

AN ELOPEMENT OF FOUR.

Two couples set out from the city of Quebec.

A wife got off with her husband's clerk and a nephew with the servant.

The story, as told by Fahey to a Herald reporter, is briefly as follows: A certain young Frenchman, whose name, however, is decidedly of English origin, was married about four months ago to a girl in a well known retail dry goods establishment in St. Lawrence street in this city.

The "husb" was not altogether unaware of this ripening of affection, and after vainly expostulating with his wife, by way of a joke, went upon a gaudy and ostentatious spree that lasted eight days, during which he managed to make himself thoroughly intolerable to his wife and friends.

Madame could not stand this, and after consultation with her clerks and the president of the firm, determined to do this in style as she visited her husband's safe, of which she had the key.

Accordingly, about ten days ago the quartette quietly disappeared, leaving the store behind them in a most lamentable state.

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SPAIN'S IMPRISONMENT.

No money for her troops or navy—soldiers dying from yellow fever.

New York, July 28.—A Havana letter says the regular troops at Puerto Principe not having been paid off for a long time and credit being refused went to the stores and forcibly applied themselves with provisions.

The Spanish war steamer Concepcion July 1 received sailing orders from Madrid. There being no funds to pay the crew, she could not leave.

He shot his lady love's father. Buffalo, July 28.—A special from Princeton, N.J., says the details of the murder on Saturday of Capt. Davis, a wealthy citizen of Worcester county, have just reached here.

Greedy Blamed For Loss of Life. New York, July 28.—Some of the men on the steamer Loch Gary say Greely is to blame for the loss of his life.

The strike at New York. New York, July 28.—Builders claim there are 3000 bricklayers and laborers on strike, but the workmen claim that only 700 are out.

A Reign of Terror Among Farmers. Litchfield, N.Y., July 28.—A reign of terror prevails among farmers in this neighborhood. Acids and alum have been mysteriously put into the milk cans.

GILMORE AND PATILLO.

A twelve-round battle at Albert Hall last night.

Gilmore wins by 50 points—Annual Meeting of the Canadian Association of Amateur Wrestlers.

Some delay was experienced in securing a referee, but finally Joe Fopp called on Prof. H. H. Driscoll, a new arrival from England.

The men faced each other at 9.30. They were both in excellent condition. Gilmore must have been considerably astonished with the play his opponent made.

There was, of course, some dissatisfaction with the decision, but the referee very properly overruled all objections.

Annual Meeting of the Canadian Association of Amateur Wrestlers was held at the club house of the Argonaut rowing club last night.

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OUR RAMBLE IN MUSKOKA.

The following was the betting last night.

Senior Four: 10 to 1 on the Chatham; 10 to 1 on the Toronto; 10 to 1 on the Argonaut; 10 to 1 on the St. John's; 10 to 1 on the Toronto; 10 to 1 on the Argonaut; 10 to 1 on the St. John's; 10 to 1 on the Toronto; 10 to 1 on the Argonaut; 10 to 1 on the St. John's.

After a two hours' run the comfortable little steamer Nipissing landed us at Port Carling, a wonderful centre of population.

Two enjoyable days were spent at Port Carling, after which we proceeded to the lovely lakes of Muskoka.

At length a succession of gusts whirled through the now darkened clouds overcast the sky, and a portentous roar of verberation warns us that a storm is at hand.

The trip was next alternated by a nine mile ride over a typical Muskoka road to Port Carling, past a comparatively large and a succession of lakes.

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FATALITIES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

An Engineer Crushed—A Fisherman Drowned—A Woman Killed.

St. John, N.B., July 28.—John Reid, engineer of the bark extract factory, was killed at Wolford, Kent county, Sunday, having been struck by a locomotive of the Intercolonial railway special.

At P. Anzor, ex-Fred. McDonald, 17 to 18 years, was sculling out to the salmon nets on an albatross and he fell into the water.

About 9 o'clock to-night, a young woman named Hayes and her brother were walking along King street, at the corner of Prince William street, a horse and carriage driven furiously suddenly turned around the corner and struck and knocked them down.

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OFF THE SPANISH COAST.

The Laxham and the Captain—Terrible Collision—A Collision With a Steamer.

LONDON, July 28.—Survivors of the steaming Laxham report that on the evening of the collision there was a thick fog. The Laxham was going slow. Both steamers were sounding whistles.

The Laxham was nearly out of control. The funnel went and steamships burst. The Laxham sank and the engine was horribly scalded.

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PERSONAL.

Ald. Piper left for Detroit last night.

The first case against the Cincinnati liquor dealers under the Scott law was decided in the justice court by sitting down on Friday night and dragged, beaten and robbed of \$1500.

The Duke of Argyll, after making an excellent speech in the house of lords, rode to the house of commons by sitting down on a glass of water placed near him for refreshment.

Some 300 women at Hartford have been swindled out of \$1500 by the Great Northwestern telegraph company, from Mr. Belcher, a Spanish river, reading as follows:

A general order promulgated by the dynamic centre at Cardenas has been issued. The British consul, Mr. West, upon the completion of their labors that commenced in November.

Ald. Turner, James E. Smith, ex-Mayor Manning and the Editor of The West went into the musical emporium of A. & B. N. Ross, which Mr. Smith declared made finer lead than after him to the sound of the lyre, and who charmed by his song the most consistent of forest attachment.

Another Maid. Maud Muller on a summer day. Baked a meadow sweet with hay. Her supple fingers, like the strings of a harp, were busy with the golden gleam—'Oh, I'm Maud Muller, girl and gay. Here in the meadow making hay. The work is hard, but I'm full of gold. And if I should fade to me, That which my daddy tells me to. I fear that Maud in daddy's way. Was leading her life in a dream. Or so I work and live—perchance. In fear of old daddy's ire. In dread that ere his breath is spent He'll cut me off without a care. 'Twas thus that Maud on summer's day Was raising up the new-mown hay.—A. F.

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