

THAT BOGUS REVOLUTION.

The Leaders of the Rising Placed Under Arrest.

ALEXANDER BEING HIS FATHER.

Emperor William Angry and King Milan Disgusted with the Czar.

A last Thursday night's London cable says that the Russian ambassador to the British government, stated in the House of Commons this afternoon that the royal troops had entered Sofia on Tuesday with the consent of the Powers. The exact whereabouts of Prince Alexander, the Under Secretary, was unknown to the British Government, but telegrams had been forwarded to him asking him to return and resume his role in Bulgaria.

Prince Bismarck is said to be surprised at the anti-Russian sentiment displayed by the Austrian Emperor.

Prince Alexander has arrived at Darmstadt.

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When Prince Alexander received the news of the success of his friends in Bulgaria, he was deeply moved. He expressed his sympathy for his father, but would visit Darmstadt anyhow before returning to Bulgaria.

The Russians at Rost treated Prince Alexander and his brother with indignity. They refused to allow even a servant to accompany Prince Alexander, saying "your brother will wait on you."

The Morning Post has a despatch from Stamboul saying: The greatest excitement prevails here owing to the belief that Russia intends to occupy Bulgaria. The military department in a state of feverish excitement.

The Standard's Berlin correspondent says: Emperor William, on hearing of the seizure and kidnaping of Prince Alexander, wrote a sharp letter to the Czar, expressing amazement and indignation. When the King of Serbia, head of the events at Sofia he said, "It is the greatest piece of infamy ever perpetrated in Europe. If I knew where Prince Alexander was, I would go to him with my own hands to afford him assistance." The report of the arrival of Prince Alexander at Darmstadt is now denied.

The Powers have just given the Government formed by M. Karaveloff, with him as Premier; M. Stouffier as Foreign Minister; and M. Zoucouff as Minister of Finance. The Provisional Government has assured the Porte that the movement in favor of Prince Alexander is not intended to disturb the peace of the Balkans, and that the Czar is determined to let things shape their own course in Bulgaria.

The newspaper Graduhina says Prince Dolgoroutz has gone to Bulgaria to inquire into the spot into which the Russian troops were despatched numerous Russian officers to Bulgaria, including Gen. Stolypin, who is to be appointed the chief command of the Bulgarian army.

It is characteristic of Russian diplomacy that when M. de Nollicoff, the Russian ambassador at Sofia, was asked to resign his post a short time ago, after spending a fortnight with the Czar, he gave the Sultan the most strongly worded assurances that his imperial majesty had no intention of interfering in any way in Bulgaria, and that all reports to the contrary were unfounded. The troops massed in Bulgaria, he said, are merely collected there for the annual manoeuvres. The Czar is determined to let things shape their own course in Bulgaria.

EDMONTON STAGE ROBBERY.

Daring Exploit of Masked Highwaymen—Passengers' Pockets and Luggage Sacked.

A Calgary despatch of yesterday gives full particulars of the robbery of the stage between Edmonton and Calgary. The stage was stopped by two masked men on the road eight miles from Calgary. There were in the stage five passengers, driver, J. Burns, traveller for Mr. A. Knudsen, of Winnipeg; the Massey Company's traveller; and a Frenchman, name unknown. The masked men were armed with the United Jack over their faces and carried carbines and two forty-five calibre revolvers. They were on foot, and jumped out of the stage ten feet in front of the horses, who they stopped, and ordered the party to descend. They then searched the passengers in a scolding, when they went through their pockets. Mr. Burns lost \$70, but another who had \$70 on him was overlooked. Massey's traveller lost \$50, the Frenchman \$125 and the stage driver \$200. The robbers then went to the luggage and opened the mail bags, but the mail bag containing registered letters were untouched. The stage was then taken out and driven away and the highwaymen disappeared. They were evidently new at the business and nervous. They took away the passengers' watches. Last night 25 Mounted Police went out to search for them, but up till now no trace has been discovered.

KILLED A POLICEMAN.

A Drunken Man's Violent Excitement is a Tragedy.

A Montgomery, Ala. despatch says Harris Gunter, a negro, who had entered police headquarters at 1 o'clock this morning with a double barreled shot gun to kill Captain Martin, the night chief. He tried and killed Montgomery Martin who was not in the room. A desperate struggle followed between Gunter and two officers, who disarmed and placed him in a cell. Gunter was taken to the court earlier in the night being arrested by Martin. A friend went on his bond and Gunter is in a jail. He looks very bad and is now in the county jail.

The Resonance of a Russian Jew.

A Pittsburgh despatch of August 12th says: To-day a Russian Jew entered the Register's office to take on a marriage license. He stated that ten years ago he was married in Russia. A week after the ceremony was performed he was drafted into the Czar's army. He soon deserted, and finally reached this city, where he became a peddler. It took him some time his wife, who remained in Russia and was ignorant of her husband's whereabouts, had been granted a divorce by the rabbi in the town where he was living. She had arrived in this city and found her husband. There was a joyful reunion, and they at once decided to again marry. The rabbi is a pious Jew. If there was a divorce it is necessary to procure a copy of the decree before a license of marriage can be granted. This is impossible in Russia, and the Register has refused his decision.

Only Let Us Get Out of This.

Humor mingles with pathos and tragedy (says the Christian Leader) even in the story of that appalling volcanic eruption in New Zealand. Mr. Morgan, a negro, related that when the shower of ashes came on at Galatone, one native fell upon his knees and exclaimed, "O Lord, if Thou wilt only let us get out of this will I give you a pound and my soul shall keep it."

Mackerel have straggled into Georgetown, P.E.I., for the first time in a great many years.

GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET.

An Exhaustive Review of the Irish Question.

HOME RULE A CERTAINTY.

The Ex-Premier Traces the Progress of the Irish Cause.

A London cable says: Mr. Gladstone's brochure on the Irish question was published to-day. It contains fifty-eight pages, and is similar in the excellence of its style to the former. The exact whereabouts of Prince Alexander, the Under Secretary, was unknown to the British Government, but telegrams had been forwarded to him asking him to return and resume his role in Bulgaria.

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A GOLDEN-HAIRED GYPSY.

The Remarkable Romance of a Beautiful Young Girl.

Brought to the Camp of a Tribe of Nomads by Her Mother When a Baby—Reared and Educated by Them.

Just as hundreds of chivalric knights began their martial career in Elizabeth, N.J., on Tuesday last, an aristocratic band of English gypsies drove through the city on their way to the prairie land. They had four of the handsomest and newest carriages ever seen with a tribe of nomads, and the horses were models of strength and beauty. Any of the teams would compare favorably with the costly pairs driven by men of wealth. Each animal was covered with a richly colored blanket, and on these dainty guards against mosquito stings the women of the tribe had worked portraits and forest and field scenes. Six or seven wagons were drawn by the carriages, and each vehicle was drawn by two horses. About thirty valuable horses were in a procession four abreast by two gypsies, but the most prominent were velvet jackets, brown corduroy trousers, blue-trimmed gait soft hats and scarlet shawls, with loose flowing scarfs of dark-blue silk.

No halt was made in this city by these nomad wanderers, but when they arrived at Lyons, near the Falls of the Rhine, they were met by a young girl, who was brought to the camp of a tribe of nomads by her mother when a baby—reared and educated by them.

Two old tramps, ragged and foot-ore, walked down the Falls of the Rhine, and took track yesterday afternoon. Children who saw them coming climbed quickly over the fence and watched them pass with half-frightened eyes. Careful observation noted their presence with frowning eyes, and a close lookout to see that they carried nothing away with them that they did not bring. The little dog, which was a pointer, followed them closely. Some of the women of middle age, three venerable and swarthy dames, and a score of young women, were in the camp. Some of the women were in the camp. Some of the women were in the camp. Some of the women were in the camp.

Down by Jack's Run there was a little white-haired baby running along the track. He was too young to fear any one, even a tramp, and too happy picking up little pebbles and laying them on the rail to heed any danger. And right there, not far from the road, was coming a train. The tramp saw it reds away. One of them also saw the baby. Dropping his dirty bundle, he sprang forward by a wide race for life. The tramp reached the child not a minute ahead of the engine. Catching the little one, he pitched it off the track, when it rolled down the bank, frightened and dusty, but unharmed.

The tramp was dead. Hardly a bone in his body was left unbroken. His body mangled and torn, he was brought to the morgue and taken to Spencer & Wilson's undertaking rooms. The other tramp came back too. This is the story of the dead man, whose name was Angus Galt, and himself, were Philadelphia dyers. Both men had recently lost their wives and were out to find a new one. They decided to go to Cincinnati and look for a trade. They started with 30 cents, walking the entire way to Pittsburgh, contemplating the journey in twenty days. When they arrived here they had 6 cents. After walking around town a few hours they started for Cincinnati over the Fort Wayne track. The tramp was dead. Hardly a bone in his body was left unbroken. His body mangled and torn, he was brought to the morgue and taken to Spencer & Wilson's undertaking rooms. The other tramp came back too. This is the story of the dead man, whose name was Angus Galt, and himself, were Philadelphia dyers. Both men had recently lost their wives and were out to find a new one. They decided to go to Cincinnati and look for a trade. They started with 30 cents, walking the entire way to Pittsburgh, contemplating the journey in twenty days. When they arrived here they had 6 cents. After walking around town a few hours they started for Cincinnati over the Fort Wayne track. The tramp was dead. Hardly a bone in his body was left unbroken. His body mangled and torn, he was brought to the morgue and taken to Spencer & Wilson's undertaking rooms. The other tramp came back too. This is the story of the dead man, whose name was Angus Galt, and himself, were Philadelphia dyers. Both men had recently lost their wives and were out to find a new one. They decided to go to Cincinnati and look for a trade. They started with 30 cents, walking the entire way to Pittsburgh, contemplating the journey in twenty days. When they arrived here they had 6 cents. After walking around town a few hours they started for Cincinnati over the Fort Wayne track.

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Two old tramps, ragged and foot-ore, walked down the Falls of the Rhine, and took track yesterday afternoon. Children who saw them coming climbed quickly over the fence and watched them pass with half-frightened eyes. Careful observation noted their presence with frowning eyes, and a close lookout to see that they carried nothing away with them that they did not bring. The little dog, which was a pointer, followed them closely. Some of the women of middle age, three venerable and swarthy dames, and a score of young women, were in the camp. Some of the women were in the camp. Some of the women were in the camp.

Down by Jack's Run there was a little white-haired baby running along the track. He was too young to fear any one, even a tramp, and too happy picking up little pebbles and laying them on the rail to heed any danger. And right there, not far from the road, was coming a train. The tramp saw it reds away. One of them also saw the baby. Dropping his dirty bundle, he sprang forward by a wide race for life. The tramp reached the child not a minute ahead of the engine. Catching the little one, he pitched it off the track, when it rolled down the bank, frightened and dusty, but unharmed.

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