REV. WM. DOBSON MAKING A HIT IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

Crowds Throng His Church---A Bunch of Weddings on the Island---Several Painful Accidents Recently.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Sept. 29.—Rev. Wm. Dobson, the new pastor of the First Methodist Church, is drawing immense audiences. The auditorium, which is among the largest in the lower provinces, is crowded at every evening service. On Sunday evening last many were turned away, the public having learned that a temperance sermon was to be preached. It was an exceptionally able effort. There was no ranting, just sound, convincing logic, with scant attempt at eloquence. In the course of this sermon Mr. Dobson stated that after nearly three months' residence here he was prepared to say that during an observation of thirty years in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, he had never seen as few drunken men for a city of its size as in Charlottetown.

John Kelly, aged 19, of Charlottetown, was badly burnt in Philadelphia a few days ago, the result of a leaking boiler on a tugboat, where he is employed.

Wm. H. Manson and J. E. Wyatt of Summerside have been nominated by the conservatives to contest the fourth district of Prince county in the local elections. This district is now represented by Capt Read of Summerside and S. E. Reid of Tryon. The conservative candidates at last election were Neil McQuarrie of Summerside and John Anderson of Kensington.

Mr. Dever, manager at Summerside of the Royal Bank of Canada, has been transferred to Havana, Cuba.

The home of Amblan Crawford of Cardigan was broken into last Sunday while the family were attending church, and $21 was stolen.

Rev. John E. Harris, late of Murray Harbor South, left yesterday for Oakfield, Wisconsin, where he will be stationed in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Henry Hughes and Benj. Munroe have each been fined $100 and costs for violations of the Prohibition Act.

Two painful accidents occurred here this week, when Fred Stavert of Wilmot Valley, and Wm. Matheson of Searletown, both young men, were kicked in the face by a horse and seriously injured.

Rev. H. G. Geatz and Mrs. Geatz of Alberton have gone to Nova Scotia, where the latter will reside. Mr. Geatz intends taking a medical course in Princeton University previous to his entering on missionary work. Mr. Geatz has labored with much acceptance during the past four years as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Alberton. His successor is Rev. Mr. Hamilton.

Miss M. Louise Barrett of Charlottetown has been appointed superintendent and assistant matron of Newport Hospital, Newport, R. I. She is a daughter of James Barrett.

The teachers' convention is now being held in Charlottetown. Upwards of 200 teachers from all parts of the province are already in attendance. Inspector G. F. McCormac is presiding.

Among the deaths occurring since last writing are Robert Ford of Milton, aged 51; Mrs. T. W. Dodd of Charlottetown; Angus McInnis of Tracadie; Mrs. John H. Cairns of Charlottetown, aged 36; Mrs. John Driscoll of Charlottetown, aged 74; Mrs. Malcolm Martin of Heatherdale, aged 75; Mrs. Edward Shaakey of Peters Road; Francis Hynes of Millview; Harry, son of M. C. McDonald, purser of Minto, aged 11; Mrs. Hugh Rafferty of Lot 11, aged 86; Mrs. Francis Simmons of Belmont, Lot 16, aged 67; Mrs. Patrick Stephens of Cardigan, aged 90; Mrs. Aretas Muttart of South Kildare; George Campbell of Lower Montague, aged 47; Montague McFarlane of Lower Montague, aged 18; Christina McPherson of Caledonia, aged 18; Mrs. John McLean of Heatherdale, aged 33; Annie M. McDonald of Clear Spring, aged 23; Jos. Murphy of Freeland, Lot 11, aged 77; John Carroll of Charlottetown, aged 76; Mrs. Patrick O'Halloran of Sparrow's Road, aged 76; Edwin, youngest son of Fenwick Gill of Charlottetown, aged 17 months. Deaths of Islanders abroad include: At Chicago, Clara J. Murphy of Hope River, aged 22; at Chelsea, Mass., Clement McDonald, aged 25, formerly of Grand River; at Milwaukee, John Mahar, aged 23, formerly of Charlottetown.

The maritime exhibition now on in Charlottetown is the most successful ever held in this province. The attendance during Wednesday and Thursday is the largest ever known here. Perfect weather prevails. The exhibits, too, are the best this province has ever shown. Every department is crowded, and each seems to excel. Of shorthorn cattle alone there are seventy entries. Mr. Archibald of Truro is here with 21 head, mostly Ayrshires, and all the other classes are well filled. Of swine there are upwards of one hundred entries, and of sheep about one hundred and fifty. The exhibit of horses is an excellent one, doing highest credit to our Island breeders. The vegetable, grain and fruit exhibits are the best ever seen here, there being 750 exhibits of apples alone. The 2.19 and the 2.30 were the only races pulled off yesterday. Ada Mac won the former and Bonita the latter.

Recent departures from P. E. Island include Rev. D. J. Fraser for Montreal to begin his professional duties; Maurice McDonald for Rome; Rev. J. K. and Mrs. Fraser, returning to North Carolina; Senator McDonald to Vancouver; Ernest Earle to be married in Vancouver; Fred Campbell of Summerside to act as bookkeeper with A. E. Alexander of Campbellton; Mrs. James McMurdo and Miss Maggie of North Bedeque on a trip to Calgary; Mrs. (Dr.) Conroy of Charlottetown and Mrs. (Dr. Fraser of St. Peter's Bay to Cincinnati. Late arrivals include Alfonso Bell of California on a visit to his old home in Summerside after 25 years' absence; Mrs. Arthur Howatt of California to Tryon; Mrs. Geo. J. Campbell of Seattle, Washington, on a visit to West River after 19 years' absence; Mrs. John Morton of Pine Ridge, N. B., also to visit West River after 30 years' absence; Rev. T. W. Goodwill and wife from Ontario; George Harris from California to visit his former home in Sherbrooke after 24 years' absence; Wm. C. Lea of Victoria, returning from a trip to California.

The past week has been a prolific one in P. E. Island marriages. Among those taking the nuptial vows are: Gordon Clark of Tatamagouche, N. S., and Ella J. Carruthers of Mill River; J. L. Kennedy of Souris West and Elizabeth C. McInnis, graduate of Carney Hospital of Boston; M. B. Roger Spurling of St. George's, Bermuda, and Laura Ella Brehant of Charlottetown; Dobson Clark and Ada Wadman, both of Crapaud; Herbert Platts of Tignish and Irene Reynard of Greenmount; John W. Hogg of Kelvin Grove and Irene M. Casely of Kensington; William P. Wright and Christy A. Irving, both of Montague; William B. Hicken and Katie E. McKinnon, both of Montague; Fred G. Hooper of Lynn, Mass., and Hannah I. Aitken of Lower Montague; George A. McLeod of Indian River and Mary P. McKay of Darnley; Ambrose G. Mellett of Union Road and Fannie West of Charlotteown; Fulton Simpson of Belmont and Eleanor H. Taylor of Bedeque; Ephraim Clark of Fifteen Point and Sophia Stright of Cape Traverse; Webster B. Allen of Union Corner and Mattie E. Barrett of Central, Lot 16; Thomas Grensell of Souris Line Road and Teresa McCormac of Gloucester, Mass.; Patrick O'Connor of Lot 7 and Alma Howard of Locke Road; John J. Duffy of Charlottetown and Henrietta M. McDonald of Peake's Station; Fidele Perry and Della Milligan, both of Summerside; Melville L. Bradshaw of New Glasgow and Elytha D. Read of Summerside; J. Shaw of Woburn, Mass., and Nettie Palmer of French River; at Calgary, Henry E. McKay, formerly of Darnley, and Bertha Pickering, formerly of Clinton.

The Methodist church at Hunter River was reopened on Sunday, after having undergone extensive repairs.

Rev. A. N. Simpson, wife and family of Summerside leave shortly for Lacombe, Alberta, where he will locate. He is leaving Summerside because of throat trouble, which necessitates a change of climate.

Miss Hooper has resigned from the teaching staff of Prince street school, and Miss Gladys Lord has been appointed in her stead.

KILLED MANY HOGS.

Dunn Bros.' Factory Has Made Pork of Five Carloads This Week.

The pork factory of Dunn Bros. in Fairville has been in operation for some months curing and dressing hogs, but it is only during the last few days that the other branch of the business, the slaughtering of the animals, has been in full working order. The firm have recently added to their outfit a complete plant for dealing with the pig in a live state, and since Monday have effectively handled five car loads in this condition.

It is necessary for packers in this province who slaughter their own stock to send a car from place to place collecting hogs as they are offered. Messrs. Dunn, however, notwithstanding that the supply is as yet somewhat limited, were able to secure two car loads from Florenceville, Carleton Co., and the remainder of their stock came from Toronto direct.

The hogs in their live state weigh from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty pounds, and one-third is usually deducted for waste in dressing. The animals delivered this week at the factory have all been in prime condition. They were shipped in cars holding about ninety hogs apiece, so the factory has the excellent record of handling about four hundred and fifty hogs during its first week of operations. The capacity of the Fairville establishment is about three hundred animals a day, and as the season advances the number dealt with will increase as the supply throughout the province becomes more plentiful. The factory is fully equipped in every detail and is the first establishment of its kind in St. John to adopt the modern method of slaughtering and dressing by machinery.

THE MEN WHO PUT THE RUSSIANS TO FLIGHT

Will Arrive on Tuesday.

"Don't pull the trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians."

It was the crisis of the battle of the Alma, the first battle fought by the allied British and French armies during the Crimean war. The Russians had massed a large body of picked men in entrenchments at the crest of a hill which commanded the slope up which the British had to charge in order to gain the position. Lord Raglan had selected the Black Watch Highlanders for the terrible task. They charged, Sir Colin Campbell had his horse shot from under him, but they took the battery at a bound and the Russians fled, leaving multitudes of dead behind.

It is the men of this glorious Highland regiment who will be with us on Tuesday, men many of whom have fought with the fighting First Battalion wherever it has gone during the past twenty years. The most magnificent band in the British Empire, and the Royal Pipers, whose notes are the most inspiring in army music. Nothing in music, classical or barbarous, can excel the thrill which the skirl of the pipers gives to a Highland march.; and the dance, the Highland fling, the reels, the Argyleshire sword dances, dancing of a character never witnessed here before. It will be a grand day for Scotchmen, and the music of the brass band, fine as it is, will be surpassed by the charm and the variety of the dances and the pipers.

One night only, Tuesday, 4th Oct., at the Opera House, and the school children's matinee.

All those suffering with
Boils, Scrofula, Eczema
will find
Weaver's Syrup and Cerate
invaluable to cleanse the blood
Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

SALVATION ARMY NOTES.

Captain Woodhouse addressed an appreciative audience in the No. III. barracks, Brindley stret, last night, where he delivered his interesting lecture, Under Two Flags. The captain served three years in South Africa and was all through the Boer war. He gave some very touching incidents of his experience during that time.

Miss Eva Booth's farewell visit to the cities in Ontario and other parts has been marked with great success. Immense crowds have gathered at the different places visited. Speaking of Commissioner Booth, a contemporary writes:

"Miss Booth is one of the most extraordinary women in public life today. She comes from an extraordinary family, every one of whose members have become famous. Wherever the English language is spoken the name of Booth is familiar.

"Miss Booth has a marvellous gift of language, and throws herself, body and soul, into her addresses. Eva Booth was bred and born in the work of the Salvation Army. She has filled every grade, from War Cry seller in the streets of London to being commissioner of the work in Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. What a mainspring is to a watch this woman is to the work of the Army in the dominion. She is a versatile woman, equally at home in the drawing rooms of the west end of London or the slums of Whitechapel, and she has watched the ebb of life by the light of a tallow candle in the garret and cellars of the submerged tenth with as much zeal, devotion and love as she has knelt on the richly carpeted floors of the millionaire.

YOUNG LADIES, MARRIED WOMEN

MRS. JNO. C. HUFFMAN SPEAKS TO YOU ALL.

She Tells of Her Troubles and Their Cure that You May be Benefited.

NAPANEE, Ont., Sep. 30.—(Special.)—There are many women in Canada who will yet write letters of thanks to Mrs. Jno. C. Huffman of this place. Mrs. Huffman suffered as they are suffering now. She discovered a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills; and she is breaking the law of secrecy that binds the great majority of womankind to let her suffering sisters know where they may find relief. Mrs. Huffman says:

"I was troubled for about six years with Kidney Disease and the pain was so great I could hardly bear it. I could not entertain any company. One night when I was feeling very miserable I read of some wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and resolved to try them.

"At this time my urine was something terrible and at times very disagreeable to pass, but Dodd's Kidney Pills soon brought me relief from all my troubles and by the time I had taken six boxes I was completely cured.

"I am making this statement to the public in the hope that it may help other young ladies or married women."

OIL MAKES POET A MILLIONAIRE

Joaquin Miller Gets Information That He Has Become a Very Wealthy Man.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Friday. — From poet to millionaire is the position in which Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras," finds himself, but it is because of oil, not poetry. The poet is now wondering what he will do with his newly acquired wealth. Information of his fortune has reached Mr. Miller within the last few days at his home on the heights back of Oakland.

"I have been informed," said Mr. Miller, "that oil has been found in and around the land that I have held in Texas for so many years and I am supposed to be worth a great deal of money. That is what they tell me from the place where the land is located. There are Texas gushers all around there, and a Texas gusher, I believe, spouts wealth in the shape of the oil of commerce.

"But while I am now on the borders of millionairedom I find that whatever gratification I may feel is tempered with the regret of a writer and a Californian—the first that it was made through sources other than my pen, and the second that it was made in the oil of trade from a level plain instead of through the gold of my beloved Californa hills.

"It is not often that a poet steps from the most ordinary of circumstances to wealth, and I am wondering what I will do with so much money. I shall use it for my fellow man and for my friends who occasionally come to see me at my little place on the top of the Oakland hills."

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

OSCAR WRIGHT COMMITTED.

Must Stand Trial for Manslaughter.

Preliminary Examination Finished Yesterday—He Will be Tried in January at Hampton.

SUSSEX, Sept. 30.—The preliminary examination in the Havelock killing affair was resumed this morning at 10 o'clock in Stipendiary Morrison's office.

Herbert A. Fowler, sworn, said: "I am constable for the county of Kings. I assisted in the arrest of Oscar Wright. I did not hear Constable Coates say that a pig pen was good enough for Wright to stay in. I did not hear him tantalize the prisoner at all. I had no conversation with the prisoner before I arrested him. I had none afterwards concerning this assault. I was present all the time that Constable Coates, Constable Corey and the accused were together, and could hear anything that was said by them.

Oldfield Proctor, sworn, said: "I reside at Havelock Corner. I am a laborer. I was there at the time of the affray. When I got there I saw Oscar rush into the crowd. I heard him say, "I know the —— that's doing the talking." I saw him come at Sam Keith. I saw him strike Sam Keith. When I arrived at the pile of shingles McKnight was there. That was the first I saw of him. I next saw Oscar in the middle of the road with Mrs. Wright. They were hitting one another's sticks. I next saw Oscar coming towards where McKnight was. He had a stick, carrying it up in the air. I saw him strike McKnight on the head with the stick. I heard the blow. It sounded loud. I saw McKnight fall immediately. I did not see where Wright went after that.

Frank Peterson, sworn, said: "I reside at Havelock. I am a son of Oscar Peterson. I am 18 years of age. I reside with my father. I was present at Havelock on the evening of 16th, and saw the latter part of the fight. I got there between 6.30 and 7 p. m. I saw several men take Oscar Wright from the door of Wright's shop. Three of them were Sam Keith, Chip Keith and Fred Perry. Mrs. Wright had a long stick in her hand. She was beating Oscar. They let go of Oscar. I was then on the opposite side of the road. I was about three or four rods away. Dudley Keith came along with his wife, driving. He turned and went away, and soon came back with Ira Wright and his brother-in-law, Mitten. Ira and Mitten got out of the carriage. Two men took off their coats. I stood in about the same position all the time. Oscar said, "This is the black —— I want to get at," starting for Sam Keith. I did not see Oscar after that till he was again clinched by the crowd—I can't say how many. Mrs. Wright and W. C. McKnight were beating him, and he (Oscar) fell to the ground. I had seen McKnight prior to this at the shingle pile. I can't swear positively how far I was from the shingle pile. I might have been 20 feet away from where Mrs. Wright and Oscar were fighting. I first saw McKnight at the shingle pile. Charles Coates was there when I first saw McKnight. I did not see McKnight have any stick. When McKnight came back I saw Oscar Wright get up, assisted by nobody. He got a club near where he was lying. He swung it around as if clearing the crowd. The crowd went back. The next I saw was Oscar and Mrs. Wright having a duel. Both were striking with their clubs. They kept this up about a minute or two. No person interfered with them at that time. The shingles were about 10 feet away from where this row was. The next I saw was a club coming down on McKnight's head. There was a crowd between me and McKnight. I heard no blow. I saw the arms that struck the blow above the crowd. The club was about the size of the one in the court. I saw McKnight fall. I did not go over to where the fight was. I went home right away.

C. O. Peterson, sworn, said: "I reside at Havelock. I am a tailor and painter. I was at Havelock on the evening of the 16th. I saw the quarrel. I came the same time as my son Charlie, the last witness. There was no row when I got there. I saw Oscar Wright standing by the Wright shop door. I stood near my son. The first thing I saw was Oscar Wright cutting a rope which held a stick across the door of the Wright shop. When the stick fell, Mrs. Wright took it. She raised it up and let it come down on Oscar's hands. I heard her forbid Oscar to go in the shop. I did not hear his answer. C. W. McKnight was then near me. We were both on the opposite side of the road from Oscar. Mrs. Wright is an old woman. I next saw Sam Keith, Chip Keith and Fred Perry and another man. They took hold of Oscar Wright. They scuffled and got out towards the centre of the road. I could not understand what they said. They let go of Oscar. About this time Dudney Keith came along with his horse and carriage. Dudney's wife was with him. They drove away and soon Dudney came back with two more men. They jumped out of the carriage and took off their coats. Some person said: "Who wants to fight?" Oscar Wright made a blow at Sam Keith. I did not hear Sam say anything to Oscar. The crowd closed in on Oscar Wright. I looked around and saw Wm. McKnight beat at Oscar with clubs. I couldn't tell any of those who were moving around. I saw Oscar Wright. He was felled by a blow or blows. A number had hold of him when he fell. He fell face downwards. When he got up he got a club. I did not see the duel between Oscar Wright and Mrs. Wright. After I passed McKnight I looked around and saw a club swinging in the air. I don't know what made me look around. I saw the club come down on Wm. McKnight.

The preliminary examination of Oscar Wright was concluded at Sussex yesterday afternoon. He was committed for trial on the charge of manslaughter.

The afternoon evidence was as follows:—

Dr. Fleming, sworn, said: I examined deceased shortly after he had been brought home. I found blood oozing from the mouth and a fracture at the base of the skull, which generally causes death.

Adam Steeves, sworn, said: I saw the last of the affray. I saw the crowd pull Wright away from the building. A few minutes later he went away. I did not see any stick in McKnight's hand. I saw Oscar strike McKnight a blow with a stick, and saw McKnight fall.

To Mr. Parlee—I did not see Oscar and Mrs. Wright have the duel with the sticks.

Dudney Keith, sworn, said: 'I live in Havelock. I was present part of the evening of the 16th. I drove by with my wife about 7 p. m. I saw Oscar Wright and Mrs. Wright standing by the Wright shop door. I saw a crowd standing on the opposite side of the road a little below the shop. I drove around the block, and when I came back I saw Oscar standing holding on the door. Sam Keith went up and grabbed him around the body and pulled him back from the door. Two or three others caught him also, and they went toward the middle of the road. Mrs. Wright followed him up and pounded him on the head. Oscar hollowed for help. Somebody then hollowed, "Mob him." Mrs. Wright then says, "Damn you, I'll kill you." Then I turned the wagon and started to drive away. She says, "For God Almighty's sake, Dud., get out and help kill him." I drove away to see if I could find his brother Ira. I thought he was at Del Seeley's. My object was to stop the fight. I hollerred for Ira. He came to Seeley's barn door and asked what was the matter. I said there was a crowd holding Oscar and the old woman beating him on the head with a club. I said, "You better go over and stop it or they will kill him." I heard the old woman threaten to do so; that was the reason I went. He hollerred for Walter Mitten. My wife says, "I'll get out and you drive them over." Ira says, "All right." She got out, and went over by Mr. Seeley's gate. When we got to where Oscar was, he got up and took off his coat. As he pulled off his coat he says, "If it's fight you want," and I did not hear the rest. Oscar ran across to where the crowd was standing. I drove ahead, and Oscar and Sam Keith met in the middle of the road fighting. When they got out of the road I drove on a short distance. Then I stopped and looked back. Sam Keith and Chip Keith were each running towards me with clubs. I drove on farther, and I saw Walter Mitten standing near Chip and Sam Keith. I heard Walter say, "Throw down your club." Sam says, "No, I never will." Then I heard a woman shout, "McKnight is killed." Then I went home. I did not see McKnight at all.

Jonah Keith, sworn, said: I am 18. I reside at Havelock. I was present at the last part of the fray. I stood between the shop and the shingles. I first saw McKnight about 10 minutes after I got there. He was a few feet from me. I stood in the same place up till the time the blow was struck. I did not see McKnight with a stick in his hand at any time.

Robert Keith, sworn, said: I am 14 years of age. I saw the row on the 16th. I went on my wheel to the corner, and stopped at Wright's shop. I looked in the window and saw Oscar. He spoke to me and I spoke to him. McKnight came down the road, and Ira Wright ran across to him. Oscar raised the upstairs window of the shop and jumped out. While getting out of the window Oscar had a monkey-wrench, and he said, "Here, take this." He reached the ground and made for McKnight. When he let go of McKnight, McKnight came down to the shingles. Afterwards I saw Oscar at the door, and Mrs. Wright had a big stick hitting Oscar on the hands. Three or four men took Oscar across the road. Mrs. Wright followed, beating Oscar. When Dud. Keith drove up two men jumped out of the wagon and made in the crowd. The next I noticed was Oscar Wright and Mrs. Wright hitting one another's clubs. I saw McKnight standing near the shingles, stooped down. Oscar came and hit McKnight, and he fell right backwards. When McKnight fell his head could not have been more than a couple of feet from my feet. Every time I turned round I saw McKnight there in the same place. I asked Mrs. McKnight if I would go for the doctor on my wheel, and she said, "Yes;" so I went and got the doctor.

There were a number of other witnesses summoned who were unable to appear for different reasons. Fred Dunham and Chipman Keith were in court, but were not examined, as his honor and the lawyers agreed that sufficient evidence had been given in the case, and that the rest would be merely corroboration of what had been previously testified to.

The accused was asked if he had any statements to make, but did not say anything. His honor said there was nothing to do but to send the prisoner up for trial on the original charge, and meanwhile it was necessary to commit him to jail.

The case will be tried in January at Hampton.

THE LAST OCCASION.

Farewell, fair day and fading light!
The clay born here, with westward sight,
Marks the huge sun now downward soar.
Farewell! We twain shall meet no more.

Farewell! I watch with bursting sigh
My late contemned occasion die;
I linger useless in my tent.
Farewell, fair day, so foully spent!

Farewell, fair day! If any God
At all considers this poor clod,
He who the fair occasion sent
Prepared and placed the impediment.

Let him diviner vengeance take—
Give him to sleep, give me to wake
Girded and shod, and bid me play
The hero in the coming day.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

AN EMERGENCY PROVIDED FOR.

(New York Times.)

When the independent party, the late belligerent end of the Philadelphia Democracy, was in process of organization, there was held a meeting to adopt rules. One of the provisions was for a committee to decide contests, and it was suggested that it be composed of eight members.

Up rose an enthusiastic Irishman, representing the hotbed of belligerency. "Mistur Chairman," he began, "I move you, sur, that the committee of eight be made a committee of nine, sur, so that when there is a tie vote there will be wan majority."

His motion carried.

GEO. BRIGHAM STILL ALIVE.

Supposed Suicide Is Now In Jail.

He Didn't Jump Overboard From the Calvin Austin But Jumped His Bail.

BOSTON, Oct. 1. — George H. Brigham, of Calvin Austin suicide fame, is under arrest. He defaulted his bail at Winthrop while charged with disturbing the peace at the house where his wife was staying in July. He is now in Winthrop lockup.

The Calvin Austin arrived at St. John Sunday, August 21 with the report that George H. Brigham, of 35 Highland avenue, Winthrop, Mass., had ended his life by jumping overboard while the steamer was off the Maine coast Saturday morning.

In Brigham's sleeping apartments were found letters to his wife and to the captain of the steamer. The latter contained a request that the letter to Brigham's wife be forwarded to her unopened. Brigham stated to the captain that his home had been broken up, and that he was a fugitive from justice.

D. L. Taylor, of the W. H. Johnson Co., was Brigham's room mate on the Austin and during the trip listened to a recital of all Brigham's troubles. During the evening the letters were written and between three and four o'clock in the morning Brigham left the room and was not afterwards seen by anyone on board the steamer. It was believed by many at the time that he had carried out his intention, expressed to Captain Taylor, of committing suicide by jumping overboard.

Advices from Boston were to the effect that those people who were well acquainted with the man were inclined to doubt the suicide story. They alleged that Brigham had several times announced his intention of making away with himself, and had on these occasions disappeared, but always turned up later.

BRANDED.

Time was when it was a rather common practice for soldiers and sailors to have portraits of their sweethearts tattooed on their arms or breasts, but I never heard of more than one man who had his wife's name actually burned into his flesh with hot iron. That was Lieutenant Blank—I dare not use the real names, for this is a true story and the lieutenant (long since retired as a colonel) and his estimable wife are still living.

It was at a frontier post many years ago that the young officer met and wedded with the popular daughter of a ranchman. Her name was Sarah, but in the west in those days it was almost a mark of disapproval not to reduce a person's Christian name to a single syllable. William was always Bill, Henry was Hank, and in the same affectionate way Sarah was always Sal.

Quarters at that post were primitive and accommodations few. For instance, when the lieutenant wished to take a bath he heated water on a little "Universal" wood stove in the kitchen and performed his ablution in an ordinary washtub.

Well, one very cold morning he had filled the little flat-top stove with wood, making a rousing fire, not only to heat the water, but to counteract the wintry gusts that sifted through the cracks and crevices of the kitchen walls.

Then, having poured the water into the washtub, he threw off his bathrobe and was preparing to enter the tub when, losing his balance, he fell backward and sat squarely upon the red hot top of the low stove.

It doesn't seem necessary to say that he didn't wait for orders from Washington before getting up. Indeed, he assumed personal command of the situation as quickly as he could and scrambled to his feet. But the deed was done—irrevocably, irremediably done.

He snatched the bit of looking glass from the shelf above the sink and backed toward the little window for inspection.

Need I go further than to say that the top of the stove bore the name, "The Universal," in great raised letters, and that the lieutenant had sat upon the final three of them?

MANY MURPHYS.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.— Reports from the potato growing region of Maine indicate that the crop is the largest in years. The price is 85 to 90 cents a barrel at the field.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON

Peace Conference and Episcopal Convention Next Week.

Some Attention at the Latter Meeting Will Be Given to the Divorce Laws.

BOSTON, Sept. 29.—Arrangements have been practically perfected for the opening here next week of the international peace congress and triennial general convention of the Episcopal church. The former will be in session about one week and the church conclave three weeks. Secretary of State John Hay is expected to welcome the peace delegates on behalf of the national government, and action will be taken looking towards a movement to end the Russo-Japanese war. Rt. Rev. Dr. Boyd-Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, and the Lord Bishop of Hereford are here to attend the peace conference, and they will be present with the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Episcopal convention. Dr. Boyd-Carpenter will preach next Sunday in Trinity church, and the other English bishop in Emmanuel church. The Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis., Rt. Rev. Charles C. Grafton, the dean of the high church forces in the United States, will preach at the Church of the Advent. His Grace of Canterbury is expected to deliver a sermon in Trinity church a week from Sunday. Fully 90 bishops, 500 clerical and lay delegates and many others prominent in church affairs will be here by next Wednesday, the day the convention will be formally opened. Bishop Hamilton of Ottawa, Bishop Coadjutor Carmichael of Montreal, Hon. S. H. Blake of Toronto and other churchmen will officially represent the Anglican body in Canada. Bishops will be present from England, Africa, Southern Brazil, Alaska, Porto Rico, Philippine Islands, China, Japan and Hawaii. Among the important legislation to be considered is the divorce evil and the proposed enactment of a more rigid canon bearing on the re-marriage of the innocent person in a divorce case. An attempt will be made for forbid the re-marriage of a divorced person for any cause whatever during the lifetime of the other partner. At present the re-marriage of the innocent person in a case where infidelity is proven is allowed, but many of the clergy object to officiating in such cases. The question of erasing the objectionable word "Protestant," in the legal title of the church, "The Protestant Episcopal Church," etc., will also be threshed out. The extremists on the high church side are in favor of the term "American Catholic Church in the United States," or some similar name, but it is hardly probable that any change will be made at this time. As a compromise it is possible, however, the name will be changed to read "The Episcopal Church in the United States." Much important legislation is also on the order paper.

CHASED BY BEARS.

F. N. Perkins, the well known letter carrier, is spending his vacation in Gaspereau, Queens Co., and, according to his account, is having an exciting time. A friend of his said yesterday that he had received a letter from Mr. Perkins telling how he and his daughter started for church on their wheels on Sunday last and, on a lonely spot in the road almost ran into a couple of bears. The animals gave chase and Mr. Perkins is confident that had not he and his daughter been expert cyclists the bears would have had a good dinner at their expense.

EX-GOVERNOR STONE'S QUIETUDE.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Since William A. Stone retired from the governor's chair in Pennsylvania, eighteen months ago, he seems to have lost all his political ambitions.

Happening into Philapedphia recently, the ex-governor was approached by a newspaper reporter who couldn't understand why a man who once had an eye on the United States senatorship and who was regarded as a strong state leader, should be so consistently quiet.

"What is your place in politics, governor?" asked the reporter.

"I'll tell you a story," replied the ex-governor. "A friend of mine up in my county of Tioga was driving along a lonely road. Arriving in a small town he saw a group of men standing on a street corner talking. He drove to the curb and asked what was the trouble.

"'Oh' nothin'. Bill Jones is dead.'

"My friend assumed a sad expression, said he was sorry, and continued:

"'What's the complaint?'

"'No complaint', responded one of the farmers, 'everybody 'round here's satisfied.' And I guess they are in my case."