

# WEEKLY MONITOR Supplement, May 30th, 1888.

## Back to the Little Ones.

[From the New York World.]

The sedentary philosopher of Madison Square, George Francis Train, who recently left this city with the avowed intention of never returning, was back again under the trees yesterday. He could not stand the absence from the sparrows and the children, and he returned to his old place in the square where he has been a familiar figure for nearly ten years. He arrived by an early train and long before noon you could hear on all sides on upper Broadway, "George Francis Train has come back." It was about 11 o'clock when he was first seen. Where he came from no one knows, but he appeared suddenly on Broadway and instantly became the observed of all observers. Time has written no more wrinkles on his kindly face. He certainly looks ten years younger than when he went away. His hair is not a whit more grey, and his eyes are as bright and his complexion as clear as a child's. Whether he has found a fountain of perpetual youth, or has by his own will power succeeded in remaining young is hard to tell, but certainly no one who saw him, with his firm, quick step on Broadway yesterday, would doubt his opinion that he would live one hundred years.

The philosopher was dressed in a tweed suit as of old, but the pattern was quiet and subdued, and he, indeed, at least, did not look like the man who sits here to lecture on anarchy in Chicago some months ago. He crossed Broadway at Twenty-third street and entered Madison Square at the southwest corner. The square never looked brighter than it did in the warm morning sun. As though he could not help it, he took from his pocket some crumbs and threw them down on the walk. Instantly a drove of sparrows which had been eying him from the benches of the shade trees flew down. The scene attracted the attention of the children, and in five minutes there was not a nurse, child, sparrow or policeman in the square who did not know that George Francis Train had come home. Right on the corner he held an impromptu reception of the little folks. They were right glad to see him, for he seems a part of the bright spring that comes in spots in the busy city for their pleasure. The trees and grass were green, the sparrows chirped and the flowers bright. The grey-coated policeman stood in the square as usual, but to the little children who play, sleep, and cry in the square there seemed to be something wanting in the spring, but that was all made up when their old friend with "audy and penner" came back to them. Nature had given a beautiful day for the return of the sage, and for a brief quarter of an hour the philosopher and the precocious children had it all their own way. His reception over, he walked away, and the children, now perfectly contented, resumed their play. The policeman wandered away to find bad boys on the grass and the sparrows resumed their endless chatter in the trees. Half way across, the philosopher was met by the reporter. To the proffered hand he smiled and said, "No, no, Chinese," and in his peculiar way shook hands with himself, and the reporter followed his example. Mr. Train had in his pocket a copy of yesterday's *World* with the artist's picture of himself sitting surrounded by his sparrows. He expressed himself as wonderfully pleased with it, and stated that he was going to take up his old place in the square. He raised his hat and tapping his brow said, "Psychology is all right; so is this. I am going to make just one speech that will astound the world and break up the machines. This done, I go back to my old place." He would not tell when or how he was going to do all this, but wandered over to the spot where the grass is dead and where on a special bench he had sat for years.

A keen disappointment was in store for him. The bench was no longer in its place. Foreman Johnson, according to the officer in the park, had given orders that Mr. Train could sit where other people sat or not at all. He always had so many people about him that it killed the grass. For this reason there was no bench waiting to receive him. He paused just for a moment, then turned on his heel and walked quickly down Broadway. His action and the absence of the bench were noticed and in a short time a rumor was spread like wild-fire that he had left Madison Square for good and had gone to less aristocratic Union Square. The story caused great distress to the children, the policeman, and sparrow, and in contemplation of the calamity the square became quiet. But it did not last long. The bright day was too fine for regrets, and the noise of children, policeman and sparrow began again. The fact is the philosopher has taken another seat, opposite Twenty-eighth street, in the park.

Citizen Train visited *The World* office last night. He was chock full of tales of Nova Scotia. "For a hundred years," he said, "they have been selling the aged and children at auction. I myself, in Sussex, bought a white man, seventy-two years of age, a British subject, for \$50. His name was Old Martin. They would not let me have him, because I told them I was going to take him to Exeter Hall, London, to exhibit him as a specimen white slave brought in the British dominions. But I showed up the whole thing and he went to Jay Gould's Canada. The Dominion swallowed England through its action on free trade; Sir John Macdonald swallowed the Dominion; the Canadian Pacific swallowed Sir John; the syndicate in Wall street swallowed the Canadian Pacific, and President of the syndicate, leaves for England, May 28. He is coming here to make his last deal and will never return. It is said he has scooped a million dollars. To pay the debt incurred for that railroad, which has been switched off into the States, the Canadian maritime provinces are bankrupted. St. John is the only place I have ever known where the ground rent and taxes take everything a man possesses, and where a first mortgage doesn't count for anything. You can cut the groom of bankruptcy with case-knife. Nobody ever pays anything. You can say I am going to stomp this country to smash things and raise Cain generally."

MILLMAN'S BLOODY HAND.—*Charlottetown, May.*—Since the execution last month at Charlottetown, of Millman, some new evidence has transpired which supplies the missing link in the chain of circumstantial evidence. Between Millman's farm and the river lives an uncle and aunt of the executed boy. When the body of May Tupples was discovered, this aunt became greatly agitated, her cries of anguish being heard by the neighbors all around. It now appears that she was possessed of some information which she had naturally refrained from disclosing, and which convinced her of the guilt of her nephew. It will be remembered that Millman declared that on the night of the murder he was lying about his father's gate until 10 o'clock, when he went into the house. It now turns out that about 11 o'clock his aunt was looking out of a window of her house—it being a bright moonlight night—and saw her nephew come up the fields, enter the yard, and wash his hands at the pump. She seemed to have had a sentiment at that time that something was wrong and that feeling settled into a conviction in her nephew's guilt when the murder was known. The circumstance may seem trifling, but it would have been a strong point if such were needed, against Millman at his trial.

—It was difficult to find customers for strawberries at five or six cents a box in New York on Monday.

## A Hand of Flame in the Heavens.

AND IT POINTED AT OHIO—A SINGULAR AND AWE-INSPIRING SPECTACLE.

FINDLAY, O., May 22.—A strange spectacle was visible in the northern sky here last night shortly after 11 o'clock. It was the representation of a human hand of immense proportions and awe-inspiring in its realistic vividness. Early in the evening the sky in the north had a peculiar appearance, which, as the night wore on, took the form of flashes of light, constantly changing in color, flaming up from the horizon and again subsiding, but with each appearance becoming more brilliant and unnatural. This continued until about 11 o'clock, when those watching the phenomena were terrified to see these plumes of light concentrating into a distinct object, which soon assumed the proportions of a giant hand, well formed, and as distinct as if painted upon the dark background of the sky. The hand appeared to be a shadowy substance through which waves of light of a blood-red color surged and then fell off at the ends of the fingers in drops of the same color.

The first finger of the hand pointed downward towards the sleeping city, as if warning the people of some woe about to befall them. The spectacle lasted for about an hour, when it began slowly to fade away and finally disappeared altogether.—*New York World.*

CANNED HERRING.—One of the members of the wide awake firm of A. & R. Loggie was in Baltimore in 1886, and seeing Ocean Trout on some cans in a grocery store, bought one of them and opened it. He found that it was filled with herring and made a note of it. Last year he put up a few cases at Escumiac, and sent them abroad. They sold so well that the firm has gone largely into the business this spring, employing their entire laboring force, now when there are no lobsters to can, in this industry. The herring stay in shore for a few days only, and they are taken wholesale in a temporary pond made with set nets, in which they are kept still washed. The factory girls clean, gut and scale the herring, and pack them, slightly flavored with salt. It requires about two herring to a can. This herring canning business will probably become one of the great fishing industries of the North Shore.—*Gloucester World.*

—An extraordinary turf accident is reported by the last mail from New Zealand. At the Sandon back meeting, at the town of Palmerston, one of the horses fell, when, strange to say, all the six other animals following were likewise brought, one after the other, down on the top of him. The result was that the riders and horses lay writhing in a heap, and terrible injuries were inflicted on all the jockeys. The race, of course, was never finished, and when the riders were extricated from the struggling mass they were nearly all insensible from broken arms, legs, and ribs. One jockey named Mackenzie died shortly after the affair, and it will be a long time before the others are restored.

SUCCESS OF A REMARKABLE EYE OPERATION.—Mrs. Annie Schick, the subject of Dr. J. Webster Fox's recent remarkable operation of transplanting a portion of the cornea of a rabbit's eye to that of a human being, was examined by the physician, at Philadelphia, on the 19th, and the graft was not only found to be entirely successful, but the patient was enabled to distinguish objects at a distance of several feet. With further bandaging and careful attention, it is confidently believed that complete vision will be restored to the eye, and when this has been accomplished, a similar operation will be made upon her other eye, which is almost completely obscured by an opaque surface.

Berlin, May 26.—The emperor passed a good night and felt refreshed this morning. He went out in the park shortly after rising.

## Wimoot.

TO MY FRIENDS IN THE EAST END OF ANNEPOLIS COUNTY.—I thank every one of you that used me fair and square, that tried to help me along, and were pleased to see me do well. If there are any good square men in this world, there are some in Wimoot. I will name a few: A. Lee, T. Phinney, Geo. Nelly, W. M. McVicar, John Tools, Slim Woodbury, Robert Morse, Silas Lewis, John Cookin, N. P. Wood, E. J. Parker, Henry Phinney, Gullford Miller, D. Feindal, Hugh Kerr, Capt. Hall, John Fry, Wm. Nelly, and Wm. Berry. These are men I have tried and found safe, with more that I have not room to name to here. I tried to do my best for you all in getting and suiting you all with boots and shoes, both in work and in stock. I felt very sorry to leave my family, and you to come here, but I was driven out of the place by a class of people that would not pay, and a few that could not pay. I lost in nine years, about \$1,200 by this class, and some of them claim to be God's children. If anyone owed those people and could not pay when due, they would give their debtors no peace until they got it. They are the lads that owe me to-day, and drove me out of Wimoot. I had to work fifteen hours a day to make both ends meet. I wish you all well. I am in a good place and working for good men; get my pay every Saturday night. I have no trouble in any way. I cannot tell when I will be with you again; I will make no promises, but it will be sometime, unless something happens me or J. J. Warren & Co., or I get my discharge, and even then I do not think I shall ever start up the shoe business in Wimoot again on the credit system. Credit in Nova Scotia is doing more harm than anything else. I say live within your income and pay as you go. Sell nothing without pay down. There would be less going away to the United States to avoid paying bills if this was done. Yours very truly, I. B. ELLIOTT.

Worcester, Mass., May 25th, 1888.

BECOMES HIS GIRL WOLVES' MARRY HIM.—A young man named Harry Morgan attempted suicide on Tuesday evening by jumping from the new railway bridge into the swollen river. A number of boys, who were near the river, saw him jump into the river, and at once ran to his rescue and called for help. In a short time quite a large crowd had congregated on the river bank and the would-be suicide was fished from the rushing waters in time to save his life. The poor fellow had been in a demented state for a week, because his girl, whom he loved and was to marry, had gone back on him. Since the girl's refusal to marry him, the young man has been endeavoring to drown his grief in the flowing bowl, and not succeeding in this he attempted to drown himself. Morgan is only about twenty years old, and the girl whom he has gone mad over lives on Waterloo Row.—*Gloucester.*

ANOTHER ST. JOHN WILKIN.—St. John, May 25.—This afternoon Thos. Casack, who carries on the occupation of umbrella mender, made a desperate attempt to quit-nare Miss Annie Campbell, a young lady of eighteen years. Casack, who had received an umbrella from Mr. Campbell to repair, called at Campbell's house near the marsh bridge about four o'clock. He returned the umbrella and was paid fifteen cents for the job by Annie. Hearing that her father was absent, Casack seized Annie and a terrible struggle ensued. Her little sister about ten or twelve years hearing her screams rushed in and bravely attacked the brute. By their combined efforts Casack was frustrated in his vile design and fled from the house, leaving his intended victim almost senseless. As soon as they could give the alarm the girls notified Policeman Woods who arrested Casack near by and lodged him in the Portland police station.