

A STEAMER BURNED.

FOUR LIVES LOST AND ONE PERSON MISSING.

SEVEN PERSONS INJURED, SOME SERIOUSLY.

DESERONTO, Ont., Oct. 24.—The steamer Quinte, of the Deseronto Navigation Company, Captain Christie in command, was burned about three miles from Deseronto about 6 o'clock last evening, while on her way to Picton. Four persons were lost.

They were Captain Christie's mother, his young brother Charles, Mrs. Stacey, the ladies' maid, and her son Davern, of Trenton. As far as can be ascertained the passengers were all saved. Three or four have severe burns, but the doctors report that none are seriously injured.

Many were chilled by being in the water. Colonel Strong, U. S. Consul at Belleville, was slightly burned and chilled by the water. All the survivors were brought to Deseronto and properly cared for. The fire, it is supposed, started in the furnace room, and spread quickly to the whole boat.

The captain ran the boat ashore only a short distance away, where she lies almost entirely destroyed. The boat had a light load of freight and express matter, principally lumber, all of which was destroyed. She also carried the mails, which were lost. The St. Quinte was valued at \$18,000, and was partially insured.

It is now feared that another name will have to be added to the list of those burned, as a man named George Robinson, of Picton, Ont., was to take the boat for that place last evening, and nothing can be learned of him. The injured are:

Captain Christie, terribly burned about face and hands. Engineer Short, face and hands burned. Fireman Kensley, leg broken and burned. Miss A. Kellas, of Picton, badly burned. Mrs. Anderson, ladies' maid on the boat, badly bruised and otherwise shaken up. A. Hart, of Belleville, hand cut by glass. Colonel Strong, United States Consul Agent at Belleville, slightly injured while jumping from the boat. A. St. Charles, of Belleville, badly chilled in the water.

The hull and machinery of the burned steamer will be raised, as she lies in only about four feet of water. The grappling for bodies began to-day, but as yet only one has been found, that of Davern Stacey, son of the assistant to the ladies' maid. It was found near the wreck, showing that death was caused by suffocation or drowning. All of the injured have been sent to their homes, except Mrs. Anderson and her son and Miss Kellar.

WAR IN KENTUCKY.

A BATTLE BETWEEN THE TURNER AND HOWARD FACTIONS.

ONE MAN KILLED AND EIGHT WOUNDED.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—A despatch from Louisville, Ky., regarding the reported besieging of Judge Lewis and party in the Harlan Court House by Howard and his followers, says:

It had been hoped that the trouble was at an end, but an event which occurred Saturday afternoon has precipitated a renewal of the war. John Howard, a 19-year-old brother of Wils Howard, was in the town where the father of the Howard brothers lives. Finlay Smith, son of Wils Smith, one of the wealthiest men in Harlan county and who is spoken of as one of the best citizens, was also in town. John Howard was walking along the street, and Finlay Smith was in the door of the Cumberland House when they saw each other. Howard pulled his pistol and young Smith seized a Winchester rifle, which was near him, and both began to shoot. None of the bullets were buried in the targets they were intended for, but it was thought at first that Howard was killed. One of Smith's bullets grazed his temple and the shock knocked him down. While he lay there stunned for the moment, Smith left, as did Howard a few minutes later. The familiar sound of the revolver has yet been reported. Immediate relief is needed, and the supplies most urgently required are boots, shoes, clothing, mittens, undergarments, flour, cornmeal, groceries and grain for stock.

—Sigmund Silbermann, aged 22 years, son of Jacob Silbermann, a wealthy silk importer of New York, was found dead in his room on the morning of the 22d with a bullet wound in his head. The coroner has not yet determined whether it was a case of suicide or accidental shooting.

—Another inclined plane accident happened on the 22d in Cincinnati. It was at the Mount Adams plant, where wells and wagons are carried up as well as passengers. Henry Newman, driving a two-horse wagon for a cracker manufactory, drove on to the truck to ascend. When about thirty feet from the bottom the horses suddenly backed against the rear gates of the truck, which snapped apart, and horses, wagon and driver were thrown to the bottom. Newman escaped without serious injury. The wagon was wrecked and the horses killed.

—Two young men, one unknown, the other an Englishman, named Neil, were run over and killed by an express train at Metuchen, New Jersey, early on the morning of the 22d. A complete jury was secured in the Cronin case in Chicago on the afternoon of the 22d. Seven weeks have been occupied in getting the jury. One thousand and ninety-one jurors have been subpoenaed, of whom 927 have been excused by counsel for cause. In addition to the 1091 special veniremen summoned there were also 74 of the regular panel disposed of.

—The Department of Agriculture is advised of three more cases of pleuropneumonia discovered among cattle landed at Deptford, London, from New York and Boston.

—Louisville, Ky., Oct. 23.—News has just been received here of an engagement between the Howard and Turner factions near Harlan Court House. The fight took place yesterday, and James Dean, of Howard's party, was killed and five others wounded. Three of the Turner crowd were wounded. Full particulars have not been received.

The latest report from Harlan Court House states that Wilson Howard had cut off Lewis and his party from communication with the town.

Sheriff James Howard, of Harlan, who is here, urges that the Governor send troops to quiet the country.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—August Dulmage, wanted by the Canadian Government on the charge of stealing \$63,000, is reported to be in Minneapolis. He was timber agent under the Government, his business being to collect fees for stumpage from big lumbering firms surrounding the Lake of the Woods. "He admits taking the money, and says \$30,000 of it was stolen from him by a Minneapolis woman."

—Three times during the past month Pennock & Putnam's notion house in Peoria, Illinois, has been entered by burglars, and in all about \$1800 worth of goods stolen. The last visit was made on the evening of the 18th, when \$1000 worth of cutlery and silver plate was taken. On the 21st L. F. Morse, a detective, was accused of the crime and admitted his guilt. He promised to return the goods if he was not prosecuted.

—The quarantine restrictions imposed on Key West, Florida, on account of suspicious cases of fever there, have been removed.

—It was learned in Allentown, Penn., on the 21st, that Waldemar Grossman, charged with having embezzled \$25,000 while bookkeeper for Johnson & Swartz, has spent most of his time during the past two years concealed in his home in that city, and not in Canada, as was supposed. It is said that under the State laws embezzlement is a misdemeanor, that the statute of limitations becomes inoperative in two years, and that Grossman cannot again be prosecuted, because his home was in the State that length of time. Grossman does not seem to fear arrest.

—Yardmaster R. L. Denmark on the 22d entered a freight car with a lantern at Wilmington, North Carolina. Almost immediately a barrel of gasoline exploded, setting fire to the car and burning Denmark to death. The boiler of a locomotive exploded in Wabash, Indiana, on the 22d, killing engineer Thomas Callahan and fireman John Maddock. Low water caused the accident. A collision occurred on the 22d on the crossing of the Santa Fe and electric street railway in Wichita, Kansas, by which fifteen persons were injured, one of them, Miss Nellie Henderson, mortally. The collision occurred on a curve, a grove of trees preventing the engineer from seeing the danger, and the street car was hurled by the engine a distance of sixty feet.

—While a train of cars was being pulled up at the Ashley pines, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 22d, the man whose duty it was to give the signal to stop forgot to do so, and the force with which they came against the second plane broke the rope, and they started down at a terrific rate, crashing into a truck on which were three men—W. H. Adams, John Roat and Hugh Ferguson. Adams and Roat were badly injured. Two passenger trains collided at Nolin, Kentucky, on the morning of the 22d. Several passengers were injured, Vandike Heiser, of Millerstown, probably fatally. Some freight cars on a train on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad jumped the track near Bangor, Alabama, on the 22d. Eugene Christman, a colored jockey, was killed and three colored train hands were badly injured.

—A heavy northeast snow storm prevailed at East Tawas, Michigan, on the morning of the 22d.

—Two men broke into the post-office at Fargo, South Dakota, on the evening of the 21st, bound and gagged the night clerk, Henry Milton, placed a red-hot poker on the soles of his feet, and compelled him to give up the combination of the vault door. In the vestibule of the vault were 40 or 50 registered packages. While the burglars were securing these Milton fired a shot at the men, not, however, until they had had time to blow out the light. They knocked him down with a blow on the head and escaped, securing about \$125 in currency. In their hurry they left over \$150 in money on the desk.

—The Relief Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of St. Paul, Minnesota, has presented a report dealing with the destitution existing in the Dakotas. It is said that the suffering and destitution is much greater than has yet been reported. Immediate relief is needed, and the supplies most urgently required are boots, shoes, clothing, mittens, undergarments, flour, cornmeal, groceries and grain for stock.

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—Christopher Ficken, a bartender, and Max Boiser, a waiter, were found dead in their room in New York, on the morning of the 23d. They were suffocated by gas. William L. Moses, a travelling salesman for the New York clothing house of M. Stern & Co., was found dead in his stateroom on the steamer Cumberland, which arrived at St. John, New Brunswick, from Boston, on the evening of the 22d. During an auction of unclaimed Grand Trunk baggage in Montreal, on the afternoon of the 23d, a portion of the floor gave way and thirty persons were precipitated into the cellar beneath. No one was fatally injured.

—Two well-dressed men and a woman drove up to the German Savings Bank in Newark, New Jersey, on the afternoon of the 23d. The men entered the bank and told the cashier that the lady in the carriage was unable to walk, but desired to speak to him and make a deposit. One of the men and the cashier went out to the woman, but, after some talk, she deferred making the deposit. The cashier returned, and the other man quitting the bank, the trio drove off. A few minutes later it was discovered that \$1000 in bills had been stolen from behind the railing. Only two clerks were in the bank at the time, and it is supposed the thief stepped inside the enclosure through the gate, which the cashier left open.

—There was a general fall of snow in the vicinity of Cumberland, Maryland, on the morning of the 23d. The mountains were covered with a coating of white. The first snow of the season at Baltimore fell on the 23d. A terrific storm of rain, snow and sleet prevailed at Harrisonburg, Virginia, on the 23d. At times the wind blew a hurricane. The hills around Eliza, New York, was covered with snow on the morning of the 23d. At Winchester, Virginia, on the 23d, it snowed most of the day. The thermometer was near the freezing point. At Staunton it rained, hailed and snowed.

—Maggie Camack and Jesse Truitt, aged respectively 22 and 25 years, were killed at Thurlow Station, near Chester, Pa., on the evening of the 24th. They were employed at Trainer's mills and were returning to their homes, walking on the railroad. There was an explosion on the 24th in the gas house of the Lockwood Cotton Mills, in Waterville, Maine. The building took fire, and Henry E. Washburn, aged 30, the workman in charge, perished in the flames. By an runaway accident in Marlborough, New York, on the 24th, Mrs. Robert J. Dickey was killed, and her husband and mother were badly hurt. William Bailey, living in Baltimore, was assisting his wife to do the washing on the 24th, and poured a lot of benzine into the tub. The water was hot, an explosion followed, tearing out the side of the house, and badly scalding Mr. Bailey.

—A despatch from Waterville, Minnesota, says that it is almost impossible to state the severity of the drought in that region, and its evil effect if it should freeze without rain. All the creeks and rivers are dry, and have been for some time, and the lakes were never so low in the history of the country. Recent excavations in the village show perfectly dry earth at a depth of seven feet.

—In Montreal, on the morning of the 24th, a man named Chartrand, employed with others in making a drain on one of the streets, lighted a fire in a forge close to several primed dynamite cartridges. The latter exploded, killing Chartrand and dangerously injuring five others—two men and three women. Many houses in the neighborhood were badly damaged.

—Some time ago Robert Scott, a merchant of Morey, of the North-west Territory, was informed that a Mrs. Tough, of Calgary, claimed to be his wife, and was going to kill him. He notified the police, who watched incoming trains. On the evening of the 23d the woman, dressed in man's clothes, got off a train at Morey, and, shadowed by a policeman, started for Scott's store. She was about to draw a revolver on Scott when she was seized from behind and handcuffed. "On her person was found a bottle of ether, a bottle of vitriol, a gag, two razors and two self-cocking revolvers. It was her intention to burn out his eyes with the vitriol and trim off his ears and nose."

—Early on the morning of the 24th three masked robbers entered the residence of Judge Kelly, in St. Joseph, Missouri, and, going to the bedroom where the Judge and his wife were sleeping, one of the robbers covered them with his revolver while the others searched the room for valuables and obtained \$600 in jewels, then searched the bed for valuables and then took the rings from the fingers of Mrs. Kelly. An old iron safe in the Palma Club House, in Jersey City, was robbed of \$400 in cash by an unknown thief on the evening of the 23d.

—Hugh McCullough, superintendent of a cotton gin near Memphis, Tennessee, was assassinated by an unknown person on the evening of the 23d. He was sitting in the office talking with two friends, when he was fired at through the open door. A colored rough, named Williams, with whom McCullough had some trouble, and who has disappeared, is suspected of the crime. Louis Kellerman shot and mortally wounded his wife at Watertown, Wisconsin, on the 23d, and on the morning of the 24th he committed suicide in the loft of a barn where he was hiding from the police.

In 1833, or little more than a half century ago, John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees, made the first lucifer match in England. There was a match factory established in Vienna in the same year. For 14 years the persons engaged in making the old lucifers suffered from phosphorus necrosis. Amorphous phosphorus was substituted for the common kind, and a terrible disease banished from what was soon found to be a useful and ultimately an indispensable industry.

Mourning is worn for a longer period in the United States than any other country.

THE MAN IN ROOM ONE.

He Rises to a Question of Privilege and Makes a "Ringing Speech."

It was in a hotel in Manistee, one of those badly planned houses where the sounds from the bar room and office reverberate through the upper floors. The hour was past midnight and a party sitting in the office were listening to the experiences told by a loud spoken guest. The electric bell sounded a call from Room No. 1. The porter went up to see about it and was spoken to as follows: "Give the compliments of the man in room No. 1 to the gentleman speaking below. Kept awake by the sound of the gentleman's voice, this man requests him to talk down cellar instead of up stairs."

The porter failed to render the message as politely as it was given him, and of course the talking was kept up with more energy than ever.

After a while a figure in a flannel night robe appeared upon the stairway, and, speaking in a voice rich with irony, said: "Fellow citizens, permit me to introduce to this meeting the Man in Room No. 1. He is not as much of a man as he thought he was when he saw Room No. 1 put down against his name. [Applause.] Then he believed himself to be some punk, and the landlord an intelligent and discerning person. [Hisses.] He now feels himself to be a badly trapped fly and the landlord a diabolical spider. [Renewed applause.] When he walked up to the desk and registered a siren song worded like this rang in his ears:

"Will you walk into Room One," Said the landlord to the guest, "Kept for an honor'd one?" Therein you'll sweetly rest."

Cries of "Good!" "Give us s'more!" etc.

"Room One," the man went on, "is down for a call at 4 o'clock; wherefore [Oh! Oh!] I rise [manifestations] to remark that my honorable friend, the distinguished gentleman who last addressed you [Rats!], is an orator of force, and the Man in Room One yields to him. The voice of the honorable gentleman, as it is heard on this floor, may be soft and persuasive; but, as heard in Room One, it is a trumpet attuned to waken the landlord's most honored guest. [Derisive laughter.] Room One, fellow citizens, is at the head of this imposing stairway, ascending from this magnificent office, to which the adjacent dining hall, the billiard bar room and the reverberant parlour saloon act as sounding boards. [A voice: 'He's in the soup,' and laughter.]

"Some of you may place faith in the superstition about the number thirteen. Such might regard an assignment to room 13 as a presage of bad luck. [Acquiescence.] As a choice between them avoid Room One as the unluckiest of the two. [Sensation.] I might say more, gentlemen, but you perceive the situation, and the hour is, ah—late. [Go on, go on.] Permit me to retire to the repose of private life, and yield a measure of your sympathy to the Man in Room One." [Loud applause, followed by the adoption of a resolution of condolence and immediate adjournment.]

A PET GORILLA.

The Story of Poor 'Jennie's' Life and Death.

The following letter, written by Mr. J. J. Jones, a trader at Ngoné, West Coast of Africa, is published in the Research: "You ask me for a life and pedigree of dear old Jennie. Well, about the middle of October, 1887, a small canoe arrived, with two natives and Jennie in it. She was more dead than alive, and I did not think she would live through the night. However, after some bargaining, the natives took what I offered them and left. I then put Jennie into a small rug, and afterwards placed her in my gorilla house, with plenty of straw and a rug for herself. She lay quite contented. In a week's time she took to me so well that she used to follow me about like a dog, and would come and jump on my back and put her arms around my neck. When I was engaged on some work she would go into the bush for 'chop' (food), and if she found it had gone would make a fearful noise until she found me. One night a swarm of 'drivers' (ants) attacked her, and I took her into the house and let her sleep near me. She was very playful, and would wrestle and box with me like a small boy, and follow me about everywhere. I taught her to sit upon a chair at table at chop time, gave her a plate, cut up her meat and potatoes, and gave her a glass of water or beer. She would eat and drink like any Christian. When the bell rang for chop time she would dull her chair up to the table. She could drink out of a glass or bottle without spilling a drop or breaking the glass, being always careful to replace it upon the table. I also taught her to turn the niggers out of the shop. She knew my voice and footsteps, and often when I left her would walk over to the factory to find me. One evening I gave her some wine, which she soon finished, and then collared mine and finished that, and soon was quite drunk. When she got sober she would never take any more of that. If when I was sitting with Jennie in the piazza it was rather cold, she would run to my bedroom and

bring out my rug, hand it to me, and wrap herself in it. She was very fond of young children, and if any child came to the factory she would touch its face and hands as softly as a grown person would, and do her utmost to talk. She was very fond of jams and pickles, and in fact, was always ready for anything good. When taking a walk with Mr. N.—Jennie would walk between us, with one hand in Mr. N.—'s and one in mine. * * * One day she was playing in the morning with Mr. D.—. In the afternoon I returned, and noticed that she was not able to walk as usual something seemed wrong with her legs. I took her in my arms and did what I could for her. She seemed in great pain in her stomach, and I gave her some chlorodyne, which seemed to relieve her. Next morning I found she could not stand, so I nursed her that day. She would cry if I put her down for a minute, just as a very small, weak child would do, and never seemed content unless her face was near mine. About 4 o'clock she had some milk; she then got a big fever, and, after walking about with her in my arms, I took her to bed, but she was so bad I did not sleep. She took my face between her two little hands, and drew me towards her until her face touched mine, crying all the time. After a few minutes she heaved a sigh, and pressed my face with her hands, and then I found she was dead. Poor little Jennie! The writer of the above narrative adds that he hopes to obtain another gorilla, which he intends to train, and make it the "greatest wonder of the world." The skin of poor Jennie will probably be sent to a museum in England.

A King's Ears.

One night shortly before the taking of Maillezeais, while d'Aubigne, as was apparently his custom, was sleeping with M. de la Force in a room opening into Henry's bedroom, he said to his companion, 'La Force, our master is a skinflint and the most ungrateful man on the face of the earth.' La Force, who was half asleep, did not hear, and muttered, "What do you say, d'Aubigne?" upon which the king, who was noted for his quickness of hearing, quietly said, "He says I am a skinflint and the most ungrateful man on the face of the earth."

D'Aubigne felt rather sheepish, but Henry was not in the least annoyed. The story is unfortunately not quite authentic, for it is only given in the notes of the early editions of the memoirs and does not appear in the manuscript. But in his history d'Aubigne relates a similar story in which when his beardless did not hear his remark, the king chimed in with "How deaf you are; don't you hear that he says I want to marry my sister to several brothers-in-law at once?" "Go to sleep," coolly replied d'Aubigne, "we have plenty more things to say about you."

Caoutchouc.

Caoutchouc, or India rubber, is the sap of several different plants and trees growing in tropical regions, but is most largely obtained from a South American plant. It is white like the juice of milkweed when it exudes from the plant, but becomes black from the effects of smoke, to the action of which it is subjected in the process of curing. When it is obtained from trees, the sap is gathered by tapping the trees, after a fashion not altogether unlike that by which the sap is extracted from maple trees for making maple sugar. It is evaporated to remove the water, and then a stick or "bat" is dipped into it and the sap taken up is held for some time in the smoke of a fire of nuts. This is repeated till the bat is loaded, when the caoutchouc is taken off and dried for shipment. When obtained from plants, the fiber is macerated and the sap extracted by evaporation. The raw rubber thus obtained has to pass through extended and complicated refining processes after its arrival in this country before it is ready for the purposes of the manufacturer.

The Bug that Saved the Orange Trees.

An Australian ladybug has apparently accomplished its mission in Sierra Madre, and is becoming very scarce here. It is less than three months ago that this wonderful little insect was first introduced by placing colonies in a few of our orange orchards, and without further care or attention they have multiplied and spread, and have at absolutely no cost done what, without them, could not have been accomplished with unlimited money and a vast amount of labor. And the trees are all healthy and flourishing, presenting a very different appearance to that formerly seen after the process of spraying with medicated washes. The large groves on the Baldwin and Chapman ranches are not entirely redeemed as yet, but the parasites are making satisfactory progress, and the total extermination of the pest which has caused a loss of many thousands of dollars to the owners is but a question of time.

How vilely has he lost himself who has become a slave to his servant and exalts him to the dignity of his Maker! Gold is the friend, the wife, the god of the money-monger of the world.

STAND-ALONE SILKS.

They Will Be in High Favor with Those Who Can Afford Them.

As if to somewhat mitigate the ultra flatness of the effect of the unprotuberant, tournureless back draperies, magnificent thick silks are imported, of the "stand-alone" quality of our grandmothers' time. Luxury will manifest itself the coming winter in superb silks and pompadour broads—called "centennial" broads this year—and in the sumptuous silk and metal embroideries with which plain silks will be enriched. This lavish use of rare and beautiful embroidery dates back to the first empire, when hardly any really elegant coats were seen, except military ones, laden with golden broidery, and when the masculine dress-coat rivaled those adopted by women, both in richness of quality and decoration. One of the modern forms of this elegant garment is the "centennial," an almost literal reproduction of the "centennial" coat that was revived two years ago. The square-cut fronts are bordered with gold and silver passementerie, and the vest is of silk or satin, nearly covered with the embroidery, and fastened with very expensive gold buttons of large size. There are deep flaps at each side also richly decorated with gimp and buttons, and there is a jabot or duchesse or point applique lace, with deep frills to correspond in the close, richly-trimmed sleeves, the jabot falling in graduated curves from the neck to a point below the waist.

Mark Twain on Tattooing.

A tattooed mark is easily removed. Stay I drop into personal history? When I was a small boy I had my share of warts. I tried in turn 368 ways of removing them, but without results; indeed, I seemed to get wartier and wartier right along. But at last somebody revealed to me the 369th way, and I tried it. Thus: I drove a needle down into the basement of the wart; then held the other end of the needle in the flame of a candle some little time; needle became red hot throughout its length, and proceeded to cook the wart. Presently I drew the needle out; if it had white atoms like nits sticking about its point, that wart was done; if the point was clear, I drove it in again and cooked till I got those white things. They were the roots of the wart. Twenty-four hours later the wart would become soft and flabby, and I removed it with a single wipe of my hand. Where it had been, was a smooth surface now, which quickly healed and left no scar. Within two days I was wartless, and have so remained until this day.

Well, a long time afterward, when I was 16 years old, a sailor tattooed an anchor and rope on the back of my left hand with India ink. The color was a deep, dark blue, and extravagantly conspicuous. I was proud of it for a while, but by the time I had worn it nine years I was tired of it and ashamed of it. I could find nobody who could tell me how to get rid of it; but at last my wart experience of near half a generation before it occurred to me, and I got my several needles and a candle straightway. I drove the needles along just under the surface of the skin and tolerably close together, and made them include the whole tattoo mark, then I fired upon them and cooked that device through. Next day I wiped the device off with my hand. The place quickly healed and left no scar. A faint bluish tinge remained, and I was minded to begin again and cook that out; but as it was hardly detectable, and not noticeable, it did not seem worth the fuel, and so I left it there, and there it is yet, though I suppose I am the only member of my tribe that knows it.

About Women and Mice.

A woman in the railroad depot at Toledo saw a mouse and jumped through a window with such vigor that she broke two ribs and an ankle. The other ten women simply fainted away.

A mouse which got into the mattress on an old maid's bed at Red Bank, N. J., caused her to scream and yell with such vigor that the whole town was awakened and kept on the ragged edge for an hour.

Mrs. Mary Ogden, a new Hampshire woman who is in prison for life has had a pet mouse for three years past, and the little creature is so tame and so well trained that it comes at her call and will do many tricks.

The Masculine Shawl.

About forty years ago it was the rage for men to wear shawls. The shawl superseded the overcoat almost entirely. All sorts and grades of men walked the streets enveloped in shawls. Tall, lank men looked like bean poles on which horse blankets had been hung to dry, and short, fat men resembled bales of merchandise rolling along the sidewalk. The fashion was not confined to the city, by any means. It invaded the country, and the boy going to school and the hired man hauling saw-logs sported the universal shawl. But it went out of fashion again almost as suddenly as it came in, though it lingered several seasons with some old-fashioned men, who are slow in taking up a new style and slower still in letting it go.