The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." Price Two Cents.

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The Germans are organizing a considerable establishment of falcons to catch the enemy's carrier pigeons.

The shipment of Florida oranges to Europe, which was attempted for the first time in any quantity this winter, has resulted most satisfactorily.

The major portion of the world's tin product is obtained from the Malay peninsula and Malacca, in Southern Asia. The Chinese practically control these mining interests.

Potatoes are coming from Scotland to this country in larger quantities than in any year since 1882. The Scotch potatoes are of the Magnum Bonum variety and are of extra good quality.

A New Orleans newspaper says that the millions of children seen around the cotton fields of the South furnish a complete refutation of the theory that the negro race in America is dying out.

No Russian paper dares use an exclamation point in an article. If the press censor finds one he condemns the whole issue as likely to incite the people to riot. A Russian editor can observe, but he must not exclaim.

This is the first time since 1777 that the year required the same figure used three times. That was 111 years ago, and the same thing will not happen again for 111 years, or in 1899. The year 2000 will draw on three ciphers.

A Boston woman has hit upon a novel scheme to make a living. She posts herself thoroughly upon the news of the day, and read her notes to a class of wealthy women who are too lazy to read. Some other clever woman might emulate her example in connection with literature.

The Detroit *Free Press* says in an editorial: "When we consider what a fuss the railroads made—and some of them are still making—about doing away with the deadly car stove, it is humiliating to learn that in Sweden the heating of the cars by steam has been universal since 1871."

During the progress of a religious revival which was recently held at West Point, Ind., a little child of seven years, while under the influence of the excitement of the occasion, mounted the pulpit and made an exhortation which is said to have been remarkable for its power and eloquence.

A patent for the manufacture of artificial maple sugar has been issued to Josiah Daily, of Madison, Ind. It is made by adding to a gallon of ordinary sugar syrup three tablespoonfuls of a decoction made from hickory bark. The inventor says that this syrup cannot be distinguished from the genuine maple syrup.

Prodigies of all kinds are springing up in various parts of the world. Chicago has a linguistic wonder in the person of Corinne Cohn, aged six, who speaks with fluency English, German, French and the new universal language, Volapuk. She is now learning Russian and Italian. Her father is Henry Cohn, President of the National School of Languages.

Canada has a considerable balance in her favor in the matter of fugitive embezzlers. Canada's losses in this respect are estimated at $2,000,000, while the "penal colony" of the United States in Canada represent some $20,000,000 in rascalities. It is difficult, says the Boston *Advertiser*, to see why any hesitancy should exist on either side of the border line to putting an end to this effective evasion of law and justice.

The largest Chinese mining camp in the Northwest is at Warren, Idaho. Hundreds of Chinese have been at work there for several years, and each year from fifty to seventy-five go back to China with from $2,000 to $5,000, a fortune for them. Most Chinese miners work over old mines, and are very expert at cleaning up every particle of gold; but at Warren they are on new ground, and their careful system results in large yields.

Mexico is making a high bid for immigration. It is reported that the Government has made a concession to a real estate company whereby 55,000 acres of land in eleven different States is to come into its possession, to be occupied by immigrants. Settlers on these tracts are to be exempt from taxation on the land, and the Government guarantees them protection. It is proposed to establish agencies in the principal cities of America and Europe to induce immigration to Mexico.

Pak Chung Yang, the Corean Minister to the United States, and his secretaries are somewhat dudish in their habits. Several wagons were required on their arrival at Washington to move the trunks containing their apparel. They change their costumes several times a day. They own a vast variety of very tall hats which are perforated at the top. They wear their hats at the table, and have a different kind of tile for each meal. They have heads of a very peculiar shape. The back of the head, far from being round, is as flat as a board.

THE BLOOM OF LONG AGO.

How oft along the vanished past,
Still with the lines of youth aglow,
Spring up the flowers that faded fast—
The scented bloom of long ago!
Where is the heart that would forget
The smile, the look, the warm embrace
Amid the years we treasure yet
The contour of the flitted face.

Deep in the labyrinth of time,
Mischievous shine black eyes and blue:
And fairy fingers beat a rhyme
On Cupid's bow for me and you.
I find a letter hidden long
From summer's sun and winter's snow,
And to it clings a cherished song
That keeps the tune of long ago.

We never quite forget the joys
Recorded on life's primal page;
The laughter gay of girls and boys
Falls sweetly on the ears of age.
Across a path still bright and fair,
A chill is swinging to and fro;
And memory twines in golden hair,
The lovely bloom of long ago.

The music sought by us to-day
In other years was grandly sung;
The face that flits across the way
We often kissed when we were young.
It is the hand we cannot see
That leads us, when the sun is low,
Back to the memory haunted lea
Rich with the bloom of long ago.

Confess to me, for it is true,
I care not what your station be,
That somewhere there's a spell for you—
A spell of love and fantasy.
Who has not felt a vanished hand
Touch his at twilight's gentle glow,
Or seen emerge from shadowland
A sweetheart of the long ago!

Black eyes and blue! O! what a spell
They weave for all who own their sway!
And where is he whose soul can tell
One-half the cunning they display?
They are the milestones of the road
We tread to where the waters flow
Between us and the veiled abode—
Beyond the loves of long ago.

—*T. G. Harbaugh.*

THE DIAMOND CRESCENT.

The day was bitter cold, and the crowds hurrying along Broadway turned neither to right nor to left in their haste to reach home and the comforts of the fireside.

I was sitting in my office on the ground floor, watching the restless people and philosophizing as I have a habit of doing upon the differences in human condition, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a child wearing upon her breast a superb diamond crescent of purest water and brilliancy. Before I had time to formulate any opinion as to how so magnificent a jewel could have come into the possession of a child, or to wonder why its parents or guardians permitted it to wear such a valuable trinket upon the public streets, an officer had the little one in his grasp.

Looking at it rationally, nothing would have seemed more probable than that the child was a thief, for I did not fail to notice in my first glance that her garments, a though scrupulously neat, were far from expensive, nevertheless an unaccountable excitement took possession of me, and I rushed to her assistance, demanding of the officer authoritatively, "Upon what charge do you make this arrest?"

Instinctively recognizing a friend, the terrified child besought me not to allow the officer to take her to jail.

"Look at that pin, the little thief!" the officer said roughly, making a movement to drag the child away.

"Stop!" I commanded, indignantly now, for I had made up my mind that the child should at least have a hearing. "Who says she is a thief?"

"I say so," returned the officer sharply. "I know 'em, these street gamins, and a precious lot they are! She's a regular one, this one is."

"Indeed, sir, I am not a thief! Oh, I am not, I am not! I didn't mean to do wrong. I wanted to find my own papa that Miss Adelle says the crescent will surely find."

The officer laughed coarsely. "That is fine, isn't it? Highly dramatic for one so young. You see I know 'em; they come in all ages from——"

"Officer," I interrupted him, for a crowd was gathering now, despite the biting cold, and I did not much enjoy my position as one of the central figures, "step with me into my office while we hear the little one's story. I am convinced that you have no more right to arrest this child because she wears a costly ornament when walking quietly along the public street than you would have to arrest the wife or daughter of a millionaire under like circumstances. You know who I am, and if the facts do not corroborate the story this child tells I promise to deliver her over to you in the next few hours."

"All right," said the officer, "take her; you'll be wiser in the next twenty-four hours, I'll wager."

And so I was, but not just as the officer anticipated. The child told me a singular story between her sobs, and facts proved it strictly true. Indeed, as I had the little one in my office before the fire, warm and comfortable except for the effects of her fright, I had time to see that her features and expression were those of a young princess of the blood clear-cut, exquisite and truthful. She was as far removed from the youthful unfortunates brought up in vice and crime as is heaven from earth.

The gist of her story was that she was a great man's daughter, and the only way she would ever find her papa was by the crescent, which he would recognize. She lived with Miss Adelle, a music teacher, and they had very little money. Miss Adelle had cried that morning because their coal was nearly gone and she had no money to buy more.

"When Adelle had gone out I put the crescent on, and came to find papa, for I knew that if he saw that he would buy us some more wood and coal," the child confided to me earnestly.

I hailed a cab at the conclusion of the tale and took the child to the street and number given me. A tall, graceful woman of twenty-five or thereabout welcomed us with emotion.

"Why, my dear Eva," she cried, clasping the child to her, "where have you been? I have been almost crazy with anxiety about you."

But just at this moment Miss Adelle caught sight of me, and drawing herself up with dignity she waited for an explanation of my presence there. Stating the case briefly I asked her to tell me something about the child.

"I will, sir," she said, motioning me to be seated with grace I have rarely seen equaled. "The sole guardianship of little Eva fell to me strangely," she began. "I am the daughter of a clergyman, and while teaching music in my native village in the West it happened that one winter's night some years since—a night not unlike what this promises to be—my father and I were startled by moans at our windows. Investigation showed a woman and child. Both were nearly frozen, and the woman, once in the heated room, swooned. We summoned a physician, but she recovered consciousness only to lose it again until we found that she was dying. Toward the last the poor creature muttered wildly and incoherently, and seemed to be in mortal terror of punishment for some great crime. Just at the last, however, she became entirely rational, and made frantic efforts with her dying breath to tell us all about the child; but the most we could understand was that Eva belonged to wealthy parents, and that something would prove her identity. Sewed up in the rags wrapped about the baby girl we discovered the diamond crescent, which is strangely engraved in ciphers, unintelligible to a stranger, but no doubt significant enough to the owners, whom we naturally suppose to be little Eva's parents, for this was evidently what the poor woman meant to convey.

"My father and I accepted the trust thrown upon us by that mysterious death as a commission from heaven," said Eva's guardian angel, with a soulful smile which disclosed a rich, beautiful nature, "and we set about to find the parents. For a long time we advertised, but to no purpose. Many replies came, but to none of these people did our little Eva belong. At last, after my father's death, which occurred three years ago, certain that Eva's parents were not to be found in the West, I sold my property there, coming to New York in the hope of obtaining pupils here, and at the same time good legal talent to push the work of establishing my darling's identity. We have not been very successful so far.

I felt my elf in a dilemma. Here was a beautiful young woman who had evidently sacrificed all her worldly goods to what she believed a divinely appointed mission, and for all I knew had at this moment neither money nor food, certainly not fuel for the morrow's bitter weather, for little Eva had innocently given that fact away, and yet she would not make a moan which would give me the cue to her necessity, or make it possible for me to offer pecuniary assistance.

What should I do about it all? I cogitated over and over again. "Retire at once, now that the business for which you came is ended," said the conventionalities. "But you cannot leave these two penniless and friendless in a big city," urged the heart within me, and the latter argument seemed the stronger of the two, so I broke forth at last, awkwardly (for I am not a man of tact any time, but to the point. "You accepted the care of little Eva as a commission from Heaven when a strange fate brought her to your door, and why may I not accept the care of both of you as my commission until something better can be done?"

The effect of this speech was simply startling. Miss Adelle flushed and turned pale by turns, but she said, looking straight at me, with womanly courage flashing from her large violet eyes: "Sir, you have been so kind to my dear little Eva that I will not believe you intend less to me."

"God knows that I do not," I replied, feelingly. "Pardon me, but your little charge has give me some idea of how you are situated; I would like to befriend you both while you need a friend."

Miss Adelle searched my face long and earnestly to discover if perchance there lucked some sinister motive there before she said: "Sir, your offer is a very extraordinary one."

"Not more so than your own course in sacrificing yourself and all that you possessed to this child's cause."

"But that was the will of Heaven for me," Miss Adelle said with deep seriousness, "I could not do less. But," she added, after a moment, we do indeed need a friend."

"Do you suppose that I would trespass longer upon your privacy were it not so?" I asked earnestly, "nay, trust me and you shall have no cause to regret it!"

Then Miss Adelle spoke out like the large souled woman that she was: "I will trust you, sir, for my little Eva's sake."

Matters proved quite as bad as I feared. They were at the end of their money, and no immediate prospect for getting more opened before them. Miss Adelle, whose musical gifts had been recognized as pre-eminent in her native village, had thought it would be easy enough to secure pupils in a great city like New York, but alas! from bitter experience she had learned that this commercial Mecca towards which so many young aspirants for success turn their footsteps held but disappointment for her.

The end of a long discussion of the pros and cons involved, resulted in Miss Adelle's accepting assistance from me as a loan, and I, in turn, promised her pupils from among my friends, taking upon my shoulders the doubtful task of coercing all the fathers and mothers of my acquaintance into giving their children over to her training, beginning with my own married sister. And it was fortunate that I made my beginning there, else it is probable that I should have miserably failed in my undertaking, for my sister—Mrs. Merwin—informed me scornfully when I laid my plan before her: "I cannot be thankful enough, Tom, that I am the first one to whom you unfold your quixotic scheme, for nothing could be more ruinous to a girl's prospects, situated as Miss Adelle is, than to have a bachelor like yourself going around advocating her cause. Just take me to see the girl, and if she is not a mere adventuress you may count upon my doing what I can for her."

That my sister was wholly satisfied with Miss Adelle will go without the saying when I tell you that she took her home within the week as musical governess to her own children, and personally solicited patronage for her among the "dear 500 friends."

In less than three months from the day that I first discovered Eva, Miss Adelle found herself with more work upon her hands than she could easily attend to, and I found myself—but no, I will tell you about that later, for now comes the most remarkable part of this narrative (and there is nothing so very remarkable in the story of a free man who is often thrown into the society of a good and beautiful woman falling in love with her) and that which emphasizes the fact that truth is stranger than fiction.

One day there drew up before my sister's door the well-known equipage of one of the city's most successful bankers, and from it alighted a gentleman who eagerly requested to see Miss Adelle. The result of that visit was nothing short of the restoration of little Eva to her parents and home, for she was proven to be the long-lost and sadly mourned daughter of the banker, stolen by a former servant, the only object that could be discovered to extort money for her return. In order probably to render the scheme successful the child had been taken far away, where it would be difficult to trace her. The mysterious death of the woman had interfered with the original plan and left no clue by which the agonized parents could possibly discover their child, and long since she had been given up for dead.

In the course of its progress from person to person, the story of the young music teacher and her little charge had reached the banker and his wife, who hastened to convince themselves that Eva was their long-lost darling; the diamond crescent which had been stolen for that very purpose no doubt furnishing evidence, if more had been needed than the child's great resemblance to her mother.

It is needless to say that the grateful parents insisted upon adopting Adelle into their hearts and homes as a daughter no less than their legitimate offspring and for me they declared eternal friendship.

With this I should have been quite satisfied under ordinary circumstances, but—

"Nonsense," roguishly says Adelle, who is looking over my shoulder as I write, "what a common-place ending you will have there, love and marriage, and all that sort of thing."

"But will it not be true to the life?" I demand. And a beautiful light warms up her dear face. "End the story as you please, Tom," she says.—*New York Press.*

Calamities of Prominent Men.

James J. Wilson, of New Jersey, was successively Clerk of the Legislature, editor, State Adjutant General and United States Senator. His mind became unbalanced, and one night he jumped out of the window and was badly injured. He died two years later—July, 1824.

Congressman Robert Potter, of North Carolina, was the husband of a beautiful woman, of whom he was intensely jealous. His jealousy developed into insanity, and he nearly murdered two of his wife's cousins, who had called to pay a friendly visit, on August 24, 1831. He was sent to prison and find $1,000. He afterward went to Texas, where he was killed in a brawl.

William S. Ramsey, of Carlisle, Penn., was elected to Congress when only twenty-eight years old. The day after his reelection he received a letter, the contents of which he never revealed. He became a changed man, and ended his bright career with a bullet in a hotel in Baltimore in October, 1840. He was only thirty years old.

In a fit of mental aberration John White, of Kentucky, killed himself at Richmond, Ky., in September, 1845. He was Congressman for ten years and Speaker of the Twenty-seventh Congress.

Congressman Felix G. McConnell represented Alabama from December 4, 1843, to September 10, 1846, when he cut his throat in a Washington hotel. The death of a devoted friend had driven him to drink and insanity, with the result noted.

Jesse B. Thomas, of Illinois, was a Western pioneer, a Congressman and a United States Senator for ten years. The secret persecutions of a political enemy unsettled his reason and he cut his throat at Mount Vernon, O., on February 5, 1850.

United States Senator Thomas J. Rusk, of Texas, committed suicide at Nacadoches, Texas, in July, 1856. He had been a successful lawyer, a brave soldier, had fought for Texan independence, served as Chief Justice of the State and was a United States Senator for ten years. Mental infirmity drove him to the deed which ended his eventful career.

Edward Curtis was a noted politician in his time. He represented New York City in Congress from 1837 to 1841, when President Harrison appointed him Collector of the Port. The treachery of some political friends turned his brain, and he died in New York, after a lingering illness, in August, 1858.—*Graphic.*

Jim Fisk's Dodge.

Years ago when the New York Central and Erie railroads were engaged in a desperate and destructive battle of cut rates, Jim Fisk played a shrewd dodge on Commodore Vanderbilt. The freight rates from Chicago to New York city were so low that there was no profit in transportation. Fisk seized the golden opportunity to buy cattle; shipped the cattle over the Commodore's road, and so blocked the Commodore's transportation facilities that the Central was obliged to refuse all other freight. Fisk then put up the priece of freight on the Erie, and was not only able to do a lucrative business while the Central was carrying cows at a loss, but he was also able to get his cows to the market, via the Commodore's line, at such low terms that he made a profit on every head.—*Argonaut.*

Manufacturing a Poem.

It is usual at Cambridge University to annually give a handsome sum for the best poem. Some years ago a waggish undergraduate, for a mere jest, made a poem by piecing together fragments of all those which had for many years been the winners. He expected that the committee would laugh at it and throw it aside. What was his horror at learning that he had been adjudged the prize and that his name had been published all over England as that of the victor.

GIBRALTAR'S GREAT ROCK.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD'S STRONGEST FORTRESS.

Its Size and Position—The Defenses—People of All Nations in the Town.

The rock of Gibraltar, says Godfrey C. Carden, of the United States Revenue Marine, has been celebrated in ancient as well as in modern literature; it has been the subject of fables and legends innumerable; it has played a dramatic part in the fortunes of men and nations certainly from the earliest historic times—and probably was the bone of contention among prehistoric races. In speaking of Gibraltar one flowery writer says: "In splendid, somber, solitary beauty no Titanic peak of nature surpasses it; it is more than majestic, it is awful, while it rises above and is the lookout upon a landscape more varied and endowed with more striking and sudden contrasts than any fancied eyrie of Alp or Himalaya."

The "rock" itself is no more than seven miles in circumference, and its elevation above the sea at the highest point does not exceed 1,400 feet. The town is situated on the western slope, for on all other sides the ascent is very precipitous. The isthmus which connects Gibraltar with the main land is a little more than a mile wide, and it is on this isthmus that the famous neutral ground is marked off by the two parallel rows of English and Spanish sentry-boxes. Apart from the position of the "rock," it is greatly strengthened by the presence of remarkable natural caverns with which it is perforated. These caverns are all difficult of access. The largest, St. Michael's, has a hall hung with stalactites reaching from roof to floor. Reflected back from the glare of a torch they present a most weird appearance.

The entrance to St. Michael's is 1,000 feet above the sea level, and it is connected with other caverns beneath it of unknown depth. Two English officers in endeavoring to fathom these depths were lost, not a trace being found of them by those venturing to the edge of the abyss. No doubt the presence of these natural caverns suggested to the British the idea of excavating and tunneling the "rock." A system of galleries has been cut, facing the harbor and neutral ground, at an enormous expense. Much of the work was carried on by prisoners. At intervals of twelve yards ports have been cut for guns, and some of the ordnance mounted is of the heaviest caliber.

The defenses at the new mole have been strengthened by a casemate battery, while at the Alexandra battery thirty-eight-ton guns are in position. There are also thirty-eight-ton guns at the Europa point and on the line wall and from these positions the fire could be simply annihilating to any cruiser caught on the ground of their range. Along Willis's road casemates are constructed, and altogether some thirty heavy guns in position. Two hundred-ton Armstrongs are about to be put in position, but as yet I know of no eighty one ton guns in the batteries. The thirty-eight-ton gun batteries will be the first any vessel will feel if she has a stand five miles off and attempts the ludicrous project of shelling Gibraltar. After she passes the range of the eighteen-ton guns along the water port and continues to enter, she will encounter the concentrated fire of the whole "rock," to say nothing of the floating batteries and British men-of-war in the harbor.

The "rock" has several flat spots near the top, and it is here that the infantry are drilled. The garrison numbers, roughly, five thousand men, and it has always been the custom at the "Horse guards," in London, to send out a great many highlanders to Gibraltar, though they do not compose the whole force. The garrison is one of the hardest drilled in the British service, and the men are usually the pick of the army. The feeling of pride will only allow the flower of the British troops to hold Gibraltar. Report has it that Gen. Grant considered this garrison the finest body of men of any he saw during his tour "around the world."

Gibraltar has been well termed an epitome of nations. The streets fairly swarm with Moors, Jews, Spaniards, and English. Among the women the dark-eyed, pretty Genoese and the Spanish beauties, with their long lashes and charming languor in their eyes, never fail to attract the attention of our "middies"—to say nothing of their elders.

All foreigners visiting the town, save naval officers in uniform, are required to take out a permis de sejour, and must find bondsmen to go security for their good behavior during the ten, fifteen, or twenty days for which the permit is made out. However, this stay may be renewed after the expiration of the time limit. The authorities prevent, as much as possible, any and all acquisitions in the way of new residents. This is to the town only. Inside of the limits of the ramparts no strangers are admitted after night fall. The officers, however, may introduce a friend for a period of a month, but are held in strict account all his actions. Justice is administered according to the laws of England, but there is a prevailing spirit of the military-court-martial in all the proceedings of the court. The air militaire is inculcated in all pertaining to the "rock," and is more than an apparent seeming.

The majority of the houses in the town are built with flat tops, thus enabling them to retain rain water. Tanks are built under the buildings and are fitted with drains leading from the roofs. It is the water supply which has always proved of such vital importance to Gibraltar, but the authorities have finally mastered the solution, and the "rock" is now well provided with good water. Two large tanks, one containg 11,000 and the other 9,000 gallons, are constantly kept full with which to supply naval vessels.

Gibraltar stands to-day the key to the Mediterranean, and is the center of that line of fortresses which connects Great Britain with those enormous fields of wealth in the East Indies.

Gibraltar can not in itself prevent the passage of a hostile fleet through the straits. The southern shore of the strait is not fortified, but in early days all vessels—being sailing vessels—had to hug the northern shore on account of the strong current on the southern coast. This virtually brought all vessels under the guns of the "rock." But to-day one of our steel cruisers, say the Chicago or Boston, would steam right along through the southern current and pass the range of the thirty-eight-ton and eighteen-ton guns in a very short time. At night time the run past could be made without danger of receiving a single shot. The strait in its narrowest part is all of nine miles, and though the thirty-eight-ton and one hundred-ton-guns in the fort can feel the southern shore, they have very little chance of hitting a steel cruiser running fifteen or twenty knots, and in the night time at that. "Where one man can go, another can go," and when one cruiser can run the straits a whole fleet can follow. But it is not the guns of Gibraltar that are to be feared wholly. Under her guns, lying at anchor, is a powerful fleet of war vessels, flying the cross of St. George from their peaks. These vessels patrol the straits, using Gibraltar as a coaling station and post of supply—a post where all damages can be repaired, and thus obviate their stay on the station. For a hostile fleet to pass the Straits of Gibraltar means the destruction of one of England's most powerful iron-clad squadrons—a squadron which in time of war would receive augmented numbers. To take Gibraltar would be a matter of starvation to the garrison, not resistance to attack. Our new vessels of war are now being rapidly provided with some of the finest guns afloat—guns which cost our Government prodigious sums to complete them, but resulting in excelling Krupp and Armstrong in no few particulars. Our six-inch steel rifles, eight-inch steel rifles, and ten-inch steel rifles denominate the various calibers, the latter being thirty-five feet in length and capable of throwing a projectile, nearly five feet in length, to a distance of ten miles. But with all this tremendous range our guns could not silence the shielded ordnance of Gibraltar. If the fleet was destroyed, the garrison could be soon driven to the tunnels, but there they would be safe until starved out.

A Malay Runs Amuck.

A dreadful incident, the like of which has not happened in Singapore for the past twenty-three years, and by which three people met a sudden and shocking death at the hands of a fellow creature, and many others were seriously injured (one of them, it is feared, fatally), took place recently in the district of Campong Glam.

It appears that a Buggis man, Hadjee Ebraim, who is some sort of an agent in organizing pilgrimages to Mecca, arrived here a few days ago and went to stop in a Malayman's house, 56 Sultan Road. On Satu day night or early Sunday morning, he received a letter from Mecca, informing him of the death of his daughter at that place, where she had gone on a pilgrimage. About one o'clock, while sitting in bed with the Malay owner of the house and a boy reading his letter, he suddenly jumped up, and taking a kris gave the Malay two dreadful stabs. The boy ran down stairs rapidly, and with great presence of mind, bolted the outside door and gave the alarm on the street.

The man escaped by the window, and getting down a tiled roof into a little close, and behind the house, ran what is well-known in these parts, amuck. He crossed the close and went up stairs into the house opposite, where he stabbed two Malay women, one of them fatally. From there he ran by a back way into Victoria street, where he met two Chinamen. In lunging at the one nearest him he missed his blow on account of the Chinaman jumping aside, but the blow fell with fatal effect upon the other, who fell in a pool of blood near where he was struck, and must have died in a few minutes. The furious fanatic then rushed up Jelan Falapa, bent on nothing but murder, into North Bridge road, the terrified natives who followed being too much afraid to approach him.

After wounding several he was felled by a blow with a pole, hurriedly pulled out from under a stand opposite a native shop by a native police constable. Several men then ran up and assisted in holding him until he was manacled by the police and the kris taken from him. He was found to be suffering from a severe scalp wound, probably inflicted by the pole. He was conveyed to the hospital with his wounded victims, six in all, and a guard placed upon him lest he might commit suicide.

The author of so many deaths, after being arrested, spoke rationally, and on being asked why he had killed and wounded so many people said he did not know.—*Straits (India) Times.*

An Infant King Opens Parliament.

The opening of the Spanish Parliament by the infant King and his mother, the Queen-regent, was a most interesting spectacle. The infant King was dressed in white, with a white bonnet, the latter being removed upon his being seated on the throne, to the right of Queen Christina, whose black dress, only relieved by a tiara and a collar of diamonds, formed a striking contrast to the mass of gold-color covering the house and lighting up the tribunes. While the Queen read the speech from the throne in clear, audible tones, without the slightest signs of the nervousness attributed to her, the young King surveyed the scene with complete composure, fixing his attention alternately upon the assemblage and upon the Queen. When the reading of the document was completed, his majesty showed a wish to be among the first to leave, but being taken in the Queen's arms he remained perfectly quiet.—*Argonaut.*

Rather Old.

A man who has traveled a bit and sees what is going on around him observes that in some Southern cities, notably New Orleans, a Chicago man is very likely to bump into people when he is walking along in the streets. The reason is that down there it is the custom for everybody to turn to the left instead of to the right, as the rule is everywhere else, when two persons meet. On some of the lines, at least, the horse cars run up on the left track and down on the right. Drivers of vehicles get into the way of the steering to the left also. It strikes a Chicago man as being rather odd.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Judge's" Choice.

Some boys like the maiden with saucy blue eyes,
Or fancy the girl with gold hair;
Some chaps like the lass of diminutive size,
Or maid with a scholarly stare;
Some youths are quite partial to tender young dears,
Or beauties who weightily crash;
But men are convinced thro' the knowledge of years
There's naught like the girl with the cash.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.

I wonder what my papa means
By calling me Miss Fidget?
A silly goose
That has no use—
A troublesome little midget.

He says I always "ought to laugh;
Good little girls are jolly."
What would he do
If he, boo hoo!
Had tored his little Dolly?

He says my Dolly's nothing but
A lot of rips and creases—
That all combined
Could never find
One half the missing pieces.

And mamma told me if it was
Made out of iron and leather
It wouldn't stay
More than a day
Securely held together.

I know its nose and ears are gone,
It has one leg left only;
A great big crack
Is in its back
And one eye looks so lonely.

Its face gets blacker every day,
It's never tidy, never;
And if I rub
And scour and scrub,
It makes it worse than ever.

They want to know what makes me keep
The "nasty thing" about me.
Why, don't you see
It's fond of me,
And couldn't do without me.

Now, does it matter much to them
How sick and cross I may be?
I'm not afraid
Mamma would trade
Me for another baby.

—*C. M. Snyder, in Courier-Journal.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Geographical—What is the capital of Jay Gould?

This is the year when the girls leap and the men fly.

Why is it that the rising generation rises late?—*New Haven News.*

The wedding ring is woman's sphere and also man's fear.—*Epoch.*

They raise vegetable tallow in Australia. There's the place to laugh and grow fat.—*Siftings.*

Solomon, when he gave the famous judgment, was the first man who ever proposed to split the difference.

For the past two years everything has been at sixes and sevens. But this year we hope to straighten matters out.—*Epoch.*

More than 10,000,000 eggs are carried into New York each week. One might be tempted to think this an ova supply.—*Boston Transcript.*

Agent (at the door)—"Is the lady of the house in?" Gentleman calling to his wife.—"Mary, is the cook in?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

Next to a bull in a china shop, a strike in a glass factory would seem to be one of the most smashing things in the world.—*Boston Transcript.*

When blizzards bliz,
An' coal is riz,
An' tempests temp their boldest,
We shivering shiv,
And scarce can live—
For street-car stoves are coldest.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

New York Man (smilingly shaking hands,)—Excuse my glove. Boston Acquaintance (frigidly)—Ah, certainly. Excuse my spectacles.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is said that J. Gould enjoyed the novel sensation of a short balloon trip in Paris. He's got the earth, and he probably went up to take a look at the sky.—*Tid-Bits.*

Several diamonds were found in a meteorite which fell in the town of Krasnoslobodsk, Russia. They will be given to the individuals who are able to pronounce the name of the town.

A WAIL FROM CHICAGO.

The big jack rose
By the sad sea blows
And the cactus buds on the prairie;
But the orange blossom blooms
Where the port trade booms—
So hustle to the lakeside, Lucy an' Jane—
An' hurry up, Tibby an' Carrie!
Bring along your trousseau—
You'll be happy if you do so,
For there's heaps of fellers here as wants to marry!

—*Chicago News.*

Chinese Table Etiquette.

As soon as the guests are seated on the mats, two, and sometimes three, small, low tables are brought to each. On the one immediately in front of him the guest finds seven little covered bowls. On the second table will be five other bowls. The third, a very small table, should hold three bowls. Take up the chop-sticks with the right hand, remove the cover of the rice bowl with the same hand, transfer it to the left, and place it to the left of the table. Then remove the cover of the bean soup and place it on the rice cover. Next take up the rice bowl with the right hand, pass it to the left, and eat two mouthfuls with the chop-sticks, and then drink once from the soup bowl. And so on with the other dishes—never omitting to eat some rice between each mouthful of meat, fish and vegetables, unless you forget which is your mouth and which is your right hand, or have become so giddy that you can not tell your left hand from a chop-stick or your rice bowl from your third table.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Youthful Weather Prophet.

The six-year-old son of a Kentucky man is acquiring notoriety as a weather prophet. The child is small for his age, and cannot yet talk plainly, but has developed barometrical powers to a wonderful degree. Since he was four years old his parents, who are respectable and reliable people, declare that he has foretold every rain, hail storm or snow storm, and even the light showers and sprinkles so plentiful in the spring of the year. One day recently, while the sun was blazing down with intense heat, the child came into the house from the yard, where he had been intently gazing at the heavens, and predicted a heavy rainstorm, to be followed by a profuse fall of hail. In the afternoon his prophecy was verified by a heavy storm.—*Chicago Times.*