UNDER THE KNIFE.

PATHETIC SCENE AT THE HARPER HOSPITAL.

A Farmer on a Surgeon's Operating Table for Over Four Hours—Physicians Could Not Tell What Ailed Him—A Lucky Discovery.

DETROIT, Mich., June 20.—Hezekiah Vaughan of the township of Gosfield, Essex county, Canada, was lately discharged from Harper hospital in this city, after undergoing a serious surgical operation, without any relief for his malady or any hope of relief. It was impossible both before or after the operation for the physicians to tell with certainty what ailed him. He suffered considerably from bloating. He was greatly constipated and on one occasion his bowels refused to act for seventeen days. For months, the taking of a drink of water would make him vomit. As might reasonably be supposed, his sufferings were intense. Different doctors ascribed his trouble to the kidneys, the liver and the bladder, but none of them could cure him.

Finally, he came to Harper hospital in this city for treatment. His case excited much interest, but the doctors could not agree in their diagnosis. They decided to cut him open and see what the operation would disclose. They kept him on the operating table for four hours and a half, and were no wiser at the end than the beginning. After some weeks Mr. Vaughan was discharged from the hospital as incurable and went home.

On his arrival there he heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and some of the cures effected by them. He began using the pills and in four days commenced to improve. The first favorable symptom he noticed was the regular action of his bowels. Six boxes of the pills cured him. His whole trouble was some kidney disorder which the doctors did not suspect.

Any one who can not procure these pills from his local druggist may obtain them by writing the Dodds Medicine Co., Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada. (Buyers should be careful to see that they get the genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills. There are unfortunately some imitations on the market.) Sent postpaid on receipt of price: 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Queer and Impudent.

Among many odd characters whom Miss Kate Sanborn saw and studied with observing eyes in California, was a blunt old man who sat beside her at the hotel table. He resented it that she did not do as much as he thought she should, for the public entertainment. Finally, one day, he boldly addressed her:

"Ahem. I hear you can be funny."

There was no response, and he muttered to himself:

"I don't much believe she can do anything. Don't look like it!" And then to me:

"Well, now, if you can be funny, why don't you?"

I could not help laughing.

"Yes, if you can, you ought to go into the parlor every night and show what you can do, and amuse us. Why, I told Quilletts—you know 'bout Quilletts? Awfully funny feller; good company, you see. Says I, 'Quilletts, I like you. Now if you'll stay here, I'll give you a cottage rent-free all summer; but you must agree to be funny every night, and keep the ball a-rollin'.' Now we want you to get up and do somethin' to amuse the guests. We want to be amused; somethin' that will set us laughin'."

"Mr. Brushwood," said I, "I understand you are a dealer in tobacco?"

"Yes, mum, and you won't find finer tobacker anywhere in this world than what's got my name on it."

"Well, when I notice you freely distributing that tobacco in the parlor evenings, I'll follow on behind you and try to amuse as a condensed circus. I'm not lacking in philanthropy. I only need to be roused by your noble example and sustained by your influence."

He looked disgusted, grunted his disapproval, backed his chair out from the table, and muttered, as he left the dining room:

"She's a queer duck! Don't amount to much anyway. Impudent, too!"

"Sacred" Water Analyzed.

A scientific analysis has lately been made in England of the Zem-Zem water from the sacred well at Mecca, which, according to the Arabs, is the well that the angels showed to Hagar and whose water saved the life of Ishmael. After reading the results of this analysis, one cannot wonder that pilgrims who drink the water are frequently attacked by cholera.

The specimen examined, which was hermetically sealed in tin bottles forty years ago by Sir Richard Burton during his visit to Mecca in the disguise of a dervish, contained sixty-nine grains of chlorine to the gallon is ordinarily regarded as scarcely fit for human consumption.

Moreover, in the case of the Zem-Zem well, it is believed that the chlorine originates from the custom of pouring water over the pilgrims and allowing it to run back into the well. The sacred water was found to possess an extraordinary degree of "hardness," three times as great as that of average water. It is also held twenty times as much ammonia compounds as drinking water should contain.

No bacteria were discovered, but this is accounted for by the fact that the water had remained for so long a time sealed up in entire darkness. Forty years of such confinement had completely sterilized it, but the chemical impurities remained.

More Than His Share.

In the summer of 1864, says a writer in the Southern Bivouac, several wounded officers and two or three privates were going up the valley of Virginia. A rain came on, and all hands took shelter for the night in a schoolhouse.

It happened that in the course of the night a skunk found its way under the floor, and by and by announced its presence after its well known effective manner.

The officers all waked up, but being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"My! my!" he exclaimed. "Dish ish too bad! Dey shleeps, und I wakes, und I ish got to shmell it all!"

That broke the charm, and officers and privates burst into peals of laughter.

All is but lip wisdom which wants experience.

The alms-houses of France have 290,000 inmates.

There are in Austria ... persons receiving state aid.

Germany has 320,000 paupers in the public alms-houses.

The charitable bequests ... alon every year exceed $5,000,000.

There are in the United States 73,045 inmates of the public alms-houses.

The charitable associations of France give away in alms every year $25,000,000.

The British asylums and homes for the aged and infirm cost annually $13,000,000.

TO-MORROW'S SORROWS.

There is very little trouble
That happens us to-day.
It's the sorrows of to-morrow
That drive our joys away.

We sometimes sit and wonder
And stew and foam and fret
For fear something may happen,
But it hasn't happened yet.

There was once a lonely woman
Who cried down by the sea:
"What if my pretty children
All should perish! be!"

Now, this particular woman,
Who thus did fret and fret,
Is still a maiden lady,
So it has not happened yet.
—Amusing Journal.

BLIND JUSTICE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER XVI—CONTINUED.

When I had read the last word, and the famous name appended, I threw my hat up in the air, I stamped, I shouted, I could have rolled on the turf in my extravagant joy and then I seized the little doctors hands, and nearly wrung them off his arms.

"Stop!" he cried, "stop! Who would have thought you were so strong?" Then I let him go so suddenly that he nearly fell backwards, and back I tore into Smuggler's Hole.

"Keep your box!" I shouted, "keep it and bad luck to you! Your secret is no secret now, and the woman you could have saved, and would not, is saved without you. Listen—" standing opposite him, while Dr. Cripps placidly sat down just inside the door, I translated the telegram into Austrian to him.

"So," he said calmly, though his face was that of a defeated devil, "you English are not such fools as I supposed. You do sometimes hear of what goes on in other places, but you have poor stomachs—you are not strong men like we are, and our meat is your poison."

"Thank God, yes!" I cried, "we can support life without being slaves to a degrading habit such as yours."

The Styrian thrust out his lips with a gesture of utter contempt.

"Have you any bad habits that can show such results as ours?" he said scornfully. "or any drug that will keep the skin and hair sleek and glossy, just as it will make an animal plump and strengthen its breathing organs? It gives us clearness of skin, and increases powers of digestion, it enables our herdsmen laden with heavy burdens to climb mountains without fatigue, and it gives us courage, the courage that comes from perfect health and strength. Look you, Seth Treldar came to me with bones showing through his skin, and only one thought in his mind, how he could get drink. I soon taught him there was something better than drink, and he began with very small doses; he suffered burning pains in his mouth, throat and stomach, for he was no hardy mountaineer whose forefathers had eaten arsenic from generation to generation, and who commenced the practice in early youth, but I kept his courage up, and soon he got to love it as he loved his drink. Cursed be the day," he went on savagely, "in which he crossed my path; he has robbed me, he has fooled me, he brought me hither to be treated like a dog, and here I should have died but that I am stronger than most of my race, and hard to kill. I could not die—ah, I would not," he added, striking the ground with his clenched fist. "But that fool," he went on after a pause, "when he awoke to find himself there" (he pointed downwards), "in the dark, alone, with no light, and his box gone, no doubt he thought himself buried alive, and out of pure fear and rage, for want of his arsenic, died. He always was a coward; if he had made up his mind to endure his agony for a few hours, daylight would have shown him the means of escape, and he would be living now."

"I must be off," broke in Dr. Cripps, "I don't know how these poor creatures are getting on. And I hope I leave you quite happy, sir. Poor Judith, poor girl—but the future will make handsome amends."

"One moment," I said, "I must get an order from a magistrate to detain this man as he has important evidence to give in Judith's favor. I won't watch him another night, but he must be put in safe custody somewhere."

"O! Tregonnel will see about that," said Dr. Cripps, "he is our nearest magistrate, and I shall be passing his very door. Come back with me, and I will drop you there. Have you breakfasted?" he added, looking keenly at me.

"No, I was too anxious to see you."

"My housekeeper will give you a mouthful, come along. So that fellow has found his appetite?" he added, looking at the Styrian and the empty cup and platter beside him, as he went out.

"Yes, I never thought to see him eat again," and I told the doctor the night's events.

He listened with the deepest interest, and was now sufficiently comfortable in his own person to pity me.

"You've had a rough time of it," he said kindly, "but you've reason to be proud of the way you've undone your mistake. To be sure it all sounds wildly improbable, and if Judith is tried again, the jury may refuse to believe a word of it—but I take it that she is now practically a free woman. To be sure she has lost her child, but time will mend that."

That night the Styrian slept under another roof than mine, and until very late Dr. Cripps and I studied together the pamphlet that arrived by the evening post.

The main facts about the practice of "Hedri" we already knew through A—'s telegram; but many interesting details were now added, a few of which I here give.

When Hedri was first brought before the notice of the medical profession, it was treated as a gross imposition and classed with fasting-girls and other frauds, and the doctors boldly declared that the Styrian peasants ate chalk, not arsenic, for it was not deemed credible that a man could unscathed consume enough poison to affect a dozen people, and sufficient to kill three.

As early as 1822 Dr. Helsch brought forward the subject of arsenic eating, and in 1851 Tschudi brought the matter prominently forward, and since that time, scientific research has proved Hedri to be no fiction, but a very vivid reality.

No one, however, takes to the habit quite openly. It is usually begun in secret and at the increase of the moon, with strange and superstitious observances.

A minute dose is at first taken once a week, usually in bread and butter, then twice a week, and so on, until, when the individual arrives at a dose daily, the dose itself is increased till as much is taken as ordinarily would kill two or three people.

"And to think," said Dr. Cripps, pushing back his chair when he had come to the last page, "that I should never have heard a word of it! That comes, sir, of living forty years in a Cornish village, and being often too dog-tired to read Bell's Life, much less the British Medical Journal and Lancet. Well it's clear enough now. That poor devil Seth came to himself in the dark, there would be no glimmer of light from the aperture above, and he would probably prowl round and round like a wild beast, never dreaming of the rope hanging just above him, for he wouldn't know where he was, and so died of pure cessation of poison, and fury at being trapped. That Styrian fellow was of another sort, he would not die! To be sure Seth would not have died if Judith had not drugged and put him there—I am not sure, mind you, it won't be brought in homicide (don't turn pale man), but she has suffered so much, that perhaps mercy will be shown her."

CHAPTER XVII.

Judith's case was not re-tried, but the new evidence was duly laid before the home secretary, and shortly afterwards supplemented by the written statement of the Styrian, who, wearying at last of his confinement, and having told all he knew, was suffered to depart.

So that in due leisurely course, her majesty's most gracious pardon was extended to Judith for a crime which she had never committed, and on the morning she was set free a curious and pretty scene was enacted outside the jail gates, at which I gladly assisted. For thither came flocking matrons and maids, men and youths, little children with chubby hands quite full of flowers, and even old gaffers and gammers leaning on their sticks, eager to swell the note of welcome that was ready to burst forth at sight of the woman whom one and all had so cruelly misjudged. Not a matron there but had put on her smartest finery, not a man but was redded up as if he were bent on courting, half a dozen girls had been decked out in all the available white clothes of the community, and carried in their aprons the flowers of which they had despoiled their cottage gardens to throw at Judith's feet.

For the morning of her release was also her wedding day, though she little guessed with what hearty good will, and in what numbers it was to be attended.

Mingling with the crowd, whose eyes never left the yet unopened door through which Judith must pass, I heard many things said in the soft Cornish sing-song voice that now moved my heart, and now provoked me to a smile, but through all I traced the honest, sincere nature of a people anxious to make amends for the wrong they had done, and full of pity for her upon whom they had heaped such heavy stones.

Among them, blazing with triumph, and with a sheep-faced man beside her, who was probably the only unwilling spectator present, stood the woman who had been Judith's friend, and who had championed her so warmly while she fed and abused me.

She spied me out, and pushed her way to me, giving me a shake of the hand that made it tingle warmly.

"Awh," she said, "'ee be'ant such a bad swal arter all, an' I'll forgi'e 'ee now, tho' I took 'ee fo' a liard when 'ee said I should spake wi' Judith as a free woman agen. 'Iss, an' my man yon do look a fule, a reckon a 'll wear th' breeks now an' agen fro' now."

And she nodded her head with a world of meaning as she fought her way to the first rank before the gates.

Spring—no wayward sprite to tantalize you with sips of sweetness, but warm, odorous, all giving—was among those who had come forth to do Judith honor, and with her balmy breath she warmed the old folks' blood, and touched the fancies of the youths and maidens, so that love and life seemed to pulse and throb in that glowing, vigorous crowd standing bare-headed beneath the vivid blue and white beauty of a mackerel sky, its eyes turned to the prison walls before it, its back set to the diamond strewn breast of

"The great earth mother,
Lover and mother of men, the sea."

I wish that I could describe the lightning thrill and stir, as suddenly hushed in one catching breath, as the doorway beyond was filled by two tall figures bathed in sunshine, but I seem to hear even now the roar of welcome that burst from every throat, as the lovers advanced, trembling, amazed, at the salvoes of applause that greeted them.

The woman wore a white woolen gown, her head was uncovered, but Stephen was in his fisherman's garb, and looked more like Antinous than ever, if one can ever picture the young Greek as perfectly happy.

I thought the vehemence of their welcome at first hurt her, for she pressed close to Stephen, but once the gates were thrown back, and they were surrounded by that impetuous crowd, she smiled and put her arms round Nance, who was the very first to reach her.

"Awh, Judith, woman!" said Nance, kissing her hungrily, "I niver doubted 'ee 'dearie, an' it baint my fault I've not bin anighst 'ee."

"Eh, but I missed 'ee, Nance," said Judith, and first one, then another, must shake her hand, and the little ones must give her their flowers, but I saw her take up the smallest of them all, and bow her head upon its dimpled neck, and I knew that in all the glory and sunshine of her day was one sombre cloud.

When each and all had said their word, and very sweet and wholesome many of them were, the maidens took matters into their own hands, and placing Judith and Stephen in their midst, with many droppings of flowers, and liftings of pleasant voices in Cornish song, they took their way through the gaping town and sunny path that wound down the cliff to Trevenick.

Strangers to the place stared at the gay procession that had so long and happy a following, closed in by young and old toddlers of both sexes. The sea-wind blew back the girls' white dresses, and sweeter grew their voices till in the distance they died away, and many a kindly wish and hopeful word followed the pair to the little church, where once more they kneeled together with good hope of stored up happiness to come.

And if, when the rejoicings were at their height, they stole away to where

"Beside a little grave
They kissed again with tears—

who shall say that the one touch of sorrow in their crowned love did not make it divine?

To me their faces seemed as the faces of angels, when, stepping down to where I stood, they thanked and blessed me, bidding me God-speed whithersoever I should go.

THE END.

HIS name was Moisinel, his business that of commission merchant in dry goods sundries, his age three and forty years, the age of perfidious agitations and demoralizations. Yet, nevertheless, he had a charming wife, "his Adele," as he still called her.

And why should he not have called her thus? She was only twenty-five years old, and they had been married scarcely eighteen months, and she possessed a singularly enticing and bewitching style of beauty with her red cheeks, blue eyes and raven hair. So enticing and bewitching that Moisinel had taken her without a sou of dot.

As chance would have it, precisely in the same building where he had his own apartment, there was, on the first floor, a large and fashionable dressmaking establishment, whose specialty was the exporting of fine robes to foreign shores, entailing the necessity for handsome models, or "tryers-on," to use the phrase of the trade.

Sixty odd work girls and models daily flitted up and down the stairs at lunch time and dinner time, with the buzzing and chattering of a flock of crows. The Devil is always obliging in leading one to his fate. Moisinel, among the sixty-odd little ouvrieres, remarked many possible pleasures.

He ended by stopping one. A brunette, with dark, sparkling eyes, hair that—but you have no need of an exact portrait, I suppose. It is not you that are going to escort her to a private cabinet of some to-be-named restaurant the first Sunday evening of the month of May.

Need I tell you, also, that the acquaintance had followed its usual course—there being so much incline, you see, in games like this. They had had a tender though passing conference, and decided that on the Sunday in question they would go, not to a cafe first, as planned, but to the opening of the violet season, at Chaville; and as the days were still too cool to dine in the fields they would return to Paris in time for a little fete at the Cafe Riche.

There remained but one point to regulate. Ah! but that was a very delicate one, indeed. Moisinel quailed whenever he thought of it. How was he going to free himself for that promised Sunday of emancipation? He had fallen into the habit of taking with Adele a dinner en famille on that evening. His mother-in-law came; her aunt, also, and Adele's brother-in-law and sister.

Moisinel, who was not of the nimble wit essential to the prompt fabrication of a reasonable romance, took a whole week to meditate and to evolve a story of sufficiently ingenious complications.

At last he believed that he had it. The stage was set to a nicety—it remained only to play the comedy!

To play it before whom? Before "his Adele," who thought him so faithful and true! It was truly abominable, the thing that he was going to do, still he took his courage in both hands and Saturday morning after breakfast, preceding the Sunday agreed upon, he began to unfold his little tale.

"Adele, dearest," said he, "to-morrow is going to be a very, very dull day for me, indeed, my little one. That Buenos Ayres correspondent of mine——"

"Eh," said Adele, surprised. "Sunday a dull day for you, Etienne? How and why?"

"As I said, that Buenos Ayres correspondent of mine—a man through whom I make fully 20,000 francs a year—figure to yourself that he knows nothing at all of the Versailles Musee, the Bois nor anything else, in fact, of Paris, and he has got it in his head that I shall serve him as showman, elephant driver, you know, my dear."

"You Etienne?" Adele exclaimed, still more amazed.

"None other, dearest; and you must not forget that I make through him 20,000 francs at least a year. I have tried to get out of it; told him where and how to go, but he took it badly, and seeing him vexed I was obliged to give in. He consented, however, not to start till 2 o'clock. He wanted at

CIEL, MY HUSBAND!

first to take the early train, as well as stay over the evening for the fete and the illuminated water. It is the first of the season, you know, darling. It's sure, almost, to rain, and I certainly risk a serious pneumonia, but for 20,000 francs; and for once, at any rate, I am bound to go with him."

"Do as you think best, dearest. Business before everything, always. Only you will not return too late?"

"No, at 12 o'clock, sharp. The last train leaves Versailles at 11. He'll hold, to a dead certainty, that fellow, to seeing everything to an end."

"But for such a good client one must endure it."

"How good you are, darling! But you will not be lonesome. Happily your people will be with you to keep you company."

"No, I should only miss you the more. I shall go to mamma, I think, for the evening, if you do not mind."

"A happy thought, my Adele! Have you no others, perhaps?"

And thus the brigand cajoled and embraced her, and the delicate little point that had given Moisinel such trouble and pondering to properly arrange had arranged itself in the twinkling of an eye and without the slightest hitch or difficulty.

Sunday arrived; the program decided upon was agreeably carried out by Moisinel—the trip to Chaville for violets first; the dinner, later on, at the Cafe Riche.

A dinner very jolly and familiar, the pretty little dressmaker was full of spirits and gay jokes, and the dinner and the jokes were both well washed down with plenty of good wine, which added considerably very naturally, to the ordinary spirit of such occasions.

But this was not the only consequence of the washing down. The wines of the Cafe Riche and other restaurants of its kind are fully as high in price as they are excellent in quality. Moisinel's stock of small bills was soon exhausted. He was a prudent man; a thousand-franc note was too big a sum to trust to the hands of a garcon he did not know; briefly, he must go himself to the cashier's desk to change it to coin, merely an absence of a minute, or two from his charmer's side.

And firm in the thrifty and cautious habits of a lifetime of business exactitude, and in spite of the brunette's chaffing suspicion that he intended to leave her in the lurch there to foot the bill, Moisinel held to his determination and the door of cabinet 18 temporarily closed upon him.

In the interval, while changing his bill, Moisinel was busily thinking, mentally drawing contrasts between the plump brunette and "his Adele" not entirely favorable to the former. She was distinctly a little vulgar with her loud laughter and still louder anecdotes.

It was not "his Adele" that spoke a language like this—"his Adele!" and to think that he should deceive such an angel! Rascal! Scamp! Scallawag! He had had enough of it already. He would never recommence, never, on his word of honor!

All the same, he must now return to the little one; he was not the vicomte of her friend of the workshop, no! And the cabinet—ah, behold it before him—No. 18! And Moisinel, as he spoke, turned the handle. Three cries simultaneously resounded.

The first from the waiter, who, too late, clamored: "Stop, stop, please! Monsieur deceives himself! That is not 18, but No. 13!"

The other two cries were uttered by the guests of cabinet 13, into which, he found himself, all unwittingly, making this brusque interruption and deranging an obviously very tender interview.

The gentleman had roared:

"Sa-a-cre bleu!"

The lady shrieked:

"Ciel! My husband!"

And her husband, for a fact, the lady being no other than "his Adele," thus occupying the leisure time left upon her hands by the springtime fugue of her lord and master. Drawn by the stir and outcry, the occupants of the other cabinets had run to the spot, and there, among them, ran the little brunette of No. 18.

But the pencil of a simple chronicler renounces picturing the scene that followed. How have they settled it you ask? In the only way it was possible to settle it—Moisinel and his wife have decided to pardon each other; a sort of double-entry case of forgiveness, you know, upon one condition—that each has a day of going out, but the same day, and always together—naturally.

Conversazione.

Suddenly the music ceased.

The sylph-like being in the sea green silk who had been talking to the athletic-looking vision in pink, was at no pains to conceal her irritation.

"They've stopped playing," she exclaimed, petulantly.

"And haven't said half I want to," declared the vision.

They gazed into each other's eyes and inspiration came.

"I know what to do."

"What?"

"Let's encore them."

Presently the sound of loud applause poured through the drawing room.

Then the notes of the piano rose again and human voices mingled therewith, as is the custom in the most cultivated society.—Detroit Tribune.

Carlyle's Estimate.

An artist, who frequented Carlyle's house, painted a picture of him in his dressing-gown smoking a pipe by the fireside, and Mrs. Carlyle in an arm chair sitting opposite him. The picture was hung at one of the Royal academy's exhibitions, and, though not a striking work of art, was purchased by Lord Ashburton—Carlyle's friend — for five hundred pounds. The delighted artist hurried off to the Carlyles, expecting congratulations on the sale, and some manifestation of pleasure on their part at having such a value set on a picture of themselves and their domestic interior. He delivered his glad tidings, but all the response he received from Carlyle was: "Well, in my opinion, five hundred pounds was just four hundred and ninety-five pounds too much."

Advice Wanted.

"You newspaper men know most everything, don't you?" asked the woman with the square chin, as she planted herself in a chair alongside the editorial desk. The editor dodged a direct answer by asking the woman what was the trouble.

"It's just this way," she said. "You see I went to see a lawyer last week to see about gett'n' a divorce an paid him $25 in advance. Yistiddy the old man got run over with a coal cart an' got his neck broke, an' of course, I don't need no divorce from a dead man, an' I want to know if the lawyer can keep that money, or can I make him chip in for funeral expenses?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Lacking in First Principles.

Percival—Father, I don't want to go to that college. It's a poor concern.

His Father—Poor, my son? It is an old, wealthy and famous institution that numbers among its graduates some of the most noted men in the land. What possible objection can you have against it?

Percival—I don't like its yell.

Proof.

"Are you sure then that joke is original?" asked the stage manager of the comedian.

"Why, of course I am. I've got the dates to prove it."

"What do you mean?"

"The comic paper I got it from hasn't been out but one day."

Safe Enough.

"What! You rooming on the top floor?" said the first drummer. "I thought you were too afraid of fire."

"There won't be any fire here to-night," said the second drummer. "I overheard the landlord say that his insurance had run out."

Vanished Dreams of Glory.

"Well, Louie, how does fighting the Indians out West go?"

"Say, mister, if you'll take me back in de office agin I'll work fur t'ree dollars a week."

FIFTY WERE DROWNED.

A Party of Irish Harvesters Going to Scotland Capsized in the Irish Sea.

A dispatch from Westport quay, 11 miles from Castle Bar Island, Ireland, announces a terrible disaster to a party of harvesters who were on their way to Scotland. A passenger boat returning to Westport quay, from Achill island, having on board eighty harvesters who were to be shipped to Scotland from Westport, capsized. According to the first reports of the disaster 30 out of the 80 passengers were drowned, but later advices say that it is believed that 50 of the harvesters lost their lives. The boat capsized off Annaghead.

All the victims were young people and were of both sexes. They were inhabitants of Achille island, and depended for a livelihood upon the scanty earnings they could make in England and Scotland, to which countries they were accustomed to migrate every year. The boat which capsized was much overcrowded, the people in their haste to catch the Glasgow boat from Westport having little regard for their safety. One hundred and ten persons were on the vessel when she went down. The disaster was due to an attempt to turn the boat without lowering sail. Most of the victims were kept under water by the sails.

PARSONS IS GUILTY.

The Prominent Saginawian Stole $445,000 Worth of Bonds, Says the Jury.

A verdict of guilty of the crime of stealing $445,348 worth of Cincinnati, Saginaw & Mackinaw railroad bonds belonging to Wells, Stone & Co., of Saginaw, was brought in by the jury against Newell B. Parsons.

Parsons was the coolest and most collected man in the crowded court room. He listened intently to Judge Wilber's instructions to the jury, and as they were impartial, or if anything, leaned toward the prisoner, he took new hope. The jury had been out less than half an hour when the announcement was made that they had reached a verdict. Judge Wilber looked grave, and the attorneys on both sides showed that anxious interest which might have been expected. When the word "guilty" was spoken, the face of the man who had fought so hard for his liberty assumed a determined expression.

The other cases for which Parsons was bound over for trial—forgery and taking the books and jewelry—if they come up at all, are set for the September term.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge Dead.

London: Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is dead.

John Duke Coleridge was the son of John Taylor Coleridge, a distinguished English jurist and a nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet. He was born in Devonshire in 1821, and educated at Eaton and Oxford, receiving the degree of M. A. in 1846. He entered parliament in 1865 as a Liberal member from Exeter. In 1880, on the death of Sir Alex Cochran, he became Lord Chief Justice of England. He conducted the defence in the Tichborne trial, and his speech required a month in delivery. He presided on the Tranby-Croft baccarat scandal case.

Turkey has protested to England against the Congo treaty.

THE MARKETS.

New York.

Cattle—Natives	$4 15	@	$4 90
Hogs	5 00	@	5 55
Sheep—Good to choice	2 50	@	4 15
Lambs	3 50	@	4 95
Wheat—No. 2 red	60¼	@	60¾
Corn—No. 2	45¼	@	45½
Oats—No. 2 white	49	@	49¼

Pittsburg.

Cattle	$3 85	@	$4 70
Hogs	4 85	@	5 10
Sheep and lambs	3 25	@	4 85
Wheat—No. 2 red	56	@	57
Corn—Mixed	42	@	43
Oats—No. 2 white	39	@	40

Cincinnati.

Cattle—Good to prime	$3 75	@	$4 25
Lower grades	3 15	@	3 75
Hogs	4 00	@	4 90
Sheep and lambs	3 50	@	4 75
Wheat—No. 2 red	57¼	@	57½
Corn—No. 2 mixed	43½	@	44
Oats—No. 2 white	45	@	45

Buffalo—Live Stock.

Cattle—Mixed shipments	$4 00	@	$4 65
Sheep	3 75	@	4 50
Lambs	4 00	@	5 25
Hogs—Choice weights	4 80	@	4 90
Common and rough	4 75	@	4 80

Cleveland.

Cattle—Best	$4 00	@	$4 35
Common	3 00	@	4 00
Sheep and lambs	3 00	@	5 00
Hogs	4 75	@	5 00
Wheat—No. 2 red	54½	@	54¾
Corn—No. 2	44	@	44
Oats—No. 2 mixed	40	@	41

Toledo—Grain.

Wheat—No. 2 spot	$ 56¾	@	$ 57
No. 2 July	57¼	@	57½
Corn—No. 2	42¼	@	42½
Oats—No. 2 white	42	@	42

Chicago.

Cattle—Best steers	$4 80	@	$4 95
Common	3 95	@	4 50
Sheep and lambs	3 00	@	4 25
Hogs—Mixed	4 50	@	4 90
Wheat—No. 2 red	5[illegible]	@	5[illegible]
Corn—No. 2	40¼	@	40½
Oats	43	@	43
Mess pork, per lb	12 15	@	12 20
Lard, per cwt	6 60	@	6 65

Detroit.

Cattle—Good to choice	$3 75	@	$4 25
Lower grades	3 25	@	3 75
Hogs	4 65	@	4 90
Sheep	3 00	@	3 50
Lambs	3 50	@	4 00
Wheat—No. 2 red spot	56¼	@	5[illegible]
No. 1 white spot	58	@	58¼
Corn—No. 2 spot	42	@	42½
Oats—No. 2 white spot	44½	@	45
Hay—Timothy	11 00	@	11 25
Potatoes, old	80	@	90
New Southern, per bu	1 40	@	1 70
Butter—Dairy per lb	12	@	14
Creamery	16	@	17
Eggs, fresh, per doz	11	@	11½
Live poultry—Spring chickens	12½	@	12½
Fowls	7	@	7½
Ducks	9	@	10
Turkeys	10	@	11

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade: The strike of bituminous coal miners has ended wherever the authority and advice of their general organization can end it, and there is little room to doubt that the coal famine will soon begin to abate. Some time must elapse before supplies of fuel will enable all works to resume that have no other reason for suspending production. Many boot and shoe shops have stopped, but shipments from the east are 10 per cent larger for June thus far than last year. The demand is mainly confined to low-priced goods and has recently been more narrow for women's shoes. The woolen mills are closing rapidly. It is asserted that scarcely any have orders to occupy them beyond July 1 in men's wear, but in the demand for dress goods a somewhat better tone is perceived. While business is narrow it is comparatively free from losses by failure. The number of failures this week were 232 in the United States, against 313 last year, and 40 in Canada, against 34 last year.

NEW YORK.—Bradstreet's review of the state of trade says: An examination of recent statistics regarding available supplies of wheat in the United States in this and preceding years points to the probability of the United States having at least 140,000,000 bushels of wheat available for export for the year ending July 1, 1895, compared with about 168,000,000 exported in the preceding 12 months, 186,000,000 in 1892-3 and 225,000,000 in 1891-92. Of more important eastern cities the only one noting an improvement is Pittsburg, where sales have been stimulated by warmer weather. In the west and northwest few, if any, evidences of improvement in business are to be perceived except those from Omaha, Chicago and Detroit. Chicago shipments in seasonable lines report an average trade for the middle of June due to renewed ordering for fall delivery by county merchants in districts not affected by the coal strikes, a report which is in sharp contrast to that from St. Louis, which for weeks has reported quite favorable features. Business at Detroit has been helped by better weather. There is no improvement from the depression and dullness characterizing general trade at Cleveland, Cincinnati, Milwaukee or St. Paul. At Portland, Ore., floods are subsiding and goods are being moved. In the valleys small fruit crops will be lost owing to lack of transportation.

Erastus Wiman Guilty.

Erastus Wiman was found guilty of forgery in the second degree in New York city. The maximum penalty for the offence is ten years at hard labor in state prison. The jury was out one hour and 55 minutes.

The incident growing out of the tearing-down of the United States flag from the United States consulate at St. Thomas, Ont., on the Queen's birthday has been satisfactorily closed by an explanation to the department of state that the perpetrators of the outrage were drunk and irresponsible and would be properly dealt with.

The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

INCIDENT AND ANECDOTE.

A young lieutenant going out to India with his regiment, writing home about the country says: "The climate is magnificent, but a lot of young fellows come out here and drink and eat and eat and drink and die, and then write home and say it was the climate that did it."

"What relation is Mr. X— to you?" asked the Boston minister of a 4-year-old boy. "He's my grandpa." "And what relation is Mrs. X—?" "She's my grandma." "And what relation am I to you?" added the clergyman. The little fellow was puzzled, but was finally told, "I'm your pastor; you'll remember, won't you?" The boy promised, and when he reached home electrified his mother and grandmother with the announcement: "Mr. Y— says I'm some relation to him; he's my parsnip!"

A gentleman, in speaking of the commonness of the proper names of "Jones" and "Smith," told this story: "I once attended a camp meeting in one of the rural districts of Kentucky. One day as I was walking from the spring to the camp I met a strange gentleman who offered me his hand. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Jones,' said he. 'I suppose you are mistaken,' said I. 'I reckon not,' said my new friend. 'I am a stranger here, but the man who brought me over here said that every other man I met would be a Jones.' 'Well?' 'Well, the last one was Mr. Smith.'"

At a Staten Island ball one evening a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant yachting captain coming along persuaded the young lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The other, overhearing all that had passed, moved toward a card table and sat down to a game of whist. The captain in a few minutes afterward stepped up to the young lady to excuse himself, as he was engaged to another he had forgotten. The coquette, much chagrined, approached the whist table in hopes to secure her first partner, and said: "I believe, sir, it is time to take our places." The old-fashioned suitor, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courteously replied: "No, madam, I mean to keep my place. When ladies shuffle I cut."

The committee in Germany appointed to erect a monument to Heine is not having an easy time of it. Subscriptions have not come in as readily as expected, and two cities, Dusseldorf, the poet's birthplace, and Mayence, have refused to have the statue even if it was given to them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Fixed to no spot is happiness; 'tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

FOR COLDS, CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS and Sore Throat use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and get the genuine.

An explosive with power equal to that of high grade dynamite is being made in Germany from a preparation of common hemp.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Burglars stole 15,000 artificial teeth from a New York store the other night.

The Hercules beetle, found in the islands south of Florida, is six inches long.

Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That cough is a signal of danger. The safest cure is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

Ireland has 107,774 paupers—that is, inmates of the alms-houses or in receipt of out-door assistance.

One foundling asylum in Moscow receives 12,000 infants every year. The boys are trained for the navy.

A regularly organized system of relieving poverty has been in vogue in China for more than 2,000 years.

Quinsy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, have not had an attack. The oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, '83.

Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor emeritus of the First Presbyterian church, Trenton, N. J., who has just died, was one of the greatest scholars and theologians in the Presbyterian church. In addition to what he wrote for the American Sunday school union, nine of his works appear on the catalogue of the Presbyterian board of publication.

ENLIGHTENMENT enables the more advanced and Conservative Surgeons of to-day to cure many diseases without cutting, which were formerly regarded as incurable without resort to the knife. RUPTURE or Breach, is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy Trusses can be thrown away! TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations. PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife. STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

Not one false man but does unaccountable mischief.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure
Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

There is little influence where there is not great sympathy.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The greatest difficulties lie where we are not looking for them.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

The true definition of exercise is labor without weariness.

My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomited greenish mucous, skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Ainus of the Japanese islands tattoo mustaches on the women's upper lips.

The oldest extant bank note is dated 1699, and is on exhibition at the bank of England.

Indisputable.

Why spend $1 for a bottle of medicine when one box of Beecham's pills, costing only 25 cents (annual sale exceeds 6,000,000 boxes), will cure most diseases? This is because constipation is the cause of most ailments and Beecham's pills cure constipation. A valuable book of knowledge mailed free, on request, by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal street, New York.

Water alone has been known to sustain life 55 days. If only dry food were taken death would result in a quarter of that time.

The Beauty of Niagara

can never be described and it has never been pictured so adequately and satisfactorily as in the splendid portfolio just issued by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." It contains fifteen large plates from the very best instantaneous photographs, which cannot be bought for as many dollars. All these can be bought for ten cents at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, 66 Woodward ave., corner Jefferson.

The covetous man never has money; the prodigal will have none shortly.

Less Than Half Rates to Colorado.

On June 23 and 24 the Northwestern line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs and return at the exceeding low rate of $27.50—less than one fare for the round trip; tickets good for return passage until July 27, inclusive. Solid vestibuled trains, palace sleeping cars and superb dining cars through between Chicago and Denver daily, via the Chicago & Northwestern railway. For detailed information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. A. Thrall, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Bill Dalton, the noted Oklahoma outlaw, was shot dead at Ardmore, I. T.

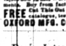
John L. Stoddard,

The world-famous traveler and lecturer, has enjoyed unexampled opportunities for the collection of the finest and best selected photographs of American scenery, the choicest of which are published in a series of sixteen portfolios, with eloquent descriptive sketches from his own pen. In connection with this work, "Our Country and Our Neighbors," the publishers offer a large new steel plate of Niagara Falls, the finest ever engraved, and which can be procured in no other manner, both for the absurdly low price of $3. Call at the Michigan Central ticket office and see them.

It is said of Admiral Walker that although his long side whiskers took on a touch of gray somewhere in the '70s they have never since grown grayer. He has always led a busy life and is fond of the service, remaining on the quarter deck because he likes it. Business ventures have never been able to entice him away.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 18 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.
WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.



MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.
$14 Buys our 2 drawer walnut or oak Improved High Arm Singer sewing machine finely finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 Years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped any where on 30 Day's Trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. FREE Cut This Out and send to-day for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and Glimpses of the World's Fair.
OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

Davis International Cream Separator, Hand or Power. Every farmer that has cows should have one. It saves half the labor, makes one-third more butter. Separator butter brings one-third more money. Send for circulars.
DAVIS & RANKIN BLDG. & MFG. CO.
AGENTS WANTED. Chicago, Ill.

INVESTIGATE the irrigated lands of Idaho and you will find them the cheapest, the best and the most accessible to markets.

EMIGRATE to Idaho and you will be happy. It's a new country, its for the poor man and the smaller farmer and fruit grower.

IRRIGATE the lands of Idaho and you have a surety of crops and fruit in abundance.

COGITATE? Of course you will, then send for our Idaho advertising matter. Address E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.