

WITH A SHARP KNIFE

Another Whitechapel Woman Done to Death.

A JACK-THE-RIPPER DEED.

The Woman's Throat Cut and the Knife Plunged into Her Bowels—The Victim Found Unconscious—The Murderer Escapes.

Last night's London cable says: Much excitement was occasioned in the Whitechapel district this morning by a rumor that Jack-the-Ripper had again appeared and committed another butchery. At an early hour this morning one of the inhabitants of Whitechapel, an old woman named Wolfe, was passing through one of the numerous dark alleys which the region abounds, she was set upon by an unknown man armed with a sharp knife. The place where the assault was made was dark and dismal. The man grasped the woman by the head, and drawing her backward he, with one hand across her mouth, silenced the cries she would naturally have tried to make, while with the other hand he drew the keen-bladed knife across her throat, inflicting a terrible wound. Then raising the knife as a dagger he plunged it into her body again and again. There is a deep wound on the woman's arm, which, it is believed, was received while she was attempting to ward off the ferocious blows aimed at her body. When released from the grasp of her assailant the woman dropped to the ground with the blood pouring from her wounds, and when, shortly afterwards, she was discovered by a passing policeman she was unconscious and in a dying condition. She is 70 years old. The police are hunting for the assassin. He has disappeared, leaving no trace, save his mutilated victim.

THE WOMAN'S STORY.

A later cable says: The woman was taken to an hospital, and after a time she recovered sufficiently to tell of the attack made upon her. She is a German, and unlike the other women murdered and mutilated in Whitechapel, she was not in the company of the man who attacked her, but was passing along the street when, without warning, the assassin sprang upon her. She saw the glitter of the upraised steel blade, but was unable to escape from the grasp of her assailant. She raised her arm to defend her throat from the blow aimed at it, and it was through this movement that the wound in her arm was received. When her assailant released her from his grasp she fell upon a door-step. Despite her terrible injuries she still retained possession of her senses, and though the wound in her throat was bleeding so furiously she was able to articulate, the weapon not having reached the windpipe. Several persons passed while she was lying on the door-step, and though they endeavored to ascertain what the trouble was, she could not speak English sufficiently well to make them understand that an attempt had been made to murder her. It is understood that the police found a razor covered with blood near the scene of the crime. The wound in the woman's throat could have been caused by a razor, as could also the deep cut in her arm, but from the nature of the other wounds it is believed they were caused by either a knife or a dagger, as they appear to be stab wounds, and such a wound would not be made with a razor. One man has been taken into custody on suspicion.

EXCURSION TRAIN WRECKED.

Two Killed Outright and Many Seriously Injured.

A Champlain, N. Y., despatch says: A train conveying a Sunday school excursion from Ellensburg and Rouse's Point and intervening stations on the Central Vermont Railway ran into a mail train which had the right of way just east of this station at 6.40 last night. The excursion train had 675 passengers on board. Wm. Angell, aged about 17, son of a merchant of this place, and Sim Venetta, a laborer of Chateaugay Lake, were killed outright and some twenty people more or less injured. Henry Le Mountain, of Champlain, had both legs cut off below the knees; Wm. Moore, both legs broken; H. Swett, of Ellensburg Centre, an arm fractured and badly bruised; John Patterson, of Perry's Mills, leg broken; Mrs. Lewis, of Moira, head and limbs bruised; Miss Bateman, of Perry's Mills, hip dislocated; S. Levy, of Albany, wrist broken and seriously bruised. The excursion train had orders to meet the mail here, and should have gone on the siding.

In a Blaze of Gems.

This is the way Lady Cathness, Mme. Klavatsky's successor was bedecked at a recent reception in Paris: The diamond cross which she wore was the most amazing thing in the room, and was as great a curiosity as the Moirai set of gems in the French crown jewels. She wore an olive velvet dress, embroidered with steel. She had rivers of diamonds edging the upper part of her corset, the stomacher and the sleeves, and on her head a countess' coronet, with a pearl on each spike nearly as large as a pigeon's egg. She has a large fortune, and has just inherited \$2,000,000 more.

Just Begun Housekeeping.

Harper's Bazar: "This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newswell. "I'm very sorry," returned the bride. "I'll tell cook to speak to the livery man about it."

Among the passengers in the train was an elderly lady and her pretty young niece; also a young gentleman. The train had passed through several tunnels, when the maiden aunt said: "My dear, we are coming to a long tunnel; you had better sit over on this side." "Pretty niece—No, auntie, just let me stop where I am. One more tunnel and I am engaged."

She (coquettishly)—My bathing suit is nothing if not entrancing, don't you think? He (amiably)—I think it is both.

MELANCHOLIA THE CAUSE.

A Brantford Lady Suicides, by Hanging in a Buffalo Friend's House.

A Buffalo despatch says: A sad suicide occurred here about 1 o'clock this afternoon at No. 121 South Division street, the home of Mr. James McKay. The suicide was Mrs. Grace Biggert, of Brantford, Ont., a sister of Mr. McKay, who had been visiting at the home of her brother for some time. Mrs. Biggert had been a sufferer from melancholia for some four months, but her condition was not thought serious enough to warrant confinement in an asylum, although this had lately been suggested.

Nothing unusual was noticed in Mrs. Biggert's actions to-day. After having prepared some pastry she picked up a roller towel and ascended the stairs to her room. Mrs. McKay was at the time employed. Mrs. Biggert had been gone about twenty minutes when she was discovered by a woman of the house who had inadvertently entered Mrs. Biggert's room. She was hanging from a closet door with the roller towel wound tightly around her neck. The frightened woman immediately ran screaming down stairs and acquainted Mrs. McKay with the fact. She telephoned to her husband at his place of business, and on his arrival the poor woman was taken down and laid on a couch. Restoratives were applied, but life was extinct. Mrs. Biggert is described as a slight woman, of medium height, with brown hair tinged with grey, blue eyes, and a pale face. Mr. McKay informed a reporter that Mrs. Biggert had been his guest on a previous occasion; but after a stay of about eight months had returned to her home in Canada. In April Mrs. Biggert, accompanied by her mother, returned to Buffalo, and has since made the McKay household her abode.

SHE SHOT TWICE.

A Wife's Effective Interference to Save Her Crippled Husband.

A Toronto report says: A serious shooting affray happened last night about 9 o'clock in a house at Adelaide lane. A man named John Rhodes and his wife lived in the house, and a French-Canadian named Frederic Bolduc, who lives at 276 Parliament street, called on them last night. Rhodes is minus a leg and is badly crippled, and the Frenchman is deaf and dumb. In some unexplainable manner the two men quarrelled and a fight ensued. The mute struck Rhodes and knocked him down, and was throttling him on the floor when he called on Mrs. Rhodes to go up-stairs and get a revolver. The wife ran up and got a .32-calibre revolver, which, it is said, she levelled at her husband's assailant and shot him, first in the thigh, and a second time in the back in the lumbar region near the back bone.

The shot and noise attracted the police, and the husband and wife were soon placed under arrest and locked up in No. 3 police station. Mrs. Little and Watson were called in to attend the wounded man. They probed for the bullet, but were unsuccessful in their search for it. The injured man was then sent in the ambulance to the hospital. The doctors consider there is no immediate danger, unless blood-poisoning sets in or he suffers from internal hemorrhage.

CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY

Keeps John Chinaman in Jail while the Farce Goes On.

A Washington despatch says: An interesting case was brought to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury to-day, and was referred by him to the Attorney-General for an opinion. It appears that the customs officers at Port Huron, Mich., apprehended a Chinaman who had crossed over from Sarnia to the United States. Upon reference to the law in regard to importation of Chinese, it was determined that the new arrival was amenable to the clause providing for his deportation to China, and preparations were made to return him to the Flowery Kingdom via San Francisco. At this juncture, however, the British Ambassador at Washington interfered, claiming that the Chinaman in dispute was a bona fide resident of Canada, and could not be treated as a new immigrant from China. "This is the first time to my knowledge," remarked Acting-Secretary Nettleton, "that such a point has been raised, and it has been deemed best to refer the question to Attorney-General Miller for his decision. Meanwhile the Chinaman will remain in custody at Port Huron pending a settlement of his case."

LONDON'S LATEST GUEST.

Visit of Victor Emmanuel's Grandson to the British Capital.

Following Emperor William's visit to England is that of the future King of Italy, grandson of Victor Emmanuel. Victor Emmanuel Ferdinand Maria Gennaro, Prince of Naples, was born in that city on November 11th, 1869. He has been well educated under the direction of Colonel Oiso, who is a good scholar as well as a good soldier. The young Prince speaks English, French and German with equal fluency. He has traveled in the East, where he took many notes of his observations; but this is his first visit to England.

Cardinal Manning, who has just entered upon his 84th year, observed in a recent note to Mrs. Gladstone: "You know how nearly I have agreed in William's political career, especially in his Irish policy of the last 20 years," and "how few of our old friends and companions now survive."

He—The artists say that five feet four inches is the divine height for women. His darling, crossly—You know I am five feet eight. He, quickly—You are more than divine, dear.

It is a great thing to be friendly and sympathetic, but a man needs to discriminate a little before he tries to be friendly with a strange dog.

The bed of the river should be covered with winding sheets.

Father—But how will this young theologian be able to support you if he doesn't get a charge? Daughter—Why, pa, he's an experienced summer hotel waiter.

Old Lady Aylesbury is one of the most extraordinary figures in London society. She is nearly eighty and wears a wig of cork-screw curls. She is noted as the possessor of a sharp tongue, and her language is at all times picturesque and vigorous.

THE WEST SHORE WRECK.

Dreadful Fate of the Doomed Italians in the Smoking-Car.

A SICKENING STORY BY A PORTER.

A Buffalo despatch says: A reporter succeeded in finding a train man this afternoon that probably knows as much about the accident on the West Shore road yesterday, when so many Italians were killed, as anybody. He is Robert Jackson, the colored buffet man of the car Pocasset.

The Pocasset was the last car on the passenger train.

"About ten minutes to 3 this morning," he said, "I was talking to a passenger who was drinking bottled beer. Suddenly we heard a crash, followed by a terrible shock, which threw us out of our seats. We ran out of the vestibule door of the car and saw a frightful scene."

"Two cars were on fire and burning up rapidly. The bodies of a dozen dead Italians were mixed up in a wrecked day coach, and twenty or thirty more Italians were screaming, crying and praying for help. They could get neither in nor out, and were crazy with pain."

"One of the men lying with his body half under the car was Engineer Patrick Ryan, of Buffalo. He was breathing terribly when I got to him, and a second later he was unconscious. Myself and three or four passengers got a blanket out of a sleeping coach, wrapped him up and carried him inside. He was more dead than alive when we laid him down."

"A Syracuse doctor was on the train and he dressed his injuries. I don't think Ryan can live. I also found Bergin, but he was dead. His body was cut up fearfully."

"The sight of the mangled bodies of the Italians is before me still. I have been in three wrecks, but I never saw men cut up so badly as they were. Legs, arms and portions of bodies were scattered all around the track."

"One poor fellow died while I was looking at him. Both legs had been taken off."

"There were four or five heads taken off and a lot of the dead bodies had lost legs and arms."

"The suffering of the wounded until they were taken to Syracuse was simply awful. They groaned and cried from the torture they endured, and people were sick at heart looking at them."

"It is simply impossible to describe the suffering. I never heard anything like it in my life. Every bit of whisky in the buffet car was given to the injured."

"Although it was only a short time before the relief train arrived it seemed an age."

"On the way to Syracuse one of the poor Italians died while the doctors were working over him. There was no brakeman on the train, and when the cars caught fire I went over myself and uncoupled the sleepers and saved them from being burned up."

"There was nothing at hand to put out the fire, and we had to let the cars burn up. The baggage car was entirely consumed with all the baggage. The dresses and all the baggage of a theatrical troupe were in it."

POISON IN THE MILK.

Suspicion of Child-Poisoning to Obtain Insurance Money.

A Chester, Pa., despatch says: It has been ascertained that little George Lewis, who died suddenly last week, was poisoned. Just who the guilty person is that administered the poison, or the motive for the crime, has not been discovered. The body of Mary E. Morgan, the adopted daughter of Mr. Lewis, who died on July 10, will be dissected, and an examination made to learn if she has been poisoned also. Mr. Lewis testified at the coroner's inquest last night that his son George was first taken sick at supper on Tuesday evening, after drinking a glass of milk. The dose was just sufficient to cause nausea, and the following morning he was apparently as well as ever, excepting that his appetite was gone. At dinner he had a glass of milk, and immediately became violently ill. Doctors were summoned, but the child soon died in terrible agony. Mrs. Lewis, who is engaged through the day, and who did not know of her son's illness until she reached home at supper time, is not implicated in any plot to take the life of her child. Mr. Lewis declared that George was in his company the greater part of the time and no one else was in the house but his 15-year-old daughter. The autopsy of George revealed arsenic in sufficient quantity to produce death. An autopsy on Mary Morgan and George were insured. The Lewis family are very poor, and the father has been out of work for some time.

CHAINED, STARVED, BEATEN.

Horrible Cruelty of a Step-Mother to a Young Girl.

A Shamokin, Pa., despatch says: A young woman named Rose Sheshinski was found in a cellar yesterday in a half insane condition. She was able to tell the story of the shocking cruelty to which she had been subjected by her brother and step-mother. She said they wanted her out of the way that they might get some property that she owned. Some months ago they attempted to poison her, and she told a doctor and an investigation was to have been held; but one night her step-mother and brother dragged her down into the cellar and padlocked a chain round her waist, the other end of which was fastened in the wall. Here she had been kept ever since. She was given very little food, and was frequently beaten by her step-mother. The step-mother admits having chained the girl in the cellar, but says it was on account of her insanity, and that she was sometimes so violent that if she had not been fastened up she would have done herself or some one else an injury. An investigation will be held.

In the last six months \$75,000,000 in gold has left this country. This looks as if the palace car porters were asleep or something. —Philadelphia Times.

Boarder—Didn't you state in your announcement that there were no mosquitoes here? Farmer—Yes; but I wrote that in the winter time.

—Out in Kansas they are feeding their hogs on peaches. The animals haven't had such luxurious food since the pig he sat in the parlor.

THE WORK OF A MONSTER GUN.

A Shell Sent Forty Feet Into Steel, Iron, Oak, Granite, Concrete and Brick.

Some idea of the power of the heaviest modern ordnance may be gathered from the following facts about the English 110-ton gun: It weighs 110 tons, is 43 feet 9 inches long, and has a diameter at the breech of 5 feet 6 inches and a calibre of 16½ inches. It is made at the Armstrong works, at Newcastle, England, and the shortest time in which it can be built is fifteen months. Its charge is 960 pounds of best prismatic gunpowder, and the cylindrical steel shot weighs 1,800 pounds. The expense of firing a single shot is £177 (about \$860), and as the gun will not bear firing more than seventy or eighty times its deterioration must further be reckoned as expense.

A battering shot from this gun penetrated entirely through compressed armor (steel faced iron) twenty inches thick; then through iron backing five inches thick; then it pierced wholly through twenty feet of solid oak, five feet of granite and eleven feet of hard concrete, and went three feet into a brick wall.

It is very apparent that the projectiles from this gun would penetrate any fort now existing, and would go very nearly clean through any man-of-war afloat, no matter where it hit her.

There are several serious drawbacks to this gun, however. The chief one is that it is not strong enough to sustain its own weight. The guns on board the battleship Victoria have a decided droop, and it is believed that guns of this size cannot be built up by the present system of construction with a certainty that they will maintain their shape. It is also admitted that their lifetime is very short, and that dependence could not be placed on their safety after about seventy shots. No more of these guns will be built for navy use, and it is doubtful whether they will be in much demand for fortifications.

Pretty Yellow, This.

Writes "Amber in Chicago Herald": What an egotist nature is! How satisfied she is with herself and her works, however man may mourn and the wicked rage! The charming when a little fellow was dashed to death by his flying horse, how charmingly the waves kiss the shore, how radiantly the sun's sparkles wave themselves through the shadows, how the birds sang and the fountains threw high their banners of silver spray! How green the grass was along the park roadways, and how like a shell of gems—opal diamonds and shaded pearls—the horizon linked the sea to the sky. A father's heart was crushed in the iron grasp of agony such as is seldom experienced by mortal man; a fair-haired boy was brutally mangled and torn, torn by the furious beat of hoof and roadway; a tender mother's soul was tortured by anguish for which nothing but heaven holds any balm, and all the while fair nature present and proud in the while beauty like a senseless parrot or a worthless peacock. Where was the arbitrator of high heaven then? Where was the tender care that notes the sparrow's fall and marks the bruised reed that it be not broken?

My Lady and the Washerwoman.

London Modern Society: In Toronto there resides a family which has long aspired to "lead" society in that town. Some little time ago the head of the family received a handle to his name, and the importance of both husband and wife increased in proportion. But "my lady," like Johnny Gilpin, having a "frugal mind," wrote to the institution where her family washing had previously been sent applying for a reduction in prices charged her, on the ground that "the patronage of a titled family" would be of great value to the institution! Needless to say the request was indignantly refused, and, according to a Canadian paper, it is intended to respectfully enquire of Her Majesty if she approves of newly-made knickerbockers using their title to get their shirts and collars washed and starched under trade price?

John Morrissey and the Lord's Prayer.

Saratoga News: Ex-Congressman James M. Marvin and ex-Senator John Morrissey had been jocularly twitting each other of ignorance concerning matters of a spiritual or religious nature.

"Now, look a-here," said Mr. Morrissey, "I'll bet you a \$5 note you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Mr. Marvin covered the amount with a crisp "five," and then began:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

"Now you've interrupted Mr. Morrissey, and Mr. Marvin pocketed the money."

THE STREET CAR DRIVER'S DOG.

There's a little black doggie that runs up and down By the side of the street cars all over the town. One day he trots eastward, the next he goes west.

Or northward, or southward, or where he thinks best. None knows where he comes from, none knows where he stays:

By the side of the street cars he passes his days. He cares not for tags, and from muzzles he's free.

As any brave little street Arab should be. No time from his duties he'er seems to borrow. Unless now and then while he's chasing a sparrow.

None knows where he picks up the grub that he eats. Unless that he gets it patrolling the streets.

When he lies down at night tired and weary, alone.

If he comes to your door-step please throw him a bone.

His sister—Had you heard that Laura Figg's pug has run away? He—Well, what of it? His sister—Oh nothing, only I thought that if you intend proposing now is your time. A woman's heart is often caught in the rebound, you know.

Under the new tax law in Indiana bank officials are compelled to give the assessors a statement of individual deposits. In the town of Lawrenceburg alone \$300,000 cash was discovered which had been withheld from the assessors. This sum, with a penalty of 50 per cent., was then placed on the tax duplicate.

"What a miserable day for a picnic," said Mrs. Cumso, as a procession of children marched by in the pouring rain. "It's all right," replied Mr. Cumso, "that's a Baptist Sunday school."

A man in Pennsylvania who was struck by lightning didn't know it until somebody told him. He was probably waiting for the report of the committee of investigation.—Judge.

—A New York man got eight years for stealing \$5.69.

WIFE DEAD, HUSBAND DRUNK.

Sad Scene Discovered in a Squalid New York Shanty.

A New York despatch says: This afternoon Officer Seelye, while patrolling his beat, detected an offensive odor proceeding from a small shanty on a lot on 59th street between Madison and Park avenues, a fashionable residence locality. He entered the cabin with another policeman, and found lying in the doorway an old man fast asleep with an old dirty pillow under his head, while in the room adjoining lay the body of an old woman swollen to twice its natural proportions, and covered with blood. A blood-stained undershirt and an old dress thrown over the lower limbs were the only covering, the woman's wearing apparel being heaped upon a chair beside her. Pools of blood stained the floor, and everything in the room was in confusion. There were evidences of a struggle having taken place. Bits of pasteboard, covered with clots of blood mingled with a woman's long grey hair, were found in the room and in the yard near the kitchen door. The woman had evidently been dead several days. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, and the face had turned black. The condition of the body was such that no examination for marks or wounds was made by the officer. The sleeping man was awakened. He gave his name as Wm. Coleman. He had been on a prolonged spree, and the dead woman was his wife.

Sarah Coleman, an old candy woman, who kept a shop in that portion of the shanty facing the street, said she had been sick, but she thought the man's wife had been dead five days, but she had taken no notice on account of her illness. She claims that the old woman, while chasing some boys, who were annoying her, off the lot, hurt herself by a fall.

INDIA PARCHED.

And All Hopes of Averting a Terrible Famine Abandoned.

A Madras cable says: Though the monsoon set in some time ago in some part of India, dispelling all fears of a failure of crops in that portion of the country where the rains had fallen, there has been no rainfall in the Chingleput and North Arcot districts in this presidency, and all hopes of averting a famine have been abandoned. The heat is unprecedented. The standing grain and other crops have succumbed to the long drought, and all are withered and burned. Already the effects of the scarcity of food are being felt, and there is great suffering among the inhabitants of those districts. Many deaths from starvation have been reported. It is also impossible to get food for the cattle. The pasture lands are devoid of grasses, and in many places the streams have dried up, rendering it impossible to get water for them. Horses, cows, donkeys and other live stock are dying in large numbers. It is not only the poorer classes of the population who are suffering from the scarcity of food. Many natives of high caste are making application to the authorities for relief to keep themselves and their families from starvation.

A FALSE CHARGE

Crazes a Young Girl and Drives Her to Suicide.

A West Superior despatch says: Josie Linberg, a beautiful girl of 17, whose body was discovered on the beach of Superior Bay, is said to have been driven to her death by the harsh accusation of Mrs. Estling, with whom the dead girl lived. Mrs. Estling's baby was taken violently ill of cholera infantum and the woman became convinced the child was poisoned. She upbraided Josie bitterly, charging her with giving the infant fly poison, and said she might prepare to spend the rest of her days in prison. A policeman approached the house just then, and the girl, becoming fearful that Mrs. Estling would cause her arrest, rushed out of the house and was never again seen alive. She had wandered about for some time, and it is surmised became crazed at the woman's threat. When the body was found it was evident she had walked out into two feet of water, laid down, and held herself under water by catching at the rocks. No foundations existed for Mrs. Estling's charge and the coroner's jury censured the woman.

Harry's Big Contract.

Boston Transcript: He—Yes, darling, and it shall be the purpose of my life to surround you with every comfort and to anticipate and gratify your every wish. She—How good of you, Harry! And all on \$12 a week, too!

"German Syrup"

"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

John Franklin Jones.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.