

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The military investigation as to the cause of the fire in the Citadel at Quebec has just been finished. The only thing known of its origin is that it started in a quantity of straw just inside the stable door, which was left open on account of the hot weather.

The bodies of the six miners remaining imprisoned in the Best & Belcher mines at Virginia City, Nevada, were found on the morning of the 10th and brought to the surface.

During the fourth race at Brighton Beach, New York, on the 11th, coming by the stand the first time, Jessie fell. Wanderment went over her and Thomas rolled over the two.

Miss Viola Meets committed suicide at her home in Graham county, North Carolina, on the 3d inst.

Fourteen bodies have thus far been recovered from the ruins of the Alcazar Theatre at Hurley, Wisconsin. Three persons were fatally injured by jumping from the upper story of the building, making the total list of fatalities by the fire 17.

Diphtheria is increasing in the districts around Quebec. Forty cases are reported at Levis, and at Charlebourg a farmer named Poulin has lost six children, the oldest 15 years old, within the past fortnight.

Maggie Harper was killed by lightning while walking along the street in Jackson, Mississippi, on the 10th.

A heavy wind and rain storm at Highmore, Dakota, on the evening of the 10th, destroyed several small buildings.

Near Litchford, Kentucky, on the 11th, James Holcomb and John Deezer went to the house of William Oiler, "to settle a grudge" against him and his son "Jake."

A despatch from Roann, Indiana, says that on the 13th "the town was attacked by a cloud of insects resembling millers, so dense that lights had to be lighted. The pests covered everything, business was suspended for a time, and bonfires were built, which drew the insects, and their bodies were soon piled up in great heaps around each fire."

At Royal Centre, Indiana, on the morning of the 12th, W. A. Garner saw a figure "propping around the room." Thinking it a burglar, he fired and shot his wife dead.

A member of the Hull Yacht Club reported at Boston on the 12th that on the afternoon of the 10th while his yacht was anchored between Deer and Long Islands, he saw a boat containing five men capsize a mile away.

The fire in the Otter Colliery, near Pottsville, is still raging, and the ground around the mouth of the slope is caving in. On the afternoon of the 12th, young Eddie Ferguson, son of the outside boss (the boy who first discovered the fire), was crossing the floor of the engine room with his father's dinner, when the charred boards gave way and he disappeared into the burning mine, amid an outburst of flame, caused by the collapse of the engine house floor.

While watching a thunder storm from their piazza, near Opelika, Alabama, on the 11th, Mrs. John Bankhead and her three children were struck by lightning. Two of the children were killed, and the other child and the mother are in a critical condition.

Mrs. Craig and her niece, Allie Phillips, were caught on a trestle bridge near Dalton, Georgia, by a train, on the morning of the 12th, and killed.

Joseph C. Kennedy, an attorney and real estate agent, about 75 years of age, was murdered in Washington at 5 o'clock on the evening of the 13th, apparently without provocation. Just before he was about to get on a car at a street corner, a laborer named John Dalley walked up behind him and ran a large butcher's knife into his right side.

An express train on the Kentucky Central Railroad collided with a special engine while rounding a curve near Robinson Station, on the 13th. Joseph Paul, engineer, was killed. Four other train hands were severely injured, and the passengers had a rough shaking up.

As three Hungarians were going home from work at Yorktown, south of Hazleton, Penna., on the evening of the 13th, the ground over which they were walking gave way suddenly, and one of the party was buried beneath a mass of rocks and earth. Men were set to work at once, and after working all night, they recovered the body in a horribly mangled condition.

The Benjamin Ray property, on Housatic avenue, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, was destroyed by fire on morning of the 13th. Loss, \$50,000. A fire in Port Huron, Michigan, on the afternoon of the 12th, destroyed Cooley & Campbell's planing mill and lumber yards, several small tenements, W. R. Mulford's furniture factory, and Forster & Vincent's grain elevator. Loss, \$25,000.

A large tank of water, having a capacity of 30,000 gallons, supplying the Osborne House, near Lawrence, Long Island, burst on the evening of the 13th. A portion of its side, with a large volume of water, crashed down upon the roof of the kitchen, which was partially carried down upon the heads of Frank Gildersleeve, Frank Frost and six female helpers who were at work.

At St. Thomas, Ontario, on the evening of the 15th, at the crossing of the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk Roads, a Grand Trunk excursion train ran into a Michigan Central freight train with oil cars attached.

A special despatch to the New York World reports that during a colored funeral at Mount Pleasant, Tennessee, on the 12th, nine of the participants, who took shelter from a violent thunder storm under a tree in the graveyard, were killed by a single flash of lightning. The victims included the minister and his wife, and the mother and two sisters of the deceased.

The total value of our exports of domestic breadstuffs during the twelve month which ended on June 30th was \$162,426,194, against \$122,810,379 during the preceding twelve months.

In Richmond, Virginia, during the last three days, the temperature, between nine o'clock in the morning and sunset, has ranged from 94 to 100 degrees in the shade. The hottest place in the United States on the 14th was Fort Sully, Dakota, with the thermometer at 102 degrees. Huron, Dakota, and Atlanta, Georgia, fol-

lowed with 98 degrees; North Platte, Neb., Dubuque, Iowa, Indianapolis, Ind., Lynchburg and Norfolk, Virginia, with 96 degrees; and Columbus, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky, and Dodge City, Kansas, with 94 degrees. In Washington the maximum temperature was 93. During the past 24 hours the temperature has fallen from 6 to 12 degrees in Western Dakota, Wyoming, Montana and Colorado. A cool wave has also made itself felt in Northern Texas, the Indian Territory, Arkansas and Louisiana, where a drop of from 4 to 20 degrees has occurred, although the thermometer still hovers around the eighties. The warm weather has also been broken in the Lake Superior region, Pennsylvania, New York and the New England States by a reduction of from four to eighteen degrees in the temperature. The heat continues unabated in Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, East and Dakota and the South Atlantic States.

At Willbourn, Texas, on the evening of the 13th, while W. E. Farquhar and Dr. J. F. Eves were jointly discussing the prohibition amendment, Farquhar, who had concluded his argument against its amendment, became enraged at the remarks of Dr. Eves, who favored it, and fired at him with a Ballard rifle. The ball missed its mark and lodged in the wall just behind the speaker's head. Dr. Eves was not disconcerted by his opponent's attempt to take his life, and concluded his speech amid prolonged applause.

Four colored men at work on a ceiling in the State House at Columbia, South Carolina, were on the morning of the 14th, thrown to the floor, thirty feet below, by the giving way of a scaffold. George Caldwell was killed and the others were injured, one, Cyrus Jackson, perhaps mortally.

Two trains on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad ran into each other near Gaithersburg, Maryland, on the evening of the 14th, and both locomotives and several cars were wrecked. At the place of collision the double track merges into a single track, and the brakes of the East-bound train failed to work when applied in order to allow the West-going train to run on to the double track. "No one was fatally injured."

A violent wind storm passed over Quebec and the surrounding country on the evening of the 13th, uprooting large trees, leveling chimneys and unroofing buildings.

The town of Nogales, Arizona, was inundated on the afternoon of the 13th by a cloud burst on a neighboring mountain. In the vicinity of the town five houses were swept away and an infant was drowned.

The city of St. Paul was visited on the evening of the 13th by countless swarms of what are called "day bugs," which swarmed around the gas lamps and electric lights, and covered buildings and the ground. In one place they covered the pavement to the depth of over a foot.

Timothy Carey, a cripple, was supported by his wife in New York, she keeping a few boarders and working as a laundress. The couple spent the evening of the 13th in quarreling. On the morning of the 14th, after getting breakfast for her boarders, Mrs. Carey struck her husband on the head with a stick, and committed suicide by swallowing poison. Several years ago Mrs. Carey was sentenced to imprisonment for life for setting fire to her sister's house, but after she had served two years Governor Cleveland pardoned her.

An oil can exploded in the house of J. L. Smith, at Latrobe, Penna., on the evening of the 14th, fatally burning a young son of Mr. Smith and two colored boys. At Greensburg, a petroleum explosion burned to death Mrs. Forsythe and destroyed her house.

Three children of August Williamson, aged respectively 8, 10 and 12 years, while playing with firecrackers at Mount Pleasant, Wisconsin, on the evening of the 14th, exploded a box of powder near by. The youngest child was killed, but the others are expected to recover.

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At St. Thomas, Ontario, on the evening of the 15th, at the crossing of the Michigan Central and Grand Trunk Roads, a Grand Trunk excursion train ran into a Michigan Central freight train with oil cars attached. The oil caught fire and both trains and a warehouse and several sheds were consumed. The first car of the excursion train was crowded with people, and it is feared there was terrible loss of life. An hour after the crash, while a crowd of people were looking at the blazing pile, one of the oil tanks suddenly exploded, throwing hundreds of tons to the ground and seriously if not fatally burning many. At last accounts the bodies had been recovered from the train wreck.

A freight train and a stock train on the Burlington and Missouri Railroad collided on the morning of the 15th on a small bridge near Lincoln, Nebraska. The bridge caught fire, and two engines and thirteen loaded cars were destroyed, including two cars full of cattle. The loss is estimated at nearly \$200,000. The train men saved themselves by jumping off before the collision.

An unknown highwayman entered the store of John D. Langworthy, at Ashway, Rhode Island, near the Connecticut border, on the 14th, and at the point of the pistol, forced Langworthy, who was alone in the shop, to

hand over his watch and the contents of the money drawer, about \$20. The robber escaped into Connecticut.

S. J. Straley, a prominent wholesale dealer in fruits and vegetables in Springfield, Ohio, was arrested on the 15th, on the charge of obtaining goods under false pretences. It is alleged that he created a corner in blackberries by purchasing almost the entire crop in Central Ohio, and, losing heavily, then transferred his store to a preferred creditor.

The largest sale of confiscated goods ever held in San Francisco was made by the U. S. Marshall, on the 14th. It consisted of merchandise seized from Chinese steamers, including \$46,500 worth of opium.

Thomas Williams, 39 years old, met Maggie Catlin, aged 20, in company with her brother, on the street in West Newton, Penna., on the evening of the 15th, and asked her to shake hands. She refused, whereupon Williams drew a revolver. The girl started to run. Williams pursued her, and fired once, and seeing her fall thought he had killed her. He then blew out his brains. The girl escaped, as her fall was from fright. Both parties are colored, and Williams' action is attributed to jealousy.

A telegram from Tucson reports that Southern Arizona has been visited by very severe rain-storms and cloud-bursts during the past eight days. The Santa Cruz river is more than a mile wide, and washouts on the railroad have been frequent and numerous. A large quantity of stock has been drowned. On the 13th a loaded freight train was carried away by a cloud-burst in Canon Deore.

A temperature of 100 in the shade was registered by the thermometer in Lynchburg, Virginia, on the afternoon of the 15th. The temperature at Pittsburgh on the 15th reached 96 in the shade. Many mills and factories ceased operations, and a large number of sunstrokes were reported, three of them fatal.

James Tolly, an eccentric farmer near Shelbyville, Illinois, had \$1500 taken from his house by burglars a short time ago. The robbers overlooked \$20,000 in coin. On the 14th Tolly was persuaded by his wife to take the cash to Shelbyville and deposit it in bank. The coin was in one package, and two men were required to remove it from the wagon.

Meredith Mansell, colored, and one of his children were killed by lightning while at dinner in Pickens county, South Carolina, on the 15th. His wife and four other children were injured.

Obliging Mexican Clerks.

Mexican ladies even shop in their carriages, and compel the clerks to bring out to the curbstone the goods they wish to look at. A row of carriages jammed close together before a fashionable store, and a row of bareheaded salesmen, bargaining with the occupants, is a common sight, while other clerks rush to and fro in a frenzy of excitement, bringing out box after box and piece after piece of goods, matching shades, samples, trimmings, etc. Only servants and foreigners stand at the counters to buy. In a few of the stores the merchants have fitted up private parlors, where ladies may sit, if they like, and have the goods brought to them—but even this is considered "questionable." Shopping is a serious undertaking here, for merchants never classify their goods, but keep silks and cottons, woollens and linens mixed up together on their shelves in the wildest confusion. If you step into a store and ask for a pair of gloves nobody has any idea where the kind you require are to be found, and a grand search commences. The obliging clerks tumble over drawers in which are shoes and ribbons, brushes, hoes, perfumery and what not until the desired articles are discovered.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.—A Dakota young lady was visiting a friend in the east who had visited her in Dakota last summer. "You don't know how I miss our lovely Dakota moonlight," said the territorial maiden. "Don't you think the moon is as nice here as at your home?" asked her friend. "Oh, it isn't half so lovely. You ought to see it—it's perfectly elegant, and makes it almost as light as day!" "I did see it last summer, and it didn't seem to me to be any brighter than it is here."

"Oh, well, last summer, of course, it wasn't; but you ought to see it this summer since the boom struck our place! It is fifty per cent brighter."

The change from dry to green foods is a delicate matter with sheep. Just here is where the value of roots is most noticeable.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities including provisions, flour, grain, and fish. Columns include item names and prices per unit.

The Widow's Mystery.

Mrs. Nelly Archer was one of the prettiest little widows that ever looked fascinating in the flutter of black ribbons and transparent crapes; yet, somehow, no one was ever jealous of the affectionate, warm-hearted, beautiful young widow.

For was she not ready to help the helpless, care for the careless, and think for the thoughtless?

You couldn't help wondering what people did in the benighted times before Mrs. Nelly Archer came on to the stage of life, so indispensable did she seem to human comfort.

So, of course, the very evening of the day that Miss Mildred Wilton became engaged to Henry Forrest, she came up through the evening twilight, with incense of flowers scattered on her path, to tell Nelly about it. It was just as natural as thinking aloud.

"In love, you dear foolish thing!" said Mrs. Nelly, laughingly, imprisoning both of Mildred's fluttering hands, and looking archly under the down-sweeping fringes of her timid eyes.

"Well, every young girl must come, sooner or later, to the place where some happy youth becomes glorified in her sight, and his words are like the law and the prophets. May you never awake from the blissful dream, love!"

"He is so changed, somehow!" The moon, which had been a narrow slit of pearl when Harry Forrest first whispered his love into Mildred's willing ear, was in its sickly gibbons now; and poor Mildred was crying on Mrs. Nelly Archer's shoulder.

"How, dearest?" said Nelly, stroking the dark, disheveled locks, while she pressed her cool cheek against Mildred's burning forehead.

"He is so grave and self-absorbed; and when he looks at me, it is with such a plying glance."

"And two or three times some unspoken sentence has quivered on his lips. Nelly, do you suppose—can it be possible?—that he has ceased to love me, and wishes to be released from our engagement?"

"Not a bit of it; love! Don't distress your dear little head; it will all come right, I am sure. You know that money affairs are in a very critical state just now, and all business men are necessarily anxious," replied Mrs. Archer.

"Do you think that is all?" murmured Mildred, gradually hushing her sobs, and drawing closer to her comforter, as a child distressed by sorrowful dreams clings to its soothing nurse.

"Of course it is! And now, love, it is growing late, and I must send you home. Go by the main road, Mildred—it is less damp than the path along the river-side."

What possessed her to set out by the river path, in spite of Nelly's warning? Perhaps because that way was nearest—perhaps because the finger of fate was in the thing.

For, as she approached a dense mass of silver birchwood that skirted the path, the sound of low voices made her start behind the trees with an uneasy consciousness that she was not alone.

The tones came nearer; and as the speakers emerged into the uncertain moonlight from the shadowed place where the path wound through the glen, her heart stood still with chill, sick horror.

She knew the promenaders well. Was this the reason Nelly had desired her to go by the main road?

Oh, false friend—recreant lover—no need to ask why Henry was melancholy and changed.

"Nelly, you are an angel! Why should I not go with you?" she heard him say, as they paused at the path that led to Mrs. Archer's house.

Nelly shook her head laughingly. "Mind," she said, "not a word of this to Mildred—poor little Mildred!"

There are times when a minute seems to compress into its seconds all the bitterness of years; and our readers may judge, if they can, how long this night was to Mildred Wilton's breaking heart.

By morning's faint dawn, however, her resolves were all taken. She would release Forrest from his troth, though her own heart-strings parted—but she would never see Nelly Archer more.

Al, why had she not suspected this double-dealing before? "Why, Mildred, you don't seem at all glad to see me this morning!"

And Harry Forrest playfully pulled away the hand that shaded Mildred's tear-stained eyes, and looked lovingly into her face.

"Why, what's the matter?—you have been crying! Well, I suppose I mustn't ask any questions. I came, dearest one, to ask if you would allow me to fix Thursday week for our wedding-day?"

"My wedding-day will never come, Henry," said Mildred, controlling her agitation by a strong effort. "I release you from our engagement from this moment!"

involved, and I trembled lest it should be my duty to ask you to wait years for me, or even to give me up. For, Milly, I could not ask you to marry a beggar!"

"But Mrs. Archer so earnestly desired the marriage to go on, that she has nobly placed a large portion of her wealth in my hands—as a loan, of course—to enable me to begin the world once more."

"The sun of fortune, thanks to Nelly, is beginning to shine on me once again, and I come to claim you as my bride!"

"Then Nelly does not love you?" murmured Mildred Wilton, her eyes sparkling through tears like a rainbow.

"Love me? I should think not; but I can tell you whom she does love—your handsome brother Ashley, who is nearly as jealous of our business interviews as your little self. They are over now, Milly, and I shouldn't wonder if we had two weddings out of these days!"

And Mildred cried again upon her lover's strong manly breast—but they were not bitter tears! Nor could she rest until she had confessed everything to Nelly Archer, who, being a merciful little lady, kissed and forgave her in the same breath.

As Henry Forrest had foretold, there was a double wedding in the old village church, and Mrs. Ashley Wilton, in her soft white bridal robes, was even prettier than Nellie Archer, the widow, had been in her youthful days.

Natural Mimicry.

Some insects have a deceptive resemblance to members of the vegetable world, either for the purpose of protecting themselves or for that of deceiving their prey. But a more wonderful simulation is that of the features of other insects.

There is in Borneo a sand-wasp which is addicted to the habit of devouring crickets, but there is also a species of cricket which exactly reproduces the appearance of its enemy, so that it can even associate with it undisturbed.

A species of mantis imitates the white ant, and mixing with the family, like one of its own members, quietly devours a fat termite, from time to time.

Flies often dwell as unbidden guests in the nests and lives of wild honeybees. They are belted and bearded in the self-same pattern as their unconscious hosts, but their larvae pay for their hospitality they steal by devouring the young grubs of the hive.

Beetles often imitate hornets, since the latter are insects to which birds in search of animal food prefer to give a very wide berth. Even the mimicry of stinging insects is sometimes performed by innocent little creatures quite destitute of any such means of defence. A common insect, known in England as the devil's coach-horse, throws up its tail in the aggressive fashion of a scorpion, when irritated, but it has no hint of a sting. In its warlike attitude it is exceedingly alarming, not only to boys and girls, but to chickens and birds.

The bumble-bee flies, which are inoffensive little creatures, imitating the wild bee, flit about and buzz angrily in the sunlight, quite after the insect they copy, and gain an undesired reputation of fierceness.

Certain beetles have become modified to resemble wasps, even to the extent of losing their solid waists for others of ultra-fashionable slenderness, and others which mimic bees have acquired useless little tufts of hair on their shanks, to represent the pollen-gathering apparatus of the true bees.

A curious case of imitation is that of two species of Malayan orioles, which are almost exact counterparts of two varieties of honey-suckers. The latter are such fierce birds as to be avoided by all their feathered neighbors, and thus the orioles find their own deceptive plumage a great protection.

In a Tiger's Jaws.

Dr. Livingstone, who was severely bitten by a lion, said that when the beast struck him with its paws he lost consciousness and knew nothing until after his rescue. The doctor thought the lion's blow a merciful provision of nature, whereby the prey was freed from pain while being torn to pieces.

An English officer, while serving in India, had a different experience from Livingstone's while being carried off by a tiger. So far from losing consciousness, he was never more alive.

There had been a hunt to afford the Marquis of Hastings, the Governor-General, some sport. The tiger had been found and shot. As he lay motionless on the ground, everybody supposed him to be dead. But a tiger is not always as he seems. He has been known to charge a 100 yards with a ball in his heart.

The officer rashly approached the stretched-out beast, when suddenly coming to itself, it sprang upon the man. He fired a pistol but missed.

The next moment he was in the tiger's jaws, with his right hand pinned down across his breast, utterly powerless, and being carried into the jungle.

In a minute or two, the tiger, in order to carry its burden with greater ease, chucked the officer up in the air and caught him by the thigh as he fell.

The cool, self-controlled officer, though suffering agony, drew another pistol, introduced its muzzle into the tiger's ear, and pulled the trigger. The brute fell dead without a struggle.

Lord Hastings promoted the officer on the spot for his courage and calmness. But the snap of the tiger's teeth in re-catching him as he fell, inflicted so severe a wound upon the sinews of the thigh that he was lamed for life.

The finding of the remains of a mastodon of the largest size, with a portion of skull over two inches in thickness, is reported from San Antonio, Texas.

Prince Montclair, who died the other day, is reported to have left the whole of his fortune, estimated at two and a half millions sterling, to the Queen of Italy.