OUR NORTHWEST.

Advantages and Drawbacks of Farming in Manitoba.

GOOD SOIL BUT HIGH DUTIES.

Levi H. Turner, writing from Fairhaven, Washington, to the New York *Standard*, a description of his journey from Harper's Ferry to the Pacific, says: Descending to the Ohio River, we rode through mountain passes rich in iron and coal, through valleys of bottom lands capable of rewarding labor bountifully; and as night came on our pathway was illuminated by the ceaseless flames of the gas well.

Strange indeed are the contrasts presented to the gaze of the traveller. The exhaustless wealth of natural resources, the lavish extravagance of the idlers at the pleasure resorts through the mountains, the hopeless spectacle of poverty presented by the dirty, ill-clad and apparently ill fed coal miners and coke burners, the neglected children around the groups of shanties at the road side, furnish ample food for reflection, compelling the half thoughtful person to ask, Why?

Our stay in Chicago was limited to one day on account of the intensely hot weather. We took the night train for St. Paul. Here we spent the Fourth, which was celebrated by a boat race on the Mississippi. Spectators were afforded an excellent opportunity to view this from the magnificent iron bridge thrown across the river at this point.

St. Paul is indeed an interesting city, its site, unlike Chicago, being considerably elevated above the surrounding country—and, like Boston, it has hills, sharp grades and crooked streets. On the eve of the Fourth we took our compartment in the tourist's car St. Paul, to be run over the Great Northern & Canadian Pacific Railroad on a four days' journey without change to Vancouver on the west shore. This is the part of the journey which from the first we most dreaded, but which proved to be the most comfortable and enjoyable.

AS WE APPROACHED THE CANADIAN LINE

the morning of July 5th an officer passed through the train, stating that all checked and hand baggage must be searched at Grand Forks. The passengers immediately set themselves to work preparing for the ordeal, and this gave rise to a general discussion of the tariff, in which all seemed interested and in which even some of the ladies took part. For more than an hour the discussion ran like a torrent, supported on the protection side by a few elderly gentlemen who were "republicans since '56." Gradually those who were at first listeners took sides, and free trade sentiment predominated, especially after the "protector of Canadian labor" had commenced his ridiculous task. In the valise of one of our neighbors he found a pair of new shoes upon which he said a "duty must be paid," whereupon the owner stood them upon his feet. "That clears the law," said the officer, as he passed out of the car amid the derisive laughter of the passengers.

Soon after our train rolled into Winnipeg which is the commercial focus of the Canadian Northwest. Representatives of all grades of society and nationalities were seen upon the platform of this great junction brought hither on the various

LINES OF RAILROAD WHICH RADIATE FROM THIS POINT

like the spokes in a wheel. Here we made quite a stop, during which I ran about town to gather information. I hurriedly called at grocery stores and carpenter shops and other places to ask questions. I found the price of sugar was 9 cents per pound, kerosene oil 42 cents per gallon, cornmeal $1.80 per hundred pounds; and that carpenters' wages were $2.50 per day, laborers $1.75 to $2. At the door of an office the following sign was posted: "Dominion Lands. Free Grants. Sales Preemptions, etc. How to obtain them in the Northwest." This was the office of the land agent of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, a personage perhaps a little lower than the minister of the interior at Ottawa. He is fully convinced of his importance, and of the fact that this great Trunk line is exerting an influence on Canadian legislation which makes "the dog" and "his tail" so nearly the same size that the question is often asked, "Which does the wagging?"

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT HAS NOT YET SURRENDERED THE EARTH

To this corporation; but a few years ago it undertook the construction of this railroad. Having built 650 miles, they sold out, or gave out, in 1880, to the company whose name it bears, and as an inducement for it to accept this "princely" gift the Government added $25,000,000 in money, 25,000,000 acres of agricultural land, and agreed to finish and surrender all railway then under construction, together with a branch line of sixty-five miles of road already in full operation. In addition to these subsidies in land and money, the entire railway, when completed, was to remain the property of the company. And now the corporation is in possession of about 5,000 miles of road, including the longest continuous line in the world, extending from the Maritime Provinces, across the State of Maine, through Montreal across the continent, to the Pacific Ocean.

I entered the office and asked for information in regard to Government and railroad lands. "We have for sale," said the lord of the company's kingdom, "some of the finest land in Manitoba and the Northwest, at ten shillings and upwards per acre. We

RESERVE ALL COAL, TIMBER AND MINERAL RESOURCES.

Our lands are in all the townships within the railway belt, and extend twenty-four miles on either side of the main line. You can buy for one-tenth cash and balance in payments spread over nine years, with six per cent. interest; or you can lease Government land not exceeding 2,650 acres, for a term not exceeding twenty-one years, for two cents per acre. The conditions require the lessee to place upon the ranch, within three years, one head of cattle to every twenty-four acres of land covered by his lease. No person shall be allowed to place sheep on lands in the Canadian northwest without special permit. "Conditions of free grant lands are easier," said he, "here, than in the United States, where the fee for taking up is $26 and five years' residence. Here it is $10 and three years' residence.

NO OATH OF ALLEGIANCE IS REQUIRED,

the land is free to all. Our winters are milder than in Montana and Dakota, our grasses are more nutritious, cattle thrive better, and the opportunities offered to settlers are much better than on the other side of the line."

I then told him a story told to me by a farmer down the road, who had just purchased an agricultural machine of Canadian manufacture for $21. A machine of equal utility could be purchased in St. Paul for $15 were it not for the oppressive Canadian tariff. "If this," I added, "is a sample of the relative cost of farming appliances, I am inclined to think the United States offers better inducements to settlers in spite of the higher cost of land, as they have lower prices for tools, and such necessaries as farmers are compelled to buy—sugar, coal, oil, etc.—and their farm products will net them fully as much there as they would here."

He listened to my statement, which seemed to chafe him exceedingly, and burst out with the declaration: "That is not so!"

SOME FREE TRADER HAD YOU ON A STRING,

"There are some of them around here. The people of the States are overworked and underpaid. Plenty of proof of that. The eastern farms are being deserted and the western farms are mired in debt. Our tariff is not oppressive. It holds the markets of Canada for the people of Canada, and we intend to continue this policy," he said, with emphasis, as the start signal hurried me to the depot.

Our long train pulled slowly out on the western track upon a broad plain as "level and green as a billiard table." The Rocky Mountains are yet a thousand miles away; we have not yet seen the prairie; this is only the widening of the valley of the Assiniboine and the Red River of the north, which unite at Winnipeg.

On either side of us are farm houses and stacks of grain, men and teams at work upon a soil absolutely free from stone—as black as night and rich as a mine—and herds of cattle are feeding half hidden in the grass. We step off at a way station and look up the road which stretches away before us as far as the eye can reach, without one curve or deflection. The roadway is dotted with grain elevators, the most of which are owned by farmers' clubs, insuring them some

INDEPENDENCE IN THE SALE OF THEIR CROPS.

After a run of 130 miles we stop at Brandon, the second point of importance in the Canadian Northwest. The hall hour was improved by me in asking questions of the farmers I met about town, and whom I found kindly disposed to converse, especially when I told them I had lately visited the lower provinces. They asked me questions, too. Kerosene oil and sugar are little used here—the prices are so high. They all regretted that "Yankee corn" was kept out by the high tariff, as they could not successfully raise it here, and it is needed for provender. I found tariff reduction a prevailing sentiment, and free trade as thick as flies. The farmers as a rule are paying enormous interest on the capital they have hired with which to purchase tools, seed and advance food: yet they seem so stoicy in an imagined independence, and they

LOOK WITH PITY UPON THE TENANT FARMERS OF EUROPE,

saying: "We own our farms and outfits, and don't have rent to pay." Yet it was the universal testimony that there was not a working farmer in the region free from mortgage of some kind. Strange, indeed, that men are slaves where nature is so lavish! These people, like the overworked teams they drive, have a worn, woebegone look. The men wear faded shoddy garments and the women sleazy calico. Yet they tell me that 800 bushels of turnips to the acre, or 270 bushels of onions is a common crop, in addition to wheat, which is the standard and most largely cultivated crop, yielding thirty-two bushels to the acre.

Leaving Brandon we enter upon a broad billowy ocean of buffalo grass—the first of the prairie steeps that rise at long intervals and almost imperceptibly to the Rocky mountains. Now the horizon only limits the view. Occasionally we pass a prairie farm house surrounded by great black squares where the sod has been turned by the plow. The house is usually a shabby thatched hut; the monotony of the prairie front yard is broken with neglected looking children, pigs, churns and milk pans. A terrible life it must be to live in the solitude of a prairie—no neighbors, no school, no civilization. At intervals our train slows up at a little siding. They are all alike, and consist of a spare track, a few freight cars, a heap of buffalo bones, a few agricultural implements on sale, a station master in red shirt and blue overalls, and "last, but not least," the poor Indian, "who is dying that civilization may live."

A SPOKANE FALLS HORROR.

Forty or Fifty Men Crushed to Death or Blown to Atoms

BY A BLAST EXPLOSION.

A Spokane Falls, Wash., despatch says: On Saturday evening a premature blast in the Northern Pacific yards killed fifteen persons and possibly more. The full extent of the disaster is not known. It was just before the hour of quitting work. A large force of men was engaged in blasting out a huge rock pile in the Northern Pacific freight yards in the eastern part of the city. From 50 to 75 men were at work in the cut at the time. Some of the workmen were preparing blasts to be touched off after other workmen and teams had departed for the night. One blast had been prepared. In putting in the second it was exploded, the jar also touching off the first blast. Twenty-five thousand cubic feet of rock were thrown over upon the unsuspecting mass of humanity with terrible results.

WORSE AND WORSE.

Time only heightens the horrors wrought by the premature explosion of a blast in the Northern Pacific freight yards here last night. At 11 p. m. the men engaged in taking out the mangled victims were forced to desist, because among the rocks which were being cleared away were five other blasts that might be exploded in the task of removing the mass of debris that buried the victims. Up to that hour eighteen bodies had been taken out. There are yet 27 men unaccounted for, all of whom are probably buried beneath the mighty mass of rock. The fatality was terrible. The men were given no chance for life. It was either instant death or slight injury. There were about 200 pounds of giant powder in the blast. The accident was caused by some one's carelessness. The man in charge of the blast and three assistants were blown to atoms. It is the custom to prepare blasts and charge them and at the hours of 12 noon and 6 p.m., after the men have left work and gone to a place of safety, to shoot them. In this case it seems that one blast had been prepared and the foreman, C. McPherson, was preparing a second. The men had all finished their work, and were putting on their coats and picking up their lunch pails ready to go to their homes after the day's work, when they met a horrible and expected death. Either the rock was too hot from the action of the drills or else the tamping exploded the second blast, and that exploded the first. A man who was tamping paid the penalty with his life. A man who stood beside him escaped with slight bruises, although 20,000 cubic feet of rock were hurled for hundreds of feet in every direction. Another man who was near the deadly blast and who was supposed to be dead, was seen shortly after the explosion in a half-crazed condition, walking around with his clothing torn to shreds.

THE CLIFF FELL ON THEM.

The men were working in a cut, levelling off the ground for the new freight yards. The cliff of rock on the side of the cut which was being removed was twenty feet high. The blasts are so arranged that the rock is thrown toward the cut. Not anticipating the blast, about 30 men were under the cliff when the blast exploded. A great mass of rock and earth rose in the air and pitched over into the cut, burying the men beneath its awful weight. None of them had time to run, but a few escaped in a miraculous manner. Over 100 men were at work in the adjoining cuts and at once were on the scene of the accident and began with picks and shovels to search for bodies. From all over the huge mass of rock groans and shrieks issued, and the air was filled with the horrible noises and the appeals of the wounded and dying. A short half hour and all was still, except for the working men with picks in hand, who by the light of lanterns worked late into the night removing dead bodies.

A Queer Vacation.

A story is told in the Boston *Journal* about a young man employed in a big retail dry goods store who was granted a vacation. It was expected that he would hie to the mountains or go to the shore. The first morning he was free he walked through the store leisurely, nodding to his comrades behind the counters, but speaking to no one. He then made his exit. The second day he was an hour later, but he passed in review his toiling associates, and then went out. This he repeated for six days. When he returned on Monday he was asked why this strange behavior. He replied that he had felt for a long time a desire to be able to do as he pleased in the store, and he had now been able to do so; and he added: "I'm satisfied and ready to go to work again—better satisfied than if I had climbed mountains or bathed in the surf." It was a positive gratification to be a visitor.

Death of a Captain.

Many who have crossed the Atlantic on the Cunard liner Bothnia and latterly on the steamship Umbria, will regret to hear of the death of Captain Wm. McMickan, the popular commander and commodore of the line. Captain McMickan, who was 70 years old, succumbed to an illness of a year's duration at his home in Liverpool on Sunday morning last. He was a favorite with ocean travellers, notwithstanding his bluff manners. He believed in running steamships for all they were worth, remarking that, in the event of collision, the ship going the fastest would be least harmed.

Mr. Hanicker Heaton, M. P. for Canterbury, England, the advocate of penny postage, is in Montreal on his way to Washington.

The fires which broke out almost simultaneously in four different parts of Salonica yesterday, and which destroyed 12,000 houses and most of the public buildings, have been extinguished. Twenty thousand persons are homeless.

Miss Kate Marsden, an Englishwoman, has been decorated by the Empress with the insignia of the Russian Red Cross for services as a nurse during the war with Turkey.

Archduchess Stephanie went on the 14th inst. for the first time to Meyerling, to see the place where her husband, Archduke Rudolph, died so tragically. She prayed for a long time in the chapel, at the foot of the altar erected on the spot formerly occupied by the bed of the Archduke. The Archduchess visited afterward the home for invalids and old people which has been built in an outbuilding of the New Convent of Meyerling.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, the noted philanthropist of Boston, is now nearly 90 years of age. She is very feeble physically, but her mind is still bright and active.

BLONDIN'S GREAT RIVAL.

A Toronto Photographer Crosses the Niagara River

ON A SMALL NARROW WIRE.

A Feat Which Made the Spectators Hold Their Breath.

Yesterday's performance came off in brilliant weather, although the forenoon was cloudy and threatened a continuance of the heavy rain that had fallen the night before. This fact was doubtless one of the causes that prevented a good attendance of Toronto people. Only a small proportion of the spectators came from the Queen City, although from the American side and the district around the Falls there was a fairly large gathering.

Dixon was advertised to walk the rope at half-past 3. By 3 o'clock a small crowd gathered on the verge of the precipice opposite the Elgin hotel, on the Canadian side. The centre of curiosity was the wire cable, three-quarters of an inch thick, which stretched a space of over 950 feet from bank to bank, spanning a gulf at the bottom of which,

TWO HUNDRED FEET BELOW,

the green and swirling waters of the Niagara River seethed and roared as they rushed onward in the resistless current whose embrace means death. The cable was firmly guyed at both sides to the rocks and to the piers of the Cantilever bridge by stout though small cables of galvanized iron wire, newly put up for the occasion, and was weighted at the juncture of the guys by bags of sand, each weighing seventeen pounds, and working upon pulleys so as to deaden as much as possible the vibration of the wire. The work of attaching the guys and attending to the safety of the cable was done by Mr. W. Peer, brother of Mr. S. Peer. But when every precaution had been taken, it looked a perilously slim thread for a man to hang his life upon.

At twenty minutes past three the ropewalker made his appearance, dressed in the drab tights and black trunks which his recent appearance at Hanlan's Point had made familiar. He had selected a stout pair of moccasins as his foot-gear, the soles of which he carefully rosined. He looked cool and collected, but it was evident from the whispered remarks of the spectators that most of them looked upon him as a suicide.

At exactly half-past 3 the performer raised his balancing pole, twenty-two feet six inches in length, and weighing thirty pounds, and with one foot on the wire addressed the crowd in a few words, stating his intention of walking across and then going through a series of feats on both sides of the river. Then he stepped on the wire and went steadily forward, his progress watched with intense interest. The great depth of the gorge and the length of the cable were realized as the figure of the daring walker dwindled almost into minuteness on approaching the middle of his perilous journey. A single false step or the least faltering of the nerves

MEANT INSTANT DEATH.

But Dixon did not falter. Several times he stood on one foot, waved his hand, or knelt down on the wire, and all with evident ease and confidence. In thirteen and a half minutes from the time of leaving the Canadian side he stepped on the American shore amid loud cheering. After a rest of four minutes he walked out again a distance of two hundred feet and went through a performance, which included wrapping himself in the American flag and waving his cap and handkerchief. He then drove across the bridge and gave a similar performance on the Canadian side, walking backwards for a considerable distance, and being photographed sitting on the wire, with the British ensign around him.

The only approach to a slip was made when approaching the American shore. The walker's right foot slipped an inch or two to one side, causing him to sway a little. There was a breathless moment of suspense, but he recovered himself with hardly an effort. At the middle of the rope a guy had broken, and it was here that the difficulty of balancing was greatest, owing to the jerky motion of the wire when guyed on only one side. The guy that broke was of inferior wire, the supply of good material having given out.

Prof. S. J. Dixon is 38 years old, 5 feet 6½ inches in height, and weighs 138 pounds. He is of a wiry and active frame, and evidently possesses great nerve. In his younger days he had some practice in rope-walking, having given exhibitions when about 18 years old at Clarksburg, on Georgian Bay. But he declares that his chief practice was obtained during his recent exhibitions at the Island. "All the practice I have had," he observed, "does not amount to more than a few days' hard work. If I had a month or two's steady practice I could do some things on that wire that would astonish you." He goes with no special training, and takes no extra care of himself. He intends to cross again next season if the financial conditions are satisfactory.

The cable is owned by Hotel-Keeper Leary, of the American side, who expended $500 upon it. Mr. Leary was exceedingly surprised at Dixon's success. "He will never get to the centre of the rope; he is going to certain death," was his lugubrious prophecy. He was agreeably disappointed in the result, as were many others. Whatever may be the true ethical standpoint with regard to such exhibitions, and the wisdom of permitting ropewalkers to minister to the popular love of sensation, there is no doubt that Mr. S. J. Dixon, of Toronto, has established his reputation as the possessor of clear grit and exceptional skill.

Another Account.

At 3.30 Mr. Dixon made his appearance dressed in yellow tights, black silk trunks and cap, and with buckskin moccasins, their soles well rosined, on his feet. He crossed from the Canadian side to the American, and gave further exhibitions of various feats near both shores. He carried a balancing pole longer than any rope-walkers usually carry, measuring 22 feet 6 inches and weighing 30 lbs. As he stepped out on the sagging wire he was encouraged by a cheer. The sides of the river are at that place over 875 feet apart. The cable sagged 22 feet in the centre with the weight that had been put on to steady it, amounting to 970 pounds. Guys stayed to the bridges and banks prevented much swaying. A Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes fell gently waving from the cable on the Canadian and American sides respectively. Weighted breath the spectators watched Mr. Dixon make the first 50 feet of the trip, and horror would creep on them when the walker seemed to hesitate. Half a dozen times on the journey across he stopped, stood on one foot, kneeled down, sat down, laid down, and went through various other manoeuvres that added fuel to the anxiety and then to the applause of the crowd. He appeared quite fearless, and when midway over the river he intrepidly locked up at a passing train on the cantilever. He walked backwards, rolled a hoop, wrapped himself in the flags, and otherwise exhibited his nerve and skill, and when he had finished the crowd was satisfied they had been given more than had been promised. The cable on which the exhibition was given was stretched in 1887, and "Prof." Stephen Peer, on June 22 of that year, walked across for $25. He got on the wire three days afterwards, while unsteady from drink, and fell to the rocks 100 feet below, receiving fatal injuries. The brother of that unfortunate rope-walker hung the sandbags on the cable and guyed it for William Leary, who put it across when he was proprietor of the Elgin House and who has since been trying to find people to walk it. The feats of Blondin and Farini, each with a man on his back, and their acrobatic performances on Leary's wire cable, which is the first to be thrown across the river, and Harry Leslie's daring, and the "nervy" French woman, Spitterina, are all notable. Then in August, 1887, a man called Deline, now working in Buffalo with the Electric Light Company, engaged to walk the cable, but reconsidered it and disappointed the people. Mr. Dixon's receipts from his work were small—25 per cent. of the Toronto boat excursion, 10 per cent. of the bridge tolls and 10 per cent. of the Buffalo excursion receipts, together with the subscription taken up in tin contribution boxes which were circulated among the crowds. His object in making the exhibition was to show that he could perform the feat, and next summer, with two or three exhibitions in different lines, he wants to give a three days' "time" that he expects will draw great crowds. He also talks of starting a photograph gallery in New York, with his rope-walking as an advertisement.

How He Felt.

The Professor's own graphic words last night were:

Now I had reached the testing point. I served myself as well as I could. I kept saying to myself: "Steady now, Jack; steady now. You're going to do it all right, but steady." And here I noticed that the guys which were to steady the centre part of rope were not working and that the cable was swaying in the wind. This of course somewhat unnerved me, but I soon steadied myself, being determined to succeed. The danger of this part of the journey, the great height above the water, the swaying of the rope and the full knowledge of my personal risk kept my wits at the highest tension. I had to change my point of vision every moment or two. If I looked steadily at the rope for more than three seconds I would imagine that the rope, like the rushing water, was moving in the same direction, and my senses would begin to reel; but the moment I changed my point of vision and would look one time at the bridge, another at my hand and another at the balancing-pole, thus varying the centre of observation, I was enabled to resist the illusion.

So impressed was I with the gravity of the situation that I occupied fully five minutes in crossing the 200 feet of the centre of the river. The wire was swaying at such a rate that I had so exercise the greatest care; but when I was over the centre and felt that the greatest danger was passed my spirits rose steadily, and I had no difficulty in sitting on the rope and kneeling on it.

When I was fairly over the bank the hardest part of the walking occurred, as the guy ropes at this part were utterly useless, and the cable shook in the wind more than the aspen. I got safely through and was heartily congratulated by those on the American side. The first thing I did was to take a small infusion of eau de vie, with a little soda mixed therein.

A PRELIMINARY CANTER.

On Friday Mr. Dixon kissed his wife, whom he left in tears in Toronto and set forth, in company with his friend Eddie Bond, for his deed of daring at Niagara. Arriving at the river he got up on the wire without its being guyed and walked on it for a considerable distance. He took off his coat and sat on the rope for from 20 to 30 minutes, looking at the madly flowing river below. His intrepidity did not give way and he felt satisfied that he had the ability to do the feat announced for the following day. He came away fully satisfied with his preliminary canter. The Professor then sought repose and passed a fairly good night. In the morning he took two seidlitz powders, ate a light breakfast, and made arrangements to have the rope properly guyed. This, the Professor claims, was not satisfactorily done, as the cable swayed considerably in the centre whilst he was on it.

Notes of the Great Feat.

Mrs. Dixon was sick in bed in Toronto on Saturday, and was more than relieved when she got a telegram announcing the Professor's success.

Mr. Dixon was born in New York State, but was raised around Georgian Bay. This is the fortieth performance he has made of his wire-walking abilities. His first exhibition was at Clarksburg eighteen years ago. He had no special training before his Island and Niagara exploits.

The Professor himself is a wiry man and always equal to the occasion. On Saturday he wore moccasins and cotton socks. These will be on exhibition to-day.

Saturday's feat, not counting stops, was accomplished in 13½ minutes, but the professor will bet $1,000 that he can cross the river in ten minutes or even less.

Professor Dixon intends to make this offer to the managers of the World's Fair at Chicago: If they will erect two Eiffel towers 500 feet high and 1,000 feet apart he will give daily exhibitions thereon during the big attraction.

Mr. Dixon goes to Niagara to-day and will remove the guys from the wire rope. It cost him $60 to have these guys erected.

STREET CAR HORROR.

A Locomotive Crashes into a Car Injuring About a Dozen People, Some Fatally.

A Cleveland despatch says: A frightful accident occurred at the Wilson avenue crossing of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis railway in this city about 7.30 Saturday evening, by which at least a dozen persons were terrible injured, some fatally. The crossing is on a steep grade, down which runs an electric street railway line. At the time the accident occurred a freight train was standing close to the crossing on the south track. An electric motor, drawing one car, was approaching from the south. The safety gates were put up, and the road apparently clear. Just as the motor had crossed the railway track a locomotive, running twenty miles an hour, dashed out from behind the freight train. The pilot of the engine struck the electric train between the motor and trail car, tearing them apart and hurling one to each side of the track. At least a score of persons were on the trail car, and they were tumbled about in all directions, some being hurled about a dozen feet away, and others pinned under the car, which was demolished. The street railway barns were close to the scene of the wreck, and a rescuing party was soon on hand. The victims were hurried away in ambulances to the hospitals. Following is a list of injured: Minnie Mock, crushed, died at hospital; J. A. Moore, right arm crushed, leg lacerated; Annie Nieman, collar bone broken, face cut; Louisa Mock, cut on head and arms; Edward Watson, right foot crushed; Chas. Woods, body bruised: Geo. Somers, leg cut; George Neff, several bruises; Lizzie Cable, badly bruised; Lizzie and Eliza Bragg, cut on head and bruised; Mrs. Mooney, leg sprained; Frank Rose, bruised about the hip, arm, and shoulder; Leona Howell, cut about the legs and head.

ENGLISH NIGHT MAIL

Comes to Grief on its Way to Paris—A Van Goes Over an Embankment—One Man Killed.

A Paris cable says: Early this morning Paris was startled with a report that a frightful accident had happened on the Northern Railway. Information was soon forthcoming that the English night mail from London to Paris had come to grief. The following is the official report of the disaster which was embodied in the report made by the Chemin de Fer du Nord to the Minister of the Interior: "Between Ailly and La Faloise, the night mail from London ran into a piece of iron work that had been dropped by a goods train. The consequence was that the engine, two carriages and the mail van left the rails and went over an embankment between five and six metres in height. Fortunately there was only one passenger in the carriage that went over the embankment. He was an employee of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and he was killed. The driver and fireman escaped. The guard had compound fracture of the leg and other injuries. The passengers escaped without injury. They were conveyed back to Amiens and brought on to Paris by another route, and reached Paris at half-past nine with the mails. There was no interruption to the London-Paris traffic except a delay of about a quarter of an hour to the half-past eleven express train through having to work temporarily on a single line.

Bishoprics appear conducive to long life in England. There are at the present moment no less than five spiritual peers of the House of Lords who are over 80 years of age. The Bishop of Worcester is 83, the Bishop of Bath and Wells 82, the Bishop of Winchester 80, the Bishop of Norwich 81, and most vigorous and lusty of all, the Bishop of Chichester who, at the age of 88, is still able to make long diocesan tours, to read and enjoy Stanley's last book and to express sympathy with those who find pleasure in dancing.

East Tawas, Mich., is mostly run by ladies. One is postmaster, another runs the telegraph office and has female messengers, another runs the best hotel, lady printers get out the weekly newspaper, a lone woman manages a big tea house, and two others have general stores, the school teachers are women, and so are the store clerks.

Chinamen who passed through Montreal in bond yesterday spoke very bitterly of being treated with such indignity, and said their Government would be likely to retaliate.

Rudolph Ranley, of Port Lambton, Ont., has been committed for trial at Sarnia, charged with setting fire to the butcher shop of William Davis at Port Lambton.

A very influential citizens' committee has been appointed in Montreal to make arrangements for the reception of Admiral Watson and Prince George, who are expected to arrive on Tuesday.

The machinists and boiler makers employed in the shops of the Pennsylvania Railway at Pittsburg have been notified of the adoption of the nine-hour day at the same compensation per hour as before.

Detective Grose, of Montreal, has taken an action for damages against Mr. Strange, a member of the Labor Conference at Ottawa, for having described private detectives as an armed body of blackmailers.

TYRANNY IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Lead to Mutiny in the First Battalion of the West India Regiment

AND THE MURDER OF AN OFFICER.

A Halifax despatch says: Fuller details have been received from Jamaica of the mutiny of the men of the First Battalion of the West India Regiment and of the killing of Sergeant White, notwithstanding the efforts of military officials to suppress the facts. These details show that the regiment is in a thoroughly demoralized condition, and compared with it, the Grenadier Guards are models of discipline!

The official story given out of the shooting of Sergeant White was to the effect that while temporarily insane and alone he took charge of the fort known as the Apostles' Battery, attempted to shoot his captain, and, refusing to surrender himself, he was shot in the effort to capture him. The military authorities had the man promptly buried, and at first refused to afford information to the civil authorities, intimating that the civil power had nothing whatever to do with military discipline, but the coroner insisted on having the body exhumed and on holding an inquest. The facts throughout show that Sergt. White was discontented with his treatment. He had been on duty at the fort for five months, and had frequently been refused leave of absence to see his family. A soldier can only see his captain by consent and in the presence of his immediate superior. The immediate cause of the whole trouble with the Grenadier Guards and of half the discontent in the British army was the tyrannical conduct of the sergeant-majors. The same difficulty caused the mutiny in the West India regiment at Jamaica. Sergt.-Major Hodgkinson refused Sergt. White permission to see Capt. Norris. This denial of the right of every British soldier drove White to desperation. There were a dozen men on guard, who evidently fully sympathized with him. White armed himself with a Winchester rifle and 46 rounds of ammunition, took charge of the battery and resolved to kill Capt. Norris and the obnoxious sergeant-major. The rest of the men at the battery did nothing to prevent him carrying out his murderous designs.

ATTACKING THE FORT.

Capt. Norris ordered Corporal Allen, with an armed escort of eight men from another fort, to arrest White. They went within 500 yards of the battery and stopped, saying they were afraid White would shoot them. Capt. Norris again ordered them to advance, but they refused, offering the same excuse. Capt. Norris upbraided the men for their cowardice, and said if they would not advance he would do so himself. He then walked up to near the battery and asked White to surrender. The latter refused unless Capt. Norris brought Sergt.-Major Hodgkinson to the battery with him. All this time the men who were at the battery with White failed to interfere. Then Norris, finding his escort panic-stricken, went off to another fort and obtained twenty picked gunners and sappers under Capt. Brett, R. E. Some hours elapsed before they arrived, but when they did arrive they attacked the battery from two points and poured in a fusillade of bullets. But in the dusk Sergeant White and his men sheltered themselves behind the cannon, and thus escaped the fatal missiles. They returned the fire promptly, and Corporal Dawson, of the attacking party, was shot in the shoulder. Finally Sergeant-Major Hodgkinson got the drop on his enemy, Sergeant White, and sent a bullet through his heart. The firing lasted about half an hour. It was 11 o'clock at night when Captains Norris and Brett recaptured the fort from the mutineers, who had held it for 24 hours. Captain Brett says he found the soldiers sitting and laughing about the place. A general court-martial was ordered, but the results had not been made known when the steamer left.

Richard McManus, aged 15 years, of No. 242 East Thirty-ninth street, was standing at the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Second avenue smoking a cigarette Tuesday night, and Policeman O'Neil, of the East Thirty-fifth station arrested him. In the Yorkville Police Court yesterday he had pleaded ignorance of the law, and Justice McMahon discharged him after he had promised to give up cigarette smoking until he attained the proper age.

Men and Women.

Tolstoi has nine children.

Talmage is growing stout.

John L. Sullivan is ready to act.

Adirondack Murray is still lecturing.

Mme. Diss DeBar wants to reopen her case.

The Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, is better.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew play next in India.

Tennyson wants Owen Meredith to be his successor.

President Carnot plays the French *jus de paume* when off duty.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, the Boston philanthropist, is nearly 90.

Commodore Gerry has begun another crusade against child actors.

The latest whistling beauty is Ella Chamberlain, of Swampscott, Mass.

Mr. Gladstone opens the new fine arts gallery at Dundee in October.

Princess Maud of Wales delights in collecting specimens of different kinds.

Mme. Barrios is shrewd, quiet and without any claims to distracting beauty.

Annie Wilson, who nursed Wm. Waldorf Astor's son Jacob, has been arrested for stealing.

A goddaughter of Daniel O'Connel was buried in Flatbush cemetery, Brooklyn, a few days ago.

At the formal cession by Heligoland the health of the Germans was proposed by the proprietor of the bathing machines, Herr Miobel.

A New Variety.

"Summer brave" is, according to the New York *Sun*, the very latest thing out in way of polite slang. A summer brave, says Mr. Dana, is not a dude, though his apparel is gorgeous and his general appearance wonderful to behold; he is not a masher, though he is a heart-breaker, and he is not necessarily a brainless fop, though the presumption is strong that he comes close to it. He differs from these varieties of the tailor-made man in that he makes his appearance in the warm season of the year alone, and at fashionable summer resorts exclusively. He is not to be seen at Coney Island, Cheltenham Beach, or other places where common people congregate, but he is numerous at Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Weukesha, and Oconomowoc. Whether he has come to stay, or whether he will gradually fade away like the dude, is yet to early to tell.—*Chicago News.*

Composing Machine.

There has been on view for some little time in the city an ingenious composing machine. It does not dispense with a human being to do the composing, but assists him in his work. He picks up his type and drops it down a funnel, the machine automatically placing it, the right end and side uppermost, and as each line is completed it is fed into a galley. The galley is then taken to the justifying machine, when the lines are spaced so as to exactly fill a column. Several machines are in operation at the printing works of Messrs. Clay and Sons, limited, Bread Street Hill, E.C. Particulars can be obtained from Mr. G. Hagborg, of the Lagermann Typefeder and Justifier Company, 15 Queen-Victoria Street, E. C.—*Industries.*

Lost to the World.

Another secret is lost to the world by the death of the only man who knew it. This is the Sterling Dyeing Company's process of dyeing a perfect fast black. James Pike, who knew the process, had for years been manager of the company, where he had made a fortune. A few days ago he dropped dead of apoplexy, and the Sterling Company is grieving over the loss of the secret.

She Lived to Learn.

Mr. Caustique—And so old Mrs. Gadd is dead?

Mr. Carry News—Yes, dead and buried.

Mr. Caustique—Dead and buried! Humph! I'll wager that by this time she knows all the family antecedents of the woman in the adjacent lot.—*Life*

The remains of Mr. Maximillian Fleischmann, the millionaire yeast manufacturer, who died at sea on board the Hamburg steamer Columbia on September 1, have arrived in New York.

Country editor—Jim, I understand that old stone building at the cross-roads is to be torn down. The printer—Yep, they begin to-morrow. Country editor—Well, just slip around and put a live toad in the wall. We must have something to fill up with this week.

TASTED COLD STEEL.

Southampton Strikers Repulsed at the Point of the Bayonet.

MANY OF THEM WOUNDED.

A London cable says: The Southampton strikers made a riotous demonstration last night, and were only dispersed at the point of the bayonet. The trouble began with the dock laborers preventing the departure of several trains. The strikers also besieged the gates of the dock and prevented the entrance of officials. Two companies of infantry arrived this evening and drove the mob from the rails. The dockmen made desperate attempts to break the line formed by the troops. Some of them took the horses from the cabs standing near by, and mounting them, charged furiously upon the soldiers. The troops, however, stood firm and repeatedly repulsed the strikers. A number of the horses were bayonetted and some of the riders were seriously wounded. By this time the crowd had been greatly augmented and volley after volley of stones was hurled at the troops. One lieutenant had the bridge of his nose broken by a stone, and two others were severely hurt. At this juncture the Mayor appeared and read the Riot Act. This only added to the fury of the mob, a section of which stormed the Mayor's business premises and smashed every window in the place. The troops were now supplied with ball cartridge, each man receiving twenty rounds. The mob still keeping up the attack, the soldiers were ordered to charge, and the whole line advanced upon the crowd with fixed bayonets. For a moment the rioters made a show of resistance, but seeing many of their number fall, pierced by the bayonets of the soldiers, the mob broke and fled in wild disorder. The excitement throughout the city to-night is intense and further trouble is feared.

NEW YORK'S NEW LAW.

Two Cigarette-Smoking Boys Arrested While Enjoying Themselves Illegally—A Tender-Hearted Policeman.

A New York despatch of last Tuesday night says: Policeman Downing, of the Elizabeth street station, was on duty on the Bowery yesterday when he was approached by a grim-faced individual, who said harshly:

"Where have you been?"

"I have been here all the while," replied Downing. "Why, what's the trouble?"

"A great deal," said the man. "A person is wilfully violating the law on your post, and here I've been looking for you for ten minutes. The criminal has probably escaped by this time."

The policeman followed the man to the corner of Canal street, where the man pointed to a dirty-faced, weak-kneed lad not two feet high, who was standing complacently on the corner with a lighted cigarette in his hand.

"I'm not going to arrest that kid," declared the policeman.

"It's your duty to do it, sir!" shouted the man. "What is your number? I'll report you for neglect of duty."

When she had felt the policeman's hand on his shoulder he cried, and 500 persons gathered in the space of five minutes. Abuse was heaped on the head of the policeman by the onlookers, who declared it an outrage to arrest a child. The policeman and Corporal Dawson, of the attacking party, was shot in the shoulder. Finally Sergeant-Major Hodgkinson got the drop on his enemy, Sergeant White, and sent a bullet through his heart. The firing lasted about half an hour. It was 11 o'clock at night when Captains Norris and Brett recaptured the fort from the mutineers, who had held it for 24 hours. Captain Brett says he found the soldiers sitting and laughing about the place. A general court-martial was ordered, but the results had not been made known when the steamer left.

The regiment was paraded by Major-General Clive Justice and a number of non-commissioned officers were degraded for their unsoldier-like conduct and disgraceful disregarded of duty. Major-General Justice after stripping the badges of the arms and breasts of the officers said he hoped they would never again have to resort to such an expedient for the maintenance of discipline and in the interest of duty, or that any men under his command would ever again act so unlike soldiers. Thirty-seven of the men and of the disgraced officers have been exiled to Barbadoes. The affair has produced a profound sensation in military circles.

THE MAID AND THE MEERSCHAUM.

A Pittsburg Girl Wins a Husband in a Strange Way.

A Pittsburg, Pa., despatch says: The firm of S. D. Ochs & Co., importers, of this city, recently received an invoice of very fine meerschaum goods which had just been placed on sale. Miss Maria Newhall, one of the firm's employees, was assigned the task of taking the articles from the boxes and placing them in the show cases. As she was handling one of the largest pipes she found a note in the bowl from Franz Diebert, of Berlin, a carver in meerschaum, saying he was anxious to marry an American girl, and if any of them saw this note he would like them to write to him, and if they suited each other he would marry her.

The sequel