ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS COR.FARNAM&139

ONLY ONE WEEK LONGER. CLOSES SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16: Hats and Caps Given Away. FREE!

During the remainder of this Slaughter Sale only---we will give FREE! to every purchaser of a suit of clothes, A PRESENT OF AN ELEGANT HAT OR CAP. Carefully note reduction in prices, and take advantage of these unheard of bargains. Mail Orders carefully attended to and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Overcoat Slaughter.

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Blue Chinchilla Coats and Vests,for	merly \$	9.50, now \$	5.25
All Wool Melton Overcoats	do	20.00, now	10.25
Elegant Fur Beaver, blue and brown satin lined	do	25.00, now	12.10
All Wool Chinchilla black and brown silk lined			12.65
Extra long gray Cassimere, heavy all wool			10.75

Mens' Suit Slaughter

All wool heavy grey frock suits,fe	ormerly \$	9.75, now \$	4.00
Blue Corkscrew sack suits	do	11.00, now	5.75
All wool silk mixed cassimere frock suits	do	15.50, now	8.00
Handsome worsted cutaway frock suits	do	15.75, now	8.00
Blue and black check corkscrew worsted			
sack suits	do	22.50, now	12.00
Wide Wale blue and black sack suits	do	19.00, now	
Elegant line of sack suits, worth double, at	\$4, \$5,\$6	,\$7,\$8,\$10 at	nd \$12
Finest corkscrew 4-button cutaways,	formerly	28,00. now	16.00

Boys' and Childrens' Suit Slaughter

	Splendid Wearing Child's Suits, for 4 to 13 years	\$1.25
	Good Wearing Boys' Suits, for 13 to 18 years	2,50
	Scotch Brown, Pleated Front and Back, for 4 to 13 years	2.50
	Elegant All Wool, Grey Pleated, for 4 to 13 years	
	Dark Blue Jersey Suits, all wool, for 4 to 13 years	
	Brown and Blue Astrachan, Nobby, for 4 to 13 years	4.25
ř	All Wool Plaid Scotch Suits, for I3 to I8 years	5.75
	Boys' Corkscrew Worsted Suits, for 13 to 18 years	5.75
	Double Breasted Square Cornered Suits, for 13 to 18 years	9.50

An elegant line of SINGLE PANTS, AT VERY LOW PRICES.



THE TRIAL OF THE OUINLANS

PANTS! PANTS!

Probability That Mike Will Go Over the Road.

POINTERS TO STATE SHIPPERS.

A Searching Investigation to Be Made Into the Recent Explosion at the Asylum at Lincoln—Capital City Notes.

Lincoln Bureau of The Omana Bre, 1029 P Street,
Lincoln, Feb. 9.

During the progress of the trial of Katie

Quinlan yesterday the testimony of Reddy Wilson became necessary, and Judge Chapman issued the necessary orders upon Warden Hopkins. It was not obeyed, however, to suit the taste of the court, and service for arraignment for contempt was run upon him. But he appeared this morning and made satisfactory explanation to the judge, and his action in the matter was formally excused. He stated in substance that he had conferred with his superiors, and was ready now or at Buy time to obey the mandate of the court. Mike Quinlan, the last of the gang of which he is said to have been the head, has been on trial for burglary since early morn-The state made its case this forenoon, ing. The state made its case this forencon, resting in brief at the dinner hour. It is said that the defonce will be submitted and the other cases to the jury this afternoon. The success of the defense in Katies' case leads to the belief that Mike will get off with a light sentence at most. Many of the citizens of Lincoln seemed to think that both the husband and with recommendation of the pass for a series. and wife were doomed for the pen for a ser-ies of years, and the finding of the jury last

ies of years, and the finding of the jury last night was the source of considerable surprise. Mike, however, is having a harder road to travel, and it is hardly possible that he will be acquitted, yet his lawyers are making a determined fight for his liberty. He is certainly on the ragged edge.

The story that Mary Bremen tried to take the life of her child is not well grounded. It is true, however, that she made some unnatural threats, in a moment of violent passion, but this is all there is to the story. The court would not have been satisfied, it is said, to have let her off with a sentence of thirty days in the county jail, had she been guilty of an attempt upon the life of her offspring. Harrington is not blameless in this unfortunate history, and Mary's actions have been looked upon with a great deal of leniency. But it goes without saying that the scenes of to-day and last evening have been rather spicy in and about the court room. Still they are without trargedy or anything bordering that way.

last evening have been rather spicy in and about the court room. Still they are without tragedy or anything bordering that way.

The second court heard the case of John W. Ives vs. A. J. Coopey et al. this morning. The case had to do with the foreclosure of a realty mortgage. Plaintiff made his case and in default of Emma R. Copsey and others, addingment was rendered for the mortgagee in the sum of \$5,675.56, and an order of foreclosure was made. Motions only were heard this afternoon.

The motion docket will be called Monday morning in the regular court room. Causes set for trial are as follows: Nebraska Weslyan University vs. W. C. Hawley; Scoggin vs. Scroggin, McAlister vs. National Lumber company, Shelton vs. Ring.

"I am surprised," remarked a prominent lawyer of Lincoln, to-day, "that some of our shippers don't get after the state board of transportation, on the question of rates, and compel it to act. The ruinous charges made by the roads in the state for freight transportation is such that decided action is warranted."

"How can it be done?" queried THE BRE representative.

"Why, any shipper can go before the board, setting up a proper complaint, show the justness of the lowa rates and the inequality existing between that state and this, so far as freight charges are concerned, and then if the board refuses to act go before the supreme court and commence an action in mandamus. I'll wager a suk tile that will bring matters to a focus. It is an easy thing to give a connected history of freight rates

existing in Iowa and the necessary comparison between rates there and here. The testimony of a dozen shippers of Iowa and a like number of Nebraska will do the work. The schedule of rates is really enough, but a little oral testimony will do no harm. It will only make matters the stronger. A dose of medicine from the supreme court will set things on fire in no time, and you mark my words, the board of transportation will sing a different tune. The producers and shippers have been robbed long enough."

rempest in a Teapert.

Somebody's imagination has been let loose too freely, and the encounter between Hon. W. F. Bechel, of Omaha, and Senator Church Howe has been grossly distorted and exaggerated. Some of the newspaper reports are ridiculously absurd. The incident has not caused a ripple of excitement here. In fact, your correspondent has not heard it once mentioned except in response to his inquiries. The affair grew out of the senate debate on the bill to put the liquor licensing power in Omaha in the hands of the fire and police commissioners. One report, made at long range and on hearest reads.

"Just what the first of Mr. Howe's oration was the reporter has been unable to get at, but it is quite certain that the words 'coward,' 'political traitor,' 'bribery,' 'trickster,' and other similar mellifluous expressions were freely indulged in."

No such terms were used on the floor of the senate. The Bee's report of the pro-

ceedings states:
"Senator Howe arraigned the present

license system in Omaha. 'Why, when you see such patriots as Pat Ford and Bechel in the city council, what stronger argument for a better government?' He said the Sunday law was not observed in Omaha; that the mayor had tried to enforce it, but failed."

That was the only mention made of Bechel's name, a fact that can be fully sustained, and the remainder of the speech reflected upon Mr. Bechel no more than upon any other member of the Omaha city council. Lieutenant Governor Meiklejohn is put in the unenviable attitude of a mendlesome tale-bearer. He was met by Becnel, who asked for confirmation of a report of Howe's talk that had already reached him Mr. Meiklejohn says he explained that no such remark was unade while he was in the chair, and it must have been done while the senate was in committee of the whole. Mr. Bechel is represented as sallying forth upon Howe's trail, and the encounter is reported as occurring in the lobby of the capitol. As a matter of fact the meeting was in the office of the Windsor hatel in the evening and quite accidental. Both gentlemen were at the hotel to attend the Loyal Legion banquet. Most of the guests were in the parlor upstairs. Bechel was chatting in a group of gentlemen, two or three of them from Omaha. Howe came down stairs to ask one of the latter about the expiration of the terms of the fire and police commissioners of Omaha. The gentleman could not give the the desired information, and turned to Mr. Bechel for it. Then followed the exchange of compliments which the published reports have highly colored and exaggerated. The talk occupied only a minute or two, when

Bechel for it. Then followed the exchange of compliments which the published reports have highly colored and exaggerated. The talk occupied only a minute or two, when Representative Sweet advised the gentlemen not to make a scene that would reflect upon the Loyal Legion. Howe turned on his heel and went up stairs. This is the account of an Omaha gentlemen who was one of the group. The story seems to have gathered raciness unto itself during its flight to Omaha. There was no bellicose demonstration. The affair caused no sensation. The sum and substance of the incident in this

incident is this:

Mr. Bechel accused the gentleman from Nemaha of taking a cowardly advantage in attacking him on the floor of the senate and blamed himself for having supported the senator in his congressional race. Mr. Howe stated that it cost one hundred dollars to get the support of the gentleman from Omaha. Mr. Bechel denied the charge indignantly. Mr. Howe said he had saved the endorsed check and could show it. About that time the gentlemen separated and now there is a great big wall of coolness between them. It was a tempest in a teapot, but some one has magnified it into a sensational tornado.

WILL BE INVESTIGATED.

The committee appointed to investigate the asymm explosion will commence its work on Monday or Tuesday, and will be assisted by an expert engineer and boiler inspector. It is understood that the investigation is instigated because the coroner, under the advice of Superintendent Knapp, decided that an inquest was unnecessary. The decision of the corener at the time failed ito

meet the approval of the public, and the talk was so pointed that a vigorous investigation by the house was decided upon, and it will be pushed to the end, let the blame fall where it may. It is strongly argued that an explosion, such as occurred at the asylum, cannot happen without blame attaching somewhere, and not without reason. It is only necessary to add that the contemplated investigation meets with hearty public concurrence.

The board of public lands and buildings has decided to act in the controversy between the governor and supreme court over the rooms claimed as the proper ones for the executive and judicial departments. It is given out by a party in position to know that the board will decide the matter at its next regular meeting. No intimation, however, is given as to what that decision will be. Still it is stated that the governor will not be asked to vacate. The opinion is strong that the governor's right of possession will not be questioned, and that he will be permitted to retain the rooms until his term of office expires, but after that time they will go to the supreme court for a permanent home. This is quite generally considered to be an equitable and just solution of the

Joseph Truska and George McDermott were arrested this morning at 3 o'clock for house breaking. George Mayerle, proprietor of the depot restaurant, is the complaining witness. The case was called for trust this evening at 7 o'clock.

The amusing incident of the day was the

evening at 7 o'clock.

The amusing incident of the day was the chain gang on a strike. Seven vagrants, arrested last night, and toughs of the worst pronounced type, were ordered upon the streets to pay their way. At noon they declined to work and defied the authorities. Work they wouldn't and work they didn't. They attracted a large crowd of people, and their brazenness was as pure as that of the meanest convict of earth. No tougher lot of jail birds were ever chained together.

CITY NEWS AND NOTES.

Charles McMahon caught \$20 and costs for violating the Sunday liquor law.

Legislators within reach of home made a rush for the afternoon trains to spend Sunday with their families.

Cullings at the state house were a scarce

article to-day. News centers in that quarter were absolutely barren.
George S. Alexander, editor of the Syracuse Journal, left for home to-day. He passed most of the week an interested spectator at the capitol.
The Pleasant Hour club enjoyed their fifth regular hop at Temple hall last night. It is learned that the hours were very pleasantly

spent.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Knights of Pythias now invites the attention of the boys of that order. It takes place on the 19th of this month. The divisions are all working hard to make it the greatest event in Pythian circles ever known in the state. The entire uniform rank will be present. Scarlet fever has visited the Home of the Friendless. There are now four patients down with the disease, and it is said to be of virulent type. No doaths, however, have

Friendiess. There are now four patients down with the disease, and it is said to be of virulent type. No deaths, however, have been reported.

Colonel H. W. McCann, Representative Sweet, Lieutenant Griffith and Harry Hotch-kiss returned from Beatrice this morning, where they attended a military ball last night. The gentlemen quietly give it out that they had a royal time.

Love's Ghost.

Amelia Rives.

the wan moon lurks fu' patiently

From oot a scarf o' rainbow light

The stars are eyes, sad, sad wi' tears,
The clouds are facry winding-sheets,
The trees gram han's reached up in praye,
An' the wind a ghaist that greets.

Like a woman pale wi' mony a grief Drest oot in colors bricht.

An' the wind a ghaist that greets.

Anither ghaist gangs at my side,
Wi' eyes like stars, sad, sad wi' tears,
His wastit han's reach up in prayer,

His sobs torment my ears.

Pale ghaist o' luve, gang on, gang on;
Why will ye ever haunt me sae!
Ye are a part o' hours fled,
A piece o' yesterday,

I know ye not. Flit. flit awa';
Your eyes like fires burn in my heart.
Wraith o' fause luve, haunt not the leal;
In true luve's name, depart.

LOVE SPURRED HIS HORSE.

How a Young Southerner Saved His Sweetheart's Life.

JOY RESTORED HER REASON-

An English Mother's Strangely Successful Search—A Boston Brother and Sister Reunited—Married by Telegraph.

Little Romances.

A pathetic story, with a happy sequel, comes from across the water to people living in Dedham, Mass. Mrs. Sarah Smith is sixty years old, and has lived with her son by her first husband, Arthur Jollif, in Dedham. One day last September she suddenly remarked to her daughter-in-law:

"Why, there is George [meaning her younger son], and I must go to him. He is calling me. I must go. Poor George I shall not desert you."

"Why, mother, George is not out there," said her daughter-in-law, as she stepped to the window and looked out.
"I know better," replied Mrs. Smith; "he

was calling to me to come to him."

Mrs. Jollif said no more, but proceeded with her household duties. While thus engaged, unobserved by her, Mrs. Smith went out of the house, undoubtedly in search of her son, whom she supposed was waiting for her, and continued on up the street, imagining that she would overtake him. She made her way to Boston, where she was found, sick and exhausted, in the street and cared for at the hospital. With her mind still clouded, she claimed to have wandered from England, and begged to be sent back to that country. The British consul provided for

ocean steamers for Liverpool.

A few days before Mrs. Smith took passage for Liverpool her son George had hired on board a cattle steamer, which was plowing the sea in advance of the steamer in which his mother sailed. George Jolliff got into port in early morning, and with many others stood upon the wharf to see the Boston passengers land. His eyes became fixed upon the frail figure of an elderly woman making her way along to the wharf. The form looked familiar to his eyes, and they were not deceived, for when she had come within embracing distance he had her in his strong arms, shouting: "Mother! mother!" Recognition on the part of the mother was immediate, and in the reunion her reason returned unclouded. The mother and son went to the house of relatives in London, where they are now staying.

her passuge, and she embarked on one of the

A few months ago a young man of Boston, twenty-one years of age, well bred and gentlemanly in his bearing, received through the mails a letter. It was from a young lady about two years his junior, who asked him to call and see her. She had recently learned, she said, that those whom she had always supposed were her parents were no way related to her, and that he was her own and only brother. He called upon the writer of the letter, and found a charming young lady, pretty, well educated and intelligent, and a few moments conversation convinced both that they were indeed brother and sister. The story of their lives is briefly told,

When the boy was less than three years of age and the girl an infant, the parents for some reason were separated. The children drifted into the care of the Home for Little Wanderers, where they were tenderly cared for for a while. The baby girl at length was adopted by a family in South Boston, and the boy was taken by a farmer in the far-down regions of Maine, who undertook his rearing and training. Thus the children were separated, and they grew up in total ignorance of each others existence. As the boy grew he became restive and evinced a dislike for country life, and obtained a situation as stenographer in a well known business house of Boston. The girl meantime grew to young womanhood in ig-

norance of the fact that she was not the true daughter of the house. About a year ago, however, she had a trifling dispute with her supposed mother, who impulsively declared that the girl was not her daughter. Surprised and shocked at the revelation, she went at once to her Sunday

school teacher and poured into her ears the

An aunt of the children had through ali these years kept her eyes upon the two, knew whice they were, and what they were doing. It had been her intention some day to tell them of their childhood and bring brother and sister together. With this end in view, she had the acquaintance of the Sunday school teacher, and had told her the story of the two, but with injunctions of strict secresy. She had managed also to throw the young man into the society of the same excellent women, and matters were quite ripe for the revelation, when it came prematurely, and in a manner least expected. The young man's name is C. L. Fletcher, and the young lady's name is Mary E. Fletcher, and they live in this city.

An interesting divorce case is in progress in Amsterdam, New York. The plaintiff was formerly the beautiful Miss Hattie Williamson. She married Francis Vedder, of Fonda, aged seventy, who is worth over \$100,000. The union was soon broken up by Vedder driving the young wife ont of doors. She related her experience in court as forlows: "I married the defendant May 24, 1884, when seventeen years of age. The defendant told me that he was in his fortieth year when I married him. We lived together until October 1, 1884, when he told me to leave his house. I had been married only two weeks when he began to find fault about my asking him to provide. He got a dozen eggs and left four in a pan and locked the others in his bookcase. He got a pound of raisins and locked them up. He got lard and forbage me to use butter to warm up potatoes, so I had to use lard. When I would ask him for any money he would tell would ask him for any money he would tell
me to go and earn it. One day I wanted
some meat. He said: 'Don't get over a
pound.' I went out to see what the butcher
had. He had lamb chops. I asked him how
much they were. He soid 25 cents a pound.
I told him I would have to ask Mr. Vedder
if I could get any. I did ask him and he told
me he could not pay that price; that a piece
of stewing beef was good enough. He would of stewing beef was good enough. He would not allow washing to be done oftener than once in four weeks. Twice I took it home and once he did his own washing.

William Siller, who takes care of the horses belonging to the Astoria Silk mills, Long Island City, until recently was coach man for the superintendent of the milis, Paul Van Den Esch, or 438 Ditmars avenue. Miss Mary Van Den Esch, the superintend ent's twenty-year-old daughter, is a comely brunette below the medium height. Siller fell in love with her, and his handsome face won her heart. The suspicions of the superintendent and his wife were aroused, and Siller was relieved of his duties as coach-man. He was still retained at the silk mill, and he contrived to find excuses for visiting the superintendent's residence. The other evening Mary informed her mother that she was going to call on a friend and would not be home till late. She took a horse car to the Thirty-fourth street ferry, where Siller met her. They went to New York together and were married. Coming back the father met them, and was induced to relent with the promise that they must hear what Mrs. Van Den Esch would say. Mary led her husband into the dimly lighted parior, and then her father brought her mother in and explained the situation to her. Althe superintendent's residence. and explained the situation to her. Al-though she was as much surprised as her husband it didn't take her long to make up husband it didn't take her long to make up her mind. She didn't deign to notice Siller, but was very angry at Mary. She opened the parlor and the street doors and ordered the couple out of the house. Tears and prayers failed to move her. The young couple left the house, Mary weeping, Siller defiant. He took her to his furnished room, where they are at present hiving. Siller has where they are at present living. Siller has been promoted by his father-in-law.

Twenty years ago Henry Drane and Emily Dickey were married in Lebanon, Ky. They had one child, a girl, and soon after its birth Mrs. Drane applied for and was granted a divorce. When she received the decree that made her a single woman she went to De-

troit and opened a bearding house. She took the little girl with her. Last week the paughter returned to this town to see her father, meeting him for the first time since the separation nineteen years ago. In two days she succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between her father and mother. The former left Lebanon with her and met the mother at Dayton, O. There a quiet marriage was celebrated and Mr. and Mrs. Drane, reunited, will return with their daughter to this town to reside. Drane is

quite well fixed financially.

Richard West, of Kinston, N. C., was out with his sweetheart horseback riding recently, when her horse became frightened and dashed away at great speed. The young man, seeing her perilous condition, at once lashed his horse, and although her horse was several feet ahead of him he soon overtook her, and calling out for her to loose her foot from the stirrup, in an instant, while both horses were running at breakneck speed, he caught her about the waist and snatched her from the jaws of death. When he had stopped his horse the young lady was completely overcome with fright and medical attention was necessary. Otherwise she was

A Bangor man is credited with reuniting a severed pair of lovers in a unique way. One day, white traveling, he bought a paper-covered book and found in it a letter that had been accidentally bound in with the leaves. The letter proved to be from a young lady in Chicago to a young man in Lewisburg, Pa. It was sent to its destination, having been several months on the way. The Lewisburg young man, who had supposed the young lady had wearied of him and his letters, promptly answered it, and the rest of the story goes on in the regular paper-covered novel way.

The remains of Mrs. Belah Bishop, of Wausaukee, who died from an overdose of morphine, were recently buried in Neenah, Wis. Mrs. Bishop and her husband were married a few years ago by telegraph, Mr. Bishop being at the Chicago end of the line and the bride in Appleton, Wis., the Rev. H. D. L. Webster, of Chicago, officiating.

IMPIETIES.

Bad habits keep people from attending church; in other words, poor clothes. The first person mentioned in history who turned over a new leaf was Eve. The change of a letter or two in a Script-

The change of a letter or two in a Scriptural injunction makes quite a difference: "Jug not lest ye be jugged."

Do not dissent from your clergyman's views of things by snorting or indulging in a stentorian "bosh."

Stentorian "bosh."

By their fruit you shall know them; and, therefore, the almanac-makers are known by their dates.

Little Dot—Our minister prays ever so

much louder than yours does. Little Bub—
I don't care if he does. Our minister tumps
the highest when he preaches, so there now.
Certain cousins of the serio-comic savages
of Timbuctoo, who ate a missionary and his
hymn-book, too, have turned tragedians, if
we may believe the bloody news from Zanzibar.

Uncle Pete—Say, parson, where is President Harrison found in the Bible! The Rev. Mr. Hencoop—Don't be foolish, Pete. Dere's so mention ob hin! Uncle Pete—Yes dere is, parson. It's where Isaac spoke of Esau as his hairy son.

Miss Anderson's frigidity has become a state subject of comment and anecdote. But here is one, at least, that has not often been

state subject of comment and anecdote. But here is one, at least, that has not often been published: She was rehearsing for her first London production of "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. George Alexander was the Romeo. In the midst of a certain scene Mr. Alexander begged to interrupt. "May I ask, Miss Anderson," he said, "if you will please not kiss me as if I were a cold potato!"

In dyspepsia and indigestion the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, strengthens the exhausted coats of the stomach, promotes a healthy flow of gastric juice, which is the solvent of the food and impels the organs which secrete it, to perform their functions vigorously and with regularlarity.

CONNUBIALITIES.

A Chicago woman has just married a man named Nail. There's one woman, then, who can hit a Nail on the head every time.

A New Haven man who was to have married a wealthy young lady in a few days, eloped with the latter's French maid the other day.

Let Coffee Arbuckle pay his \$45,000 to Miss Bunnie Campbell and be thankful he has not had such a woman as the Chicago West Side paralyzer to deal with.

had such a woman as the Chicago West Side paralyzer to deal with.

William C. Endicott, jr., son of the exsecretary of war, is to marry Miss Thoron, nece and heiress of Samuel G. Ward, a

Washington millionaire.

Miss Seltzer, the daughter of a rich banker at Fairland, Ill., has eloped with and married a young farmer living in that vicinity. Will Miss Seltzer's marriage be a fail—a fixeled.

a fizzle!

Miss Charlotte Sweitzer and Dr. J. J.
Kayes, were married Thursday in Stephen's
church, New York. Silver and golden weddings are common enough, and even a diamond jubilee is occasionally reported, but
this is believed to be the first Sweitzer-

this is believed to be the first Sweitzer-Kayes wedding on record.

Dr. Tanner, the famous faster, is soon to marry the daughter of a millionaire in Paris.

Tanner is lucky, but he has one great and conspicuous merit as a husband. A man who has gone forty days without food can

never complain when dinner is late or tho

steak overdone.

Marriage brokers are a distinct institution in Corea, and most alliances are arranged by them. The father of the boy consults by letter with the father of the girl through the agency of these go-betweens, and generally the whole matter is arranged without the interested parties having been consulted, or even having seen each other. Indeed, the whole transaction is conducted very much as a real estate transfer would be in this country, except that the purchaser would naturally take a look at the property. In Corea no such preliminary view of the prospective wife or husband is permitted. Unless he marries he is considered of very little importance in Corean society. Every unsarried man is considered as hey though he

singularities.

married man is considered a boy, though he should live to be one hundred. Hence mar-

The latest sensation at Rome, Ga., is a white man gradually turning black.

A calf with the head of a dog is a monstrosity lately reported to exist in Bellium C.

laire, O.

Mrs. Emma Althouse, of Attica, N. Y., has now been sleeping for thirty-one days and nights, and all efforts to arouse her are unaviling.

A Connecticut lad complained of pain in an amputated hand, but the feeling, it is said, passed off when the member was dug up and the fingers, which were clasped, straightened out.

An engineer on the Wabash railway, whose run is between Danville and Spring-field, has a cat which he would not part with for love or money. Ordinarily it sits perched up in the cab window before its master, but occasionally it stroils out to the pilot, where it will ride for hours at a stretch, winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the crossroads. Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous annal climbs to the top of the sand box and calmly roosts there, undeterred by the shrick of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The engine has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look upon it as a mascot.

A singular case of suspended animation is reported from Hawleyville, a small manufacturing village in the interior of Connecticut. Miss Belle McArthur, aged twenty years, is sufferer from a malady which makes her dead to all appearance. These attacks last for days at a time, and come on without warning. Her general health is excellent. She suddanly loses the control of all physical power. To all appearance she is as dead as a stone, and life is detected only by holding a mirror to her lips to catch the moisture of her respiration. The most singular feature of the case is the fact that while she is in this state her senses are rendered almost painfully acute. She suffers what she describes as the most terreble agony of knowing all that is going on without the ability to express