says: All the arrangements for the marriage of the Princess Marie, of Edinburgh to the Crown Prince of Roumania have been practically completed. The marriage ceremonies, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, will take place on January 10th at the old Schloss at Sigmaringen, in the presence of Emperor William, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Charles Anthony, the father of the bridegroom, and official representatives of Queen Victoria, King Humbert, Emperor Franz Joseph, etc. The bride will be given away by her father, the Duke of Edinburgh. There will be no bridesmaids, but the Princess will be accompanied by her sisters and the Prince by his brother. The wedding festivities will take place in a temporary structure of iron and glass, built on the model of the Crystal Palace in London.

The Schloss at Sigmaringen is picturesquely situated near the Danube, but is not generally visited by tourists, the neighboring village being small and offering no accommodations. The resources of the Schloss are not very large, and will be greatly strained to accommodate the wedding guests.

A True Bill.

If anything very doleful ever happens to you, the sting may be allayed if you can only throw the blame of it on the shoulders of some one else. You may feel terribly, but if you can drag another into it and say: "If it hadn't been for you I never would have thought of going into such and such a thing; it was all your fault," you will feel much better and represent to the world how you were persecuted against your better judgment. Yet if the undertaking proves a success there is no thought of giving any credit to any one but our own selves, and we go about pluming ourselves on our own superior insight. Strange as it may seem, says a contributor to the Philadelphia *Times*, misfortune is doubly hard to bear if we bring it on ourselves by some foolish action. If there is no one else on to whom we can shift the responsibility for a financial landslide, a domestic earthquake or social cyclone, we are crushed to the earth with double force. Therefore in every calamity men and women seek for someone or something outside of themselves and their individual actions on which to rest the blame. When a man fails it is his wife's extravagance, not his own, that brought it all about. If a woman loses her purse she blames the dressmaker for not having put a pocket in her gown, though she knows in her heart that she herself vetoed that same suggestion, as there was no place for it where it would be handy to get it. If a man becomes intoxicated he blames "that confounded system of treating," never for an instant thinking that his own refusal would have averted the evil—treating or no treating. No, it is born in us to blame others for our misfortunes when we are alone responsible for them. This tendency develops at a very early age, for even the little tot who can scarcely speak plainly will, if it tumbles down, turn to the person nearest at hand and lisp forth, "See what you made me do." It is the way of the world. We pretend to be very independent and firm, and so we are during our days of prosperity and happiness, but when vexatious turn out badly and the clouds of troubles gather, like the little petulant child we cry out, "See what you have made us do."

"No Cards."

He, a bright young newspaper man, and she, lovely as an Indian summer day, were out driving.

"Do you know," she said, "I should like to be a newspaper man."

"You can be the next thing to it."

"What is that?"

"His wife."

And just then a shadow fell. The sun was holding a cloud in front of his face while he snickered.

Be thorough in whatever you undertake make that measurement read like this: Chest, 32; shoulders, stooped and sloping; back, very narrow; arms to match. N. B.—Pad so as to have garment correspond to measurement first given.

Hunker—Miss Flypp, will you have oysters or ice cream? Miss Flypp—Both, please.

DR. BRIGGS WINS.

The Heresy Prosecution Fails on Every Count Presented.

DISGRUNTLED ONES WILL APPEAL.

A New York despatch says: The session of the New York Presbytery, which is sitting as a court on the trial of Prof. Briggs, was begun promptly at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The calling of the roll was proceeded with. There were forty more names to be called, and each member was allowed three minutes in which to express his views. The voting on the first charge was begun at 4 o'clock, and the vote on the sixth charge was completed, and the Presbytery adjourned shortly before 6 o'clock. The result of the several ballots was then announced to the reporters. On all of the six counts the vote was adverse to sustaining the charges. On the first charge, accusing Prof. Briggs with teaching that the reason is a source of divine authority, the vote was as follows: To sustain the charge, 60; against sustaining the charge, 68. On the second charge, which accused Prof. Briggs with teaching that the church is a source of divine authority, there were 55 votes cast in favor of sustaining the charge, and 71 against. The closest vote was on the third charge, that Prof. Briggs taught that the Scriptures contained errors of history and fact. On this charge the vote stood as follows: To sustain the charge, 61; against, 68.

After this vote had been taken two or three of the ante-Briggs men left the court and others refrained from voting on the last three charges. On the fourth charge, accusing Prof. Briggs with teaching that Moses was not the author of the pentateuch, the result was: To sustain the charge, 53; against, 72. The vote on the fifth charge, accusing Prof. Briggs with teaching that Isaiah did not write many of the chapters in the book bearing his name was: In favor of sustaining the charge, 49; against, 70. The vote on the sixth charge, accusing Prof. Briggs of teaching that sanctification is progressive after death, was as follows: To sustain the charge, 57; against, 69. The case will be appealed to the general assembly, which will meet in Washington early in the spring. The assembly will appoint a commission consisting of fourteen unprejudiced members to act on the appeal. The friends of Dr. Briggs were greatly pleased with the result. They had calculated on a majority ranging from four to six.

THE DESTRUCTIVE LAUNDRY.

If It Reforms Not Every Family Will Have to Do up Its Own Shirts.

There must be something done to reform the current laundry processes (also we shall have to "do up" our shirts ourselves. Since the trip hammer double block-action beam manufacturer has been added to the laundryman's chamber of torture, the shirt is absolutely not the same style after it gets through one experience. There must be some system of doing laundry work properly on a large scale. The improvement in the laundrying of the white shirts turned out in bulk by makers of well known brands indicates that the dull finish can be successfully achieved in wholesale manufacture.

This is laundrying on as big a scale as in any regular laundry; and why the same methods cannot be employed in the latter, where they make a business of washing and ironing shirts, collars, cuffs, etc.—unless it is one of those short-sighted phases of quick money making that is ultimately its own detriment—is a mooted matter. There was a time when all linen shirts were generally worn by the rich men of the town, and there are a number of the old guard, and many of the younger men of the town, that pay so much as $12 each, or $144 per dozen, for their all fine white linen shirts. These are with and without collars and cuffs. The laundrymen do not get a chance at them. Some old fashioned retainer handles them tenderly, and gets the home-like dull-finish on the starched shirt front. —*Clothier and Furnisher.*

A Hint.

"My husband," said a physician's wife not long ago, "claneed to see one day, standing on a shelf outside our kitchen window, some cans of the kind used for their night's dinner. They were uncovered, as they were out of reach of cats and in full view of the cook's watchful eye. But he questioned me about them and asked if it was our usual custom to leave jelly thus unprotected. I was obliged to reply that, so far as I knew, it was.

"Then he said: 'Don't you know that when we medical men want to secure minute organisms for investigation we expose gelatine to the air in a place where we have confined malignant germs? The gelatine speedily attracts and holds them. I'm sure that your flavored gelatine does the same. Cool the jelly if you must, but cover it with a piece of sheer close muslin, or, better if you have it, some pieces of glass taken from a broken window pane.' And we have always done that since then."

It is to be feared that kitchen processes are sources of illness more often than is imagined. In many city houses the little kitchen annex, where stands the refrigerator, and where various eatables are kept, is directly against a drain and a closet.

Yet here stand daily uncovered milk, butter, often cured meats and puddings, and various other absorbents. The average cook is absolutely ignorant of sanitary cause and effect, and the eternal vigilance of the house mother is the family's chief safeguard.—*New York Times.*

"This Pudding's Froze."

In Mr. W. H. Lucy's "Diary of the Salisbury Parliament" there is a story relating to Lord Rosebery and one of his Scotch guests which is worth quoting. In the month of May, 1889, there was an evening party in Berkeley Square, and in the early part of the day Lord Rosebery had met in Pacaddilly a Scotch farmer with whom he had long enjoyed friendly intercourse, and asked his friend to "look in" in the course of the night. The farmer duly presented himself in something that resembled his idea of an evening dress. All went well until the Scotchman got into the supper room, and, after eating of a variety of delicacies, he lighted on an ice cream—a form of nourishment that was new to him. Having taken a large spoonful, he managed to conceal his discomfort. But seeing his host he thought it his duty to inform him of what had taken place. "I don't suppose you know, my lord," he loudly whispered, "but I think I ought to tell you—there has been a mistake somewhere and this pudding's froze." Lord Rosebery grasped the situation in a moment. With perfect courtesy, and a pretty appearance of critical inquiry, he tasted the ice cream. "So it is," he said; "that's very strange"; and then, after speaking to one of the servants, he returned and said to the Scotch farmer, "It's all right; I am told that this is a new kind of pudding they freeze on purpose," and taking his friend's arm led him out of the room.

English and American.

"An English and an American carpenter started out to do some jobbing work recently, and the American asked his companion what tools he would take. Chappie answered: 'An 'ammer, square, saw and a turnscrew.' The native laughed at the word turnscrew, and the Englishman defended it as a better name for the tool than 'screwdriver.' He said: 'You use it more for taking out than driving screws. You Yankees ought to call a 'ammer a screwdriver, for it is what you use most for putting screws home. You call a turnscrew a 'screwdriver,' and then only use it for drawing screws. Why don't you call it a screwdrawer?' The Englishman was nearly right in his argument, as anyone will bear witness who has seen the savage American carpenter slap in the screws with his clawhammer."—*Labor Standard.*

The Largest Gasholder.

What is said to be the largest gasholder in the world has just been completed for the gas company at East Greenwich, England. The holder is 300 feet in diameter, and, when fully inflated, is 180 feet high. The floating vessel of the holder weighs 1,300 tons, and the capacity of the arrangement is 12,000,000 cubic feet.

According to Archibald Forbes, Cæsar was the first war correspondent.

The Society for the Protection of Birds of Great Britain has increased its membership during the past year from 1,200 to 5,200. Its annual report says the English goldfinch is threatened with extinction, because of the present demand for its feathers for "murderous millinery."

"Is it true that your wife is of a rather skeptical turn of mind?" "She used to be, but I got her a new sealskin sack and she goes to church every Sunday now."

In Burmah woman propose to men.

THE UMBRIA IN PORT.

She Arrives in New York Seven Days Overdue.

A BROKEN SHAFT AND STORMY SEA.

Drifted in a Storm Until Taken in Tow by the Bohemia—The Hawser Parts and the Two Vessels Lose Each Other in a Snow Storm—The Gallia Passes Her and Refuses to Go to Her Assistance—The Machinery Repaired, She Creeps Unaided to New York—Calm Behavior of the Passengers.

Umbria (Captain Horatio McKay) arrived off Sandy Hook at 3.15 o'clock this morning, seven days behind time. A fracture was discovered in her shaft and her machinery was stopped south of the Banks of Newfoundland at 5.30 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the 23rd instant. After drifting for twelve hours in a storm she was towed 75 miles by the Bohemia, of the Hamburg-American line, but the cable between the two steamers was broken in a heavy gale on Saturday night, and they lost track of each other. After drifting for three days to the southeast she started again with her own machinery, which had been repaired under great difficulties by Chief Engineer Tomlinson, and came on in fine weather and half speed to her destination.

Two tenders were required to bring the mails from the wharf at Queenstown to the Umbria, so that she did not get away until 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon. That night a gale sprang up, which increased in violence until Thursday, it being impossible for those passengers who were able to leave their state-rooms to go upon the decks, and the violent pitching and rolling of the steamship almost preventing sleep at night. The Umbria's usual average per day is something like 500 miles. At Monday noon she was 405 miles from Queenstown. In the next twenty-four hours she made 420 miles; but the next day's run was but 390, the day after 402 and the day after that 390 again, so that the officers of the ship said on Friday that she could not in all probability land her passengers before Christmas morning.

The first intimation the passengers had that there had been an accident was after dinner on Friday, although the engineer had been watching the shaft with anxiety for 48 hours, and the machinery had twice been stopped during the previous night for an inspection of the flaw in the great steel casting. During dinner Friday the steamer came to a standstill, which caused some speculation among the passengers, though as the weather was rough, it was not at once perceived that the machinery was not in motion. About 7.30 o'clock in the morning as the men in the smoking room were lighting their cigars, Capt. McKay came in. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am very sorry to inform you that we have broken our shaft and shall be unable to proceed at present. I shall, however, accept a towing offer from any vessel large enough that comes within hailing distance."

The conditions that confronted the company on the Umbria were not entirely gleeful. The big steamship lay disabled in lat. 43.48, and long. 57.17, about 200 miles from Halifax and 500 miles from New York, with a heavy gale blowing. Nevertheless there was no actual danger and almost every passenger on board accepted the situation cheerfully. There was very little commotion when the ladies were informed of the situation. They took it as coolly as the men. The principal anxiety to every one indeed was on account of relatives and friends at home.

Chief Steward Gore said there was enough provisions on board to last three weeks more without anyone being in the slightest degree stinted, or even for four or five weeks with the deprivation of a few luxuries.

Very few of the passengers remained up much later than was their wont Friday night, although they fully realized they were drifting helplessly in mid-ocean in a storm. Oil was poured upon the water and there was little danger of the ship's being swung broadside to the sea, as she was guided while the machinery was in motion. Just about daylight those who were asleep were awakened by several reports from the Umbria's gun and the sound of her whistle. In ten minutes almost every one was on deck to ascertain what was the matter. A ship was in sight just in the edge of the horizon, bound eastward. For half an hour, during which the gun was continually discharged and the hoarse whistle blown, it was impossible to detect whether the other vessel had seen or heard the Umbria's signals, and during the entire voyage she had sighted but two other vessels and the passengers felt it was almost too much luck that help should be at hand so soon after the breakdown. Soon, however, it was seen that the newcomer was making toward the drifting ship and at 8 o'clock she was alongside. She proved to be the Bohemia, belonging to Hamburg-American line, bound from New York to Hamburg. She at once responded to the Umbria's request for a tow and before noon she was connected to the big steamship by a steel hawser, and was steaming slowly eastward. The storm grew heavier in the afternoon and it was various times thought could do to drag her big burden in the teeth of a headwind. After dark a heavy snowstorm sprang up, which obscured the lights of the two vessels from each other. About midnight the steel hawser broke in a violent gale, and on Christmas morning the passengers of the Umbria found themselves again adrift in a raging storm, with naught in sight but the sky and sea. What became of the Bohemia no one knew. She probably lost track of the Umbria in the snowstorm after the hawser parted. A larger percentage of the passengers than usual attended divine service conducted by Purser Field in the saloon that morning, and the responses to the prayers were unusually hearty.

Christmas day passed without any demonstration of discontent among the passengers. Just at dusk a light was sighted to the southward and again the passengers flocked on deck. Rockets were fired and soon the light that at first seemed to fade away began to grow more and distinct, and in half an hour a small steamship lay alongside. In answer to the Umbria's signals the newcomer reported she was a vessel of the Wilson Line, bound for Philadelphia, and that she could not take the other in tow because she did not have coal enough, with which pleasing information she signalled good-bye and departed.

From the hour her time was taken at noon Friday until she broke down that evening the Umbria had made 124 miles. She drifted twelve miles to the southeast during the night, and the Bohemia towed her 75 miles toward New York on Sunday.

At noon Monday she had drifted 42 miles but the gale was still blowing. Just after luncheon Monday a steamer was sighted proceeding westward. In answer to the Umbria's signals she came alongside and proved to be the Manhanset, bound from Swansea to New York, the property of James McCaldin, one of the passengers on the Umbria. The Manhanset had hardly come to a standstill, however, and considered the big prize money she would obtain by towing the disabled vessel to New York, than a much larger steamship hove in sight and bore down rapidly toward the drifting vessel. In a few moments she was close enough for the officers on the Umbria to distinguish her as the Gallia, of their own line, on route from Boston to Liverpool. The officers of the Manhanset also recognized the Gallia, and steamed off homeward disconsolate, done out of her prize money. Everybody on board the Umbria was jubilant, and the consternation of captain, officers, crew and passengers may be imagined when, in response to the Umbria's signal, "Disabled, stand by," the Gallia returned, "Can't stand by, carrying mails." The Umbria signalled back, "We hold you responsible," whereupon the Gallia simply dipped her ensign, signifying "good-bye," and disappeared to the eastward as the Manhanset passed out of sight to the west.

The passengers now were many of them genuinely alarmed. They did not place much faith in Engineer Tomlinson's promise to mend the broken shaft, and so many believed that Capt. McKay had deliberately sent the Gallia away, much discontent was expressed. There was talk of forming a committee to demand of Capt. McKay that he do something, but no one could suggest anything for him to do. They decided on meeting in the smoking-room to pass a vote of censure on the ship's officers, but the matter kicked some in and put a quietus on this project by forming what was called the Amusement Committee, with J. Harper as Chairman, its object being to have a representative obtain information from the captain, and as it was not known how long the Umbria would drift, they must keep entertainments in the saloon for the evenings.

Captain McKay expressed himself as entirely ready to co-operate with this committee. He told Mr. Harper he was as much surprised as any one on board at the conduct of the Gallia; but as she was of the Cunard line he would not say anything more about the matter.

After drifting for three days to the southeast the Umbria started again with her own machinery, which had been repaired under great difficulties by Chief Engineer Tomlinson, and came on in fine weather at half-speed to her destination. She arrived off the bar at 3.30 a. m., and all well on board. The Umbria arrived in company with the Britannic, of the White Star line and an oil tanks steamer. Both her escorts left her at the outer lightship and went up the bay at a rapid pace, compared to the speed of the Umbria. She was steaming nine miles an hour. The slow rate was maintained as a precaution against further damage to the shaft. As the vessel entered the harbor Captain McKay was congratulated and thanked by many passengers who had waited up all night to see the welcome lights of New York again.

THE SPRING COURTS.

The Dates of the Various Sittings of the Common Pleas and Chancery Courts.

Following is the list of spring sittings o the High Court of Justice:

SPRING ASSIZES.

Armour, C. J.—Toronto (civil), March 6th; Toronto (criminal), April 13th; Milton, April 24th; Brampton, April 27th; Orangeville, May 1st; St. Catharines, May 8th; Port Arthur, June 6th; Sault Ste. Marie, June 13th.

Rose, J.—Owen Sound, March 7th; Goderich, March 13th; Stratford, March 20th; Walkerton, March 27th; Guelph, April 3rd; Berlin, April 10th; Brantford, April 17th; Woodstock, April 24th.

Falconbridge, J.—Perth, March 7th; L'Orignal, March 13th; Ottawa, March 16th; Pembroke, March 28th; Cornwall, April 3rd; Kingston, April 10th; Brockville, April 17th; Napanee, April 24th.

Macdonald, J.—Picton, March 6th; Belleville, March 9th; Barrie, March 21st; Whitby, April 3rd; Lindsay, April 10th; Cobourg, April 17th; Peterborough, April 24th; Hamilton, May 1st.

Street, J.—Sarnia, March 21st; St. Thomas, March 27th; Simcoe, April 3rd; Cayuga, April 6th; Sandwich, April 10th; Sarnia, April 17th; Chatham, April 24th; London, May 3rd.

CHANCERY SPRING CIRCUITS.

Boyd, C.—Hamilton, March 30th; St. Catharines, April 8th; OwenSound, April 11th; Brantford, May 18th Simcoe, May 22nd; Guelph, May 25th.

Ferguson, J.—Stratford, April 24th; Whitby, May 4th; Barrie, May 8th; Lindsay, May 15th; Peterbooough, May 29th; Woodstock, June 1st.

Robertson, J.—Toronto, May 15th; Sandwich, March 13th; Sarnia, March 20th; Chatham, March 22nd; London, April 3rd; Goderich, April 17th; St. Thomas, May 1st; Walkerton, May 8th.

Meredith, J.—Kingston, March 7th; Brockville, March 10th; Cobourg, March 15th; Belleville, April 18th; Ottawa, April 25th; Cornwall, May 2nd.

THOSE FATEFUL WORDS.

It Was a Very Simple Ruse, but It Caught Him.

It happened two nights ago, about 11 p. m.

The reader will please bear in mind in this connection that the present month is December, and it is the last in leap year.

The young man had been coming to see her with earnest and serious regularity for several months.

He had enjoyed it immensely, for no man does that sort of thing unless he likes it.

Yet he had said nothing, at least nothing that was anything to speak of.

By the way, that is one of the peculiarities of nothing.

The girl knew that it was a long, long time before another leap year was due, and she knew the young man was one of that kind who needs encouragement.

So on this fateful night she had the trigger set.

However willing he might have been, he was unsuspicious.

He trusted her fully. Men always do that

"Harry," she said, at the proper time, "do you know French at all?"

"A little," he responded, modestly.

"Well, what does 'je aime' mean?"

Harry knew that, for it is such a simple little harmless phrase, and his face lit up with a flash of knowledge.

"I love you," he said, promptly.

She blushed as red as a yesterday's newspaper and hid her face.

"Oh, Harry," she murmured, and Harry knew that he was a goner.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Ord's Circus.

Most of those who were boys and girls in Scotland some thirty or forty years ago must have pleasant memories of Old Ord's Circus. Ord Ord himself was a wonderful rider, and his show, which was always given in the open air, with a grand distribution of prizes and sale of bargains as an afterpiece, gave unbounded delight to the young folk wherever it went. A young man named Edward Pinder married Ord's daughter thirty-one years ago, and in course of time became the owner of the circus. On the 6th inst. the company passed through Stonehaven carrying with them Mr. Pinder's body. He had died at Aberdeen of pleurisy and inflammation, and the remains were being taken to Biggar to be buried. Deceased was 55 years of age. When at Braemar this summer the company had the honor of performing by request before the Queen. "To those," says a correspondent, "who have lived long enough to have a remembrance of old Ord riding in the improvised circuses in or near the country villages long ago and the large crowds which were gathered to see and to admire the feats and to enjoy the jokes and jibes of the accompanying clowns or take their luck at the lottery which was the only means of defraying the expenses of the strolling party, this must seem a dowie termination to his successor, and one which may cause many to exclaim in the words of the immortal Hamlet, 'Alas, poor Yorick!'"

The President's Perquisites.

The President of the United States must pay his servants at the White House; when he gives a State dinner he must pay for the food, and also buy his own horses and carriages. He has no rent to pay, and the furniture of the White House, including the silver, linen and the contents of the conservatories, are at his disposal. The heat and light and the butler and housekeeper are paid by the Government. There is also an appropriation for stationery, telegrams, books, papers and other contingent expenses. One strictly official turnout, with a groom, is allowed, and the Navy Department places a yacht at the President's disposal. This yacht is always kept ready for his orders and service.

Chrysanthemums Like Cabbage.

The florists are really too bad about the chrysanthemum just now. A number were shown the other day which were really uglier by far than cabbages. A number of these important vegetables were stationed near the chrysanthemums to be drill said, Westminster, and some of the pointed headed kind were really far finer in form than the enormous flat, heavy, mophead chrysanthemums near. It is nearly time that people who have to pay for the growth of such things should let growers know that there is such a thing as beauty and variety of form, and that it is even possible to make flowers ugly.—*London Field.*

Quibbings—Do you believe in marrying a girl for her money? Young Hify—Not as a rule; but sometimes you have got to get it.

There is no more imitative people on the face of the earth than the Japanese. An instance of this was given last week when one of their war vessels entered San Francisco harbor firing a salute with German guns loaded with French powder. The ship itself was made in England. The Japs know a good thing when they see it.

"Ah! you flatter me," lisped a masher to a pretty girl with whom he was conversing. "No, I don't," was the reply, "you couldn't be any flatter than what you are."

One of the funniest occurrences of the generation was the attempt of the American Sabbath Union to hold mass meetings right in the heart of Chicago to condemn the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. It is a reminder of the mission of Bishop Colenso to South Africa, who went to convert the Hottentots, and the Hottentots converted him. Even so hath Chicago converted the Sabbath Union. When the Sabbath Union meets on Wednesday night in favor of Sunday [illegible] people do not want [illegible] they must keep

CRISP PARIS GOSSIP.

A Week's Political Society and Social Doings in the Gay Capital.

Count Christoreil's Last Supper—Peculiar Vindicatment of a Lady of Title—Society Old Bachelors Bachelorettes—Paris Stereotypers and Their Customers.

PARIS, Jan.—The late Ministry is the twenty-seventh, which has been formed and expelled from office by an adverse vote, in the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the fall of the Empire. For some ten or fifteen years there was always a show of statesmanship in the Cabinet. Men were to be found with portfolios, trained to official life, of diplomatic experience, or in some way qualified for administration, but fitness has long ceased to be a qualification for office in Paris. Thus the most unscrupulous partisan, the loudest talker, the most virulent writer who rises to the surface becomes the man in power, with the result that the Ministry is one of nonentities headed by a mediocrity whose only chance of obtaining office is the conflict of parties which virtually outracises all the political experience of the country. As to the Panama scandal, it is to be doubted, with all its purity of intention, whether any Government of the Republic will get to the bottom of it. But it is already made pretty evident that a vast proportion of the sum subscribed by the peasantry, the small shopkeeper and the humble *rentier* went into the pockets of needy journalists, smart financiers and pushing deputies. It is doubtful whether Paris or Panama had the larger slice of the leaf.

"CHANTAGE" A HIGH ART.

Not a few of the Paris papers live mainly by means of *chantage*, or "blackmailing." The most preposterous sums are demanded in cold blood "to keep out" so-and-so, the peccadilloes of monsieur or the "adventures" of madame, and such infernal scoundrels are the blackmailing tribe) of mademoiselle! A man attached to a blackmailing journal ferrets out small indiscretions of this or that individual who is known to possess money, writes them out, gets them set up in type, and armed with a "proof" of the defamatory matter, marches into the salon of the victim and menaces him or her with "your money or your ruin." The names of many of these blackmailers are well known in Bohemian circles; one of them died only the other day, and he was accounted a prince of blackguards. There is one Paris journal in particular which has a very bad name for this kind of swindling. No wonder it can afford to pay high prices to its contributors and to indulge in more swagger than its contemporaries.

COUNT CHRISTOREL'S LAST SUPPER.

A rowdy party, characteristic of the budding French benedict, was given a few nights ago, where champagne flowed like the proverbial milk and honey, while laughter little actresses full of surprises and pretty repartee, laughed, romped and played the piano until about 6 a. m.

This peculiar affair, attended by over thirty-five guests, was given by the Comte de Christoreil as a final festive adieu to his—perhaps regretted—bachelorhood. The invitations were issued by the reckless young host on yellow paper, deeply edged with black, bearing the following exhortation: "Monsieur,—You are hereby requested to attend the funeral of the Comte de Christoreil, who has met with an accident in the marriage market. You will drive to his health. May he rest in peace.

Among the aristocrats who are just at this moment in Paris, the name of Comte Joseph Primoli may be placed at the head of the list. He is enjoying the hospitality of his cousin, Princess Mathilde. The Prince in question is the great grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, brother to Napoleon the First; and he is the offspring of the Comtesse Primoli, nee Princesse Charlotte Bonaparte, who held so prominent a position at the court of Napoleon III. Since 1883 she has been an interesting widow. She lives and entertains in Rome, her salons being noted for their brilliancy and distinction.

CLOCK STOPPING EXTRAORDINARY.

M. Papus is another wizard of the period who is being talked about. He can stop the pendulum of a clock when it is many yards away from him. All that he has to do is to think about the pendulum in such a way as to get his psychic forces to lay upon it. He has taught other people the same trick, and they, too, can stop clocks merely by an act of will. With such a faculty the poorest man might take a very pretty vengeance upon a rich enemy. If clocks can be bewitched, why not individuals? Where now is the superstition of believing in the "evil eye"?

THE HELP BEWITCHES THE BELL.

A publication that deals with "occultism" tells the story of a servant girl who bewitched a bell, but without intending it. Her mistress had fallen into the excellent habit of retiring to bed early, in order to read there. One evening the bell belonging to her room rang, and the servant went to inquire the motive. The mistress declared that she had not rung the bell; but as soon as the girl looked at the bell in the passage it began to dance again. When she took her eyes away from it, it stopped