LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

Arraignment of Louis Riel for Trial.

Regina, N. W. T., Special.—The trial of Louis Riel for high treason opened on the 20th. The prisoner was brought from the mounted police barracks at 10:30 in a wagon under a strong escort of police. Walking to the wagon, the prisoner strode along with a swagger, carrying a fifteen-pound ball under his left arn. He looked proud and defiant, and demanded of the guard if he could not see his counsel before the trial began. At the court house a cell has been fitted up in the cellar for his accomodation. Gen. Middleton and staff occupied seats to the left of the bench. Col. Richardson, stipendiary magistrate, who is the judge, announced that Henry Lejeune would be his associate. Riel, in charge of mounted police, entered the court room with a firm step, but his face denoted the agitation he attempted to conceal. He was about to take a seat in the box when the judge addressed him, asking if he had read the indictment against him and the jury panel. He replied in a firm bass voice: "I have, your honor." By direction of the court the clerk then read the indictment charging him with making war against the constitution of the realm. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty to the indictment?" asked the clerk. Before Riel could reply Lenneux, on behalf of the prisoner, filed an appeal to the jurisdiction of the court, which set forth that a stipendiary magistrate, under the provision of the Northwest Territories act, ought not to take cognizance of the offense charged in the indictment because the prisoner protests innocence, and as the offenses charged are punishable with death, he should be sent to some other court in the dominion where such offenses are taken cognizance of, as a stipendiary magistrate to the territories had no power to act.

After brief argument by counsel for Riel, the demurrer was overruled. Riel being again asked to plead, said, after some hesitation: "I have the honor to answer to the court that I am not guilty." Being asked if he was ready for his trial, counsel requested adjournment, to prepare affidavits setting forth the importance of having certain witnesses for the defense.

During the proceedings Riel maintained a quiet air, watched the proceedings closely, and freequently prompted his lawyers on points. He says God is on his side, and he has no fear as to the issue.

Washington News.

C. A. Lounsberry is appointed postmaster at Bismarck, and P. H. Cuthbert at Helena.

The work of constructing the great Roman Catholic university at Washington will not started until next spring. Plans will be decided on at the meeting of the prelates, on Nov. 11.

Sheridan has organized an Indian police force, composed of 100 young Cheyennes. It is said the general, in his report, will attribute the dissatisfaction among the Indians chiefly to the cattle leases.

Postmaster General Vilas says that he had no intention of reconsidering his decision against distributing the $400,000 appropriated by congress for the transportation of mails in American steamships.

After a cabinet consultation, and in accordance with the advice of Gen. Sheridan, the secretary of the interior has decided to turn over to the war department the complete control of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation in the Indian territory.

The president appointed the following: William H. Moffatt of New Jersey, consul at Athens; John Devlin of Michigan, consul at Windsor, Ont.; John C. Rich, lieutenant commander, United States navy; O. E. Lasher and H. S. Waring, lieutenants, and C. C. Rogers, lieutenant junior grade.

The president is daily importuned to appoint from civil life to lieutenancies in the army. Many of these applications are most meritorious, but the president has determined that at present he is not justified in making such appointments. He thinks vacancies should be filled from the West Point classes.

The following appointments have been made: Thomas J. Hickman of Louisiana, and Emmet Seibels of Alabama, special agents of the land office: H. O. Billings of Alton, Ill., chief of the pre-emption division of the land office to succeed Henry Howes, removed; John McMurray of Brockville, Pa., chief of the lands and railroad division of the secretary's office to succeed Zeublon B. Sturgis of Indiana, removed.

The employes in the office of the first assistant postmaster general have petitioned that officer to have the hours of their labor reduced so as to allow them to leave the office at 4 p. m., instead of 5:30, during the continuance of the heated term. The clerks have been working extra hours in addition to their regular work ever since February last. The petition was sent up to the postmaster general, who made the order requiring the force in that office to work until 5:30 p. m.

The president appointed the following presidential postmasters the incumbents all being suspended:—Joseph N, Bogert at Wilkesbarre, Pa., vice A. S. Orr; Miles J. Finlin at Streator, Ill., vice F. M. Ryan; Charles E. Gallagher at Salamanca, N. Y., vice B. B. Weber; John L. Hardley at Fairfield, Ill., vice F. W. Scott; S. Barclay Radebaugh, at Urbana, Ill., vice F. M. Wright; Clinton Rosette at Dekalb, Ill., vice A. S. Jackson; George P. Sanford at Lansing, Mich., vice T. D. Bingham.

The president hac appointed the following presidential postmasters:—Charles H. Kavanagh, at Waterford, N. Y., vice Joseph Harriman, commission expired; Charles J. Walden, at Fayette, Mo., vice M. S. Lake, resigned; William B. Gillespie, at Traer, Iowa, vice John W. Hart, resigned; S. N. McCloud, at Maysville, Ohio, vice D. Webb, resigned; Albert N. Flinn, at Nashua, N. H., vice M. S. Buxton, suspended; S. N. Horneeke, at Detroit City, Minn., vice C. W. Dix, suspended; David W. Gwynn, at Talapoossa, Ala., vice William G. Stewart, suspended; John P. Newell, at Danville, Ill., vice William R. Jewell, suspended; James W. Taner, at Evansville, Ind., vice H. S. Bennett, suspended; Samuel Berry, at Winchester, Ill., vice M. Brennan, suspended; John T. Smith, at Freeport, Ill., vice S. D. Atkins, suspended; William M. Van Antwerp, at Jackson, Mich., vice W. L. Seaton, suspended; Homer Luce, at Higginsville, Mo., vice J. W, Endley, suspended; Henry T. Fellers, at Bloomington, Ind., vice J. G. McPheeters, suspended.

Record of Casualties.

Six persons were drowned in the Walnut river, seven miles below Douglas, Kansas. Anson Carman and wife and Mrs. Jay Carman, their son's wife, drove into the stream, which had risen during the night from recent rains, and were swept down and out of sight of the second wagon, which came down to the ford a few minutes later. In the second wagon were Mr. and Mrs. Koutes and Mr. and Mrs. Jay Carman. They drove into the stream and were swept down also.

Crimes and Criminals.

Assistant postmaster at Portsmouth, Ohio absconds with $2,000.

The Emma Mine scandal is revived in the United States circuit court at Chicago, Ill.

Charles Damarin, son and chief deputy of postmaster Damarin, of Portsmouth, O., has absconded with $2,700 of government funds.

Capt. Daniel P. Ward, who was arrested for swindling several business firms in New York during the past year, pleaded guilty, and was sent to state's prison for three years.

At Bedford, Iowa, Ida Kimball, a beautiful child, aged fifteen, daughter of a leading business man, shot and killed W. T. Giles, a prominent music dealer. She claims Giles seduced her.

Edward Motz was shot and killed by William Battersly in Philadelphia. Battersly had about $400 in his stable to pay off his employes. Motz attacked him and tried to steal the money and in the struggle the robber was shot.

At Cedar Rapids, Neb., Mr. Campbell, a well known citizen, committed suicide by shooting himself with a rifle. He leaves no family. He was a Free Mason, and for some time had been laboring under the hallucination that the Masons were after him to kill him.

Foreign News.

Lieut. Col. Williams is buried at Port Hope, Ont.

The Riel trial is adjourned for a week on account of the absence of witnesses for the defence.

The Lauderdale peerage case has been decided by the house of lords in favor of Maj Maitland.

The estimate for the sugar crop in the Hawaiian islands this year is 80,000 tons, as against 70,000 tons last year.

The Berlin newspapers are calling Minister Pendleton "Gentleman George," through the habit of unconscious imitation.

Khedive Tewfik of Egypt complains that he has to live moderately on a civil list of $450,000, when the khedives before him flourished on $1,500,000 a year.

Four Arctic expeditions will start from Germany next winter. They are intended to commence exhaustive researches in the Russian islands in the North Arctic ocean.

The balloon in which the aeronaut Eloy ascended from L'Orient, France, on the 14th inst., and whice was last seen drifting toward the sea, has been picked up by a Dieppe smack. Nothing was seen of M. Eloy, and it is presumed that he perished.

Lady Aylmer was a Syracuse (N. Y.) girl, and her husband when she married him was the penniless cousin of an old English house. Death stepped in and removed enough persons to give her husband title and estates and an income of $75,000 a year.

The name of the Fenian arrested in London, on the charge of having murdered Stephen Galey at Sulthill in 1880, is believed to be Henry Duff. He was examined by a magistrate at Sulthill and remanded. The crown authorities are preparing to prosecute the prisoner.

The Russian harvest prospects continue discouraging. The reaping of the winter wheat in the southern provinces brings barely a middling return. The present outlook is that the summer wheat crops will everywhere within the empire yield poor harvests.

The London Standard's correspondent at Vienna says: Mr. Lee will take charge of the American legation until the autumn, when a new minister will be appointed. Mr. Francis will present his letter of recall as soon as the emperor returns to Vienna, and then will go to America. In the meantime Mr. Kelley draws his salary.

Intelligence has been received from West Africa that the king of Dahomey, with many followers, on May 10, made a raid on the villages under French protection, near Porto Novo. His troops indulged in the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants and burned all their dwellings, and one thousand youths and women were captured and carried back into Dahoney to be sacrificed at the cannibalistic feasts.

The sensation which was stirred up in Paris by the publicity given to the alleged black list compiled by Worth of his unreliable customers, is culminating, as was expected in law suits, of which two are already under way. Madame Jouan, who claims damages to the extent of 20,000 francs, and M. Slubenrauch, a journalist, who places his claims at 100,000 francs, have entered suit against Worth for those amounts.

Taxil, the notorious French atheistical wretch has become disgusted with his anti religious principles and comes out with a violent attack on Republicans of all shades of opinion. He states who form the republican brotherhood and stigmatizes its profession of principles as a hollow lie. He has formally recanted all the arguments and statements which he has made in his writings and has offered a penitent apology to the Roman Catholics and entered the convent of the Carthusians.

The report of the federal procureur, Muller, on the anarchists in Switzerland, states the leaders are either Germans or Austrians. An inquiry proved that the crimes committed at Strasburg, Stuttgart, Vienna, Frankfort and Niederwald were arranged in Switzerland, also that Herr Most and other German American anarchists were in communication. Herr Most, the report states, menaces the bundesrath with reprisals for the expulsion of anarchists from the country. Letters were sent from New York to President Schenck, threatening to blow up the federal palace.

Personal Mention.

Ex-Vice President William A. Wheeler of Malone, N. Y., is spending the summer at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Cyrus W. Field is trying to sell Manhattan railway stock in London. Mr. Eield is worth $3,00,000 at the outside.

Senator George F. Hoar of Worchester, Mass., will be orator Sept. 2 at the 25th anniversary of the incorporation of Concord.

Prof. Adams, the newly elected president of Cornell university, has written Andrew D. White, accepting the presidency of the university.

Senator Fair has written a stern letter to the Sacramento Bee, warning the editor against making offensive personal reference to himself. The Bee has been charging the senator's son with drunkeness and disorderly conduct,

In giving his reasons for accepting the Italian mission, recently, Judge Stallo said: "My daughter is a graduate of Leipsic, and being fond of music, desires to go to the home of music, and that, as much as anything, decided the matter."

John McCollough, the great actor, has been adjudged insane, and incapable of managing his estate. The schedule of the estate which is attached to the document places the value of the real estate at $200,000 and of the personal property at $44,304.

Miscellaneous News Notes.

It is now estimated that the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue will cost $500,000.

A Chicago justice of the peace holds that the Pall Mall Gazette revelations do not come under the head of obscene literature.

The statement of the land sales of the Union Pacific Railway company, for June, shows an aggregate of 160,234 acres, which realized $482,994. Compared with June, 1884, this is a decrease of 293,065 acres and $448,047.

A Fort Reno special says that Gen. Sheridan has given the Indians all the opportunity they wanted for talking, but in turn has given no sign himself of his intentions or instructions. The Indians still oppose the disarming proposition, maintaining that there would be long delays in getting their pay for their arms from the government. The general will not make his talk to them until the enrollment is completed.

LIFE'S DAY.

Into the field of life we pass
At early morn. The jeweled grass
With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet:
And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet
And bright is filled with rosy dreams;
While in the purple heavens gleams
The star of fortune and of fame,
And in its light we read a name—
O dream, most sweet, it is our own:
More glorious still, it shines alone!

The sun speeds on; the star no more
Is seen. Illusive dreams are o'er.
Fortune and fame so coy and fleet
But mock our weary, way-worn feet
Ambition's fairest prize has flown;
A name appears, but not our own.

What have we then for all our pains?—
For all our prayers? Are there no grains
Of good to show? Has all been lost
In that our cherished plans are crossed,
And dissipated each fond dream
As snow flakes melt within the stream?

Ah, no! See how our souls are filled
With wealth of harvests we have tilled;
With meekness, patience, love and truth;
Blest springs of everlasting youth;
Bright jewels of the crown within;
Ripe fruit of life's sharp discipline;
Of which there dawns the twilight gray
Of day that dies not with the day.
—*George W. Crofts, in The Current.*

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

It was the evening of the commencement exercises at Mrs. Weston's large boarding school.

All was noise and excitement. The pupils were flying about in a flutter of anxiety, and in various stages of incompleted toilette.

"What have you done with my flowers, Nell? There, how provoking! You have tipped over my powder. Your elbows are always in the wrong place!" quoth Miss Lydia Holcamp, one of the older girls, her temper getting the better of her. "Dear me! There, I'm ready at last. I wonder where that Miss Barker is. I want her to give me another drilling in that recitation. I dressed early on purpose, and now I suppose she will be away prinking her dollyfied self!"

"Dear me, Lydia, you have had more instructions on your recitation than any of the rest have had on theirs. I should think it would be better to study by yourself, and let Miss Barker have a little rest. The poor thing is overworked."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Holcamp with a sneer; "she likes to show off, that is all. If she didn't like it she wouldn't be a teacher of elocution."

Thus speaking, Lydia Holcamp departed to seek her instructress in elocution—an art upon which the young lady prided herself.

Lydia was especially anxious to distinguish herself to-night, for the reason that among those present she expected there would be a certain Mr. Harry Quintard, a member of a wealthy family whom she had visited during her vacation.

Her own father was a rich man, and the families had always been on terms of friendship.

Harry and his sister she knew would come, and failure was not to be thought of. But Miss Barker's services were not to be secured; she was engaged with some of the younger pupils.

"You can not see Miss Barker," remarked the preceptress. "You will have no difficulty with your piece, Miss Holcamp, unless you fail to remember certain passages. If I recollect correctly Miss Barker advised you to make sure of those points. Have you done so?"

"Oh! I remember it perfectly!" answered Miss Holcamp with confidence. "But I wished Miss Barker to show me how to fall into that dramatic attitude which I like so much."

"Think of what you are saying Miss Holcamp, and that will aid you to the expression. Miss Barker can not give all her time to one."

Lydia went pouting away.

The evening anvanced, the guests assembled, and at last Lydia's turn to recite arrived.

She was a girl of most remarkable assurance, and she went fearlessly on untill suddenly her memory failed her.

It was what the teachers had feared.

Miss Holcamp had some ability, they said, but no application. She was no student.

She glanced helplessld toward Miss Barker, who promptep her. Again she went on. Again she stopped for want of words.

At last, after several promptings, she came to the end of her selection.

Miss Barker had retreated behind the draperies, sore and disappointed that one of her most promising pupils had thus failed.

"It was all your fault," burst forth Lydia, "you hateful, disagreeable thing! I believe you were jealous, and meant I should fail, when you went and hid yourself away with those children to-night. You knew I needed another lesson."

The fair little teacher turned pale and trembled. She was not accustomed to such language. Most of her pupils were kind and obedient.

She was slim, and young, and pretty, this teacher and a great student and worker. All the teachers respected and liked her.

"You have made me fail, and I hope I may never see your face again!" concluded Lydia as she flounced away.

Just outside of the draperies stood a handsome young man. He heard the abuse lavished upon the young teacher, and his lip curled.

"Who is the tall fair girl in grey!" he had inquired during the evening.

"Miss Barker the teacher of elocution," had been the reply.

He started.

"Is it possible?" said he. "She appears as young as the pupils."

Not one word came from Miss Baker's lips now, but he heard teachers and scholors exclaiming that it was a shame after the attention she had lavished upon Miss Holcamp during the past term.

Mr. Harry Quintard (for he it was who had overheard Miss Holcamp) made his way to the preceptress when the exercises were over, and asked her for an introduction to Miss Barker.

"Ah, you mustn't be making love to my pet teacher, Mr. Quintard." said the lady, with an arch glance and an admonitory tap of her fan.

Nevertheless, Mr. Harry Quintard was presently seated by the side of "pretty Miss Barker," as nearly all called her in the school.

She looked a little pale and wearied, and Harry noticed that her hands trembled.

"No wonder," he thought.

"It must be very exhausting work, teaching all those great girls," he said. "I should dearly like to hear you recite something yourself."

The eyes which looked into "pretty Miss Barker's," were frank and admiring.

At this moment, his sister came up to them. She looked cold, and drew her brother aside. She had left Lydia, who had recently joined her, and wanted her brother to come to them.

"Lyd," said she, "is only a teacher in the school, Hal. Come with us."

"You will have to excuse me for the present," said Hal, who saw that others were making their way to Miss Barker's seat, "unless you and Lydia will join us, for I like Miss Barker very much. She is a perfect lady."

And Hal kept his word. He kept by the little teacher's side for the rest of the evening, much to Lydia's chagrin.

"Tell me, where will you spend your vacation?" he asked at parting.

She colored as she replied:

"I'm going to a very lonely place in the country, and shall spend the time in working very hard."

"But why not rest?" he added; "you need rest, surely. "Tell me then," he added, "where you will go, that I may hope to see you again?"

She shook her head.

"It is best not," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed; "have I then treated you so badly that you will never see me again,"

Miss Barker's eyes fell, and again the warm color came over cheek and forehead.

"There is a lady who was once very kind to me," she said, who lives very humbly among the mountains of Cumberland, and I am going to spend my summer with her. In the autumn I hope to begin a new phase of my art. You see I am poor, Mr. Quintard, and depend upon my exertions for a living."

She looked straight into her companion's eyes as she spoke, and Harry Quintard read there both determination and pride. The expressiou included something else, too. It said, "You know now my circumstance, and also that I wish you to know them."

Harry's eyes, however, never faltered beneath hers. They grew earnest and ardent.

"Will you give me the name of the place?" he asked gravely, and yet in a pleading voice.

She wrote the address upon a small card and gave it to him.

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It was a month later that Harry Quintard entered the parlor of one of the most fashionable hotels in Keswick.

It was a popular resort among the lake tourists, and to-night there was a grand reception going on.

Music and recitations were to be followed by dancing in the ballroom.

Someone was singing as he went in, and presently a murmur ran through the throng as a lady, young, fair as the morn and graceful as a willow, was led forward and received with a greeting of warm applause.

What was there about this charming vision that sent Harry's blood tingling through his veins with a wild pleasureable thrill?

Sleeping or waking he had scarcely once lost his fair face from his mental sight since last they had met.

Yet—what could this mean? This brilliant entree among people of wealth and position? He had thought again and again of their meeting. He had fancied all kinds of rural scenes—places isolated and beautiful, yet wild withal, with none but himself to admire the charming face and form that had so bewitched him; but to meet her thus, surrounded by an eulogic crowd—this indeed he had never thought of.

Later he made his way to her side. She had not forgotten him, that was plain. Nay, more, Harry saw that the surprise was also a pleasure.

The rosebud face with its spirituelle light, was lifted to his, above her raiment of pale blue, and Harry knew that the excitement of her success made her radiant, yet under all that the young man felt there lurked a deeper pleasure at their meeting.

"I gave some recitations in the town near where I was stopping," said Linda Barker, in explanation; "I saw the minister there, and he arranged to give me the church." The form of the young artist grew dignified and grave as she thus recorded her business proceedings. "The people who heard me were so kind as to invite me to recite for them, and so it happens I am here. I shall be kept very busy, I trust, this summer."

Mr. Quintard looked down in open admiration of this darling young girl with her baby face.

"Then I am to be cheated out of those coveted woodland rambles. I have been counting upon them ever since we parted."

Linda smiled.

"If you knew my history, Mr. Quintard, you would say that I was not, indeed, born for my present surroundings."

"They become you so well that I could never think that," he replied.

They were now away from the crowd.

"Linda," he said, "before I leave you to-night I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise you will marry me in the autumn."

"But how could that be, Mr. Quintard? Even were you not the affianced of another, your family would never regard me as a suitable mate for you."

"Affianced to another!" Harry was so bewildered that he could only repeat her words. "What do you mean?"

Before she could reply a voice sounded at their side. They had thought themselves alone.

"Yes, Harry Quintard—dare you deny it?"

It was Lydia Holcamp who stood there before them and thus accused him.

Had Harry Quintard not once heard Lydia's abuse of her teacher, he would indeed have been dumbfounded. As it was, he read the game in a trice.

"Yes, madam, I do deny it," he ejaculated, looking Lydia straight in the face.

He had heard his sister say that Miss Holcamp was sojourning in the mountains, but he had not troubled himself to enquire where.

Lydia, however, was not to be thwarted in her purpose.

"Do you deny this, too?" and she coolly read a portion of a letter containing vows of affection, and having for a signature his own name.

"It is a base forgery, and you know it, woman!" cried Harry, almost beside himself with her persistency. And let me tell you at once, before you go any further, that I can very easily prove it to Miss Barker, if in no other way, through my own writing."

He had taken the letter from her hand.

"There is a very palpable difference between this writing and my own—see!"

He showed Linda one that he took from his pocket as he spoke.

Linda turned toward him a pale but trusting face.

He was trembling from head to feet with indignation. She laid her hand on his arm and whispered:

"Come, I believe you," and while the girl's mocking laugh followed them they left the room.

Once away from her, Harry clasped Linda to his breast.

"Tell me," he cried, "do you really trust me? Do you know that girl fabricated that story because she hates you?"

"And loves you," murmured Linda, with downcast lids.

"And in your eyes does that excuse her? Tell me, do you love me, Linda—darling, answer me?"

"I can not answer you until you hear my story," faltered Linda, drawing away from him and sinking into a seat.

She had grown pale, and her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Hear the blunt truth. I am the daughter of a coal miner."

Harry heard with profound astonishment, it is true, but he did not start from her—a smile, indeed, dawned upon his face.

"You remind me of something which perhaps I ought to have told you," he said. "My grandfather was a poor carpenter, my father began his career in my grandfather's shop. From that he became a builder, and is now to be sure a rich contractor. So you see I am not much in advance of you in that respect."

Both laughed, but Linda said:

"Ah, but with you all has been different. You have been well educated, and your wealth would enable you to make a rich match. I have had to earn money while striving to educate myself. I worked in a factory for two years, when father died. He was killed in a mine, and as my mother was also dead, I was left alone. I had attended the common school, and was there encouraged to recite. I saved money and went to Manchester, and worked for one year in a factory there. While in that city I attended every free entertainment, and studied much at night. At last I applied for a position to teach, and secured it. Then you met me."

"My noble girl," cried Harry, "I would rather have you for my wife to-day than any petted idle darling of luxury that I ever heard of."

Harry Quintard meant what he said, and Linda Barker knew it.

He stooped his face till his lips met hers in a long kiss.

Thus the daughter of a miner and the grandson of a carpenter betrothed themselves in true modern fashion.

And among the circles of fashion and art to-day there walks no more perfect lady than Mrs. Harry Quintard.
—*Alfred Crayon.*

Bill Nye and the Bronze Goddess.

I am in favor of a Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here and oppress us. We are used to it and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It may be productive of good in a direction that many have not taought of. As she stands there day after day bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss grown Mormon moving toward the far west, a confirmed victim of his matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture on his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity may be led in after years to try it on himself.—*Boston Globe.*

Where the Scorpion Gets His Poison.

When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than to get a tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particnlarly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpion bites are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed on decayed wood. In South America, where dyewoods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpion feeds upon them, and thus work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with his naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But, in Nassau, such poisonous woods are few, and the scorpions have to fatten themselves respectably on pine, cedar and mahogany.—*From a Nassau Letter.*

They rocked the boat and were drowned in South Park Lake, Chicago. This is certainly dying as the fool dieth.