A HOUSE BLOWN UP.

Three Persons Killed in the Wreck of a Savannah Boarding House.

A Savannah, Ga., despatch gives the particulars of an explosion reported yesterday: W. J. Bullard's boarding house, a three-story brick dwelling at 202 Congress street, was blown up at 1.30 o'clock this morning. Three persons were killed and six injured, two of whom will probably die. There were eighteen people in the house. The explosion shattered the walls, which collapsed in an instant, a mass of ruins. Most of the occupants of the house were asleep and were hurled from their beds, and either buried under the falling debris or thrown on top of it.

The killed are: Mrs. W. J. Bullard, Mr. Lockley and Gus Robie. The wounded are: John Roberts, right ankle fractured and concussion of the brain from the shock; L. J. Tate, contusion of face and chest; Meadon Hywood (colored), shoulder dislocated and bruised; J. A. Rives, slightly bruised; Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Mrs. Edward S. Everitt, slightly bruised; Sam King (colored), badly bruised about body.

The first person taken out of the ruins was L. J. Tate, collector for the Citizen's Bank, who was sleeping on the second floor and was pinned down by falling timbers. A few minutes later the mangled body of Mrs. Bullard was found eight feet under a pile of bricks beneath the room where she was sleeping. Robie's body was taken out at 3 o'clock and was laid in Franklin Square on a mattress. Robie came here from New York a month ago, and was employed by McDonoghue & Co. as scroll man. He slept in the front hall room on second floor and was found under a sheet in the bed, where he had evidently been killed as he slept. He has a wife in New York from whom he received a letter a day or two ago. He was about 40 years old. The body of Lockley was found about 4 o'clock. It was the last taken out of the building. J. A. Rimes, who was sleeping in the front room on the third floor with Roberts, was hurled to the second floor, and was pinned between the bed and floor until he was pulled out by the firemen. He did not see Roberts after the explosion occurred. The first he heard was a grinding noise, and then came the crash, and then a blank. The next he knew was being taken out from under the debris. He was slightly bruised. Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, who were sleeping in the front room on the second floor, were pulled out from under the ceiling above, which held them fast. Mrs. John Paige and baby, who were sleeping in the room back of Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, escaped unhurt and were lifted out by the firemen. As fast as the injured people were taken out they were carried into the rear of Andrew Jackson Square, just east of the fallen building. Jack Roberts, who slept with J. A. Rimes on the third floor, sustained severe injuries about the body and head. Mr. Bullard, who was sleeping with his wife, had a marvellous escape, and received but a few slight bruises. Mrs. Bullard was dead when taken out. She was fearfully crushed. The cause of the explosion is a mystery. There are many rumors of an ugly nature, but nobody will take the responsibility of making a direct statement. One man insinuated that there had been a row in the house toward the end of the jollification in which the inmates had been indulging. The building was a three-story tenement, built in the French flat style, and faced north and south. The two top floors were used as sleeping apartments. The explosion blew the entire building to the northward. Some of the furniture was blown across St. Julian street into splinters, while the flying bricks went in as far as Bay street. The entire structure collapsed inward on Congress street.

A FATHER'S TERRIBLE DEED.

He Kills His Three Children with an Axe and Then Suicides.

A Halifax despatch says: News has just reached St. John's Nfld., from Labrador of a fearful crime committed at Big Brook, Sieg Bay, on the 4th of May last. At Big Brook lived a man named Thomas Oliver, with his wife and five children. On a Sunday he told his son that he saw some partridges across the river and that he had better go and hunt for them, and if they were not there he could go further on. Oliver then took off his shirt and gave it to the lad, saying it was better than the one he had on. He also sent his wife and daughter in the same direction to pick wild tea. Oliver then took his Bible and lay down on the bed. Before leaving, his wife took her infant boy of six months and placed it on the bed to sleep along with her husband. When on the too about half way across the brook she heard the report of a gun, and looking around she saw the dogs running from the door, but thinking nothing was wrong she continued her journey. After she and her daughter had gathered all the tea required they returned home. Here the poor mother and daughter beheld a sickening sight. On the floor was the baby she had left peacefully sleeping with its father. There seemed to be a little life in it, but on taking it up she discovered that the little head was battered almost in pieces. The next sight that met her horrified gaze was the body of her daughter, a girl of 11 years, in a sitting posture on the floor, with her head fearfully mangled, in fact literally beaten to pieces, while across her legs lay a boy aged 6 years, with his head almost split open but still alive and moaning. The poor fellow lived till sunset. She next discovered the body of her husband stretched on the floor behind the door, with a gun grasped in both hands in the grip of death. A bullet hole through his head and one eye hanging on his cheek told the tale of his death. The distracted mother, after waiting till the boy died, ran to Seal Cove Point, a distance of three miles, where her nearest neighbors, a family named Coves, lived, and told her awful story. They buried the victims near the house in which the crime was committed, placing the gun in the murderer's coffin. The children were killed with an axe.

THE DISGRACED GUARDS.

Exciting Scene at Their Departure for Africa—The Girl I Left Behind Me."

A London cablegram says: The scenes connected with the exile of the second battalion of the Grenadiers were both interesting and at times touching. The men were paraded at daybreak, and were marched along the Victoria embankment to the Victoria station. Early as was the hour the streets were crowded, and at least 30,000 people accompanied them, the men cheering, the women and children crying and sobbing. The arrest of the six Grenadiers and their trial by court-martial had tended to cast a gloom over the whole battalion. When sentences were pronounced at the parade yesterday some painful scenes occurred. The oldest soldiers of the companies seem to have been selected for trial. By a strange misfortune a veteran named Perren was one of the unlucky prisoners. An older man named Riggs, belonging to the same company, had been transferred to the reserve the day before. Later in the day the prisoners exchanged their regimental for prison garb. The precise hour of their removal to the Brixton military prison was a well-guarded secret, while their transfer in the ambulance wagon was so quietly effected that only a few soldiers saw them. When the men emerged the spectators raised a loud shout. They were handcuffed in pairs and escorted by non-commissioned officers. They appeared dejected and haggard. One soldier in the regiment shouted, "Pat your heart comrades." Several prisoners burst out crying after the departure of the men. The story of their farewell parting with their wives and children spread through the barracks. Wives, children, sweethearts and comrades crowded into the spacious yard. Painful meetings took place in the yard and in the canteen. Outside stood a great crowd of sightseers, who gazed curiously and sympathetically between the railings. The couples separated, the women hurrying away with their friends and children, taking a farewell kiss from their father. While these pathetic scenes were going on in the yard different ones were being enacted in the canteen. Young women who seemed to have plenty of money were there treating their lovers. The taps were continually running, and the flowing bowl apparently lightened the burden of the men for the time. They forgot their misfortune and indulged in jig dancing and singing. At the sound of the bugle women rushed outside. At 5 o'clock the men were drawn up in double line, and 15 minutes later the colonel gave the order to march. The great crowd at the Buckingham Palace end of the yard were thrown open, and while the band played the spirit-stirring British Grenadiers the battalion marched out and were greeted by the shouts and cheers of an enormous throng. A number of officers were formed in two lines to open the way for the soldiers. After the police came sappers and miners, and behind them a band and Col. Eaton at the head of the regiment. As the battalion appeared in the road a mighty deafening cheer went up from the assembled thousands. The column was repeatedly broken, caused by women seeking their husbands, wish whom, when found, they marched some time. Several men kept pace with their sons. It is said that at the inspection yesterday the Duke of Cambridge it was noticed that the men shouldered their arms in a slovenly manner, there appearing to be an inclination on their part not to obey orders. Subsequent inquiries have elicited the fact that an understanding existed that on the order to shoulder arms being given they should remain motioless. Fortunately the men altered their minds at the last moment on seeing that some of their companions were obeying the orders. A reporter interviewed a soldier of the Grenadiers, who says that his companions were entirely in sympathy with the men of the second battalion, and that there will certainly be trouble unless certain reforms are made.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN WAR.

Guatemalan Troops Lack Organization and Discipline.

A telegram has been received at the State Department at Washington from the U. S. Minister at Guatemala saying that consternation prevails at that place over rumors that the Government troops had been defeated in an engagement with the Salvadorian army. The Minister's telegram gives evidence that he has not received the department's instructions in regard to the steamship Colima, and steps will be taken to discover the cause of delay.

A cipher despatch, received at Richfield Springs, N.Y., yesterday, by an official of the Guatemalan Government, says Guatemala accepts the war provoked by San Salvador and will continue it until San Salvador elects a legitimate President in place of Ezeta. The battle fought on the 23rd inst., the despatch recites, resulted in the rout of the San Salvadorians, but as Salvador commands the cable to Central America the Government only allows despatches favorable to itself to be sent abroad. The telegram further asserts that the arms taken from the steamer Colima were taken with the consent of the Pacific mail agent and the American Minister by virtue of article seventeen of the Pacific mail contract. Honduras, the despatch says, will remain neutral for the present, but may join with Guatemala if events require her. Guatemala has 40,000 men under arms, and Honduras 6,000, while San Salvador has only about 10,000.

A City of Mexico despatch says: The Spanish Minister here says two Spanish war ships have been ordered to Central America. A large amount of counterfeit silver is in circulation here. Several revolutionary bands are marauding near the Mexican frontier in Guatemalan territory. Both Guatemala and San Salvador are trying to mass troops with the utmost haste, but Guatemala finds a difficulty in the dissatisfaction of her soldiers. Guatemalan despatches claim that their force is greatly outnumber the Salvadorians that in the present week the tables will be turned.

To Hamper the Lotteries.

A Washington despatch says: The House Postoffice Committee to-day agreed upon a substitute Bill in lieu of a number of pending Bills adverse to lotteries, and ordered it to be reported to the House. The substitute prohibits lottery circulars and tickets, lists of drawings, money or drafts for purchase of lottery tickets, or newspapers containing lottery advertisements or drawings from being carried in mails or delivered by carriers, and a penalty not exceeding $5,000 fine and imprisonment not exceeding one year is to be imposed upon any person depositing such matter in the mails. The Postmaster-General is also to be authorized upon evidence of the existence of a lottery or gift enterprise to cause registered letters directed to the company to be stamped "fraudulent" and returned to the senders, and he may also forbid the payment of money orders addressed to a lottery or gift enterprise.

A Sad, Sad Story.

A London cable says: A sad story of distress from poverty and the harsh enforcement of law comes from the Irish coast. The fishing season has been bad, and many of the dwellers on Blasket Island, off the Kerry coast, were unable to pay their rent at the appointed day. A gunboat thereupon landed the sheriff, 50 bailiffs and 100 police on the island, and the *posse* seized the boats of the unfortunate fishermen. As the gunboat departed with the only means of livelihood of the half-starved population, the scene was a heart-rending one. The despairing fathers and husbands gazed gloomily after the receding vessel, while the children and women folk wailed and cried aloud in their anguish. An eye-witness says that the people are absolutely destitute, and many must perish unless relief is sent.

Denver's Cloud-burst.

A Wednesday's Denver despatch says: At midnight last night occurred a catastrophe that has temporarily isolated the towns up Clear Creek Canon from the world. An immense cloud-burst near the forks of a creek poured a deluge of water within the narrow walls of the canon. It completely demolished the two iron railway bridges at the forks, and, as far as can be learned, annihilated all the structures in the vicinity. The restaurant, the depot and the outhouses were swept away. It is believed no lives were lost. The immense column of water, laden with wreckage, went tearing down the canon, with the result that from the forks to Golden there is scarcely a vestige of the railroad left. The greater portion of the road-bed is destroyed and all means of communication are gone.

A City's Health Imperilled.

A Canton, O., despatch says: There is a fierce war being waged against the owners of slaughter houses in this city. Some time ago the Board of Health issued an edict that they should go out of the city. The owners refused. The members of the Board of Health made an investigation of the slaughter pens yesterday, finding matters in horrible shape. At one place where bologna sausages are made they found millions of maggots crawling over the meat to be used in the manufacture. Other slaughter houses were found in a similar condition. The water along the creek where the houses are situated is filled with filth for a mile. The Board of Health says they must go and the owners say nay.

A Cyclone Visits Marshall.

A Marshall, Minn., special says: At 5 o'clock yesterday a black cloud resembling a great serpent reached downward from the dense black masses of storm clouds that had formed during the afternoon and moving in a southeasterly direction. It demolished the buildings of three farmers living nine miles northwest of here. A child of Felix Desran had its leg broken, another had its head crushed and died during the night, and Mrs Desran was seriously bruised. Mrs. A. M. Opdall and child were blown by the cyclone on a wire fence and seriously bruised. Two of Opdall's horses were carried from the barn to a pasture near by without injury.

Miss May Rogers, an Iowa girl, has compiled a Waverly dictionary in which more than thirteen hundred characters of Scott's novels are described with illustrative extracts from the text.

—And now comes a British [illegible] who knows Prince George, to remark that His Royal 'Ighness hates fuss and parade, detests receptions, likes to mingle with good fellows, smoke and swap stories, and will make his stay short at Newport if he is not let alone.

LAWRENCE'S VISITATION.

Eight Persons Killed and Forty Injured by a Cyclone.

HUNDREDS LEFT HOMELESS.

A Lawrence, Mass., despatch says: A cyclone, the first of any considerable importance within memory in New England, and one equalling in destructive powers those so frequently reported from western communities, visited the suburb South Lawrence yesterday forenoon at 9.15 o'clock, and in fifteen minutes had killed eight persons, seriously injured from 15 to 20, slightly injured at least 20 more, cut a swath through a thickly-populated section 300 feet wide, a mile long, rendered 500 people homeless, destroyed or greatly damaged from 75 to 100 buildings, mostly dwelling houses, levelled a beautiful square of over 500 trees, and entailed a property loss now estimated at $100,000, all of which was uninsured against damage by wind and storm.

EXTENT OF THE DISASTER.

The calamity is the greatest which has visited Lawrence since the fall and burning of the Pemberton mills 30 years ago. South Lawrence is that section of the city lying south of the Merrimac River. At this point the main line of the Boston & Maine Railroad takes a sharp turn to the eastward, and following the Merrimac crosses the river at Bradford. A railroad bridge connects the suburb with the city proper and with the railroad lines north. The point is a busy railroad junction, and in the vicinity were many wooden houses, occupied mainly by well-to-do mechanics, and among these the air fiend spent his greatest fury. The northern boundary of the belt of destruction was but three streets south of the lofty mills, with their busy throngs of thousands of workers, showing how narrow was the escape from more appalling loss of life and property.

THE SUDDENNESS OF THE VISITATION.

It was a veritable dog day. The air was hot and humid, dark clouds scurried westerly through the heavens with intermittent rain. Suddenly the wind veered to the west and an inky-black, cone-like cloud seemed to drop from the cumulous mass hanging to the southwest and move rapidly with a awful aspect toward the city. It was accompanied by torrents of rain. In an instant the crash came. Buildings were crushed like egg shells. Some were lifted from their foundations and dashed to pieces. Others were tipped over or blown from their position and more or less damaged. The air was filled with flying debris, and most of those who met death in the wreck were killed instantly. Many lay unconscious or groaning in the ruins of their homes.

THE STORM'S PATH.

The survivors were too much terrified to know where or when the cyclone ended its course, but the train of ruin in its path showed that it touched the earth at or near the cricket grounds, crossed Emmett street, Broadway, the railroad and Parkers street, entered Springfield street at its southwest end, traversed its entire length, demolished nearly everything in its course, including one house on Foster street and one on South Union street, where they cross Springfield street into Union Square, levelling over 500 trees, and thence over Shawseen River into the town of Andover, where it exhausted its fury on trees and fences. As soon as the survivors realized the extent of the devastating work, word was sent to the police station and ambulances with a squad of men started for the scene.

THE WORK OF RESCUE.

Marshal Vose soon ordered on the whole force. An alarm was rung in and the firemen responded promptly and rendered great assistance in removing the injured from the ruins. The ambulance carried several loads of mangled and crushed human beings to the hospital. Others were taken to private houses. The work of devastation began at the cricket grounds on the southwest with the uprooting of a number of magnificent trees. On Emmett street the wind lifted a story and a half house belonging to Thomas Evans, bodily and slapped it into the roadway a complete wreck. The family were within and baby were in the house at the time, but escaped without great injury. House No. 19, Emmett street, occupied by a family named Daly, was lifted from its foundation and dashed down. No. 6 was partly moved from its foundation. In the rear of No. 6 was a story and a half house, occupied by James Lyons and his family.

INSTANCES OF ELEMENTAL FURY.

Hearing the approach of the storm, Lyons rushed into the house, seized his baby from his wife's arms, and fled to the street; both man and child escaped, but the dead body of Mrs. Lyons was subsequently taken from the ruins of her dwelling. On Saunders' Court, near by St. Patrick's Church hall, a wooden structure was carried 15 feet from its foundation, and a few windows were broken in the parochial residence. At the foot of Saunders' Court a switch house, in which Michael Higgins, a section hand, was standing, was taken up bodily and carried under the overhead railroad bridge crossing Salem street, where Higgins fell out and was instantly killed. The railing on this bridge was taken off as though cut with a knife. The granite sheds of W. F. Jones, near the bridge, were demolished. The house of Wm. F. Cutler, foreman of the Boston and Maine car shops, was next demolished.

AN EYE-WITNESS' STORY

F. T. Carr, chief clerk in the car shops, was an eye-witness of the storm at this point. He says there was a sudden rumbling sound and darkness. Timbers and trees flew by the car shops with terrible rate. When the trees had passed he and the other occupants of the shops saw that the Cutler residence was in ruins, and summoning help, they began at once to search the ruins. Miss Flossie Cutler was found in the cellar with a sprained ankle. Mrs. Cutler was found in the ruins slightly hurt. Little Helen Cutler was crossing the Salem street bridge at the time, within a stone's throw of her home, and was buried beneath a pile of lumber and ruins. She was found by men in the car shops on their way to the ruins, and dug out, but has since died from concussion of the brain. The cyclone now entered Springfield street, where the greatest devastation was wrought.

THE CASUALTIES.

The following is a summary of the damage in this and other streets. Nos. 12, 16 and 18 were demolished. No. 23, occupied by Hugh A. Merriman, boss painter in the Pemberton mills, was totally wrecked. Mr. Merriman, wife and six children were taken from the ruins all badly shaken up and cut and bruised. Hugh Merriman, 8 years old, had his shoulder dislocated. No. 27 was smashed in. No. 31, occupied by Jeremiah O'Connell, was completely demolished. When the building fell, Mr. O'Connell, his wife and daughter Mamie were carried down with it. Mr. O'Connell was the first to be extricated. He suffered severe internal injuries. His wife and daughter were removed from the ruins after over two hours' hard work, both dead, Mamie's neck was dislocated. Little Hannah Beatty, who lived in the upper tenement, was also killed here. Although suffering intense physical pain, Mr. O'Connell led the rescuing party, and was completely prostrated upon finding the remains of his wife and daughter. No. 37, John Lynch's store, was demolished and the house wrecked. No. 36, John Costello, 42; E. Raymond and Archibald McCauley, 44, Andrew Patterson, were damaged. No. 53, occupied by six families, was badly wrecked. Maria Quinn, the 12-year-old daughter of Patrick Quinn, was severely injured and is dying.

THE SUFFERERS.

The wind continued in the direction of Springfield street north, eastward through Union Square, breaking and twisting trees in every conceivable shape. Large oaks and elms were mere pipe stems in the path of the destroyer. It is believed that from 500 to 1,000 trees were destroyed in and about the park. On Crawford Square, the house occupied by Walter E. Rushforth was shaken, the windows broken, and everything inside turned topsy-turvy. The occupants of most of the ruined houses were hard-working laborers, whose houses were the fruit of a lifetime of toil.

The engineer of the 8 30 express from Boston saw the cyclone as he was nearing South Lawrence, and with great forethought stopped the train, and thus probably saved many lives.

Eight fire broke out in one of the demolished houses, but was quickly put out.

—Maple furniture is catching on.

Lady Howard de Walden has expressed her intention of endowing, at a cost of $50,000, a ward at the West Kent Hospital, as a thank offering for her recent recovery from a serious illness.

THAT BABY.

A Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment, for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then she became used to the roar and rumble the baby proclivities asserted themselves, and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother where the only parties interested, but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to smile. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said, "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and, when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that the old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chucked the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy little mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents were to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it, and once; the old lady returned the caress she had received and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-bye over the shoulder of her papa, to which everyone responded, including the newsboy who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-byes all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that two and not one of them could be induced to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car. —*Orphan's Friend, House of Angel Guardian.*

SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

Children Caught on a Railway Bridge—Three Instantly Killed.

A Paterson, N. J, despatch says: Five children who had been blackberry picking started this evening to cross the Erie Railway bridge over the Passaic River. The bridge has neither rail or footpath. A train approached on the western track, and they stepped on the eastern track in the way of a fast passenger train. The engine of the latter blew the whistle, but the children, paralyzed with fear, did not stir. The engineer did not apply the brakes for fear the train would go through the bridge. Persons on the river banks vainly shouted to the children, telling them to get between the tracks. In an instant the heavy locomotive struck the little ones and hurled three of them upon the other track dead. The engineer was almost fainting, but stuck to his post and stopped the train as soon as he crossed the trestle. The passengers got out to investigate, and were sickened at the horrible sight which met their gaze. Jennie Stevenson, aged 13, Nellie Warren, aged 10, and Mattie Warren, her sister, aged 8, were dead. Jane Warren, aged 18, was fearfully injured, and their little brother Willie was hurled into the river 50 feet below, where he was found in the water hurt but alive. The two injured children were taken to the hospital. Both will recover. The grief of the children's parents was heartrending.

INSANE THROUGH GRIEF.

Mrs. Langford Attempts to Burn Herself to Death.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Mrs. Enos Langford, widow of the well known Methodist minister who died last spring, while temporarily insane to-night set herself on fire, and received such injuries that all hope for her recovery has been given up. She went to a closet and sprinkled coal oil over her clothes, then ignited her dress, and while it was in flames ran shrieking across the yard into the house, setting the curtains on fire. She was terribly burned, and her suffering must have restored her reason, for she was able to make her will, leaving all her property to a sister. Mrs. Langford had been acting peculiarly for some time, and her mind, it is supposed, was upset through grief at her husband's death.

The Rev. Mr. Langford who had charge of the First Methodist Church here is stationed at Brampton. His family should not be confounded with the above.

EXCURSION STEAMERS COLLIDE

And Three Dead Bodies and Many Missing People are the Consequences.

A Baltimore despatch of Monday says: The steamer Virginia, of the Old Bay line, on route from Baltimore for Norfolk, collided this evening off Fort Carroll, five miles from here, with the steamer Louise on her way to Baltimore from Tolchester Beach, on Chesapeake Bay, with 1,500 excursionists. It is said the collision was caused by the efforts of the steamer to avoid a schooner in tow of a tug boat. The weather was thick and rainy. The Virginia struck the Louise on the starboard side aft of the wheel, cutting away the outer woodwork and crashing into the saloon. The Virginia's stem was badly twisted and her bow stove Many excursionists are missing. Three bodies had been recovered up to 11 o'clock. It is supposed others have been lost. The steamers came to Baltimore under their own steam.

He Found His Man.

A Fresno, Cal., despatch says: John D. Fiske, a lawyer and opera house manager, was shot and killed last night by Joseph T. Stillman, an inventor. Stillman had been hunting for Fiske all day, and found him at last in front of the Grand Union Hotel. Stillman claims the shooting grew out of an attempt of Fiske to blackmail him. He says Fiske has been demanding half interest in certain patents of his, and threatening that unless Stillman gave him such interest he would tell Mrs. Stillman of an alleged intimacy with another woman. Stillman declares he was driven to desperation by Fiske's threats.

The Parasol.

Before marriage—Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?

"Oh, no, my dear; it would be a pleasure if it did."

After marriage—Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out."

"And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol."

"There isn't any right side of a woman with a parasol."

The Modern Poetess.

Able Editor—I am afraid we shall have to dispense with your services, Mr. Jones. A man who knows no more about grammar than to write about a "female poetess" is hardly fitted for the newspaper business.

New Reporter—I was a little afraid you would kick, but that exactly describes the kind of poetess she is.

The champion lazy man has been discovered in New York city. He is Geo. W. Crooks and has been getting $700 per year for acting as janitor of the Board of Health. He sub-let his contract to an Italian for $5 a month. That Mr. Crooks is now at liberty goes without saying.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY AT HOME.

How He Manages His Immense Household and How He Eats.

It is estimated that over 6,000 persons are fed daily at his Dolma Bagtche palace when the Sultan is there. One who claims to be well informed gives a graphic picture of the Sultan's housekeeping in the *Leisure Hour*. He admits that it is clear that there is good executive ability in the management of this enormous household, for there is scarcely ever a jar or hitch, even under the impulse of the most untimely demands. Every different department is under the control of a person who is directly responsible for it, and he has a corps of servants and slaves under his orders, who obey him only, and he is subject to the treasurer of the household. Women have no voice whatever in the management of anything in any department. Their sole occupation is to wait upon their respective mistresses or to serve the Sultan in some specified capacity, and the labor about the palace is so subdivided that no one works very hard except the lord high chamberlain and treasurer of the household.

The treasurer of the household has the burden of the housekeeping on his burly shoulders, and has an organized force of buyers who are each charged with the purchase of certain supplies for their individual departments, each paying his helpers, servants and slaves. One man is charged with the duty of supplying all the fish, and, as to furnish fish for at least 6,000 persons is no light undertaking in a place where there are no great markets such as there are in other large cities, he has to have about 20 men to scour the various small markets and buy of the fishermen, and each of these men has two others to carry the fish they buy.

About ten tons of fish a week are required. There are nearly 18,000 pounds of bread eaten daily, for the Turks are large bread-eaters, and this is all baked in the enormous ovens situated at some distance from the palace. The food for the Sultan is cooked by one man and his aids, and no others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the Sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the Sultan tastes it. This is to guard against poison. The food is almost always served up to the Sultan in the same vessels in which it is cooked, and these are often of gold, but when of baser metal the kettle is set into a rich golden bell-shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the Sultan eats. The Sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table, and rarely a knife or fork. A spoon, his bread, a pancake, or fingers are found far handier.

ONTARIO OFFICIALS

They Inspect the Concord Reformatory and Review the Methods.

The Ontario Prison Commission, which is now on a visit to this city, has been greatly impressed by the systems adopted by the Concord Reformatory for the punishment and reformation of the criminal classes. The commission was occupied all the forenoon and evening yesterday in hearing the evidence of Mr. Fred G. Retifogrove, secretary and executive officer of the Prison Commission, and Mr. Retifogrove's 24 years' experience in prison affairs eminently qualified him to speak upon the nature of the work that is being done, as well as upon the results that have attended it. He described in a comprehensive and clear way the whole course of treatment to which the prisoner is subjected, from the moment he first forfeits his liberty to the time he completes his sentence. The common jails here are conducted upon pretty much the same principle as those of Toronto and other cities, but there are used more largely for sentenced prisoners than the former. The houses of correction which form so large a feature of the penal code of Massachusetts have not been introduced to any great extent into the more populous province of Canada. The members of the commission were greatly interested in the thorough and systematic method of treatment of juvenile offenders adopted by the State, and apparently working with much excellent effect. The probational treatment of the erring youth of the fall for the first time was new to them, and the system of primary schools, of which Monson is so excellent an example, has no parallel in the Dominion. But, above all and beyond all were the visitors struck with the reformatory at Concord, where they were shown over by Col. Gardner Tufts in the afternoon. Some of the members of the commission have visited the prisons and reformatories of almost every country, but nowhere have they seen such an institution as exists at Concord. They listened with astonishment the wholesome atmosphere that pervaded the place, the unique arrangements that must operate successfully—if any arrangements can operate successfully—in the reformation of the criminal, the wonderful surroundings, the machinery, the schools, the pianos and the newspapers. The commission will visit some other institutions to-day, and will afterwards proceed to New York, returning to Toronto by way of Elmira.—*Boston Herald.*

The Happy Woman.

One of the most successful women in society is the woman who absolutely knows nothing—that is, in the ordinary acceptance of the term—but whose nature is so nicely adapted to the needs and requirements of the life that she makes no blunders, and hurts the tender feeling of no one, says the New York *Ledger*. It is a matter for us to reflect upon, and it should incite us to help our children to cultivate that spirit of kindness which would just as readily spend well of people as ill, if not to prefer to do so. We might teach our daughters that to listen patiently to the praise of others will not detract in the least from their charms. Those happy women who are capable of honest and sincere admiration for people of their own sex are and always have been admired and loved, though without accomplishments or grace save this one of inborn charity and good-will.

The Microbe of Old Age.

Under the heading, "Professor Brown-Sequard Distanced," Dr. Burggraeve writes in his "Repertoire Universal de Medicine Dosimetrique" that a Dr. Malin-Conico, of Naples, pretends to have discovered the microbe of old age. The publications of Italy announce very seriously that the microbe of old age exists and is transmitted by heredity; invades with age the entire human organism, which it ravages and destroys, causing decaducity and finally to death. The above-named Dr. Malin Conico hopes thus to have found the means of combating this invisible enemy, and preventing man from getting old. All of which is "important if true."

The Stove of the Future.

"That looks neat," was the remark to the stove man. "What is it?" "It is the new gas stove. The day will come when all the world who can get at it will want to do its summer cooking by gas, and maybe its winter cooking as well. This stove, you see, has burners, for all the stove holes and two ovens. It admits air into the gas at the point of combustion and makes a bunsen flame of each. We ran all the burners full blast for two hours the other day, having the meter taken before and after, and it cost exactly twelve cents. We can raise a kettle of cold water to boiling in seven minutes and all you have to do is touch a match to the gas and your fire is going. Handsome, too, isn't it? Looks like a stylish fancy range."—*Dewitton Journal.*

Not Intended as a Warning.

A New Jersey woman attempted to fill an oil stove yesterday while one of the burners was lighted. She was horribly burned and is now dying. Of course this is not mentioned here as a warning to Brooklyn women. They know a thing or two better than this, and when they desire to experience the sensation of seeing how near they can come to killing themselves and yet live, they light the fire with kerosene, eat ice cream bought of an Italian street peddler, or try to cross the rapid transit tracks on Atlantic avenue.—*Brooklyn Union.*

The Nizam of Hyderabad paid $65,000 for the big Gordon Orr diamond to wear in his head-dress. Before cutting, the stone weighed 67½ carats, and after cutting, 24½ carats. It is said to be the best, purest and most brilliant stone known.

Cumso (reading the newspaper): An African explorer has discovered a wonderful race of hardy dwarfs at Hohm. Mrs. Cumso (sweetly): That was much better than finding them away from home—at the club, for instance.

WHAT AMMONIA IS GOOD FOR.

Various Domestic Uses to Which the Article May Be Put.

A little ammonia in tepid water will soften and cleanse the skin.

Spirits of ammonia will often relieve a severe headache.

Door-plates should be cleansed by rubbing with a cloth wet in ammonia and water.

If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore the color.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia added to a pail of water will clean windows better than soap.

A few drops in a cupful of warm water, applied carefully, will remove spots from paintings and chromos.

Grease spots may be taken out with weak ammonia and water, lay soft white paper over and iron with a hot iron.

When acid of any kind gets on clothing, spirits of ammonia will kill it. Apply undiluted to restore the color.

Keep nickel, silver ornaments and mounts bright by rubbing with woollen cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it and scrubbing with a scrub brush; rinse in clear water.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Yellow stains left by sewing machine oil on white may be removed by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth with ammonia before washing with soap.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, even if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spot as often as necessary and wash out in soap suds.

Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, wash your brushes and combs in this, and all grease and dirt will disappear. Rinse, shake and dry in the sun or by the fire.

If those who perspire freely would use a little ammonia in the water they bathe in every day it would keep their flesh clean and sweet, doing away with any disagreeable odor.

Flannels and blankets may be soaked in a pail of water containing one tablespoonful of ammonia and a little suds. Rub as little as possible, and they will be white and clean and will not shrink.

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacup-ful of water will clean gold or silver jewellery; a few drops of clear aqua ammonia rubbed on the under side of diamonds will clean them immediately, making them very brilliant.

New Dangers of the Pulpit.

No doubt the present tendency toward trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the same of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power the leaders—those who have adopted the readiest means has often imposed his methods upon man who would choose the best means. The fault of a lower tone here and there is not properly charged to the morality of writers, for the profession will be found to day a high average of ability and conscientious performance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature. All that the newspapers of to-day are doing for temperance cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are of course essential for the success of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which they, as private individuals, would be willing to endorse in every part as men of character, refinement and self-respect.—*Century.*

The U. S. Wheat Crop.

The Chicago *Farmer's Review* says: The prophecies of a shortage in the winter wheat crop are confirmed by the late reports of private correspondents relative to the yield and condition of the grain. Winter killing and the ravages of insects reduced the crop in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi. In Kansas drought prevented the perfect development of the berry, while the wheat fields of the Pacific coast, as also those of the Southern and Eastern States, were drowned out by the excessive rainfall experienced during the early spring months. It may safely be said that the average condition of the entire crop when harvesting commenced was 20 per cent. below average. The *Review* estimates a total of 272,344,436 bushels as the entire wheat crop of the United States, but adds that, considering the low condition of wheat at harvesting time, this merchantable product will be considerably less than that figure.

Speed of Locomotives.

It seems to be quite clear that if steam enough could be supplied to a locomotive engine any speed could be attained, unless the resistance to its progress augmented in such a proportion that the boiler pressure was not great enough to overcome it, says the "Engineer." The engine would then be, to use a marine phrase, "looked up." We know that at a velocity of as much as 72 miles an hour on a level a well-designed single driver light engine will run with the throttle but little open, and apparently exerting very little power indeed. It is not easy to see why an addition of eight miles an hour should pile up the resistance as it is said to do. The question seems, however, to bristle with anomalies and contradictions of the most vexatious and perplexing character, and we are at times tempted to believe that these difficulties have no existence in fact—are for the most part the creations of fancy.

"A Room for the Leper?"

A New York despatch says: There is a genuine case of leprosy in this city. The victim is Manuel Garntia, aged 20, the scion of a prominent family in Mexico, who has been attending a military academy at Chester, Pa. For a week he has been stopping at a Spanish boarding house here. He was to-day removed from North Brothers Island Hospital. The Health Board for several days had known of the case, but only became aware to-day of its true character. When the truth was known, there was intense excitement at the boarding house. A man who occupies the room adjoining that occupied by Garntia is ill, and it is believed he too has the leprosy.

Baldness Due to Indigestion.

Of all the causes of premature baldness none is so common as indigestion. Dyspeptics will weak and falling hair go hand in hand. As the one affection has increased so has the other, and not all the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease of Siberia nor the cantharidies of Spain will prev