SUNK TO THE BOTTOM.

The Oceanic Sinks the City of Chester in San Francisco Bay.

THE USUAL PANIC AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A San Francisco despatch says: One of the most terrible marine disasters that have occurred upon the Pacific coast was that which took place about 10 o'clock yesterday morning in the bay of San Francisco, at a short distance from Golden Gate. The City of Chester left her dock at 9.30 and started on her regular trip to Eureka, on the northern coast of California. An unusually large number of passengers stood on her decks and waved adieus to their friends. The Chester steamed slowly down the bay, and when within two miles of the Heads encountered a thick fog. Capt. Wallace began to blow his whistle to warn all vessels of his approach. The Chester proceeded cautiously on her course till off Port Point, when the sound of another whistle floated across the water. Captain Wallace answered the signal. This warning was evidently misunderstood, for in a moment's time those forward saw the huge prow of the Occidental and Oriental steamer Oceanic emerge from the fog. She had just arrived from Hong Kong, and was proceeding up the bay to her docks. She was so close to the Chester that there was no possibility for the latter to escape. The cabin passengers were nearly all on deck, and the captain, seeing the danger, called to them to prepare for the shock. A panic ensued, particularly among the women and children, of whom there was a large number. The Oceanic struck the Chester on the port side and the shock was terrific. Her prow cut into the Chester's upper works and then crushed down to the bulwarks, tearing the great timbers, and breaking into the staterooms and cabin. The wildest confusion prevailed. The bow of the Oceanic crashed into the middle section of the Chester, cutting her almost in half. When the vessels were locked, several of the Chester's passengers were passed up over the Oceanic's bow. As soon as the larger steamer could clear herself, she swung around and began to lower boats. The officers and crew of the Chester seemed to lose their senses, and several passengers stated afterwards that some of the crew clambered aboard the Oceanic, leaving the passengers to cut away the boats. One of these was lowered as soon as possible and several passengers were taken off. Others provided themselves with life-preservers and jumped overboard. The greater portion were compelled to remain on the steamer, which began to settle soon after the collision. Torrents of water rushed into her hold, and in five minutes after the collision the Chester had disappeared. She sank in fifty fathoms of water. Those of the passengers and crew who came to the surface were picked up, but the greater number went down in the rushing water and never appeared again. As soon as it was known that the collision had occurred tugs and other boats went to the scene and rendered what service they could in picking up the living and dead floating among the wreckage. The greatest loss of life is believed to have been among the steerage passengers, of whom there were 23 on board, and only two of these were accounted for. The others are regarded as lost. The cabin passengers numbered 70, and of these ten are lost. Three of the crew are lost. None of the survivors were landed until after 1 o'clock, and at a late hour last evening there was still much doubt as to the number lost. The City of Chester was an iron steamship, valued at $150,000.

"RETALIATION" IN MOROCCO.

The Sultan's Troops Ravishing Women, Killing Children and Old People and Plundering Towns.

A London cable says: There is now war to the knife between Muley Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco, and his rebellious subjects. Their last outrage was more than even his barbarous nature could stand, and he has set out to avenge his cousin, Prince Muley's, death in a wholesale manner. Some time ago the Sultan sent to the rebels, at their request, Prince Muley, with an escort of 200 horsemen, to collect tribute and receive their submission, but the rebels, remembering how Muley Hassan put to death their companions, whom they sent as a peace deputation, drove the Prince and his escort into ambush and murdered them to a man. The Sultan himself has gone in pursuit of the rebels, and Morocco flows with blood. The outraged monarch has allowed his troops to sack and burn the rebels' villages and commit whatever depredations they please in the latter territory. The troops have availed themselves of the privilege accorded and have plundered towns, ravished women, killed children and old people, and have enslaved numerous captives. The Sultan is now believed to be besieged by the rebels whom he has pursued in his wild raid. The country is in a terrible condition, a famine is beginning to make itself felt throughout the land, and half of the people are in a rebellious state. The *Revei de Maroc*, a journal of Tangier, urges the Powers to send ships to the coast towns and prevent the massacre of Jews and Christians. Nothing, it says, will stay the present atrocities but the intervention of some civilized Power.

A GREAT YARN.

A Manacled Horse Thief Springs Through the Window of a Railway Car.

A Joliet, Ill., despatch says: "Big Jim" Ryan, Sheriff of Cook county, Wyoming Territory, arrived at the prison last evening with a noted cowboy horse thief named Jim O'Connor, sentenced for three years. The sheriff related a story of interest regarding the escape of O'Connor from his custody while coming through Iowa on the Rock Island fast train. The sheriff and his prisoner had been seventy hours on the cars, and were nearly tired out for want of sleep. The prisoner was heavily ironed with shackles. Just after the train had left Des Moines, and while it was yet dark, the prisoner asked Ryan for a drink of water. The officer went to the tank, not ten feet distant, and was pouring out the water, when his attention was attracted by a terrible crash of broken glass. He turned and found that O'Connor was gone, having plunged head first through the window while the train was flying along at top speed. The sheriff was carried several miles before the train stopped. Ryan rushed up the track and about daylight discovered where the desperado had struck, but instead of finding his mangled remains, as the sheriff fully expected, he found racks entering a large corn field. It was not until late in the afternoon that O'Connor was captured. The prisoner had irons on both legs and hands, yet had made his way for twelve miles from the railroad, and when found was hid beneath a hedge-fence. There was not a mark upon him to show that he was in the least bit hurt.

SHE WAS HARD TO SUIT.

How a Chicago Bride Danced Her Man from Court to Court.

A Chicago despatch runs as follows: Marriage License Clerk Salmonson issued a license to Charles A. Hurd and Lena Burr on August 10th, but they were not married until ten days later. It wasn't Mr. Hurd's fault. During the ten days which elapsed he wasn't doing anything but trying to get married. He worked every day at it, leaving his sign-painting business to run itself. First he went to Justice Eberhardt's office with Lena on his arm. A minute later the bride turned and fled like a frightened fawn, and her lover could not persuade her to return or explain her caprice. Early the next morning they went to exchange vows before another justice. Again the fair Lena ran away. During the three succeeding days the couple visited three other justices, but in each instance the result was the same. On Monday they called on Justice Blume, who tied the knot, and did it in a hurry at the groom's special request. The latter has since obtained from his wife an explanation of her capricious conduct. She did not want to be married by one justice because he wore spectacles. Another was too small, another was bald-headed, another more so, and another looked too cross. Justice Blume, however, came up to the bride's ideal of a judge, and she stood her ground.

Quite a Different Case.

Mother (to her boy Johnny, who has been caught fighting in the street)—He hit you first, did he? Well, you shouldn't have struck him back. Don't you remember the Bible says, "If he smite thee on the cheek, turn to him the other also?"

Johnny—Yes, ma; but what's a feller goin' to do when he gets hit on the nose?

Judge Hughes was attacked with rheumatic gout on his return trip from Winnipeg, and is now at his son-in-law's residence at Sarnia.

VITRIOL AND VENGEANCE.

A Jealous Wife Traps Her Husband and Disfigures Him for Life.

A Newburyport, Mass., despatch says: A jealous wife has caused a genuine sensation here. Last Thursday Frank Longee, a young merchant here, received a letter written in a disguised female hand and signed "Admirer," asking him to meet a lady who desired to make his acquaintance at a certain rendezvous on Salisbury Beach. Longee was married, but was not proof against such an invitation, and left his home at 6 o'clock to keep the appointment. Two hours later he was brought home, his face, neck and hands blistered beyond recognition by vitriol, and he was delirious with pain. He was found by pleasure seekers near a deserted cottage rolling in the sand and screaming in his agony. No trace of his assailant could be discovered. Two days later, when he had recovered sufficiently to answer questions, he refused to give any information as to how he had received his terrible punishment. His secrecy raised suspicion that he knew and was shielding his assailant. The note appointing an interview was found on him and this gave a clue. He had been on bad terms with his wife and she was supposed to be absent visiting relatives in New York State, but there was evidence that parties who knew her had seen her on the beach on the evening of the assault. This led to the anonymous letter being compared with some of her writing, and a great similarity was shown. She appeared in Newburyport this morning, ostensibly just from New York, but as her baggage bore no check from that State she was arrested on suspicion. This unnerved her, and no sooner was she in the lockup than her courage deserted her and she confessed the crime. She acknowledged she was jealous of her husband's attentions to other women and determined to disfigure him so that he could no longer be attractive to them. She purchased vitriol, and then thought she would give him another chance. So she wrote the letter as an experiment. If he had had the courage to resist the temptation she would have forgiven him, but his accepting the bait made her doubly determined to carry out her plan. As he stepped out at the rendezvous he met her. She threw the vitriol from a glass mug all over him, but not before he recognized her. Hence his refusal to give any information. She was very violent, and is held in $5,000 to await the result of his injuries, which may yet prove fatal. The woman is 29 years of age and is quite pretty. She is highly respected here.

SHE LOVED THE COACHMAN,

And Pretty Miss Boyington Married Him Despite Her Parents' Wrath.

A Chicago telegram says: W. W. Boyington is one of the oldest and richest residents of the suburban town of Highland Park. He has an interesting family, of which his young daughter Fanny used to be the pride. She had every luxury her father's wealth could furnish, including a coachman, who was a round-faced, red-cheeked, stocky youth just from England. He is said to have had a fair education and to come of a good family. He could not find any other work in America, so at last he fell into the coachman's job at the Boyingtons, and pretty Miss Fanny straightway fell in love with him. The two carried on their love-making in the long carriage rides which the young woman took a sudden fancy for, and they concealed it so well that it went on a year before the family discovered it. Somebody brought the gossip to the parents and the coachman was discharged and Miss Fanny locked up. Carter found another place, but the Boyingtons pursued him and he left Chicago. That was about three years ago. He managed to keep up a secret correspondence with Miss Fanny during his wanderings and she remained true to him. Last spring he came back to Highland Park and the two had several clandestine meetings, at which they concluded they would get married anyway. Carter got work at the stock yards, and one night last week Miss Fanny packed up as much of her possessions as she could carry, went up to Kenosha with her coachman lover and was married to him before her parents knew she had left home.

There was a great upheaval in the Boyington family when the facts came out, but Mr. and Mrs. Carter are keeping house, and the old folks are now in a fair way to be reconciled.

TRIPPED THE HORSE.

How the Hull Police Captured Noisy Roughs in Buggies.

An Ottawa despatch says: The police of Hull have a most original way of capturing offenders. Complaint was made to the Chief of Police there that rowdies from Ottawa made themselves very objectionable on Sunday evenings on Chelsea road. The constable a couple of Sundays ago attempted to stop a noisy gang in a conveyance, but the roughs whipped up their horses and ran over him. Consequently the Chief adopted strategy. He tied a rope across the road and stationed his men some distance on each side of it. The ruse was more successful than its designers desired. Three lads returning between 11 and 12 from a visit to the house of Mr. R. W. Scott, indulged in singing to lighten the way. They were accosted by Chief Genest, but not recognizing him they drove on, with the result that the horse tripped over the rope, and on struggling to his feet ran away, threw the three youths out and smashed the vehicle into kindling wood. Fortunately the lads were not severely hurt as they might have been. Nevertheless their parents are very indignant over the affair. The police, to cover up their barbarous plan of catching offenders, arrested the three young fellows and the case came before Recorder Champagne to-day, but was adjourned.

The Queen's Herd.

A London cable says: The Queen contemplates erecting new buildings on the royal farm at Abergeldie Mains, near Balmoral, where her famous herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle is kept. The present buildings are very old and defective and most inconveniently arranged, but she merely holds it on lease, with the castle and shootings and fishings of Abergeldie, from H. M. Gordon. The lease was lately renewed. The necessary improvements will be carried out before next spring. The farm extends to 130 acres and is fairly good land, which is judiciously enriched and managed. The Queen has twelve cows with their calves, two yearling heifers and two bulls, one of which is the well-known Squire of Strichen, who was bought for Her Majesty a few months ago at the sale of the East Town herd. The best cow is Princess Irene, who was bred on the farm. She is a magnificent beast and took the first prize at the Royal Northern Show. Another beauty is her half-sister, Princess Alice, also bred by the Queen.

Worked the Child Cornetist to Death.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: Docka Pihlgreer, 9 years old, who had travelled all over the West as "the child cornetist," died here yesterday from the effects of overwork. She was a delicate little thing, very small for her age, yet she had been required to practice on the cornet three hours a day, Sunday not excepted, besides performing afternoons and evenings. She was brought here Monday by the Peeks, under whom she was playing, but was not given the least medical attention. Her mother is a variety actress. The coroner's examination showed that death resulted from heart failure, due to nervous exhaustion.

A Diabolical Deed.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: On a farm near Bavaria, Kan., a man became incensed at the actions of a boy who was teasing him while feeding a thresher, and he forced the boy into the machine, which mangled him almost beyond recognition. The incensed neighbors ran the perpetrator of the horrible deed down, and prodded him to death with pitchforks.

A Precaution.

Counsel for the defence (to his wife)—"My dear, I want you to look up everything that is movable in our house." Wife—"Why so?" Counsel—"The thief who was acquitted this morning without a stain on his character, owing to my brilliant defence, is coming this afternoon to thank me."

Miss St. Clare (from the West)—What is that bell ringing for? Saltonstall (concisely)—Fog. Miss St. Clare—I don't see why they have to ring a bell to tell that there's a fog. Look at my bangs.

At an auction in London last week Patrick Simpson's hundred works and pamphlets and Joanna Southcote's writings, many very scarce, were dispersed. Some had the seal of the prophetess on the covers.

TRAGEDY AT THE TARGETS.

A Father Accidentally Shoots His Son and Kills Himself.

A Ridgefield (Conn.) despatch says: A shocking double tragedy has occurred in this town. Dr. Archibald G. Paddock, a leading citizen, a wealthy retired dentist, formerly of New York city, shot his own son, aged 18 years, and with the same weapon shot and killed himself. Nearly every fair day of late it has been the practice of the doctor to shoot at a target on his premises in the rear of his dwelling, his companion being the son alluded to. At first the recreation annoyed his neighbors, but shortly they became accustomed to the crack of the rifles and paid no attention to it. Their habit had been to mark and set the target alternately, the doctor officiating for the son, and the son performing the same duty for the father. Through some misunderstanding as to signals when the son was behind the target, the father failing to observe that the boy had drawn near the mark and was within range, discharged his piece, and the contents entered the unfortunate boy's body, killing him instantly. But a moment was required for the horrified father to realize what he had done. He ran to the spot where his son lay and gave himself up to expressions of grief. These attracted occupants of the house to the scene, who sought to comfort the afflicted man. He declined to listen, and even while the most earnest words of sympathy were being spoken he knelt upon the ground over the dead body and placing the muzzle of the musket to his temple discharged it, blowing his own brains out. The scene that followed cannot be described. It was simply heartrending, and when the facts were sent out upon the street caused the greatest excitement.

Dr. Paddock was Treasurer of the First Ecclesiastical Society, a member of the Congregational Church in his town and was considered a man of sound judgment in all matters of public and private interest. He was a Past Master of Jerusalem Lodge, A.F. & A.M., and a Royal Arch and 33 degree Mason. His domestic affairs were harmonious and the son his bullet accidentally killed was idolized by him. The widow and family have the sympathy of all in Ridgefield.

How to Have Fine Shoulders.

Begin with ten minutes' work, the wet towel pinned tightly around the hips, corset off and a Mother Hubbard gown on, which is the best modern version of the Greek robe possible. Wet the head well, for the exercise will pump the blood well over the body, heating the temples and spine; roll up your sleeves, sponge and wipe the arms dry and go to work, moderately at first. In ten minutes or less quit, sponge off the muscles that quiver and burn, drop into an easy seat and rest ten or fifteen minutes, then pull again, resting and working for an hour. Keep this up a month and you won't know your shoulders and arms for the same. Walker, in his known work on artistic beauty, says the absence of fine arms in women is due to long sleeves and want of exercise. Pumping, sweeping, spinning, throwing stones at a mark and playing quoits are all better than tennis or rowing to develop finely-modeled arms and busts. The way to get the most benefit from work is to time oneself and see how much can be done in a quarter hour, a half hour, and so on till the sweat flows, that great restorer of the complexion and refiner of the figure, and carries off the grossness of the body, and though it is a proverb in outspoken districts that such a one is "too proud to sweat," and I have heard ladies of middle station in society aver that they never perspired, as if it were a sign of gentility—they never failed to pay the penalty in thick sallowness of face and adipose. The moderate, easy-going woman grows fat. The active, quick-footed one keeps down her flesh and shows as trim a waist and ankle at 45 as she had at 20. The fatal thickening at the back of the neck by which men profess to know women past 40, is an unnecessary consequence. The woman who uses the shoulders freely and rapidly will show as flat and fine an outline at 80 as my beautiful Italian "Reading Girl," and there is hardly a pleasanter sight after the roses and lily figure of 16 than one of these trim, nice, wholesome ladies of 60, with a waist as fine as that of her own granddaughter. A woman who is too fine to work is too fine to be fair, and she will be stout—the one fatal defect in a woman of any age.

He Was Unacquainted With History.

A good many years ago a Scotchman and an Englishman fell into a warm dispute about the privileges resulting to each country from the Union, each of them divesting his own country entirely of any share of them. At length the Scot safely observed that if the English had no advantage by the Union why were they so forward in promoting it, and why were the Scots so backward to agree to it? "Why, sir, as to the former, because it freed them from the devastations committed by their plundering parties; and, as to the latter, because it deprived them of the rich booty which they received from England at the expiration of every temporary truce." "Ay, ay, was that the way? I did not know—I'm unacquainted with history; but what the d——l had the English ado but to wear them back?" "Why, sir, at a fair engagement, in open war, they never could stand us; but, having their own mountains and forests so near for a safe retreat, it was impossible to prevent their plundering parties from committing frequent depredations." "Ay, ay, I did not know these things," said the Scot, "and were the English too hard for them at a fair engagement?" "Indeed, sir, they were. The best and bravest of the Scots allowed of that." "Ay, ay, I'm unacquainted with history, but it is believed to have been otherwise where I live." "Where," said the Englishman, "do you live?" "At Bannockburn!" "Hem—!" Not another word ensued. The subject entirely dropped, and the shrewd Caledonian sat squirting in the fire as if he meant nothing by the answer.

Passionate Versifiers.

A new lady poet appears as a contributor to that valuable Democratic journal, the Detroit *Free Press*. The name of this lady is Sarah E. Bolton, and her poem is upon "That Last, Last Night," and we quote:

Your hand, electric to my own,
Your lips, more precious than a throne,
Were mine, ah joy! and mine alone,
That last, last night.

We suggest to the gifted but too careless author of these lines that they violate the canons of orthodox poetical art. While it may not be improper for a young lady to smack a gentleman electrically on the lips, provided he is her declared and accepted lover, and she is his affianced bride, it is contrary to all rules to kiss and tell; and no lady who is admitted to the privilege of holding the thrilling hand of her beloved, and hanging on the precious honey of his lips should go away and forget this fundamental rule of good manners. Next, there is something unpleasant in the remark that these lips were last night hers alone. What did she expect? Did she think he would allow other girls to kiss him also? We are anxious about our lady poets. They manifest a disposition to publish in their verses occurrences that are, doubtless, very sweet in themselves, but which ought not unnecessarily to be dragged into the full blaze of impertinent notoriety.—*N. Y. Sun.*

No Divorce for Mrs. Langtry.

Your correspondent has definite news direct from the husband of Mrs. Langtry. A cousin of his is Hillary Langtry Bell, an artist now residing in this city. He says that all overtures on the part of Mrs. Langtry looking toward the husband's consent to a divorce have been repulsed anew. Langtry will not consent to a legal separation. "There is a home here in England for my wife whenever she chooses to come to it," Langtry is quoted by his cousin as saying, "although not as good a one as she is able to maintain in America. It was her ambition to cut a dash in the world that separated us. She has no ground on which to get a divorce from me, not even that of non-support, and I will contest any proceeding which she may bring. Neither will I consent to a proposition that I myself obtain a divorce, which I could do, but which would enable her to marry again in the United States. Therefore, I do not believe that there will be a divorce of any sort very soon."—*New York Correspondent.*

Not So Favorable.

Deacon Williams—"Brudder Jones, how did your son come outen de trial?"

Brother Jones—"De jedge done give 'im two munfs in de jayul."

Deacon Williams—"Pears ter me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did."

Brother Jones—"Twarn's a' light 's you seem ter think. Dey's a-gwinter hang 'im when de two munfs is up."—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for September.*

EUROPEAN WHEAT CROPS.

Prospect of Scarcity and Higher Prices.

The following are extracts from cabled reports, under date August 25th:

The crop in the South of Russia will this year surpass both in quality and quantity anything we have known for fourteen or fifteen years. From 33s. per quarter the price has gradually gone up to 40s., at which it now remains. Californian reports are better every day, though there likewise the price has gained 5s.

Messrs. Hannan & Co., who are one of the oldest firms in the city, informed me that the wheat crop of Great Britain is about as poor as has been known this century.

"The total number of estimated bushels," says Mr. Hannan, "is about 60,000,000, so that we should be dependent on other countries for about 160,000,000 were it not for the gain of 20,000,000 bushels surplus from last year's late crop, which must be deducted from this amount. Of course these figures are estimates, and may be open to correction."

Messrs. Wiseman & Co. tell me: "The expected shortage is overrated, for should the weather turn warm and fine the greater part of the wheat crop may be saved. France will suffer more than any other country and will find herself obliged to be a large buyer."

The following statistics given me in Mark Lane will help to show to a great extent the estimated deficiency:

	1887.	1888 (Estimated)
Crop of France, bushels	319,000,000	255,600,000
Crop of Great Britain, bushels	88,000,000	60,000,000
Crop of Germany, bush	190,000,000	110,000,000
Crop of Russia, bushels	225,741,000	270,000,000
Crop of India, bushels	234,000,000	254,000,000

One of the largest operators, however, says that we are going to receive 59,000,000 bushels from India this year, an increase of 35 per cent. over last year.

I hear indirectly from Messrs. Sassoon & Co. that Persia intends exporting a small quantity of wheat, owing to the annulment of the prohibition.

A gentleman highly connected on the Baltic and in Mincing Lane says: "We are perfectly independent of the United States owing to the excellent harvest in the colonies and in India. Holland and Belgium are not quite up to the mark, with a deficit of about five million bushels as compared with last year."

Another cornfactor said that the shortage would not increase the demand, partly owing to the excellent state of roots and other breadstuffs than wheat.

"An old authority says: 'Tell me the summer's temperature and I will tell you the wheat crop.' This test seems likely to prove good this year. The temperature has been excessively low, and the freezing point has been reached on more than one occasion, even in July and August. This result must be more annoying from the fact that a larger breadth of wheat had been sown than last year, and that through the earlier months, up to the end of June, it looked remarkably well everywhere. The low temperature and excessive rainfall in July, however, utterly destroyed the good prospect and left the wheat farmer stranded.

"In France also the wheat harvest will be very bad, due to similar weather to that experienced in England. Advices report that new wheat is so soft and out of condition that it is quite unfit for marketing. Austria-Hungary and Germany have only poor crops, and the harvest is finished. The quantity is a fair average, but it is generally of inferior quality. Russia has a fair crop, but there also the weather has been very bad, and in both Central and Southern Russia large quantities of grain are reported damaged. Spain has also a poor crop. No other European country has sufficient areas under wheat cultivation to be entitled to a place in the computation."

The head of the largest wheat firm in Paris furnishes valuable information regarding the present crisis in wheat:

"We have foreseen this trouble for weeks," he began, "and our conviction as to the imminence of higher prices was so firm that months ago we began buying large quantities of wheat in the American markets, for which we paid more than the same article would bring here in France at that time. Many dealers thought us mad, but they think so no longer. We have at present on hand about 1,200,000 quarters, and we are still buyers."

"A month ago few houses were able or willing to risk half a million of dollars on the truth of the pessimistic predictions about the European crop made by the wheat growers themselves. We were almost alone in acting on these advices. We have had no reason to regret our action. This crisis is genuine, because the causes producing it are natural. The full magnitude of the deficiency of the wheat harvest is not yet appreciated. Within the past few days the reports of growers all over France are to the effect that the threshing is much more serious than they had supposed. The shortage in France alone, as compared with that of last year, will be not less than six million quarters. This is due, of course, to the unprecedented bad weather, with continued cold and unceasing rains.

"England has been hardly better off, and will have to import this year an excess at least of 4,000,000 quarters over her imports of a year ago. The shortage in Italy will be 3,000,000 quarters and in Germany 3,000,000 quarters, making in all Europe a shortage of certainly 16,000,000 quarters, which will have to be supplied from Russia, India, Australia and America.

"Let us look, then, at the wheat markets in these different countries: Australian crops have been good, but they are of little importance from their limited extent.

"In India the monsoons which are counted on to ripen the wheat have been wanting, and unless they spring up in September the Indian crop will be a failure. Even assuming this harvest to be satisfactory, the Hindoo merchants, with their characteristic shrewdness, are disposed to hold back the surplus wheat of last year in expectation of a still further rise. Therefore India cannot be counted on at present to relieve the situation.

"There remain Russia and the United States, where the wheat crops have been up to an average in spite of interested reports to the contrary. As I said, we began giving orders in both these markets months ago.

"Other French houses, more timid than ourselves, began buying two weeks ago, and within the last few days there has been a general rush for wheat, so much so that quite an excitement has been produced in the United States, where prices have already advanced nearly 10 per cent. In France the rise has amounted to about 20 per cent. I shall be greatly surprised if there is not a further rise in price, which, all things considered, seem to me as yet cheap."

Willie Coming to America.

A "proud, proud" man was Willie Sanders the day he was informed that the firm which he had faithfully served for many years had chosen him to proceed to New York on important and confidential business. Nor was his delight diminished when, his passage taken on board an inman liner, and himself safely on board the steamer, he discovered that Jamie Watson, an old school-fellow, was to be his fellow-traveller across the ocean. Jamie had frequently made the trip, and was an excellent sailor, but poor Willie, who had never been at sea before, suffered horribly, and it was only when the ship had nearly completed her voyage that he crawled on deck from his cabin, looking the very ghost of his former self. Jamie greeted his appearance warmly, and proceeded to make him comfortable with a deck chair and some rugs, remarking, with a laugh: "Why, Willie, man, ye're luikin' years older than when I saw ye last." "Sma' wunner at that," was the reply, "I've had several berth days, ye ken, since I cam' on board."

A Case of Domestic Affliction.

A girl in one of the public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the school committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them. She naively replied that it might come under the head of "domestic affliction."

Why He Liked Bad Money.

An acquaintance from the country having visited some friends, and, being about to depart, presented a little boy, one of the family, with a half crown in the presence of his mother. "Please, is it a good one?" said the lad. "Certainly," replied the gentleman, surprised. "Why do you ask?" "Because I'd rather have a bad one, they'd let me keep it. If I get any good money, it goes into the bank and I never get it again."

KILLING NO MURDER

When a Wife Kills Her Husband.

At Chester, on Saturday week, before Mr. Justice Field, Mary Ellen Coleman was charged with the manslaughter of her husband, John Coleman, at Stockport, on the 17th of April last, and pleaded "Guilty" to the charge. From the statement made by the prisoner's counsel it appeared that the deceased man had been in the habit of brutally ill-treating the prisoner, and on the day of the fatal blow the deceased had been drinking heavily, and the prisoner endeavored to get him home from a public-house. While doing so he kicked her violently in the chest. She retreated into another room, and the deceased followed her and sat down on a chair by the fire, leaning down to where a poker was lying. This the prisoner seized, and dealt the deceased a blow, not of a violent nature, on the side of the head, and from the effect of this blow the deceased died four days afterwards. His Lordship " " sentenced the prisoner to one day's imprisonment.

When a Husband Kills His Wife.

The trial of Neale, the draper, charged with the manslaughter of his wife, took place at the Leeds Assizes. His wife had committed adultery with a man named Black, and Crown Prosecutor Mr. Stansfeld declared to the jury that "speaking not as a counsel for the Crown, but as a man, he should have acted as the prisoner at the bar had done." The presiding judge, Mr. Justice Smith, said that the prisoner had done "that which was proper" in kicking the man Black downstairs; and went on to suggest that in a paroxysm of rage, induced by the action of Black, the prisoner had turned upon his wife and inflicted upon her the injuries of which she died. "There were," Mr. Justice Smith continued, "manslaughters and manslaughters," and as the prisoner at the bar had been in prison awaiting trial for two months, His Lordship expressed his determination to inflict no further punishment, but ordered him to be imprisoned for one day, which was equivalent to discharging him.

Here and There.

Connecticut is about to reduce her State debt by $500,000.

There will be another passion play at Oberammergau in 1890.

An Anarchist is one-third deviltry and two-thirds dirt.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The idleness now the rule in Sing Sing Prison is rendering the convicts insane.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, arrived in Toronto yesterday.

South Carolina disposed of 800,000 melons this year at prices ranging from $85 to $125 per 1,000.

Samuel Morse, a native of Georgetown, N.B., and an ex-English soldier, died at Portland, Me., on Saturday, aged 104.

A recent venture in New York is the establishment of a shop where the linen portions of bridal outfits are let on hire.

During a thunderstorm at Calkinsville, Pa., Mrs. Hugh D. Johnson was stripped of her clothes by lightning, and she was badly burned.

Our Indians will never be entirely peaceful until the demand for Wild West shows shall have given them all fame and employment.—*Baltimore American.*

Lord Herbrand Russell, the younger son of the Duke of Bedford, is about to resign his commission in the Grenadier Guards, as he intends to retire from the army.

Mrs. John Mileham, wife of the Postmaster at Topeka, Kan., has joined the Cleveland Club in that city, paid her dues like a man, and promises to carry a torch on parade nights.

The oldest pupil now attending school in the United States is past the age of 60. He is Crazy Head, the former chief of the Crow Nation, and is enrolled as a pupil at the Carlisle Indian School.

The Alabama Gold Life Insurance Company, of Alabama, is attempting to settle up its affairs. Its liabilities are $638,000 and the amount of capital $200,000. The company's offer is 15 cents on the dollar.

A woman named Mary Long has just died in Durham, Eng., at the age of 119 years. She leaves a sister aged 104, and a brother died a few months ago at the ripe old age of 100. The two deceased were blind, and so is the surviving sister.

A British Museum officer, tired to death of the questions put by the visiting public, burst out the other day in answer to the query, "Why is the Museum closed?" with the remark, "Because one of the mummies is dead, and the officers are attending the funeral."

Miss Leona Dare, the famous athlete, recently made a balloon ascension in England, hanging by her feet from a trapeze. On alighting, six miles away, she found that she had forgotten her clothing, and had to ride back to town in an open waggon, clad only in tights.

The *Graphic* prints a portrait of a Saratoga belle, Mrs. Wm. Laytin, who is distinguished as the possessor of 300 dresses. Think of that, ye dairymaid, with only two summer gowns—one for work day and one for Sunday! What would you do with 300 beautiful dresses and only 60 summer days in which to exploit them?

Old World Church Notes.

Tarsus, the city of St. Paul, will soon be able to boast of an American training school for orphans. There are several institutions of the kind, we believe, and this one will support and house about fifty children.

Dr. Tschakert, professor of ecclesiastical history at Konigsberg, announces the discovery of a large number of sermons and scholia from the pen of Martin Luther. The documents had by some means found their way into the town library of that city. The sermons must have been preached at Wittenberg or neighborhood between 1519 and 1521.

The Congregational, Presbyterian and Reformed Churches of Japan are about to form an organic union. The basis of the union will be the Apostle's Creed and the Nicene Creed, with the historical confessions of the three Churches—all held in subordination to the Bible. The polity is to be a mixture of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism. Congregationalism will prevail in the individual church, but over the united body the Presbyterian forms will prevail. The union paves the way for the formal national adoption of the Christian religion.

The Baby Carriage.

It was a terrible mistake for the handsome editor of the London *Advertiser* to remain a bachelor; nature intended him for something better. See what he says: We haven't much sympathy with the petulant people who find fault with the baby carriages on the market on busy days. The husband can't leave his work to do the marketing, so the good wife must do it. She often has no one to whom the baby can be entrusted, and perforce the little one must be taken along. No doubt they are often a source of discomfort, but probably the greatest part of it is felt by the lady in charge of the carriage. The people who jostle and scramble in a crowd are infinitely more disagreeable than a baby carriage. Oh, no, let the carriages alone, and perhaps in the years to come, when the present generation are bent and feeble, some of those now in baby carriages may be near with strong arms to give us a helping hand over the rough places.

The Last Resort.

Seaside Pastor—Short bathing costumes? Demoralizing spectacles? Really, sir, you amaze me! I had not noticed anything of the kind.

Strange Caller—Such things might be and you not see them, you know. Surely you won't refuse to preach against them. Deliver a sermon that will make the walls resound—such a sermon as you did three years ago. You will do it, I hope?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir; next Sunday."

"Thank you; many, many thanks. I will have your sermon reported in all the city papers."

"You? Are you an editor?"

"No, sir; I am the proprietor of the Sea Foam Hotel, and if we don't do something to start an excitement I'll be a bankrupt."

His Eleven Sisters.

Miss Travis—"Mr. Poseboy, may I ask how many sisters you have?"

Poseboy—"Eleven."

Miss Travis—"Goodness gracious, Mr. Poseboy! Is can't be possible!"

Poseboy—"Why, yes, Miss Travis! There's my own sister and the other girls who have promised to be sisters to me."

A Birthday Present.

A boy was teasing his little brother about the shape of his nose, when the little fellow quietly remarked: "I can't help it; I didn't buy it myself—it was a birthday present."

THEY EXCHANGED WIVES.

Remarkable Tale Told by a Young Woman to a Hoboken Justice.

A stylishly dressed young woman, who was accompanied by a man, entered Justice Seymour's office in Hoboken last night and told a remarkable story. She said that her maiden name was Bertha Golden, and that she came from Springfield, Mass., two years ago and married Edward Preston. They moved to Pennsylvania, where she husband bought a farm. She said that her companion was James Preston, her husband's brother, who lived with them in Pennsylvania for a time. The woman unblushingly told the magistrate that she liked James Preston better than her own husband, and that the latter knew it. About six months ago James married a young woman named Ida Welch much against the wish of his brother. James soon tired of his wife and came back to his brother's house. The woman said that James wanted her to elope with him, but she refused. One day her husband and James went out gunning, and when they returned they were in a happy mood. The woman said that her husband told her that his brother James wanted her, and that he, Edward, would take James' wife, Ida, if the two women would consent to the scheme. The women were willing, but James wanted $1,000 to boot from his brother for his wife, Ida. The woman said her husband paid the money and the exchange of wives was made, the happy couple living together. They all lived in the same house, and got along well until last Monday, when $900 was stolen from James' room. The woman said that Edward and Ida disappeared about the same time as the money was discovered missing, and they were believed to have come to Hoboken. He therefore wanted a warrant for the arrest of Edward on a charge of grand larceny. While the woman was relating the above story her companion had nothing or little to say. He merely indorsed her statements. Justice Seymour told the couple that he could do nothing for them, and that they were both liable for arrest in New Jersey. The couple on hearing this got out of the magistrate's office in short order, and when last seen were making tracks for the ferry to come to New York.—*New York Press.*

Curious Items.

In some parts of Nevada is a curious plant called the "angry tree." It is a native of Australia, and somewhat resembles the century plant. Its name is due to its apparent vexation at being disturbed. When transplanted each separate leaf stands up in a different direction, like quills on a porcupine or hairs on the tail of an angry cat. At such time it gives forth an unpleasant odor, like that of a rattlesnake when teased, and sometimes it is fully an hour before its leaves resume their natural condition.

Another curiosity in the plant world is a peculiar kind of weed which grows in the Arkansas valley. It is shaped like a bell, and varies in size from one foot or less in diameter to five or six feet, some specimens being as tall as a man. When ripe these balls snap off their stems and go tumbling over the prairie with every gust of wind. They present a very strange appearance, and in the distance hunters have mistaken them for bisons. Often they come bounding along in hundreds upon the hunters, who are compelled to crowd upon the ground to escape being hurt.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The bridges over the Tay and the Forth in Scotland have attracted much attention as engineering works, the first named vaunted being notable as the largest bridge in the world; it is only one link in the line of northern travel. The second or Forth bridge, from North to South Queenstown, and which is scarcely less important, will have the distinction of being made of steel throughout its entire length of more than 5,000 feet, and when completed according to the vast and admirable design of its projectors will be one of the greatest marvels of engineering construction which Europe can show. The Island of Inchgravie, in the middle of the arm of the sea which it crosses, enables the bridge to be in four spans, only two of which are over water. These two principal spans are each of about 1,700 feet, and the height above the sea of each of them is 200 feet.—*London Telegraph.*

"To day there will be witnessed in the palm house at the Imperial Palace of Schonbrun a spectacle which has hitherto been seen only once before in Europe, to wit, the palm tree Brownia Ariza in full bloom. This tree, which is named after the celebrated English botanist, arrived at Schonbrun forty years ago from London. It was then an insignificant sprig, but now it vies in magnitude with the Maria Teresa palm, which is 170 years old, and in the same palm house. It blossoms only once in fifty years, and the blossom lasts only forty-eight hours. The last time the blossom of the Brownia Ariza was seen was in June, 1851, in the Duke of Norfolk's conservatory at Chiswick.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Canada's Chinese Curiosities.

Postmaster Flint, of Belleville, who has been on a visit to Victoria, B. C., writes to the *Intelligencer* giving his views of the Chinese question as follows: "It is amusing to go among the China shops, and see the strange commodities offered for sale, things that you can't possibly imagine the use of. God bless the Duke of Argyle, who invented scratching posts for cattle, but the Chinese have invented a little ivory hand with the fingers bent, attached to a long flexible handle, with which to scratch themselves. They wear loose garments and find this instrument very convenient. I have not seen any rats, c