THE HERALD.

VOL. V., NO. 14. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1894. $1.00 PER YEAR

Board of Works jan 1 92

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Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

THIS HOTEL has been REFITTED AND PAINTED IN THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE. AN ELEGANT GENTLEMEN'S PARLOR, OFFICE, and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED DINING ROOM on Ground Floor; PERFECT VENTILATION and SEWERAGE throughout; LARGE and AIRY BEDROOMS; COMMODIOUS BATH ROOMS and CLOSETS on each floor; and is capable of accommodating ONE HUNDRED GUESTS.

It is rapidly growing in popular favor, and is to-day one of the LEADING, as well as the MOST COMFORTABLE HOTELS IN THE DOMINION.

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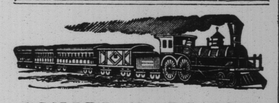

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6.00 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North, via Gibson.

6.15. A. M.—Express for St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North; Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West and South.

10.50 A. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction, St. John and points east.

3.20 P. M.—Accommodation for Fredericton Junction and St. John, also with Night Express for Bangor, Portland and Boston.

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Bangor, Montreal, etc., 1.10, p. m.

Woodstock and North, via Gibson branch, 5.30 p. m.

St. John, McAdam Junction, etc., 7.10 p. m.

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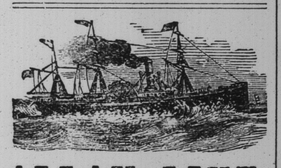

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PURIFY THE BLOOD, correct all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the Aged they are priceless.

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3-10-83

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Galvanized Iron Cornices and Door Caps, a specialty.

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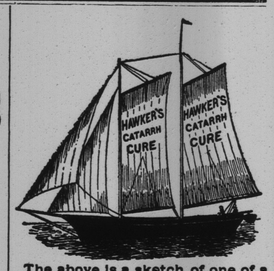
Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.



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CATARRH

With all its Attendant Evils of Bad Breath, Nausea, Headache, Deafness, Rumbling in the Head, Etc.

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For Sale by ALONZO STAPLES.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Mr. Gladstone Formally Resigns the Premiership.

LONDON, March 4.—Mr. Gladstone took a long walk in the grounds of Windsor Castle Saturday morning, at which historical group of buildings he had been the guest of Queen Victoria over night. The morning was fine and Mr. Gladstone, who was accompanied by General Ponsonby, private secretary of the Queen, enjoyed his walk greatly. The premier looked in the best of health, and was certainly in the best of spirits.

OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED.

It was officially announced late last evening that the Queen had accepted the resignation of Mr. Gladstone, and that her Majesty had summoned Lord Rosebery and offered him the post of Prime Minister in Mr. Gladstone's stead. It was further officially announced that Lord Rosebery had accepted the position.

The Queen will come from Windsor to London Monday, and will give Lord Rosebery an audience in Buckingham Palace. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Herbert Asquith, Home Secretary, called upon Lord Rosebery to-day. Mr. Gladstone attended the Chapel Royal St. James this morning and took no part in the Cabinet making.

A curious fact in connection with the present split in the Liberal party, if split it may be termed, is that less than ten years ago Lord Rosebery was the darling of the Radical party because of his attempts to reform the House of Lords, His scheme, as then proposed, took the United States Senate as a model. It included the proposition that the great municipalities and County Councils should elect the members of the house of Lords. So far as Lord Rosebery himself is concerned he is undoubtedly one of the most popular men in England to-day among all political parties.

The story is repeated to-night that when he was a boy at the great Eton Public school, Lord Rosebery bet he would marry the heiress of her year, become Prime Minister of England and win the Derby before he died. The first two conditions have now been fulfilled, and with his horse Ladas, which is entered for the Derby, he will undoubtedly add the third clause to his bet next June.

THIS MORNING'S PAPERS.

London, March 5.—The Morning Post of to-day (Monday) says in a leader concerning the new Premier: "From Lord Rosebery and most of his colleagues there must be fairly expected a more Palmerstonian and patriotic policy, in which they would certainly encounter no attack from the opposition. But their difficulty would discard their heritage."

So ends one of the longest and one of the greatest political careers which modern England has known. The affectionate admiration of friends and opponents follows him in his retreat. It is likely to grow stronger and not weaken with time. Never again will English public life be what it has been under his stately leadership, nor is there anybody to exert in the house of commons that influence which he has wielded so beneficially or to impress upon its deliberations that authority which comes from long service and lofty character and intellectual supremacy all combined. The oldest and best traditions of the oldest great legislature in the world depart with Mr. Gladstone.

The mystery in which he has for some time past chosen to envelop the question of his retirement has not quite cleared away, and may never be fully disclosed. Some part of the truth is known and a good deal more is guessed. He took this resolution, it is alleged, before going to Biarritz. He told two or three of his colleagues, and left the rest to learn what they might from the newspapers. This may, or may not, be true. It is not contradicted, and it is characteristic that Mr. Gladstone has often preferred to act alone in great emergencies. He resolved on the ever memorable dissolution of 1874 without consulting his cabinet. He resolved on home rule in 1886, or perhaps in 1885, without consulting his cabinet. He may have resolved on retiring in 1894 without consulting his cabinet, or not till after some members of it had heard of his purpose from other sources.

The political world has been in a ferment all the week. Where Mr. Gladstone is concerned the political world includes all England. During all this time there has not been, until yesterday, one authorized or authentic statement of fact. The lobby of the house of commons has been a seething cauldron of rumors of gossip, of guesses, of agitated comment, of serious conferences, of factious cabals, of plot and counter-plot, of intrigue, culminating in an open attempt by one small wing of the radical party to control the action of the party, the action of Mr. Gladstone and the constitutional prerogative of the queen. That is but one of the results of a policy of concealment. Time was when the retirement of a prime minister and the formation of a new government were settled by a political clique, with the help of a drawing room coterie. To-day such high matters are transacted in the presence of the nation. Publicity is inevitable. If the truth is not made public, something which is not the truth will become public instead. It is for those in authority and for those who know the facts they withhold to say which they prefer.

They have, however, some excuse for silence. It is natural that Mr. Gladstone, before announcing his own retirement, should wish the question of his successor settled. If he can no longer govern the empire nor lead his party, he must desire to know to whose hands these great tasks are to be entrusted. He could not well resign offhand and leave everything at sixes and sevens. But there are great difficulties in choosing a successor. It does not rest wholly with Mr. Gladstone, nor with the Queen. It rests in the first instance, and in fact though not in theory, with the Gladstonian party in the house of commons and in the country. That party consists of so many sections and so many antagonisms that it may well be doubted whether any lesser authority than Mr. Gladstone's can unite or control them all, or whether they will all follow any other leader. But the attempt has to be made.

So tangled is the web of Gladstonian policy, so conflicting are the claims of the various elements which make up the party whole, so selfish, so pertinacious, so dictatorial, are some of the heads of these various factions, so irreconcilable are their aims and their views of party policy, that no man need envy him who accepts the post from which Mr. Gladstone steps down. But if he fails, and if the present majority will follow no other leader, and if there is no dissolution, the Queen must ultimately ask the Unionists to form a government, and they of course would dissolve at once.

The reasons alleged for Mr. Gladstone's resignation are physical infirmities, and especially his imperfect sight and hearing. It is not certain they are the only reasons. Rumors of dissensions in the cabinet are rife. There are almost always dissensions in all cabinets. The question is how serious they are, and whether they relate to matters of policy which can be called vital. Naval detence is the point most often mentioned, which certainly is vital. Mr. Gladstone is said to be unconvinced of the necessity of that large shipbuilding programme on which the Admiralty are resolved. If that be not true, other things are true. What has made office and life a burden to the old statesman has been the necessity of holding the scales even between all these warring claims and wrangling politicians of his own party just referred to. He has held them even, or nearly so, for almost two years. He has kept the party together. He has enforced some sort of discipline on the jealous chiefs of quarrelsome clams, save at intervals, when they enforced their discipline on him. It could not go on forever, and his last act, or what is supposed to be his last act as leader, is to surrender to the most violent of his followers. He stood out to the last against the clamor for an attack on the House of Lords. At last he yielded, and his capitulation makes the scene in the House of Commons on Thursday doubly pathetic. It can hardly be said that the decencies of public life have been observed.

Think what we may of his later policy, Mr. Gladstone is incomparably the most illustrious of living Englishmen concerned in the conduct of affairs. For weeks past he has been told by the mouthpiece of the extreme radicals that he must obey their behest or resign. "If you will not lead us against the lords, give way to somebody who will." Such has been the cry repeated day after day in the columns of the leading radical journal, and of others. Construe it as you may, cover it up as you may, it was an insult to the prime minister. It was an open menace. Yield or resign. Alas, he has done both. He has yielded and resigned. His last public utterance in the house of commons is, as Mr. Balfour told him, a declaration of war against the ancient constitution of these realms. It may be wise, it may be necessary, it may be, as some of those about him think, the last hope of carrying the country; but what is distressing is that he has surrendered, and that the least loyal among his supporters have dictated the declaration. "He leaves us not peace, but a sword," is the exulting cry of the Chronicle, as it snatches the sword from his grasp.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Harold Frederic in his cable letter to the Times says:

"I have been able to get together certain statements which are vouched for, and which put the situation in something like the shape that history will give it. They differ widely from popular notions current here, because they come from the sources which do not cultivate publicity, and it would not suit the ends of those who know them to print them.

"I can say no more than that I partly know and wholly believe them to be true.

"First, Gladstone did not really wish to resign, and up to Thursday he hoped, as all his family hoped, there would be such a spontaneous and united demonstration of liberal members urging him to remain as would make it possible for him to reconsider his wavering project of retirement and stay! To his surprise and chagrin no such powerful appeal came. On Thursday he spoke the final and decisive word.

"This failure of the liberals to command the situation he left so long open to them was due largely to the awe with which his long and undisturbed dictatorship, aloof, omniscient and intolerant of interference as Cæsar himself, inspired them. It really never occurred to them that he was waiting for them to implore him to change his mind. Moreover, there sprang into being at the very instant of the adumbration of his decision to withdraw such a splendidly concerted boom for Lord Rosebery that members took it for granted that this was a part of Gladstone's programme, and hence the whole matter was cut and dried, and impossible of alteration now. Some of them did try, indeed, to upset the latter part of the arrangement, as they understood it, but no one thought until too late of appealing to Gladstone not to proceed with the first half of it.

"This was tragic enough, but it was rendered worse by the almost universal error of assuming that Gladstone desired Rosebery to succeed him. The actual truth is that he desired nothing else so little. So far as his action can be said to have been dictated by influences external to his own complex mind, it is Rosebery's associations which have driven Gladstone out of office.

"From the outset the present cabinet has been less eager to subject itself to Gladstone's views and feelings than any of his other three. There has been a number of things on which, though there was no open friction, he somehow did not get his own way. He hated this big increased naval expenditure, but it went through almost unanimously. He has disliked bitterly much that has been done in Central and South Africa, but the cabinet has gone ahead just the same. The fact that he is a very old man and that the policy and work of the empire were being shaped and carried on by men young enough to be his grandsons, and that the spirit of the age he outlived demanded that this should be done, became borne in upon him every time the cabinet met. It was hard to give to this influence, which he felt to be adverse to him, a name, but if it must be labelled, undoubtedly Rosebery came nearest to defining it.

"Still more obviously those thousand and one points where the expansion of the British empire comes in contact with diplomacy were receiving their color from the great financial world centre, the city of Loudon, instead of from the academic traditions of liberalism.

"Gladstone found in these things alternately provocations to resign and incentives to remain. When he first said he would resign for the reasons traced before, it is believed that he was under the impression that Harcourt would be accepted as his natural successor. Then came the deafening, admirably organized clamor for Rosebery, and if he could Gladstone would have drawn back.

"He has gone out because those officially close about him did not dissemble their willingness that he should go, and the party at large did not understand that he wanted to be dissuaded from going. It is a pathetically stupid curtain to so magnificent a life drama.

"Roseberry is young and very rich, with the very highest social position, and also with intimate relations with the world of finance. He is viewed on one side quite as one of the family by the Rothschilds; at the other end of the scale he is regarded with affectionate liking by the Queen. He believes alike in the German alliance and in government by haute finance.

"The great question is how long can Roseberry's ministry last? Labouchere says a week, but then he is not an unprejudiced observer. Perhaps with the Parnellites, who are said to be much excited by the chance this upheaval offers them, he might be able to get enough English malcontents together to wreck the ministry off-hand. But it is hardly likely that the crux will really come over the choice of legislation before summer."

LONDON, March 5.—A correspondent obtained this evening official confirmation of the report that John Morley had refused the India secretaryship because he did not wish an office isolated from the cause of Ireland. Sir Algernon West, Mr. Gladstone's intimate friend and companion at Biarritz, was appointed to the privy council. John Cowan, chairman of Mr. Gladstone's election committee in Midlothian district, received a baronetcy, and G. W. Spencer Littleton and G. H. Murray, private secretaries to Mr. Gladstone as first lord of the treasury, were made companions of the order of the Bath.

The National Liberal Federation, consisting of a union of all the Liberal associations throughout the kingdom, issued through its executive a long manifesto which eulogizes Mr. Gladstone and pledges an organization to follow his home rule programme. The manifesto demands that no item of the party programme be imperilled or delayed, and closes with expressions of confidence in the ministry. It contains no direct reference to the change in premiership.

The Liberal and Radical Union of London to-day passed resolutions expressing deep regret for Mr. Gladstone, gratitude for his work at the head of the party and confidence in Lord Rosebery and Sir Wm. Harcourt. The union emphasized the necessity of adhering to the party's declared programme of carrying on a campaign against the House of Lords. George Howell, Liberal member of parliament for the northeast division of Bethnal Green, addressed the meeting with much bitterness concerning Mr. Gladstone's retirement. "It is deplorable to contemplate the eagerness," he said, "with which Mr. Gladstone was hounded from office. It is useless to try longer to disguise the facts. The old lady at Windsor and several members of the cabinet made no effort to keep the old leader at the front. What great damage Mr. Gladstone's ejectment would do his party was apparent to every unprejudiced mind." Mr. Howell was interrupted almost continually with cries of dissent and half-expressed applause. He had hardly taken his seat when Mr. Henbery, a delegate of the union, began another attack upon the Queen. He said she summoned Lord Rosebery to take the premiership because the noble Lord was about to marry the princess (the widowed Duchess of Albany). This reference was greeted with loud cries of dissent. Chairman Richard Causton, who is lord of the treasury, withdrew peremtorily from Mr. Henbery the privilege of the floor.

The times in an editorial says: "Lord Rosebery's position as president of the council gives him official precedence over every one except royal princes, archbishops and the lord chancellor. The earl of Kimberley's appointment insures the continuity, in substance and spirit, under lord Rosebery, of lord Salisbury's foreign policy. The place of Mr. Majoribanks is not likely to be adequately filled by Mr. Ellis." The article predicts that lord Rosebery will hold the party together only for a short time.

The Daily News writes an eulogy of John Morley, who, it says, for the sake of Ireland, has consented to sacrifice himself.

The St. James Gazette gives prominence to the report that a re-union is probable between lord Rosebery and the liberal-unionist leader.

REMARKABLE SOMNAMBULISM.

A Girl's Self-Prepared Flight That Led to the Suspicion of a Terrible Crime.

That was a terrible crime reported from Toledo, Oregon, about an outrage perpetrated upon a little girl by two tramps. The valley papers have been printing various comments and speculations about it, and now the Elk City correspondent of the Corvallis Times offers as authentic a version of the affair which is no less wonderful than the first story, and, if true, as it seems to be, establishes one of the most remarkable instances of somnambulism, or sleep-walking, ever recorded. The account is as follows:

"Miss Cora Mays, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sam Dogan, resides with her family on the south side of the Yaquina river, six miles east of Toledo. Between 1 and 2 o'clock Friday night, during her sleep, and clad only in a night-robe, she arose from her bed and walked out on the back porch. There she secured an old oilcloth coat, and, after wrapping it around her, picked up a piece of rope and started for the river, 100 yards distant. At the boat landing she entered a boat, rowed herself up the river about 400 yards, and landed on the opposite bank. After setting the boat adrift, she climbed a steep bank on the railroad track, where with the rope she tied her lower limbs together, passed the rope around her body twice over her shoulder, and then tied her hands behind her body. Then she hobbled up the railroad track for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, and suddenly fell. She was awakened by the fall, and, although paralyzed by cold and fright, started to retrace her steps.

"Her cries of distress soon alarmed the occupants of a house near by, who came to her rescue, and found her still tied, nervous, chilled, and in the saddest of very sad plights. She was taken home at once, and then her family learned for the first time that she had been absent from the house, and, of course, accepted her condition as the evidence that she had been the victim of an abduction. This was the news that first reached the community, and enraged men scoured the vicinity for the supposed guilty parties. Two tramps were arrested at Summit on suspicion, and after staring destruction in the face for several hours were finally released after establishing an alibi.

A good sleep restored the young girl to her normal condition, and thus, what appeared at first to be a shocking crime, was only the queer escapade of a somnambulist or sleepwalker."

He Wondered.—Mother—The paper this morning has an account of a little boy who was drowned while skating on thin ice. Little Son (cleaning up his skates)—Too bad. I wonder if he is any relation to the poor little boy who was killed by the trolley while going to school.

DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Terrible Tragedy In Mississippi—Democratic Members Killed.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 3.—At Kusciosko, the county seat of Atalla county, Mississippi, today occurred the most sensational tragedy in the history of the state.

S. A. Jackson a member of the state legislature, and one of the state's most prominent democratic politicians, was shot and instantly killed; Samuel Russell, an innocent bystander, was shot and died in a few minutes, and William Sanders, another bystander, fatally wounded by rev. W. P. Ratliffe, also a member of the legislature and one of the leaders of the Populist party in Mississippi.

The tragedy was the culmination of a political feud of long standing which was brought to a climax by a bitter newspaper controversy.

Ratliffe published an editorial in his paper, the Vindicator, reflecting on Jackson's vote in the recent contest in the legislature over the election of a successor to United States Senator Walthall.

Jackson replied in a card in another paper in which he denounced Ratliffe as a liar.

The two men met at the court house in Cusciosko today for the first time since the publication of Jackson's articles.

There was a large crowd on hand attending a bankrupt sale by the sheriff.

No one noticed the meeting of the two men until they began scuffling in the court house door.

A moment later both Ratliffe and Jackson drew revolvers and began a duel to the death.

When the smoke from their firing had cleared away, Jackson was found with a bullet-hole in his forehead and his right arm near the shoulder shattered by a glancing shot.

A few feet away lay Samuel Russell and William Sanders, two bystanders, with mortal wounds.

Russell had been shot through the head and expired in a few minutes.

Saunders was shot in the thigh, and is not expected to live.

Ratliffe discharged every chamber of his revolver, and, finding that he could fire no more, cooly stood and watched the writhing of his victims until he was arrested by the sheriff and taken to jail.

Ratliffe was seen in the jail and asked for a statement, but he refused to talk, further than to say that he shot Jackson in self-defence.

The jail is strongly guarded to prevent Ratliffe being lynched by Jackson's friends.

DEAD IN HER SHANTY.

Woman Who was Once a Belle of Laconia (N. H.) Society.

LAKEPORT, N. H., March 4.—Mrs. Mary Dodge, daughter of the late Nathaniel Wadleigh of Laconia, was found dead in an old shanty here today and foul play is suspected.

The woman lived alone in a small, triangular building, formerly the bow of the old steamer James Bell, which was condemned several years ago on Lake Winnipiseogee.

Her husband, Albert Dodge, had not lived with her for several years.

She was last seen alive last Monday by a neighbor, Mrs. Belle Smith, when she left the house to get an armful of wood.

A young man from Gilford was seen at the house Sunday afternoon.

The lifeless body of the woman was discovered this afternoon on a bed in the shanty. Her lower limbs were resting on the floor. The right arm was extended over her head and the left one was under her head. The eyes showed the appearance of the woman having died a horrible death. The body was frozen and presented a ghastly appearance. City Marshal Scott of Laconia is satisfied there were a terrible struggle and intense suffering.

The bed was tumbled and spattered with blood.

The bedclothes were thrown carelessly over the body, the head being covered with one corner of a blanket. An empty bottle was found in the bed.

The table in the dining room was well covered with food, and the dishes indicated that two persons had been seated. A quart bottle, partially filled with liquor was found on the table.

It was evident that the body had been moved since death. A bowl of water had tipped over. A portion of the water had run out on the floor and was frozen under the woman's feet, yet the bowl had been tipped back into its original position, and the water that remained was frozen solid.

Mrs. Dodge had been employed as a housekeeper for a resident of Gilford named Folsom. She occasionally went to her own house and remained in an intoxicated condition for several days in company with a young man.

A neighbor is positive that the young man was seen leaving the house Monday afternoon. He followed the railroad track toward Laconia.

A few hours before that time Mrs. Dodge staggered out of the shanty and remained a few minutes. Upon returning she carried in several pieces of wood. The appearance of the house today showed that she was not in need of the wood, as the back room contained a large supply.

Mrs. Dodge was 40 years old and had been twice married.

When a young woman she was a leading society belle of Laconia.

A few years since a great sensation was created in Laconia, when she became infatuated with a travelling Indian doctor, who was driven from the streets by a mob of townspeople. Soon after that her first husband left her.

The section of the city where the mysterious death took place is called Black Brook. For years it has been a notorious place. Only a few years ago there was an attempt at murder in a house across the street from the little shanty in which Mrs. Dodge's body was found today.

HUNTING MOUNTAIN LIONS.

A Game That is Worthy of the Efforts of Brave Huntsmen.

There is one animal that I prefer to hunt above all others, and that is the mountain lion, says a writer in the Los Angelos Times. I wish my readers could see the marvellous leaps made by this huge cat when hard pressed by a good pack of hounds. Nothing short of a good pack can run him; thirty and forty feet he makes at a bound, rising like a winged creature high above the greasewood and chapparal; ground scent for the dogs is barely left, so daintily does he alight; the hounds must use the slightly tainted air for their guide. It is a well known fact that the mountain lion stands in the greatest terror of dogs. When chased by them he will first try to outrun them; failing in this, he will take to the neares tree. But when there is no tree or refuge, and the lion comes to bay, then look out! One stroke of the powerful paw means a dead dog, and, unless the hunter comes to the rescue with rifle or revolver, the savage brute will slaughter the whole pack in detail. Should he succeed in killing all the dogs he will immediately turn his attention to the human enemy, whom he considers the most insignificant of the pursuers. A party whom I know very well met with

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE

while hunting the mountain lion. The animal came to bay on the top of a pile of rocks, far up on the mountain side. As a matter of course, the dogs arrived there long before the hunter, and wishing to get as near as possible to the game, they crowded on to a small bluff that projected above the lion's position and from there bayed and growled at the quarry. The hunter, meantime, worked his way up until he arrived, say, within thirty feet of the spot. Here he stopped and was looking around for a place from whence he could shoot the lion dead without endangering the dogs, when, with a shrill scream that went echoing up the cannon, the big cat sprang upon him, threw him backward, and, placing its huge paws on either arm, literally pinned him to the ground, giving him no chance whatever to draw knife or pistol. The lion all this time was growling and screaming with fury. So near were the yellow fangs to the hunter's face that the froth dripping from the beast's mouth nearly blinded the prostrate man. The hounds for some reason, perhaps on account of the thick brush, did not see that the lion had pounced on their master; so instead of going to the rescue, as they always do, they, with the exception of one old dog, veered to one side and

RAN QUITE A LITTLE DISTANCE

on the back track before finding their mistake. The veteran hound that stayed behind leaped on the rock vacated by the lion and from there saw the perilous position of his much-loved master. With a deep bay that sounded almost like a roar the noble animal launched himself into the air and alighted within a few feet of the lion. The next bound landed him on the enemy's back. The lion turned to defend himself from this new foe, and in doing so lifted one paw from the man's arm. Knowing that it was his last chance for dear life, the hunter made a desperate effort, drew his heavy pistol, and, jamming the barrel against the lion's breast, let him have three shots in less than as many seconds. Almost without a quiver the fierce animal fell dead at the side of his intended prey. The next moment, with a whir, the whole pack was on the dead mountain king, mangling him with the greatest ferocity, as if trying to make up for their unusual blunder. The hunter will always acknowledge that his old hound "Bravo" saved his life on this occasion.

INDIA'S MONKEY TEMPLE.

Inhabited By the Entellus Family, as Playful and Agile as Ever.

Among the thousand or more temples and shrines with which the holy Hindoo city of Benares is endowed, visitors generally find the great temple dedicated to the worship of the goddess Durga, one of the most interesting. It is known to Europeans as the monkey temple, because in and around its precincts many hundreds of sacred monkeys roam about without interference. The temple is situated in the southern extremity of the city. It was erected during the last century by the Ranee Bhawani, of Natre, in honor of Shiva's wife, the terrific goddess who is supposed to delight in death and slaughter, and of whom the poor believers in the various attributes of the deities comprising the Hindo Pantheon stand in the greatest dread.

'The Durga Kund is conspicuous in this city of temples for the grace and simplicity of its architecture,' writes a correspondent to the London Graphic. It adjoins a tank, which is the finest in Benares, and occupies the central portion of a quadrangle, the walls being stained red with ochre. The sacred portion of the temple consists of twelve finely carved pillars, standing on a marble platform, and supporting a heavy roof. This platform is about four feet from the ground, and is ascended by a flight of low steps on each side of the square. The temple is well provided with the necessary instruments for creating the frightful noises which emanate from these abodes of idolatry all over India. Drums of huge dimensions, gongs, bells and tom-toms are all at the service of the priests in performing the rites required of them. But the antics of the monkeys, which makes this temple their home, are next to its architecture, the most attractive feature of the place.

The goats' blood with which the walls are sprinkled, and the sacrifices that are known to take place here to appease the wrath of Shiva and his terrifying spouse, are rather revolting to a Christian; but the grotesque play of the monkeys, their importunate begging, the pranks they enact on one another and the graceful agility they are constantly displaying, supply a perpetual source of amusement, which one is apt to think must prove rather distracting to the devout Hindoos who come here to worship.

'These sacred monkeys are of the genus Semnopethecus entellus, popularly known as the long-tailed Indian monkey. A few years ago, as no one dared to molest these animals, they not only increased rapidly in numbers, but, growing to be extraordinarily bold, developed alarming thieving propensities. The annoyance they caused amounted to a public nuisance, for no house in the place was safe from their depredations: At last the trouble grew so serious that some reduction in the number of these adept thieves became a necessity, although the prejudices of the people were against any such steps being taken.

'In the end, the Government was requested to interfere, and, waving aside all other considerations but that of public polity, the authorities had many hunnreds—report says thousands—captured and sent away. Nevertheless, there are plenty of them left, and they certainly constitute one of the sights of a city that is probably in many respects the most interesting in the world.

HELPED STEAL HIS OWN PIG.

A farmer living near Perth, Fulton county, U. S., helped steal his own hog the other night. He was awakened from his sleep in the middle of the night and asked by two men to assist them in loading a hog which had tumbled out of the crate in their wagon. He willingly gave a helping hand, and then returned to quiet slumbers. The next morning he went to feed his porker, but there was no porker to feed. It then dawned upon him that he had helped load his own hog in the wagon the night before.