

## WITH STOLEN GOLD.

### AMERICAN EMBEZZLERS IN TORONTO ARE DOING WELL.

Belle of the Company Mrs. Chapdean—Her Anxious Night-Watch—She Can Never Be a Happy Wife of a Characterless Man.

HERE is no more sublime specimen of diplomatic idiosyncrasy in existence than the extradition treaty now in force between this country and the United States, says a Toronto correspondent of the New York Record.

It covers but a very few crimes and hence affords absolute immunity to perpetrators of many offenses most dangerous to the happiness and welfare of society. While a man can be extradited, taken back to the United States and punished for murder, for assault with intent to commit murder, for rape and forgery, he may, on the contrary, embezzle hundreds of thousands of dollars, commit bigamy, adultery, seduction, and numerous other grave crimes, and if he escapes across the border before any of Uncle Sam's officers can prevent him he may snap his fingers at justice and live here luxuriously on his ill-gotten gains or with his neighbor's wife for the remainder of his days in open defiance of the law.

He may commit grand larceny in the states to any extent and still laugh at justice in Canada, provided he is shrewd enough not to bring any of the stolen property into this country. Even in the latter case he cannot be extradited. He is then amenable to Canadian law and is almost certain to serve a term in one of this country's penitentiaries. But it is almost impossible to convict an embezzler or grand larcener of having brought stolen property into Canada. If money is found upon his person or in his possession it must be positively proven that the gold, silver or bank notes comprising it include some of the very identical coins or bills which he has stolen. Anybody may embezzle or steal any amount and if he will take the money and convert it into some other form—whether by purchasing stocks, bonds, diamonds, or other personal property, or by simply changing the original coins, bank notes or securities into others—and then escape to Canada, no legal power, whether of this country or the United States, can harm him. This travesty of justice is made still more absurd by the fact that the man who commits a forgery to the amount of 25 cents flies to Canada for refuge in vain. He can be promptly extradited and taken back to the states for punishment.

The charming city of Toronto has a good-sized colony of American embezzlers. Prominent among the number is Israel Lucas, ex-treasurer of Auglaize county, Ohio. Lucas skipped across the border with \$38,000 and a female whom he bigamously married, leaving a wife and several children to mourn his loss. He was careful to change before coming into Canada all the money he had taken, and consequently could not be arrested for bringing stolen property into the country, nor upon any other charge, but he allowed himself to be intimidated into restoring \$12,000 of his spoils. With the remainder he established himself in a fine house here and cut quite a figure. He is still apparently prosperous and happy.

Sherbourne street, famed for its handsome residences, is a favorite locality for American embezzlers. Passers along that thoroughfare a few rods north of Carlton street may see standing in the doorway of one of the prettiest dwellings shortly before 6 o'clock on almost any evening in fine weather a handsomely formed woman, whose beautiful face bears a look of anxious expectancy. The woman is Alice Chapdean, the wife of Arthur D. Chapdean, ex-cashier of a big express company in the states, with headquarters in New York. Chapdean was in receipt of a large salary and might have done well if he had not become a race-track frequenter. His losses in betting on the turf soon swallowed up his salary and savings. Then he drew from the company's funds the wherewithal to indulge in his favorite amusement, and when he had stolen and lost some \$15,000 he took \$10,000 more, changed it to evade the Canadian law against importing stolen property, struck a bee line for good Queen Vic's dominions and placed himself under the protecting folds of the Union Jack.

Unlike Treasurer Lucas, Chapdean brought his wife with him, and a mutual friend, one G. F. Brocy, who had been an employe under him and an accessory to his defalcations. Arriving in Toronto the party took up their quarters at a fashionable boarding house on St. George street, and had been living there in clover for some time before a detective from the States, aided by Toronto's officers, caused their arrest. As the express company were unable to prove that either Chapdean or Brocy had brought any of the stolen money into Canada, they were soon set free. Chapdean established himself as a manufacturer of sugars on a large scale and rented the house on Sherbourne street, already mentioned, where he installed Mrs. Chapdean as the mistress of a most charming home.

Though surrounded by every comfort and luxury that can make life attractive, and the acknowledged belle of Toronto's colony of American embezzlers, a woman of such a delicate, sensitive and refined nature as Alice Chapdean, could never be happy as the wife

of a characterless man. The expression of pensive sadness which never leaves her face, though it only heightens its loveliness, betrays the mental torture she endures, while the look of mingled doubt and eagerness with which she nightly watches for her husband's coming, suggests Brabantio's words to Othello, slightly altered: "He has deceived the express company, he may deceive me."

### AN ENGLISH JAIL CHAPEL.

A View of the Prisoners at the Sunday Morning Service.

After breakfast nothing much happens until the chapel hour. Now those prisoners who have "gone sick" are visited by the surgeon or his assistant, and if the case is urgent are sent across to the infirmary at once, says a writer in the Quiver. There is no regular cell inspection, the governor or his deputy makes no rounds; there is no "taking of reports," no adjudication of pains and penalties for misconduct. All this will stand over until Monday; even those awaiting punishment, unless it is for outrageous acts of violence or defiance, turn out to go with their fellows to chapel. About 9:30 the chapel bell rings for the first service, that of the Roman Catholics, who in large prisons are usually "located" or lodged in one part of the prison, near their own chapel. The bell for the church of England service follows at about 10 a. m.

Both on marching to chapel and when seated within it the various classes and categories of prisoners are kept strictly separate from each other. Males and females approach the chapel by different roads, enter by different doors and occupy different divisions, pews or places apart. Among the males, too, the convicted are kept from the unconvicted, and the debtors from both. The women are generally seated first, behind a screen or within a curtained-off, railed-in inclosure. They are, of course, visible to the chaplain, but to no one else but their own officers. Except for their treble voices heard in responses and hymns, their presence at the service would be unknown. Now and again, however, an attempt to signal or communicate has been tried by individuals of opposite sexes; when a dry cough, persistently repeated, in the female pew, finds an answer in another part of the chapel, it affords a shrewd suspicion that friends are trying to use some code made up outside before imprisonment.

One other class is unhappily to be found at times in the jail chapel, a very distinct class, but seldom containing more than one representative. This is sometimes a "condemned" man in prison, one on whom the extreme penalty has been passed, and who, by the usual custom, is allowed "three clear Sundays" before the awful sentence is accomplished. A condemned convict, although he is never left alone, being associated day and night with two wardens as guardians, is never permitted to see or be seen by other prisoners.

### Got Their Signs Changed.

"Two sandwich men" paraded Chestnut street yesterday, advertising the merits of a certain food product which we shall call "X Y." One of the men was tall and stout, with rosy cheeks, and all the earmarks of a good feeder. He wore a sign, front and back, reading "I eat 'X Y.'" The other one was small and thin, and appeared to be half-starved. His "sandwich" sign bore the simple legend: "I don't." The stout fellow walked ahead, and his companion followed close in his wake. They paraded about for several hours, but late in the afternoon they fell to quarreling, and they finally decided to retire to Sanson street, and "have it out." They took off their signs when they reached that comparatively quiet street and prepared to settle their difficulties for the little fellow was spunky and was not a bit overawed by the big one's superior weight and height. A policeman loomed up in the distance, however, just as they were about to begin, and each grabbed up a sign, put it on, and hurried back to Chestnut street. The people whom they passed laughed a great deal at them, but they thought nothing strange of that. It was not until an hour or so later that they discovered that they were ruining rather than booming their employer's business, for the little fellow was wearing the big one's sign, and vice versa.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Genial Egotist.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "I don't say ez I'm dissatisfied with what you've done in life but when I read about all these people goin' to congress an' doin' great things I feel ez if we was kinder gittin' left in the march of events."

"Mandy," was the reply, "the greatest men of history is them ez wanted ter stay home an' be let alone an' wusn't allowed ter hev their wish but was forced by their feller citizens to grab hold of the reins of gov'ment."

"Yes; I s'pose that's the case."

"Well, I'm even better off'n them. I not only don't want ter be a public man but I'm bein' allowed ter hev my own way about it."—Washington Star.

### Judged After Death.

It was the Egyptians who judged their kings after death. If upon examination they were considered to have acquitted themselves creditably honorable funeral ceremonies were decreed to their bodies; if otherwise, they were thrown on the highways to rot.

### Manufactures in British Columbia.

Forty-eight companies have been incorporated and registered on West Kootenay, B. C., since last January, the total capitalization being \$35,675,000. There are, of course, a great many mines in operation which have not been incorporated.

### PORT ARTHUR'S MONTE CRISTO.

He Has a Secret Gold Mine from Which He Scoops Millions at Will.

A strange but authentic story regarding a hidden gold mine known only to the Indians and two white men has been brought to light by the attempts of a young man named T. G. Doners to commit suicide at Minneapolis, where he had been arrested upon a charge of passing worthless checks for large amounts, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Doners was at one time a resident of this city, and for some time has been visiting in Minneapolis. He seemed to have plenty of money, and a few days ago induced a hotel man there to cash a check for a large amount by representing that the paper had been drawn by his father, a squaw man, living near Port Arthur. When arrested the young fellow was so heartbroken that he tried to hang himself in the police station, but was cut down by the jailer in time to save his life. Doners then told a story so strange that the authorities refused to believe it and wrote here for confirmation. On investigation it is found that young Doners is a Monte Cristo, so far as wealth goes, and has at his command, when in his own country, gold without end. When Doners and his father left Duluth some years ago they went to Rat Portage, Manitoba, where the father married an Indian woman, the widow of an old chief, who was in possession of all the secrets of the tribe. She confided to Mr. Doners and his son, the young man now in jail at Minneapolis, the secret of a hidden gold mine in the northern part of Minnesota, and from this mine father and son have taken an incredible amount of the yellow metal. Its precise location the owners will not disclose, but it is presumed to be somewhere in the Lake-of-the-Woods region, where much English capital is now invested.

Both Mr. Doners and his son are millionaires and can command from \$2,000,000 to \$10,000,000 in cash at any time. The elder Doners is one of the best-known and wealthiest residents of Port Arthur and has been offered as high as \$1,000,000 to disclose the whereabouts of the hidden mine, which he visits periodically with his wife and son. Mrs. Doners, who told her husband the secret of the mine, is a full-blooded Ojibwa Indian and is well advanced in years. Friends of the family have gone to Minneapolis to set the young man straight with the authorities.

The prisoner is wealthy enough to buy a good part of Minneapolis without feeling it.

### DAINTIES FOUND IN THE ARCTIC

Delicious Berries Produced on the Shores of Labrador.

In spite of the latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlew berry and bake apple in profusion, and upon the mainland, in the proper month, September, a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent, aromatic flavor, unequalled by the cultivated varieties; marsh berries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire tea berries, with a flavor like some rare perfume, and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squash berries, pear berries, and curlew berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Eskimos, who prefer it to almost any other; and lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere else outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bake apple. These cover the entire coast from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hilltops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow when matured. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it. Yet the natives do preserve it with all its freshness and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heading up tightly in casks or barrels.

### A Poisonous Moth.

John Gifford is confined to his home in Stockton, N. J., with a very badly swollen foot, the result of a bite of a strange insect. Several days ago a number of foreign laborers occupied a trolley car of which he was conductor. After they left, he says, he felt an itching on his foot. He found a small insect, which one of the passengers told him was an Italian moth, which the people of Italy hold in great dread. No attention was at first paid to the bite, until Gifford's foot became swollen as large as his head. The attending physician says the bite is a peculiar one and fears there may be serious results.

### Better Profanity Than Vulgarity.

In a book of reminiscences of Concord thirty years ago, by Frank Preston Stearns, just published, the author relates how Miss Alcott came to him one day and asked him to take her out rowing. He complied, but it found it more of a job than he had anticipated. "This is the damndest boat I ever pulled," he remarked. "Frank," said Miss Alcott, "never say darn. Much better to be profane than vulgar."

### Cowardice.

The biggest coward is not always the man who refuses to fight. It takes more courage sometimes to turn away from a brawl than to plunge into it.—Rev. Washington Gladden.

## FASHION'S LATEST.

### JEWELLED CENSERS WHICH BURN PERFUME.

The New Substitute for Smelling Salts—Swings from the Chateleine and Gives Forth a Tiny Cloud of Incense—Worn at the Matinee.



HE modern woman has taken to burning incense at her own shrine. The latest thing in jewelled smelling-bottles is a veritable censer that swings from milady's chateleine and when lighted diffuses a delicate perfume and a tiny cloud of incense, says the New York World.

At an operatic matinee the other day a very elegant young woman in a tailor-made gown and a fetching millinery get-up produced her whilom smelling-salts at the most affecting moment of the performance. As she snapped open the cover, and a fine streak of circumambient vapor curled softly up and stole athwart the footlights, there was a craning of necks in her neighborhood for two whole minutes, while the women tried to investigate this latest idea in elegance.

This new perfume burner, as it is called, has displaced the vinaigrette and tiny bottle of aromatic salts, so dear to the heart of the swooning maidens of half a century ago. The English matron now swings her censer through the London drawing rooms as sedulously as she carries her lorgnette rampant.

The perfume burners are also appearing in New York, and are to be found in the shops which make a specialty of imported novelties of the toilet, both in sizes for the chateleine and for the dressing table.

The little chateleine censer comes in cut glass and silver in very dainty designs. Its inner mechanism has a nice little device for automatic lighting; extinguishing is accomplished by merely excluding the air by putting on the silver top.

The perfume burner is in reality a tiny lamp, burning in lieu of a wick, a prepared stick of incense as fragrant as the frankincense and myrrh of biblical days. Eastern perfumes, such as the pungent, aromatic sweet grasses of India and Ceylon, are favorites for this use.

In a short time the woman who formerly affected musk and attar of roses will float into drawing rooms, theaters, boxes and church pews in a cloud of Oriental incense; and she of the violet sachets in silken interlinings of every frock will burn violet-essence in clouds of spring odorousness.

And who shall not say that the bon-doir incense chats may not rival the club smoke-talks of the masculines as social occasions among women fair when the season of Lenten solemnity settles down upon the world of fashion?

### BACHELOR IGNORANCE.

Especially When Children Happen to Be Under Consideration.

Bachelors who have lived alone or in hotels or clubs, acquire strange ignorance about children, says the New York Tribune. One of these was telling a friend how his little nephew enjoyed "The Jungle Book."

"How old is he?" was asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Seven or 8. Maybe 10."

"Then he can read the stories himself?"

"Let me see. No, he can't. He's too young. He has the book read to him."

"Then he must be less than 10 years old."

The uncle was puzzled. "That's so," he said, reflectively. "My brother hasn't been married nearly so long as that. I don't believe it's more than six years. No, his car can't be over 4 or 5. I think he's just 4."

"Can't you tell his age by looking at him?" asked the friend.

"Why, no," answered the uncle, hopelessly. "All children look the same age to me except infants and those that are about ready for college."

It was another bachelor who was visiting friends, when a caller came in with his young son. The boy was 4 or 5 years old, and a manly little chap. The bachelor was attracted by his appearance, and, patting his cheek, said to his father:

"He's a sturdy boy, isn't he? He'll be ready to go out and play ball in a few years."

"I can play ball already," spoke up the child, proudly.

"Why, he can talk, can't he?" exclaimed the astonished bachelor. "I didn't know children could talk at his age."

The company would have doubted the sincerity of his ignorance had he not been too evidently in earnest.

### What Constitutes Success.

First medical student: "How I do envy Dr. Bugham!" Second ditto: "Why, is he very successful?" "Successful? I should say so! Why, he's worth half a million if he's worth a dollar." "What I mean is, is he successful in effecting cures?" "Oh, I don't know; that's a matter that never entered my head to ask about."—Boston Transcript.

### November and December.

A groom of 74 and a bride of 69 were married in North Adams, Mass., recently. The groom had outlived five wives, but the bride had only one other husband.

### An Inducement to Pay Taxes.

People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

### JIM HARKINS' NARROW ESCAPE.

Disbrow's Finger Was Pressing the Trigger When He Declared for Peace.

Between the front door of the log house and the gate was a large stump, and on this stump old man Disbrow was skinning a woodchuck which had been caught in a trap that afternoon. I sat on a pile of firewood near by, and Mrs. Disbrow sat on the doorstep, smoking and knitting. The old man was telling me the story of his great fight with two bears as he worked away with his knife, when Mrs. Disbrow suddenly called out:

"Yo, Joe—look yan!"

"Yan" was down the road, and as my eyes followed her pointing finger I saw a man with a gun on his shoulder about eighty rods away and slowly approaching.

"Yo, Joe—look yan!"

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"It's Jim Harkins!" muttered the old man under his breath.

"Yere's yo'r gun!" whispered the wife, as she passed out the long-barreled rifle.

"Git fur the cabin, stranger," whispered Disbrow as he dropped down behind the stump and rested his rifle across it.

"What is it?" I asked of the woman as we went inside and the door shut.

"It's Jim Harkins!" she replied.

"He'un has said he would shoot the old man on sight! Reckon he's come to do it, but he'un will git plugged fur shore!"

"Perhaps he's come to make peace?"

"Dunno. Better if he'un has!"

"Can you see him from the window?"

"Yes; cummin' right along!"

"Is he going to shoot?"

"Mebbe not. Old man's got a dead rest on him, and if he'un takes that gun off his shoulder his wife'll be a widder!"

"How are things now?" I asked after a minute.

"Yo' kin go out, sah. He'un left his gun by the fence."

She opened the door and I passed out just as Disbrow called out to the advancing man:

"Which is it, Jim Harkins—peace or war?"

"Peace, I reckon!" was the reply, as he threw up a hand.

"Who's gwine to be the fust?"

"I am. That's my hand, Joe Disbrow, and I'm sorry fur the fussin'."

"And that's mine!" replied the old man, as he extended it.

The jug was brought out and peace and harmony fully restored, and after Harkins had departed I queried of the old man:

"You must have been all ready to fire on him?"

"Him will never know it!" he whispered, as a shudder went over him, "but I was pullin' trigger when I seed he had cum fur peace. Jist another minit and my bullet would hev split his heart in two!"—Detroit Free Press.

### A Mosquito in a Fight.

"I have read accounts of fights between turtles, between snakes and between turtles and snakes," said a hunter to a Washington Star writer, "but the hardest fight I ever saw was in New Jersey. I heard a rattling and a buzzing just ahead of me and knew something unusual was happening. Soon I came across the scene of trouble. A large rattlesnake and a full-grown mosquito, such as they raise on the Jersey coast, were engaged in a deadly conflict. The snake kept up a constant rattle and would strike at the mammoth insect, which, realizing the danger, would, with an angry buzz, get out of the way and strike for the reptile's eyes. I watched the fight for an hour, when the mosquito got a firm hold in an eye of the snake and in a few minutes the rattler stretched out straight and the mosquito made a bee line for me, evidently not having had fighting enough. I shot the insect and had both it and the rattler stuffed."

### Regulating Railroads.

The North Carolina railroad commissioners really boss things. They have recently ruled that one fast train must connect with a fast train on another line for public convenience. A few passengers used to lose eleven hours that the train might save five minutes.

### BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A man gives reasons; a woman excuses.

Some of the Japanese soldiers wear paper clothing.

Japan had twenty-four steamers built in the United Kingdom last year.

Out of every 100 ships passing through the Suez Canal 91 are British.

Nearly 60 per cent of premature deaths can be traced to excess of strong drink.

No fewer than 1,000,000 men, women, and children die yearly in India from starvation.

The coyness of new words in the English language continues at the rate of 169 annually.

The growing roots of trees have shifted the foundations of a church at San Como more than seven inches.

Opals, when first taken from the mines, are so soft that they can be picked to pieces by the finger nail.

The colored people in the United States maintain seven colleges, seven academies, and fifty high schools.

The number of police in England is as 1 to every 730 inhabitants, 1 to 923 in Scotland, and 1 to 341 in Ireland.

The French law allows prisoners whose parents are dying to pay one visit to them when on their deathbeds.

In China an army recruit must be able to jump across a ditch six feet wide, or he is not eligible for enlistment.

"The best education in the world," declares Mr. Astor, the millionaire, "is that got by struggling to get a living."

Japan will hereafter manufacture her own torpedoes. She is said to have one of Japanese invention that is far superior to the Whitehead.

### SNAKE AS A WATCHDOG.

Unprecedented Instance of Serpentine Sagacity and Gratitude.

It is not necessary to go to the pages of Kipling to obtain instances of the sagacity of serpents. Stories of the seductive powers of serpents as wise as Mowgli's counselor, the old rock python, Kaas, are not as uncommon as one might suppose. The following remarkable anecdote of an affection which grew up between a scientist and a rattlesnake may be said to hold the world's record at the present time, however. It is vouched for by Mr. E. B. Hammond, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, as reported by the Call. Mr. Hammond says:

"Some years ago a professor of natural history from an eastern university was sent to the southern part of Yucatan to investigate the snakes of that section. One afternoon while walking over a desert he heard a peculiar rattling sound that seemed to come from under a pile of rocks. He at once made an investigation and was rewarded by the discovery of a mastodon rattlesnake, over which the rocks had so fallen that a portion of the snake's body was badly mangled and torn. The professor lifted the rocks and the delighted and thankful creature wriggled over to him and rubbed his leg with a grateful air that was bound to last. The professor was moved by this exhibition, and, having some cotton in his valise, he bound up the wounded part, and when he took up his march again the snake followed him and even insisted upon getting in the wagon and becoming a regular occupant."

"The devoted pair finally got back east, and it was a common thing to see the naturalist walking out in the road with his snake gliding along beside him. Well—now here comes the real point of the story—one night after the professor had retired and left the snake downstairs in the dining room, he was suddenly awakened by the crash of glass, followed by the falling of a heavy body. He rose up in his bed, only to hear a groan and the crushing of bones. In a flash he bounded into his dressing gown and repaired to the room whence came the sounds of strife. Imagine his horror on striking a light to see his pet snake coiled around a man's bleeding body, which it had lashed to the stove and was hugging violently. On the floor was a burglar's dark lantern and a kit of tools, while the snake, in order to display its presence of mind, had his tail out of the window."

"What for?" inquired a listener in breathless excitement.

"Rattling for a policeman."

### UNION AND SOUTHERN NAVIES.

Second Volume of the Official Record Comes from the Press.

The second volume of the official records of the Union and Confederate navies in the war of the rebellion has just come from the press and will soon be ready for issue by the government. The publication is distributed through congress, and not from the navy department, although it is prepared there under Secretary Herbert's direction by Lieutenant Commander Rush and Robert H. Woods. This volume takes up the story where it was left by volume I, and covers the period from Jan. 1, 1863, to March 31, 1864, and makes a stirring tale of sea warfare, covering the operations of the celebrated Confederate cruisers Florida, Alabama and Georgia, and the chases made by the federal cruisers.

One chapter extracted from the log of Commander Semmes, on the Alabama, tells how he enticed the United States steamer Hatteras, a steamer of almost equal armament and strength of crew, away from the blockading squadron at Galveston and sunk her in a desperate engagement. Then there are the stories of the escape of the Florida from Mobile, the seizure of the Virginia, the escape of the Gibraltar (formerly the Sumter), the cutting out of the United States revenue cutter Caleb Cushing, the Johnson island expedition, and the Chesapeake affair.

The volume is embellished by fine pictures of the famous craft Georgia, Wyoming, Wachusett, Rhode Island, Sabine, Vanderbilt, and finally the famous old yacht America, which was taken into the United States naval service as a dispatch boat after her great international victory.—Exchange.

### Principle and Force.

Preparation for war will not cease until there is certainty that the highest duty will not call for a resort to force. But a growing sense of that highest duty will steadily restrain the nations, in proportion as they rise to more of the Christian spirit, from mistaken conflicts which lower motives prompt, but to which the best sense of duty does not call.—New York Tribune.

### An Irreverent Negro.

An irreverent negro of Senegal recently stole at Dakar the boots and breeches of the French general, commanding in chief, who had come from St. Louis to review the troops. As the general had brought no other uniform with him the review had to be delayed till substitutes that would fit him had been borrowed from the officers of the post.

### A Japanese Woman Politician.

The most remarkable woman in politics in Japan is Mme. Hatoyama. When her husband, a leader of the progressivist party, ran for parliament, she took the stump and made speeches in his interest—a very extraordinary thing for a Japanese lady to do. She is now a teacher in the academy of which her husband is principal.

### She Was Insane, Too.

A jilted girl in Vienna had herself photographed in a coffin, arrayed for the grave. She sent the picture to her faithless lover and he became insane.—Ex.