Huron Signal.

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AN EXCITING SCENE.

A Supposed Abductor Fired at by a Rival—A Bad Shot—His Sweetie Hits Him and Nearly Kills a Child—The Rival Found in a Burning House—The Excursive Given Chase and Captured—His Man on York Street—A Woman the Cause of the Trouble.

Yesterday about a quarter to twelve an exciting occurrence took place on the corner of John and Main streets. It appears that on Monday night a young man named Oscar Foster, who hails from Carlisle, put up at Sweyzie's hotel with a young woman, the pair registering as man and wife. The landlord had his suspicions concerning the relations of the young couple, from the fact that the man had several months previously been in the hotel with another woman, but on questioning him he was assured that the present partner was actually Foster's wife. On Tuesday morning the mother and brother of the girl arrived and told their story to the landlord. They said that the girl was the inheritor of considerable property and they had fears that the ceremony of matrimony had not been performed. Whether the young fellow saw the mother or not is not known, but he certainly took an early opportunity to leave with his horse and buggy and girl. He was tracked to another hotel near the station, but no further could be found that he had left town. In the evening he returned to the hotel where he had first put up, taking his valise, but the mother-in-law had secured a stand of him, and he left without that useful appendage. This morning, about eleven o'clock, Detective Macpherson, with the brother of the supposed injured female, whose name is Sophia Marie Gammage, and who is said to have property amounting to $6,000 and to be under age, proceeded to search for the parties. On driving up John street, when nearly opposite the Court House, a man in a buggy passed them, and the brother immediately called out

"THAT IS THE MAN!"

Detective Macpherson jumped out and called on Foster to stop, but this challenge was only met by the application of whipcord to the horse, which started off, and the corner of Main and John streets was promptly turned. At the northwest corner stands Hiby's saloon, and when Foster refused to stop the detective

DREW HIS REVOLVER

and fired, he says, into the ground. Whether this was the case or not, remains to be proved. There is, however, one thing certain, a child in Mr. Hiby's upstairs room saw the flash of a pistol and a bullet came through the western window, striking the wall, upsetting some things in a bracket, and

NARROWLY ESCAPING KILLING

a baby of ten months old who was sitting there. The man who was fired at drove rapidly up Main street and Macpherson returning to the buggy of the girl's brother, started in pursuit. After driving out as far as the Wayfarer's Inn and finding that the fugitive had not passed that way, Macpherson returned to the city, and when on York street near Caroline, he

SAW HIS MAN

driving towards him in his buggy. To jump out was the work of a moment, and though Foster whipped up his horse Macpherson pluckily grabbed his head, forced him on to the sidewalk and secured his man, depositing him eventually in the station. The girl was then secured, being found waiting in Sweyzie's Hotel, and the irate mother-in-law also appeared on the scene. Meantime the girl goes home with her mother and Foster remains in custody.—*Hamilton Times.*

SLEEP ENDING IN DEATH.

The Remarkable Case of Robert Musterman, who Slept for a Week and Died.

Robert Musterman, of Flatlands, L. I., who went to sleep on Wednesday a week ago and could not be awakened, died the following Wednesday at two o'clock. Musterman, who was a native of Germany, and about 29 years of age, was employed by Tax Collector Baisley, of Flatlands, to do work about the farm. Being extraordinarily strong, he was able to do the work of two ordinary men. Musterman was in the habit of drinking a great deal of strong liquor after his day's work. On Wednesday night of last week Musterman retired to bed at ten o'clock. On Thursday morning, as he did not arise as usual, Mr. Baisley went to his room to awake him. Musterman had the appearance of a man in a sound sleep, and Mr. Baisley shook him roughly, but could not awake him. Dr. Bowlsby, of East New York, applied restoratives without effect. On Friday Dr. Ingraham, of Flatbush, was called, and he, too, was unable to awake Musterman from his Rip Van Winkle-like sleep. Dr. Ingraham thought it was a case of apoplexy, the result of drinking too much strong liquor. He ordered beef tea and nourishing diets to be forced down the sleeping man's throat. No change was noticed in Musterman's condition until Monday. Then his eyes opened for a few minutes and closed again. Much interest was taken in this sleeping phenomenon. Musterman lay in the garret of Mr. Baisley's storey and-a-half house on the Canarsie road. He seemed to sleep calmly, uncovered, and perspired freely. Before his death he gasped convulsively a few times, but did not awake. He had been sleeping six days and four hours.

A PROFLIGATE PASTOR.

The Rev. Mr. Baylis, of Owasco, Departs With His Neighbor's Wife—He Appears in Hamilton.

For some few days past a man and woman, who registered their names as Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, have been staying at one of the hotels in the city. There was nothing unusual about them and nothing was suspected till the man tried to sell a horse and buggy for a sum considerably below its value. This aroused the suspicion of the detectives and the parties were watched. At last it was discovered in a New York paper that a Rev. Mr. Baylis, of Owasco, had left for parts unknown with the wife of a neighbor named Phœnix, and on being accosted by the detectives of being that person Mr. Gladstone *alias* Baylis confessed. The detectives, with their usual zeal, at once took the man into custody on the charge of stealing the horse and buggy, but on telegraphing to Owasco it was discovered that they were his own and the zeal of the detectives came to nought. Mrs. Phœnix says she prefers Baylis to her husband, and the pair left Hamilton for parts again unknown.—*Hamilton Times.*

Improved Method of Execution.

It is not surprising that from time to time attention is recalled to the barbarous nature of the mode of executing the death-penalty in this country. Hanging by the neck till the criminal is dead is obviously a relic of barbarism; it is the most primitive, the most barbarous, the least prompt and uniform and certain of the modes of execution which have been or could be devised. If the object of an execution nowadays be to insure the rapid and certain death of the criminal without any probability of intervening accidental delay, or torture, hanging by a cord, and trusting to the rough adjustment of weight and fall which the "eye and experience" of an ignorant hangman can afford, is the most fallible of methods, and must of necessity from time to time lead to painful scenes of torture. The guillotine is, perhaps, of all existing European methods of legal execution the most rapid and certain; but without proposing any one substitute on our own responsibility—whether the carbonic acid chamber, the massive electric discharge or any other method—it is certain that any scientific man or commission could very speedily devise a prompt and bloodless certain mode of execution which should be free from the clumsiness and uncertainty of hanging. The retention of this ancient relic of past barbarism is not creditable to our jurisprudence.—*British Medical Journal.*

NEXT YEAR'S PROVINCIAL SHOW.—Some inconvenience, says an Ottawa correspondent, is likely to arise next year owing to the fact that the Provincial Exhibition, to be held at Hamilton, and the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto will, unless the dates be changed, overlap. The Toronto Association have decided to hold their exhibition during the two middle weeks of September, under the expectation that the Provincial would be held as usual during the last week. By the decision, however, of the Agricultural and Arts Association at their recent annual meeting to continue their Exhibition next year for two weeks, the first week of the Provincial will fall upon the last week of the Toronto. The Toronto people are much excited over the prospects.

ABOUTHER MISSING GIRL.—A young girl named Martha Philpott, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. Richard Philpott, Union, disappeared from her home on Monday afternoon about four o'clock and has not since been heard of. She was an intelligent, good girl, and no one can account for her disappearance. This reminds one of the girl Maggie McVey, the Yarmouth girl, who has been missing from her home for six months. Although $1,000 are offered for her discovery, no tidings has since been heard of her.

Grouping up the Sisters.

In the coolly falling twilight
Of a sultry sunny day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play:
I was bringing o'er some trouble,
That had met me unawares,
When a voice came ever sweetly
Through the room upon my ears,
"Ah! it looked so like a picture
With a bonnet and fair divine,
And such a sweet face nestled
Amid such a mass of golden;
And I wished I was your darling,
When I saw the little measure
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Her sweet baby fancies,
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
Baby, darling, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Pointing heart, behold an image
Of man's toilsome and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a patient, earnest strife;
Ough, upward reaching over,
Heeding to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still repeating,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often gain us
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above them is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

WITHERED BOUQUET.

A gay party of young people were playing croquet upon the smoothly-shaven lawn of Godfrey Stanmore's aristocratic country seat.

The shining waters rolled at the foot of the lawn, and many a hard-hit ball sprang over the light iron fence to float merrily down the sunny ripples.

Over the heads of the players stately trees met to shade them from the rays of the July sun.

Ethel Stanmore, only child and heiress of this estate, was leader and chief promoter of all the gay meetings for miles around.

It was her ingenuity that contrived outdoor theatrical and tableaux, with natural scenery for background and wings.

It was Ethel who made up the most delightful of pic-nics and the gayest of parties.

She was always discovering cozy little nooks for luncheons, tiny, half-hidden waterfalls for artists, berry patches for the girls, and brooks for the boys.

Nobody had such ferneries and aquaria, such mosses and hanging baskets, as Ethel. She was pretty, too, in a graceful winning form, and was lively, good-tempered, and a little bit of a coquette.

Suitors were certainly not wanting to encourage this vanity, and the gay little lady fluttered from one pleasure to another, certain of attention and devotion wherever she moved.

As she knocked the croquet balls about, on the sunny afternoon of which I write, one of the most devoted cavaliers, playing against her, was evidently much absorbed in studying the effect of green and gold, as illustrated by the little beauty's ribbons and curls.

He was a tall young man, broad-chested, strong-limbed, with curling brown hair and large blue eyes, and a mouth uniting strength and sweetness in a rare degree, as his disposition united a man's power with the spirit of a boy.

He could meet Ethel Stanmore upon equal ground of position, wealth and birth, and a very promising flirtation had sprung up between them.

Lookers on wondered if this was to be a match, or only one of Ethel's amusements, and Harold Goldy himself set his teeth hard at some of the careless coquettishness that bodied ill for the success of his suit. With all the strength of a nature that was sincere and earnest, in spite of surface merriment, the young man loved the pretty blonde, reading the sweetness of her disposition, and the sterling good qualities of her heart and mind, as yet, untried by any of life's rough diselline.

He waited, hoped and trusted that he could win the heart he coveted, and he sued for it with a patient, manly devotion, willing to give all homage to the weaker one, yet never cringing if scorely tried by Ethel's careless manner.

The game was over and another was being formed, when Ethel pleaded fatigue and ran into the house, leaving Harold fast bound by the mallet he had taken, believing she would be his partner.

In the wide, cool drawing-room the young girl threw herself into a deep arm-chair and was half asleep before she detected a figure half hidden by the window curtains.

"Aunt Grace," she cried, springing forward. "I did not know you had returned from town."

"Two hours ago, dear."

"Way, auntie, you have been crying. You have heard bad news?"

"No, dear; no news of any kind."

"And you have my bouquet in your hand," said the young girl in a wondering voice. "I thought you did not like the roses."

"I found this on the table."

"Yes; Harold brought it to me, and tossed it down here when we went to play croquet. I have had to dodge Harold all day, auntie," she added, laughing; "he is bent on making a proposal, and I am not ready for one."

"Oh, Ethel, my dear child, do not trifle with him. If you do not love him dismiss him at once. Human hearts were never made for playthings, and you may find, too late, your own bruised and bleeding. I know the temptation youth, beauty and wealth are to a careless nature, for I was like you twenty years ago. Sit here, darling, and I will tell you why I was weeping over your bouquet of roses."

Ethel took a low seat beside her aunt to listen, and after a moment's pause, Grace Stanhope spoke:

"I was about your own age, Ethel, nearly nineteen, when I met George Holmes, a young artist, whose name now has obtained world-wide celebrity. He was even then known as an artist of great talent and promise, and society opened her doors to receive him.

"I scarcely know how to describe him to you. Shy in manner, he could be won by interest in his subject to a complete self-forgetfulness, that would betray him into positive eloquence. With a gentle courtesy and modesty, he was yet manly and dignified when occasion required.

"I was then, like yourself, an heiress, petted and courted, and really believing in my own heart that I was a little above the rest of humanity in virtue of my pretty face, my accomplishments and my well-filled purse.

"I had suitors and friends, and I flirted away their respect in more than one case. It gave me a pleasant sense of power to lead my lovers on to a proposal, and then mortify their vanity and crush their hopes by a refusal. A paltry ambition that brought its punishment, for it was not many weeks after I met him that I found I loved George Holmes with all the strength of my heart.

"He never flattered me, yet a word or look of approval from him would please me as no honeyed speech had ever done before. He was respectful to me as a woman, but never paid subservient homage to my position and wealth. I think he knew that I was not the vain butterfly of fashion others believed me, and the thought of this roused all that was true in my nature.

"In his presence I dropped my vanity and coquetry, and tried to meet his own mental powers, and pure, high-toned conversation. He taught me some of the delight knowledge that art gives to the sight of a fine painting or piece of sculpture.

"He trained my eyes for me till every flower, every sunset, every sight in nature acquired a new beauty.

"He guided me through higher walks of literature than I had attempted alone. He loved me and he won my love.

"Yet during all the months of intercourse that bound our hearts together, George had never said to me, 'I love you,' and, sure as I felt of his affection, I kept my own love hidden till some word of his gave me the guarantee to speak.

"It was not coquetry that kept me silent, Ethel, but the modesty of true, pure love.

"We had come to town for the winter, and I met George Holmes constantly, at home and abroad. When my uncle and guardian told me that this young artist had been offered a most desirable and lucrative commission for a painting that would require him to go to Italy for two, perhaps three years.

"I was sure he would speak then. It could not be that he would leave home for years, and give me no word of love at parting.

"We were preparing for a large party at home when the servant had made me a bouquet of tea roses with Mr. Holmes' compliments.

"I loved tea roses then Ethel, and the creamy, half-opened buds, the bright leaves, the deep tinted hearts of the flowers, all seemed fanning hope on me, so I sat in my room inhaling their perfume and thinking of the giver.

"It seemed to me a promise of all I hoped and wished that I should receive the lovely gift, and amid my tender thoughts I resolved to drop all my careless manner, all my flirting, heartless tricks, when I was assured this noble, true heart was all my own.

"Never was I more careful of my dress than on the evening of the party to which I referred.

"My choicest jewels, my richest silk, did duty for that occasion, and I dressed my hair as George liked it best, and wore the color heotherings was most becoming.

"I was still at my post as hostess, receiving my first arriving guest, as he came in.

"I saw, as he advanced to meet me, that he was very pale, and his eyes were fixed upon my face as if he would read my very soul.

"I smiled as I greeted him, my heart full of hope.

"He took my hands in his own, looked at them a moment, again searched my face with strange, wild eyes, and abruptly turned from me and left the room.

"All through the long evening I watched for his return, but he did not come.

"When I was alone in my room once more I took the bouquet from my dressing table, wrapped it in soft tissue paper, and put it in a box.

"Then with tears and sadness I put it away, as we bury our dead.

"He would come no more.

"I knew that the silent parting was final one, though I could not guess its meaning.

"Yet I did not doubt him even then, believing some grave reason existed for his silence, and waiting till time should reveal the truth to me.

"I heard of his departure for Italy, and two years later I heard of his marriage.

"On that day I opened my box for the first time, to throw away the flowers I no longer had the right to cherish.

"They were withered away, and I saw for the first time what the flowers and leaves had hidden with such fatal security.

"Tied in the very heart of the bouquet was a letter and a diamond ring.

"He had written to me asking my love and telling me his own, and he begged me, if I could be his wife, to wear the ring when I met him in the evening.

"But the sting, Ethel, the punishment in the letter, were words telling me he dared not speak to me face to face, because my reputation was that of a coquette, who laughed at her suitors when they offered their love.

"Yet he wrote that he thought me wronged and begged me to prove to him I was not the heartless flirt people called me.

"And when he came to me, Ethel, I smiled in his face and offered him my hand with no ring he had given me upon it.

"Do you wonder he left me believing all he had heard of my false heart and cruel coquetry? Do you wonder the sight and perfume of a tea rose has made my heart faint since the day when I discovered how it had hidden me from the happiness of my life?

"I never saw George Holmes again. He is happy in Italy with his wife and children. I am an old woman now, and I can bending over a bouquet of roses that remind me of the past."

"Tear it apart," Ethel said, in a low voice.

"See it my fate is there."

"No, darling, there is no ring here, no letter; but yet I tell you my story as a warning. There are fortune-hunters, I know, who would woo any rich girl, but they need not gain the triumph of debasing your heart by leading you through the mazes of a flirtation."

"Quiet dignity will soon teach them their hopes are vain."

"Yet, if a true heart is in your grasp, do not play with it. Gently discourage it if the plea is a vain one; if not, as you value your own happiness, do not trifle with a love you return."

"But, auntie, you were not to blame if you did not know the letter was hidden among the flowers."

"Not for that, but for the conduct that prevented George from speaking to me for fear of heartless trifling."

There was a grave-faced lady returned to the croquet ground, and Harold Goldy wondered what had happened while he was knocking the balls around with more energy than good temper.

It did vexatious him to see the bright face clouded, and he watched an opportunity to suggest a short ramble into the woods, hoping to secure an explanation of the cause.

What was said exactly history does not record, but Ethel whispered to her aunt as she kissed her good night.

"The new ring is Harold's, auntie, I did not let him bury his heart in a withered bouquet."

The other day a sharp looking youth walked up quickly to the counter of the post-office in a country town, and emptying a bag of coppers thereon, asked the clerk, who was attending to other customers, for a dollar's worth of one cent stamps. "Oh, you be hoshered!" was the answer. "That's not a legal tender; it is all copper." "Why is a legal tender, then?" asked the boy. "Why, one cent is a legal tender for a one cent stamp." "Oh!" exclaimed the youth, "is it? Come on, then," passing a coin from the bag; "I want a one cent stamp, please." The clerk gave him one. "Another, please." A second was given him. "Ano—" "Here, stop that," the clerk said. "Give me the money. It will be the shortest way to get rid of you." After counting the money, he gave the value thereof in stamps to the lad, who was heard to mutter: "I thought I would tire him out."

Gen. Sir Fenwick Williams, K. C. B., arrived in Montreal on Friday evening and proceeded on Saturday morning to Ottawa. He was accompanied by Major and Mrs. Benwinton, the former having been dispatched by His Excellency the Governor-General to the wife of his Montreal. The hero of Kars begins to bear the mark of years. He is much thinner than when he visited Montreal last, while his form is visibly bent and his step feebler than of yore. A special palace car was placed at his disposal by the Grand Trunk Railway. The General is the guest of His Excellency the Governor-General.

GOING FROM HOME FOR NEWS.—The statement comes from a Manitoba paper, on the authority of a leading Mennonite visiting that province, that the Township of Waterloo was purchased from the Canadian Government about eighty years ago for the sum of $130,000. The price was all paid in gold, which was conveyed by seven riflemen on horseback, through the forests, from Pennsylvania to Niagara, which was at that time the seat of the Canadian Government. Nothing like going from home for news.

Seeing a servant rushing out of a London house for medical aid, a rascal said: "I am a doctor," and obtained access to the room of a sick child. He feigned to minister to him for hours, read prayers by his bedside, and then, descending into the dining room and taking advantage of the carelessness wrought by the approach of death, took a good meal and decamped with all the portable property he could lay hands on.

Fellow-travellers with Mrs. General Grant on the Tokio say that her favorite color for her dresses is black, that she likes cashmere and that she believes she has done her duty toward the most fastidious of company when she wears a black silk dress.

Jas. Gay, the Guelph master minded poet, has been presented with a medal. One side of the medal bears the following inscription:—"James Gay, Guelph, 1879, poet laureate, by permission of our Queen, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise."

Grant was welcomed at San Jose yesterday by an immense crowd. In a speech he said he was prouder of this reception than of his reception by sovereigns and princes of the world.

THE INTERNATIONAL PARK.

An Important Project on Foot at Last—Niagara Falls and their Beautification.

As briefly announced in our issue of Saturday, Hon. O. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, with three of his colleagues, Hon. T. B. Pardee, Hon. G. W. Fraser, and Hon. A. S. Hardy, proceeded to the Falls for the purpose of going over the ground proposed to be included in the reserve, preliminary to meeting a committee of the New York State Legislature appointed to confer with them as to the project of having the grounds on either side of the Falls bought and formed into an International Park. Stipendiary Magistrate White met the party, and drove them around to see the property necessary to be bought for the purpose of carrying out of the scheme. On the Canadian side the following properties might have to be bought:—First, the house and part of the land owned by Mr. John T. Bush; second, the Buchanan estate, consisting of several tenements; third, the Bel Davis property, which includes the museum, Prospect House, and Table Rock Hotel; and fourth, the Bleeds and the Burning Spring. The property of Mr. Sutherland Maclean, the boundary line would run from the Clifton side of the Bush property to beyond the Burning Spring, and would include the land to a short distance beyond the top of the hill. Mr. Hill is said to have estimated that these various properties would be about $400,000. The State of New York would probably have to expend $1,000,000. They would have to acquire, first, the paper mill above the fall owned by Mr. L. C. Woodruff, of Buffalo; second, Prospect Park; third, Goat Island, the property of the Porter family; fourth, the Cataract Hotel property, situated between Canal street and the river; fifth, Witmer's old mill; sixth, T. Tuphy's property, consisting of stores and a large parlor above curiosity shop; seventh, Hill & Murray's pulp mill; and eighth, A. Porter's machine shop. The properties all lie between Canal street in the Town of Manchester, and the rapids. The boundary of the proposed reserve on the American side, therefore, would run from the upper or new Suspension Bridge along Canal street to a point immediately above the rapids. It is not proposed to convert the land to be acquired on either side into what is commonly meant by the term "park." The object will be rather to restore the ground as far as may be to its original form, and to keep it in that state. It is proposed to plant trees on the portions of land cleared of buildings, and to sow grass seeds where necessary. On the brow of the hill which would bound the proposed park on the Canadian side of the river trees should also be planted, so that the reserve would be completely cut off from any buildings that might afterwards be erected.

On Saturday two conferences took place between the members of the Ontario Government and the Commissioners from New York State, the first at the Cataract House, on the American side of the river, the second at the Clifton House, on the Canadian side. We gave the names of the members of the Ontario Government who were present at the outset. The New York State Commissioners were:—Lieut.-Governor Dorsheimer; President Barnard, of Geneseo Normal School; Mr. Thos. Lee Geddes, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Francis A. Stout, New York. Along with the Commissioners were Mr. James T. Gardner, Secretary of the New York State Survey, Albany; and Mr. Fred. Law Wasted, well-known as the designer of a number of the finest public parks in the United States and Canada, including Central Park, New York; Prospect Park, Brooklyn; the park at Montreal, beside others. It is understood that a sort of programme or plan of proposed operations was submitted for consideration, and that it was agreed, *inter alia*—1st, that no effort be made to make the lands into a park, but rather that the natural characteristics of the locality be restored and preserved, as far as practicable, and that the grounds be thrown open to all, subject to such regulations as may be deemed requisite; 2nd, that the islands in the river and a strip of land on each side of it should be acquired and that the latter should be planted with trees so as to form a belt sufficiently dense to shut out all incongruous objects; and, 3rd, that a toll to defray cost of improvements and maintenance should be levied, but that such other fees as are at present collected—unless, perhaps, for special services, such as guides—should be abolished. It seemed to have been a general agreement as to the desirability of the proposed scheme, provided the cost of it should not be too great. In this latter connection it at once occurs that, the project being national and not provincial alone, the whole Dominion should bear the cost if the scheme is to be carried out.

A Brutal Outrage.

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning, a young woman, about twenty-four years of age, was found lying in an apparently dying condition at the foot of Brock street, Toronto, near the Northern Railway track. She was at once taken to the Western Police Station. Dr. Sprague was immediately brought to her aid; restoratives were administered, and in a short time she was sufficiently recovered to make the following statement: She came to Toronto from Hamilton on Thursday last with a young man, who took her to a house of ill-fame in Brock street. They remained together until Saturday, when they left, and moved to a house in the west end of the city. While there her companion deserted her. In the evening, as she was walking on the street, she was met by a man who took her to a vacant lot in the Crescent Commons, where ten other men were congregated. During the night they all became drunk and treated her most brutally. Towards morning she succeeded in making her escape, but on reaching Brock street was so exhausted that she fell to the ground. The unfortunate woman is an inmate of the Western station last night. She was in a very low condition at a late hour. The poor creature gave her name as Margaret Johnson.

Commercial and Industrial Notes.

In the Indianapolis Rail Mill the workmen's pay has been advanced ten per cent.

The Ashland Iron Mill of Baltimore, after a long rest, has resumed work with four hundred hands.

"Hops of admirable quality and flavor grow," says the Selkirk *Inter-Ocean*, "in that part of the country in profusion, without cultivation. We have seen samples growing wild which measure two and a half inches from stem to tip."

The famous Comstock lode, which has enriched the whole Pacific coast, and has added nearly $200,000,000 to the bullion supply of the world, is only about a mile and a half long.

They make water melons preserve in Georgia.

Grass is growing in the streets and alleys of Memphis.

Here is a chance for inventors. A Buffalo grape sugar company offers $10,000 "for any appliance to our boilers that will consume smoke and not diminish the quantity of steam now obtained."

Lord Kilmorey, whose large estate lies in Midland County, England, being "desirous of testing how far the letting value of his farms has been affected," has served notices on all his tenants, as the only conclusive method of obtaining the information he desires is "to throw the farms into the market and see what they will fetch." *Truth* makes this comment: "The farmers where this property lies have been working at a loss for sometime past, as the American competition has seriously affected their market. Cheese has been sold lately at a reduction of over 50 per cent., the crops are wretched, and the turnips even worse. It may well be imagined, therefore, the dismay with which Lord Kilmorey's exasperating circular has been received."

London has a Church and Stage Guild, with Charles Reade for a leading member, and the following objects: 1. To promote religious and social sympathy between the members of the church and of the stage. 2. To hold meetings for these purposes from time to time, at which papers may be read and questions discussed of common interest to the members of the Guild. 3. To meet for religious worship at least once a year.

The season is approaching when the man who has toiled hard all summer, living close and saved a few dollars, will be warned that it is his duty to whack up with some poor man who worked when he pleased and lived as high as he could.

Mr. Jas. Murray, formerly of London, has been promoted to the position of Superintendent of the Chicago, Pekin & South Western Railway.

DEADWOOD IN ASHES.

An Extensive Conflagration Yesterday—Nearly Two Hundred Buildings Destroyed.

DEADWOOD, Montana.—At two o'clock this morning a fire broke out, which consumed almost the entire business portion of the city. Thousands are homeless and in a destitute condition, and the loss is roughly estimated at $1,500,000 to $2,000,000; little or no insurance.

One hundred and eighty-five buildings were laid in ashes. The fire department was very inefficient one, and the fire spread with wonderful rapidity. All along its course terrific explosions of gunpowder, petroleum and liquor were frequent. Buildings were blown into atoms. The hook and ladder apparatus and hose carriage were the first to burn, leaving nothing but a few feet of worthless hose with which to battle the devouring element. The new water works were put to their full capacity, but with little success in subduing the flames, on account of the scarcity of water. The hill sides were already a solid sheet of flame, and water from the boulder ditch could not be had, otherwise considerable property would probably have been saved, as the ditch ran almost directly over the worst spot. The wildest excitement prevailed on account of the fearful force of the flames. People thought of little besides saving their own lives. Hundreds escaped with only their night clothes on and every team within miles of the city has been called into service to help save what could be got out.

There are probably 2,000 people homeless and many are destitute.

The fire is still burning, but all its material is exhausted and there is no danger of its spreading unless an unfavorable change in the wind occurs.

RESULTS OF A REVIVAL.

A Converted Husband Runs Away with the Converted Wife of an Unrepentant Sinner.

Not very long ago a Gospel tent was pitched in a village not a hundred miles from Newmarket. The preachers were zealous; their labors were successful; and they had the gratification of finding that a genuine revival of religion had begun. The revival spread. It took hold of stragglers; it excited the villagers; it even emptied the churches. One minister had the misery of finding that his entire congregation had been swept into the gospel tent on the revival wave. The church was empty for several Sundays, and while the revivalists were preaching to crowded and enthusiastic houses, the minister was looking to empty benches. His sorrow, however, had mingled with it one drop of joy. The excitement could not continue forever, it must subside, and when it did subside, people would return to the even tenor of their ways, no doubt wiser and better than ever. Presently the agitation did begin to flag and people went back to church and to business as before. Many, however, continued in the good path into which the revivalists had assisted to put them. Among these few were a lady and a gentleman—both married, but not to each other. The lady was "another's" and the gentleman was, well, some one else's. But the "another" to whom the lady was married and the "some one else" with whom the gentleman had been, by legal process, made one, were among the few who had resisted the simple eloquence of revivalist persuasiers. In other words, they were unconverted—and worse still, unrepentant. Their respective better halves endeavored to persuade them to forsake their wicked ways, but without success. What were the good two to do? They could not conscientiously live with their wicked partners. It was their duty to shun even the appearance of evil. Accidentally they discovered a liking for one another. They told their loves, and determined to desert the individuals they had sworn to love and obey, if the said individuals did not desert their evil courses. The latter desertion did not take place, so the former was resorted to, and the couple left the village. They have not been heard of since, and the unrepented but deserted husband and wife are searching anxiously for the converted but eloped wife and husband.

ALMOST FLECKED.

A Farmer's Adventure with a Thief.

A few days ago, as a farmer named David Blough, of the Township of King, was proceeding homeward from Toronto, late in the evening, he was overtaken by a pedestrian a little north of Cherry's tavern, who asked permission to ride with him as far as Thornhill. Mr. Blough acceded to his request, and the stranger ascended to the seat beside him. They had not proceeded far before the stranger produced a flask, and requested that he might be allowed to treat Mr. Blough for his courtesy in permitting him to occupy a place on the waggon. Mr. Blough drank some of the stuff, which he believes to have been drugged whiskey. It had scarcely passed his lips when an overpowering drowsiness seized him and he sank helpless to the bottom of the waggon. Strange to say, he retained his consciousness although his limbs were entirely paralyzed. His ungrateful passenger, without loss of time, proceeded to rifle his pockets, but fortunately Mr. Blough had taken the precaution to conceal the money which he realized on his load in a pocket in his shirt before leaving the city. The thief had just gathered until Saturday, when they left, and moved to a house in the west end of the city. While there her companion deserted her. In the evening, as she was walking on the street, she was met by a man who took her to a vacant lot in the Crescent Commons, where ten other men were congregated. During the night they all became drunk and treated her most brutally. Towards morning she succeeded in making her escape, but on reaching Brock street was so exhausted that she fell to the ground. The unfortunate woman is an inmate of the Western station last night. She was in a very low condition at a late hour. The poor creature gave her name as Margaret Johnson.

COLLISION ON THE GRAND TRUNK.

Two Engines and Twelve Cars a Total Wreck—Eight Coal Oil Cars Burnt, and a Tramp Fatally Hurt.

GUELPH, Ontario.—A collision occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway at 3.45 this afternoon between the city and Rockwood. It appears at present that a freight train going west caused a red signal for a special following, which was not noticed by the officials at the Guelph station nor by the men on the down train, which was waiting at the Guelph station to cross the up freight. The consequence was that the down train left here, and about four miles east met the up special. Both trains were running at full speed, but fortunately they were on a straight piece of track, so that the engineers had time to shut off steam, reverse their engines, and jump. Both engines are a total wreck, together with about twelve cars, eight of which, loaded with coal oil, were totally destroyed by fire. The rest were laden with merchandise.

A tramp stealing a ride, hailing from New Jefferson, Iowa, named Brackett, bound for Montreal, was jammed between two cars and had to be cut out. He was brought to Guelph and placed in the hospital, but there is no hope of his recovery.

Auxiliary trains were at once ordered from Toronto and Stratford to clear the track, and towards morning the line is expected to be clear for traffic.

A London, Ont., man travelling in Europe, writes: I was a good deal amused at first to see the amount of tobacco smoking which the natives of Belgium and Holland are able to accomplish. They must commence early in life, as I have seen boys who could not have been over six years of age walking along the main thoroughfares quietly puffing away at a long clay pipe, and no person seems to notice it or see anything uncommon in what Canadians would think was a clear case of juvenile depravity. This excessive indulgence in the use of tobacco may be the cause of the men being so dwarfish in stature.

The French are too polite to live, according to popular report, but when they are rude they beat the Dutch—and their wives. What would we think of one of our high financial magnates who would break chairs over his wife's back, smash her cheval-glass to pieces with a kick because she liked to dress before it, and, when asked for money, would knock her down and stuff bank bills into her mouth until she was half suffocated? Well, that is the way that Baron Belliere has been treating the Baroness, and the poor, pounded, thumped and half-choked lady has brought suit against him demanding a separation—and has obtained it, happily.

BARRIE ASSIZES.

The Milmur Murder—Trial of Chester Monroe for Killing Thomas Cook—The Prisoner Found Guilty and Sentenced to be Hanged on the 17th of October.

BARRIE, Ontario.—The criminal business of the Simcoe Fall Assizes was commenced on Friday before Mr. Justice Armour. Mr. Gwynne prosecuted on behalf of the Crown.

The first case was the Milmur murder. Chester Monroe, a respectable looking man, sixty years of age, middling tall, said by no means of an angry, but on the very contrary, wearing a peaceful demeanor, was placed in the dock. Mr. Lount, Q. C., defended the prisoner. The prisoner was indicted for having on the 20th June, 1879, feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought killed and murdered one Thomas Cook in the Township of Milmur.

The prisoner, when arraigned last Tuesday, pleaded not guilty.

From the evidence given to-day it appears that on the evening of the 20th of June the prisoner, Chester Monroe and his wife, were on their way home from Mansfield when they met Thos. Cook overtook them, and said he would go to their house and have some tea. While Mrs. Monroe was pouring out the tea, Cook put his hand on her breast. The prisoner told him that was enough of that work; that he was welcome to his tea, and must pay his board in himself. Deceased wanted to know where he had his hands. Monroe said, "You know yourself that they were on my wife's breast." Cook sprang from the table and said, "It is a lie." His fists were clinched, and he looked as if he meant fight. He was told to stand back, but he still advanced with his right hand drawn back, as if to strike a blow. It was then that the prisoner took down a double-barrelled gun and shot Cook, as he (the prisoner) says in self-defence. After having committed the deed Monroe went and told Cook's father, who had the body removed to his own house. The prisoner then left for Rosemont to give himself up.

Mr. Lount; why defended the prisoner.

Mr. Ovrar replied on behalf of the Crown. He read the law on the case and told the jury he agreed with his learned friend to reduce the crime to manslaughter on account of the advanced age of the prisoner, but the evidence given by the several witnesses and the prisoner's own confession did not warrant the jury in coming to such a conclusion.

His Lordship then charged the jury.

At one o'clock the jury retired in charge of a constable to consider their verdict, and returned at 2.40 with a verdict of guilty.

Silence prevailed until His Lordship, addressing the prisoner, who had remained in the dock, asked him if he had anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be passed upon him for the offence of which he had been found guilty.

The prisoner said he was not guilty of murder. What he had done was only in self-protection. He did not intend to shoot the deceased, but the cuff of his coat caught in the trigger, and the gun went off.

His Lordship said he made this statement at the proper time, when he made the statement to the Coroner, it might have led to a different verdict. He implored him to spend the time allotted to him in preparing to meet his God. His Lordship then passed sentence as follows: "That you, Chester Monroe, be taken hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence on the 17th day of October next to the place of execution, and there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead: and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

During the passing of the sentence His Lordship was visibly affected, as also were both the counsel. On the contrary, the prisoner did not appear in the least moved, and at the close of the sentence walked to the jail in charge of a turnkey and a constable with a steady gait.

There was not a very great interest taken in this trial, the general impression being that, owing to the prisoner's age and the cause of the deed, he would only be found guilty of manslaughter.

FROM THE ARCTIC SEA!

News from the Jeannette Expedition.

NEW YORK, N Y.—A *Herald's* San Francisco special says: The Arctic steamer Jeannette arrived at St. Lawrence Bay, Behring's Strait, on August 25th, all well. The voyage from Onn, Alaska, to this place was made via St. Michael's, Alaska. We reached St. Michael's on August 12th, after a six days' run. We waited there for the supply schooner, which arrived on the 16th with coals and extra provisions. We took on board dogs, furs and supplies, except some surplus coals, and left for this place on the 21st, ordering the schooner to follow with the balance of the coal, and in order to take back the last news concerning the Nordenskjold and Jeannette. We arrived here after encountering a gale and heavy sea. The schooner arrived yesterday. We took on board a deck load of surplus coal to-day, and were ready to go north at once. We were very generously treated at St. Michael's by the agents of the Alaska Commercial Co., and by Mr. Kennedy, of the Western Fur & Trading Co., particularly the first named. Our officers and men are enjoying perfect health. The weather is very fine and warm, and there is no ice here, except the old land ice of last winter clinging to the shore line. There is every prospect of an open water in Arctic regions. Our work is progressing well. We hope to collect a very satisfactory mass of information regarding this little explored region. Two natives from St. Michael's accompany us as dog trainers. We have forty dogs on board. Our fur clothing has been served out, but is not needed, as the temperature is yet above 35 degrees even at night.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Probable Murder and Suicide Through Jealousy.

NEW YORK, N Y.—A probable murder, followed by suicide, occurred soon after noon to day in Christopher street at the home of a German named Henry Von Garitchen. The occupant of the house had come out in the street, when he was met by John Sheehan, who drew a revolver and pointed it at Von Garitchen. Sheehan fired, and the ball penetrated the back of Von Garitchen's neck, causing a fatal wound. As the injured man fell, Sheehan shot himself in the right temple. Von Garitchen was carried into his own house, and Sheehan taken to the hospital in a dying condition. The fatal quarrel is believed to be the result