"BLINKEY" MORGAN HANGED.

A Noted Criminal Dies Protesting His Innocence.

"GOOD-BYE, NELLIE."

Blinkey Morgan Dies a Horrible Death on the Scaffold.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Aug. — Charles *alias* "Blinkey" Morgan, the principal figure in the Ravenna rescue and the murderer of Detective Hulligan, of Cleveland, was executed at the Ohio Penitentiary this morning. He protested his innocence of the crime.

A Noted Criminal's Career.

Blinkey Morgan was well known in police circles in Canada, but more particularly in Toronto, where, on the night of Aug. 7th, 1883, without a moment's warning he murdered James Maroney, near the Revere House. When arrested he gave his name as Charles Andrews, and under that *alias* was arraigned before Mr. Justice Galt at the fall assizes subsequent to the date of the murder. He pleaded not guilty, and in his pleading maintained that the shot which produced the death of the inoffensive man was fired through self-defence. The jury evidently relied to a certain extent upon this line of testimony and brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner. The verdict did not give satisfaction, as the general opinion was that Morgan was guilty of the higher crime, and that Maroney was foully and feloniously put to death. The court sentenced the prisoner to five years in the Kingston penitentiary, and on a charge preferred at the same time of shooting at an officer with intent to kill he was given four years, but the sentences were made to run concurrently.

AT THE PENITENTIARY.

At Kingston, Morgan did not show any vicious disposition, being always content if left alone and not compelled to do too much work. He was meditating escape all the same, as the sequel will show, and the manner in which he effected his purpose was in keeping with his criminal ingenuity. After considerable toil he made a hole through the thick wall, and while the prisoners were engaged in a general muster, Morgan and a fellow-prisoner named Kennedy bade farewell to Kingston Penitentiary forever.

HEARD OF IN CLEVELAND.

Nothing transpired at Morgan's trial to show that he immediately, on arriving in the States, commenced open and active criminal operations. He was taught a lesson in Toronto. He escaped with his neck and life, and subsequently freed himself from the thraldom of law by flight to another country. But the criminal instincts of such a brutal nature could not be long repressed, if they were at all. Morgan delighted in the violation of law, while he showed on more than one occasion that he scrupled as little at striking down human life as he would at destroying a rabbit or hare. On January 28th, 1887, Cleveland was startled by the announcement that the fur store of Messrs. Benedict & Ruedy was plundered the night before of valuable goods. It was estimated that sealskin cloaks and other costly mantles to the value of $8,000 were taken from the premises. The police authorities traced the goods to Pittsburg, and there was arrested there a notorious crook called "McMunn, the kid," for complicity in the Cleveland burglary. Police Captain Henry Hoehn and Detective Hulligan, of the Cleveland force, were dispatched to Pittsburg to bring the "kid" back.

THRILLING RESCUE.

McMunn was accordingly placed on a train bound for Cleveland, sitting beside Detective Hulligan, and securely shackled to him. Hoehn sat opposite, always keeping an eye on a character of such a notorious record. Everything went on all right until the arrival of the train at Ravenna, a small town in Portage county, and distant from Cleveland about thirty miles. Few passengers were in the car, the majority of them being shabbily and dirtily clad. Two of them rose to leave the car, and, when opposite the officers, stood and for a moment looked at their victims. In the twinkling of an eye revolvers were levelled at the heads of the officers, but no effort was put forth to fire the contents Hulligan, however, was viciously struck on the back of the head with a coupling pin, sinking to the floor as if dead. Then followed an awful and thrilling scene. Revolvers were fired, lamps were broken and lights put out, while the curses and oaths of the assailants lent their own significance to the awful tragedy which was being enacted. In the midst of all this McMunn dragged Hulligan, still unconscious, to the railway platform, and, taking from the officer's pocket the key of the manacles, the prisoner was instantly freed from his chains. He plunged with his rescuers into the darkness and disappeared as quickly as they effected the rescue.

MORGAN CAUGHT AT LAST.

Hulligan died four days afterwards, and for months not a trace of his slayers could be found. They were, however, identified by the detectives, the general opinion being that Blinkey Morgan was at the head of the bloody gang of ruffians sought after. In June, 1887, Blinkey, after making a desperate resistance, was arrested at Alpena, Michigan. With him were two other badly wanted characters, who gave their names as Charles Robinson and James Coughlin. The gang were surprised, and although they fought for their liberty with determined resistance, they were in a few minutes safe in the clutches of the law. The arrest cost the life of Sheriff Lynch, who was shot in the thigh during the fight, and died a few weeks afterwards. Morgan was taken to Ravenna and tried for the murder of Detective Hulligan, the jury after an exhaustive trial finding him guilty in the first degree. He received the verdict with that dogged coolness characteristic of his whole career.

PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE.

Morgan went to the gallows protesting his innocence to the last. He made no profession of religion, and refused all offers of religious consolation. In a communication which he addressed to the Warden he said: "I have read of men being murdered for their money, but I am judiciously or rather injudiciously murdered for the State's money, and to satisfy the clamor for a victim. In conclusion, I repeat I am innocent of any complicity with the robbery of the furs or the murder of Detective Hulligan. I write this statement to obviate the necessity of making any verbal remarks from the scaffold, and also to keep reporters for the press from butchering up, to suit their own ideas, what I desire to say."

MORGAN'S REAL NAME.

Some time ago Morgan wrote a letter to Tom Draper, New York, and gave it to a fellow-prisoner with the injunction that it should be mailed only in case he should be hanged. It is of interest as giving for the first time Morgan's real name, which is Charles Macdonald. He said: "Of course, old boy, you have been aware all the while who the party called Blinkey Morgan is. If not I may tell you now. It is 'Macdonald.' They have me done up dead wrong here, and the prejudice is strong against me. I feel sure they intend to put me away for good. I would like my sister in Liverpool to know what my fate is, providing I am hung. If the parties who were with me the last time I visited your place come there again, advise them for me to give this country a wide berth, for they will certainly do them if they flash up in this direction."

A New York despatch says: The *World's* special from Columbus, O., says that Blinkey Morgan made an awful fight for life on Friday morning on the gallows Late in the evening Morgan had sent a written request that Jack Reeves, Sheriff Sawyer and two other detectives from Cleveland should not be admitted to see him executed. The Warden said his request should be complied with, and they were to remain in the reception-room, but when the door was opened they passed in with others, and this led to a very sorrowful and most sensational scene. Jimmy Maguire, a friend of Morgan, was present by his request, and when he saw the detectives in the room, he said, "As a friend of this man, I protest against the presence of these murderers." His friends grabbed him, and one man put his hand over his mouth to prevent him from talking, but he said, "I am a gentleman, and I have a right here under the law, and I protest that this is wrong." Morgan stood just to the left of the trap with his arms folded behind him, and with his glasses over his eyes, he looked calmly down on the scene. Warden Coffin stepped to the railing and said to Maguire, "You must keep still or go out, and the detectives must go out, too." Maguire left the room, and Morgan in a faint voice said to the Warden, "Ask him to come back." The Warden called to Maguire to return. He said, "No, I prefer to go. I don't want to see this." When quiet was restored the Warden read the death warrant. Morgan, who was dressed in a neat suit of black, and wore a bouquet of roses in his buttonhole, grew restive and several lumps swelled upon his throat during the reading, but he was perfectly self-possessed. The warden asked him if he had anything to say. He said "No," and stepped on the trap. When they were binding his arms and legs he gazed steadily down on John Reeves and the other detectives, who leaned against the wall on his right. Just before the cap was pulled over his eyes, Deputy Cherrington asked him if he wanted his glasses taken off. He said "No." The cap was pulled over his head, and he sang out in a clear, musical voice, "Good-bye, Nellie," and the trap was sprung at 1.22. He fell seven feet and the straps came off his arms, and he began trying to pull the rope off his neck. The physicians grabbed his hands and held them until he died of strangulation. It was twenty-four minutes before his heart ceased to beat and he died a terrible death, drawing his legs up and kicking in a frightful manner.

A FATHER'S CURSE.

His Hopes that His Two Sons Will be Killed in a Mine Are Realized.

A Shamokin, Pa., despatch says: Ralph Donboskie, aged 17 years, and his brother John, two years older, were mining coal in the Cameron colliery Wednesday evening when a huge mass of rock and dirt fell on the unfortunate young men, killing the former instantly and injuring the latter so badly that he will die.

As the bodies were being brought up the dark shaft a reporter standing at the top of the pit heard a young man remark that the dead boys' father would hail the event with joy.

The reporter asked why, and was told that four years ago Jacob Donboskie buried his wife in Warsaw, Poland, and two months later, in company with five unmarried sons, sailed for the United States. Arriving at New York the father and three sons wanted to come to this place while the others thought the west the proper place to make their fortunes. A consultation followed, in which it was decided that the entire party should come to Shamokin. Arriving here the family signed an agreement that each member should procure work in the mines and deposit $10 a month in a savings fund until enough money should be accumulated to erect two double houses in which the proprietors should get married and live.

The contract was strictly observed until last April, when, after the buildings were erected and paid for, their father tried to persuade the sons to sell the fruits of their hard-earned labor and return to Europe. The proposition was refused. Donboskie spent a month endeavoring to alter his sons' determination, but it was of no avail. At the supper-table on the last night of April he told the five assembled sons that on the next day he would depart for New York to take passage to Poland, and that they must give him money enough to square his share of the property.

This was done, and the following morning the sons accompanied their father to the depot. When the train was about starting the youngest boy said, "Good-bye, father; I hope you will have a safe return."

The father replied, "To —— with you all. I hope every one of my disobedient children will be killed in the mines," and as the horrified sons begged the enraged man to take back the awful wish the train left the depot. As the story was completed the waggon, bearing a dozen dusky miners guarding the dead and injured, reached the surface. At that moment the three other brothers came out from an adjoining slope and hastened to the stretchers containing the unlucky ones. The grief of the big, strong men displayed as they gazed on the faces of their dead and dying brothers was heartrending. Then one thought of the father's unnatural wish, and whispered something to his two brothers. The stricken boys were placed in an ambulance and the journey home commenced. Within four squares of the house a photograph gallery stands, and when the party reached there the waggon was stopped. A brother ran into the gallery and a minute after came out followed by a photographer with his camera. During this time the two remaining brothers jumped into the ambulance and reappeared a second later, one with his lifeless brother in his arms and the other feeling the weakening taps of the dying boy's heart against his own. In this position the photograph was taken, while in the background scores of wondering miners and townspeople formed a line. It was learned afterward that the photograph which was taken was immediately sent on its way to Poland as a protest to the bitter father, accompanied by an eloquent letter begging him to take back the curse which the sons believe has already worked so much evil.

A CAPITAL ELOPEMENT.

Pretty Miss Getty Runs Away With Plain Mr. Smith.

A Washington despatch says: Social and newspaper circles have been thrown into considerable of a flurry by an elopement which concerns them both. Miss Neenah Getty, petite, cultivated and charming, has been prominent in society for several years. She resided with her mother at 2,926 P street, and Mr. Randolph W. Smith, a scion of an old Virginia family, in Richmond, has been for the past year Washington correspondent of the Kansas City *Times*. He is well known in Washington society, an able newspaper man, and popular with the correspondents on "the row." Miss Getty had many admirers, but of all her suitors the young correspondent seemed to receive the most encouragement.

The friends of the young couple looked on with approving eyes at the rapidly progressing courtship. But not so the parents, upon both sides. They were opposed, apparently unalterably. The young people tried to reconcile the opposition of their parents, but without avail. Finally despairing of gaining the desired consent, the impetuous young southern determined to carry off his bride, whether or no.

The plans for the elopement were carefully laid and successfully carried out. Little by little some necessary articles of clothing for the young lady were smuggled out of the house this week and conveyed to the residence of a friend.

This morning, immediately after breakfast, Miss Getty bade her mother good-bye, ostensibly to go to the pension office. Instead, however, she proceeded to the residence of a friend, Miss Josephine Jones, of Corcoran street, and changed her summer dress for a neat travelling costume. Mr. Smith called for her there and the eloping party drove rapidly into the country, where a rural "squire" tied the knot. They then took the train, and are now far away on their wedding trip, while the obdurate parents threaten vengeance on the correspondent for this robbery.

FOUGHT FOR THE MOON.

Wild Indians Badly Frightened by the Eclipse.

A Muskogee, I.T., telegram says: Four thousand blanketed Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Delawares were at the Anadarko agency last week to get their rations, when the total eclipse of the moon occurred. The savages were filled with alarm and became very demonstrative. The principal chief ordered them to shoot at the "evil thi g trying to harm the moon," and the entire force of Indians opened fire in the air, keeping up the shooting for upward of an hour and until they were out of ammunition. When the moon appeared in full, after the eclipse, wild whoops went up for what they believed to have been their victory.

Sheol May be in Ohio.

A Cincinnati despatch says: Dr. Ernst Weissenbacher, professor of geology in Heidelberg University, has arrived here, after making a visit of scientific inspection to the natural gas well at Findlay, Ohio. The professor says that about 1,200 feet below the city of Findlay lies an immense cavern, several miles long and in some places more than half a mile deep. This is crowded full of gas, which is under a pressure almost inconceivable. Then come several strata of rock, perhaps a mile in thickness, and then the great internal fire. The last of the layers, which lies directly over the fires, is melting away. About ten miles from Findlay on either side it is of great thickness, but as it nears the town it grows thinner, the furnace beneath disintegrating and ever lessening the barrier. From the tremendous cracking which is to be heard by the sound instrument, it is almost certain that the disintegration is going on with great rapidity, and the professor seems to think that an early catastrophe is not only possible but probable.

All the P pe's Jubilee wine is to be distributed among the hospitals.

STREET CAR DRIVERS

Strike Work, Then Strike Policemen and Non-Union Drivers—Arrests Made.

A Greenpoint (L.I.) despatch says: Not since the great sugar house strike and riots two years ago has there been so much excitement in this place as has prevailed since 7 o'clock yesterday morning. The streets have been crowded with men, women and children, hooting and yelling, while the striking employees of the Cross Town Railway Company have engaged in rioting and in barricading the streets to prevent the running of cars. The cause of the excitement was a tie-up on the three lines controlled by the Cross Town Railway Company, the Hunter's Point and Erie Basin, Calvary Cemetery, and Oaklands street and Park avenue. The tie-up was entirely unexpected by the officers of the road. The causes which led to the sudden movement of the men are said to be the discharge of certain employees upon frivolous charges, the importation of green drivers under contract, and favoritism on the part of one of the starters. No cars left this end of the routes to-day. Six cars were started with "scab" drivers from Erie Basin, and the strikers, upon learning by telephone of the fact, prepared to stop their progress.

A detachment of the strikers started off to Diggs street, near the Manhattan Beach crossing, where they awaited for the appearance of the cars, meanwhile placing large blocks of stone and other heavy obstacles across the tracks. About 11 o'clock car No. 28 crossed the bridge, over Brunswick creek, and as it came in sight the strikers and a large crowd of men and women jumped on the car and pulled off the driver, John Holland, and the conductor, Phillip Robinson, while others cut the traces and let the horses go. The strikers tried to induce the driver and conductor to join them, and on their refusal beat and kicked them. A detachment of police from the 7th precinct arrived with a patrol waggon at this time, and made short work of the fighting strikers and arrested two of them, Luke Moor and Charles Glanigar. The car was not moved until after 1 o'clock, when a fresh team having been taken up from the stables, under a strong police guard, it was started for the stables. All the way from Greenpoint avenue to India street it was greeted with shouts and hisses, and but for the strong force of police it would have been thrown from the track. It reached the stables at 1.45 p.m. At 2 p.m. the strikers were holding a session in their hall when word was received that car No. 11 was on its way to Grand street under guard of twenty policemen. The occupants of the car were hooted all the way down Manhattan avenue. In the meantime the Executive Committee of Assembly 5,174 had issued orders that this car must be stopped and thrown from the track at all hazards, and that the coal boxes and stone waggons should be placed on the tracks at Huron street.

This order was carried out, as the force of policemen had been depleted by detachments being sent to other points. When the car arrived midway between India and Huron streets, there were on board, besides half a dozen policemen, who stood on the platform, several ladies, but, regardless of this fact, the strikers made a rush for it as it was brought to a stop by a couple of huge stones lying across the track. The police charged the crowd with their clubs, and then sticks and stones began to fly. The driver of the car, Charles Sickles, was knocked senseless to the floor of the car by a large stone thrown by one of the strikers, which hit him on the side of the head. Sergeant Rob Reid, of the seventh precinct, who stood beside Sickles, was also struck on the right temple with a smaller stone, and a dozen other policemen were seriously wounded in the same way. The fighting was hot and heavy for over two minutes, resulting in the strikers being routed. Six arrests were made at this time. The prisoners are Edward Noonan, charged with placing a waggon on the track; John Callahan and John Thornton, charged with placing stones on the track and rioting; Wm. Santele, Wm. Leonard and Andrew Kelly, charged with throwing stones. The last named, it is said, threw the stone which hit driver Sickles. All the prisoners are drivers. The conductor of the car was induced to leave it and join the strikers. Quiet having been restored, a dozen policemen boarded the car, and one of them drove it down to the stables amid mingled shouts of derision and hisses. The railroad officials claim to know nothing of the cause of the tie-up.

THE POWERS AND BULGARIA.

A Danish Prince Proposed to Supersede Ferdinand.

A Berlin cable says: Emperor William and suite are expected to arrive at Kiel to-morrow. The interview between Emperor William and King Christian of Denmark has special importance, as associated with the settlement of a family question connected with the Bulgarian Throne. The Czar appears to have given his assent to the creation of a Bulgarian monarchy, with either Prince Waldemar, the youngest son of King Christian, or the Duke of Cumberland on the throne. The Duke of Cumberland has rejected the offer. King Christian of Denmark advises Prince Waldemar to accept the throne of Bulgaria if the *entente* between the European powers is perfect. King George of Greece, the brother of Prince Waldemar, opposes his candidature. Important events are certain to take place if Greece and Bulgaria come into conflict. Emperor William before returning to Potsdam will go to Friedrichsruhe to confer with Prince Bismarck. The Moscow *Gazette* and the *Sviet* are no longer content with demanding the deposition of Prince Ferdinand from the throne of Bulgaria, as a guarantee of Germany's good faith; but demand that Prince Bismarck be first dismissed. How little the effect of the German Emperor's visit to St. Petersburg modifies the German hostility is seen in the articles of the Pan-Slavist press. The *National Zeitung*, in a semi-official article, declares the Imperial visit to Stockholm and Copenhagen is a pledge for the re-establishment of friendly relations by Germany with the Scandinavian races. "If Denmark can forget Schleswig-Holstein France ought to learn to reconcile herself to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine." With reference to Prince Ferdinand, it has been decided that he shall be assisted to maintain his position in Bulgaria. Friday's *Swoboda*, the official organ of the Sofia Government, declares the abdication of Prince Ferdinand does not depend upon the will of any Power; that he was raised to the throne by the Bulgarian nation, and will remain as long as he preserves the affection and confidence of the people. It is said the protest of the Vatican against the visit of Emperor William to Rome has proved effectual. One result of the Vatican's diplomatic triumph is that Minister Crispi has sent instructions to the Italian Embassy in Paris to inaugurate regulations for a commercial treaty with France.

A MASONIC ASYLUM.

The Munificent Gift of John Hodge, of Lockport, to the Order in New York.

A Lockport, N. Y., despatch says: Junior Grand Warden John Hodge, of the State Lodge of Masons, has donated the old Gov. Hunt place in this city, valued at $50,000, to the State Lodge for an asylum. The estate consists of a beautiful stone mansion on an eminence, with lodge, acres of lawn, barns, summer-houses and conservatories. There are 80 acres of land. The name of the place is Wyndham Lawn. This munificent gift of Mr. Hodge will be greatly appreciated, and may bring the State Asylum to Lockport.

Got Back Her Darling.

An Erie, Pa., despatch says: Marshal Carter, of Geneva, Ohio, and Mrs. Mary Bowers reached here yesterday from Sandbury with her 6-year-old daughter, who had been stolen from her by her husband, Rev. Wm. Bowers, last March. Bowers married his wife seven years ago, went to the bad, left the country, and was divorced from his wife. After a few years he came back as an ordained minister and remarried his wife. In ten days he abducted the child and hid in Pennsylvania. Last week a lady saw and recognized Bowers in Shamokin, and notified the heartbroken wife and mother. Marshal Carter and officers located Bowers, captured the child through strategy, held Bowers' friends at bay with revolvers, and for a time came near being mobbed. But when Mrs. Bowers recovered from her swoon and told her story Bowers fled for his life. They left for Ohio last night.

Husband (to wife)—Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his son in life? Wife—I certainly do. I am thankful, John, our boy will never be handicapped in that way. Husband—Oh

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

An American Heiress Abducted By a German Waiter—They Are Discovered at Queenstown

A London cable says: Much excitement prevailed in Queenstown on Saturday when Samuel Untermeyer, a barrister of New York city, arrived there by the mail train from London, where he had just arrived from America on important business, and identified Miss Elsa Elias, an American heiress, aged 17 years, who had been abducted from Cassel, Williamshue, Germany, by Oscar Moller, aged 22 years, a waiter in a small hotel there. The American lawyer stated that Miss Elias is the daughter of Henry Elias, a wealthy New York brewer, who died about a year ago worth a quarter of a million pounds, British money, and leaving by will £50,000 to his daughter Elsa, over whom Untermeyer was appointed guardian. Soon after the death of the millionaire his widow travelled to Cassel, Williamshue, where the Empress Dowager of Germany resides, in order to educate her daughter, and while there an intimacy sprang up between Elsa and Moller, resulting in the elopement, but before leaving the German Empire they were arrested, the heiress returning home while Moller was admitted to bail.

Moller watched his opportunity, again succeeded in abducting the young lady, and travelled with her secretly to England. On Wednesday last they embarked at Liverpool on the American Line steamer Ohio for Philadelphia, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Butnermeyer, as man and wife. The next day the steamship arrived in Queenstown for the mails, when Detective Foley went on board and, on a description, arrested Moller on a charge of abduction. Although he protested his innocence and asserted that he was not the person wanted, which statement Miss Elsa corroborated, the waiter was brought ashore in custody, the young lady coming also. On gaining land Moller was placed in Robinson's Hotel, where the girl remained with him. The police shadowed the waiter, fearing further flight. Yesterday the eloping pair walked in the most unconcerned manner about the town, the heiress, who was dressed in a long, tight-fitting costume and blue veil, leaning tenderly on Moller, who presented a clerical appearance, being cleanly shaved and dressed in a suit of black, with a tall hat. They went to the police station several times and stated that it was severe treatment to detain them thus. Beyond this they declined to talk with any person, but indulged in laughing conversation between themselves.

On the arrival of the mail train on Saturday Mr. Untermeyer immediately identified his ward, who did not appear to realize her position. She readily consented to leave the waiter, and placed herself in charge of her guardian. Both came back to London in the afternoon. Moller in the meantime was taken before a magistrate by a Scotland Yard police officer, who had also arrived from England, and a warrant being granted the waiter was taken away by the night mail to London, *en route* to Germany for trial.

A MAD JUMP.

Matt. Byrnes Leaps From the Brooklyn Bridge and is Badly Hurt.

A New York despatch says: Matthew Byrnes, aged 21, who was employed in a livery stable at Port Richmond, S. I., now lies in the Long Island College Hospital suffering from injuries which may prove fatal. At 10.30 o'clock this morning, when directly in the centre of the Brooklyn bridge, on the north side, Byrnes jumped off a truck upon which he was riding toward the New York end. He pulled off his coat, threw it on one side of the roadway, then placed his hat on it, deliberately climbed up the outer railing and ran up the big cable which reaches to the top of the tower. When up at least ten feet higher than the top of the rail he turned round, waved his hand to a frantic policeman who shouted to him not to jump, and then sprang out into mid air. Down he went with great velocity. He had on a "jersey" shirt. He turned one or two somersaults and landed in a sitting position on the water. Byrnes held both arms close to his breast, with fists closely clenched together. His legs were close to each other, and the knees were drawn up almost to the pit of the stomach. He sank under the water in this attitude, but soon rose to the surface and endeavored to swim. He seemed weak and exhausted, and would probably have drowned had he not been picked up by the tug Cheney, which was towing one of the St. John's guild excursion parties. They carried him down near Governor's Island and there, as his condition seemed critical, transferred him to the tug John Berwind, which immediately steamed to Hamilton ferry, Brooklyn, and surrendered the man to an officer. He was then moved to the hospital and a policeman left in charge to arrest him again if he recovers.

A MURDERER'S DEATH.

Hanged Himself to Escape Punishment

A Utica despatch, dated August 6th, says: A startling murder has just come to light in the village of Oxford, Chenango county, the crime having been committed last September. Yesterday morning the lifeless body of Wm. H. Crosby was found hanging in the woods, not far from his house, in the corporation of Oxford. The body was cut down, and an explanation sought from his wife, who, like her husband, has not borne the best of reputations. From her it was learned that the probable cause of the suicide was a murder committed last September. The victim was a young and good-looking girl given to fast habits, who had resorted to the Crosby house, and with whom Crosby was intimate.

One night the girl came to the Crosby house very late, and he accused her of running with the young men, and in a fit of rage and jealousy struck her down. Crosby's wife said that there were sounds of a scuffle outside, and that some one soon went away with the body, as it is supposed, and buried it.

The girl was missed in the village, but it was supposed that she had run away, as she had done once before. A quarrel between Crosby and his wife led to recriminations lately, and it is supposed he hanged himself to avoid exposure. As to the other person supposed to be a participant in the crime, nothing is yet known. There is great excitement in the village.

SAVED BY PRESENCE OF MIND.

A Mother's Careless Act Atoned for by Her Bravery.

A Chicago telegram says: Mrs. J. Norman attempted last evening to replenish the fuel in her little oil stove while the wick was still aflame. She allowed the oil to run over and it ignited. The flames reached to the ceiling, and Mrs. Norman seized a pail of water to quench them. This only tended to make matters worse. The blazing oil ran in streams about the floor and ignited Mrs. Norman's dress. She hastily rolled herself in a blanket and extinguished the blazing garments before she was severely burned. Little Clara Norman, who attempted to put out the fire, also had her clothes ignited. She seized her baby brother in her arms and was about to rush out with him. The flames had communicated to his clothes and the two would have been burned to a cinder had not Mrs. Norman caught and wrapped them in the same blanket which had saved her. She then smothered the flames from the burning stove and fell to the floor exhausted with her efforts. Fortunately all three escaped with a few slight burns, which will soon heal.

A Baronet a Police Sergeant.

A Dublin paper publishes some interesting information relative to a titled police sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary in Dublin. The sergeant is Sir Thomas Echlin, Bart., who is the seventh baronet of the name, and the lineal descendant of Sir Henry Echlin, second Baron of the Court of the Exchequer, who was created a Baronet of the Kingdom of Ireland on 17th of October, 1721. The Echlins are of ancient Scottish origin, and formerly possessed princely estates in Scotland. The direct line of the family acquired large domains in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, Dublin and Galway, but extravagance brought about their ultimate ruin. The present Baronet's father was a laborer and he has two brothers. One was in the Life Guards and also a footman, and the second is an Irish stationmaster. Sir Thomas is employed as a clerk in the Constabulary Depot in Dublin, and is diligent and careful in the discharge of his duties, and a great favorite with his comrades, who call him Sir Thomas. In official documents he is described as Sir Thomas Echlin, not Sergeant Thomas Echlin. More than one wealthy dame has unsuccessfully tried to bribe him into matrimony for the sake of his title.

The Prince of Wales is going to Dublin. It is said that Mr. Gladstone has made him a good Home Ruler.

FEARFULLY FATAL FIRE.

Seventeen People Burned to Death in a New York Fire Trap.

ALL ESCAPE CUT OFF.

Men, Women and Children are Fairly Roasted Alive.

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says: Thirteen people were burned to death in a six-story brick building in the rear of 197 Bowery this afternoon. Six more, burned so badly that they will probably die, were removed to various hospitals. The house was a ramshackle hidden in the middle of the block, the only entrance to it being a narrow alley from the Bowery. In front of it runs a four-story building, on the first floor of which was a saloon called the White Elephant. Adjoining this is Harry Miner's People's Theatre. In the rear of the burned building were two houses hemming it in on the Christie street side. In this caged-in building lived about 150 people. Each of the six floors was occupied by a single family, the head of which was a tailor, who made clothing for the cheap wholesale clothing houses and employed from fifteen to twenty men and women and children, in addition to his own family, in making up the clothing. They were all Polish Jews and the employers and employed worked, ate and slept in the rooms of the dingy tenement. The tenants who rented the apartments were O. Corn, S. Graft and Marks, S. Harris and H. Levine. About 4.15 o'clock this afternoon, while all the occupants of the building were busily at work in the closing hours preceding their Sabbath eve, flames broke out in the lower floor. Fire had already gained such headway that it was in full possession of the stairway, and escape by it seemed impossible. Many of the frightened inmates, however, rushed through the flames into the narrow court with clothes ablaze. Six of them were so severely burned that they were taken to the hospital and may die. There were fire escapes in front and rear of the house, but before any of the inmates had time to escape by them the flames had ascended through the house and were rushing from the windows so that descent by the fire escapes was impossible. One man, already half burned to death, escaped from a fourth-story window and fell, a mangled mass of flesh, in the little courtyard. Others jumped from the second story windows and escaped with bruises. A. H. Sheldon, manager of the People's Theatre, on discovering the fire, sent out an alarm and the firemen responded, but when they arrived the flames already had complete possession of the house and nothing could be done to save it and little to save its inmates. Charles W. Norman, property man of the theatre, with several of his comrades, ran to the roof of the theatre, carrying a ladder, which they stretched over to a window of the burning building. A woman with her hair and clothing already ablaze appeared at the window and Norman called to her to cross over the ladder. She cried back that she could not leave her two children. Norman tried to cross over on the ladder, but the flames drove him back and he could not save her. Afterwards the charred bodies of the mother and two children were found in the building. Three men, however, availed themselves of the ladder and escaped to the roof of the theatre. When the firemen had at last drowned the flames so that they could enter the house they searched floor by floor as they ascended and on the third floor they found the burned bodies of a man, a woman and a boy. On the fourth floor they found five bodies so badly burned that it was impossible to tell whether they were men or women. On the fifth floor no bodies were found, but on the sixth there lay on the floor five more bodies and they also were burned so that it could not be told whether they were men or women. This made thirteen bodies found in the building. That of the man who escaped from the fifth story window increased this list to fourteen, while it is feared the deaths of some, if not all, those in the hospitals will make this number greater. While the firemen were searching the ruins, the cry came that the roof was falling in, and the crackling of timbers was heard. The firemen did not desert the building, but ran to the windows, where they awaited orders. They shouted to Chief McGill, who was on the roof of a lower house. He climbed a ladder and saw the roof sagging in, and gave orders to prop it up. All the bodies had not been taken down and until this was done the firemen would not desert the place

The list of the dead as far as known is as follows; Adele Graft, aged 28, with her new-born babe and two children, aged 7 and 4; Philip Laloph, aged 23, killed by jumping from the sixth story; Henry Schwartz, tailor. Ten men and one woman are at the morgue burned beyond recognition. Six were seriously, and in most cases fatally, burned or injured and several others slightly. Six others are missing. The missing are believed to be among those burned beyond recognition. The death of Isaiah Spennett at the hospital at a late hour this evening makes the seventeenth death to midnight.

One of the most pitiful incidents of the terrible calamity was the death of Mrs. Graft. In the awful panic she gave birth to a child and the mother and babe were burned to a crisp. Her two children were victims by her side.

REMARKABLE FAITH CURE.

Mrs. Hamel Miraculously Recovers the Use of Her Leg.

A Lowell, Mass., despatch says a miraculous and well attested instance of faith cure has occurred in this city and excited the wonder of all who know the circumstances. Twelve years ago Mrs. Charles Hamel, of this city, then a little girl, contracted a severe cold which settled in her right knee. Since that time she has been unable to step without a crutch. The best physicians have treated her in vain. During her married life she has worked hard in domestic duties and reared four children. She is of a very religious nature, and has regularly attended the services of the Novena this week at St. Joseph's Church, of which she is a member, going to the church in a hack. Thursday was the last day of the services, and she attended high mass with a determination to end her sufferings by prayer. She used her crutch on going to and returning from the communion table, and then knelt in her pew and prayed for relief. At the close of the service she arose from her knees and, leaving her crutch in the pew, walked to the door without assistance. Since that time her limb has been apparently well and strong. Her case has created great astonishment, and hundreds of people have called upon her to hear her story. The crutch has been hung in front of the altar of the church.

A CORNER ON HYSTERICS.

Sixteen Silk Mills Employees Make an Exciting Scene.

A Wilkesbarre despatch says: The silk mills in South Wilkesbarre were the scene of an unusual and exciting incident yesterday afternoon. One of the young women employed there was taken with an epileptic fit. She fell to the floor and the other girls gathered around and became most alarmed and excited. Suddenly one of them gave a wild shriek and fell over in violent hysterics. The excitement increased, and in a minute or so another young woman was seized with hysteria. The girls were now almost wild with nervous excitement, and one after another was seized with hysteric convulsions. Their cries and struggles as they lay quivering on the floor combined to make the scene an extraordinary and exciting one. Sixteen of the girls were thus prostrated. Medical aid was summoned, and the girls were revived and sent home.

Beer is King in the Motherland.

Acording to the latest Parliamentary returns, $7,500,000 was received for beer licenses in England last year, and as an indication of where the profits go it is announced that Lord Lansdowne has just sold three of his finest pictures, two Rembrandts and a Cuyp, for $250,000, to Sir Arthur Guinness, who has made his money in brewing beer.—*Boston Herald.*

M. Chevreul, the French chemist, is reported to be failing in health and too weak to walk unassisted, but, as he will be 102 years should he live until the 31st of next month, it is not surprising that he should begin to show the infirmities of age.

If love laughs at locksmiths, he just "snickers right out" at bail bonds. Two eloping couples have jumped heir bail and gone on with their surreptitious honeymoon during last week.

CUPID'S VICTIMS.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose's Third Husband—Other Matrimonial Ventures.

A London cable says: On Thursday the young curate of the church at Fulham, under a special license, quietly married the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, known on the turf as "Mr. Manton," to her third husband, a brother of Lady Durham. Not a whisper of the event had been heard previously, for the secret was well kept. It has been the social sensation of the week. The groom was Marcus Henry Milner, a young man of 22, while the bride is in her 71st year, and she has been married twice before, the first time in 1836. No woman in London society has a wider or more peculiar reputation. She does and says things which nobody else would venture upon. Her anecdotes and her jokes are generally better suited to the smoking than the drawing room, and she is very apt to stagger the most hardened man of the world by what some of her friends call her "emancipation from conventionalities." Other people may be hampered by the rules and obligations of ordinary life, but the Duchess of Montrose acknowledges no such restrictions. Everybody knows that the old Duchess takes a great interest in racing, and is indeed the proud owner of a stable, her horses running as "Mr. Manton's." She likes play actors and everybody, provided they are young and do not belong to her own sex. Naturally, therefore, she generally has a young man or two in her train, and one of them she has chosen for her husband. There is a matter of nearly fifty years' disparity in their ages. But what of that? The Duchess has fully £20,000 a year, and is nice and lively as a cricket. Crabbed age and youth can live very well under such circumstances. Mr. Milner is not the first young man who has married for money.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose was born in 1817, and at the age of 19 married the Duke of Montrose. When he died on December 30th, 1874, at the age of 75, the Duchess was well advanced in years, and had borne the Duke six children, the first of whom was born in 1845 and the last in 1872. Within thirteen months of the Duke's death Duchess Caroline married W. S. Stirling Crawfurd, of Milton, the celebrated owner of successful racers. The Duchess, in retaliation for the criticisms of the Montrose family, took every opportunity to display her preference for her second husband.

A social sensation was caused by the announcement that the Duchess had secured one of the most valuable and interesting pieces of burial ground in all Great Britain for the remains of her second husband, who died in 1883, paying $150,000 for the ground alone, and invited from the best architects of Europe plans for a mausoleum of classic style and unprecedented grandeur. The Duchess declared that this sepulchre would exemplify her affection for Crawfurd, and that it was her ambition to excel the effort of Artemisia.

Miss Violet Isaacson, daughter of the great dressmaker, Madame Elise, was married to Lord Beaumont in London on Saturday.

The Duke of Aosta, the ex-King of Spain, and his niece, Princess Letitia, the only daughter of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, will be married in Turin in September.

DAYS AND NIGHTS OF AGONY.

John Anderson Tells of His Dreadful Experience in the Well.

A Johnstown, Neb, despatch says: John Anderson, who was imprisoned in a well nine days and was released on Saturday, says that when the boards and sand closed in over him he was crowded into a box about two feet square and with not enough room for him to stand erect. He could not get on his knees or sit down, but had to stay in a crouching position during the whole of his imprisonment.

About the first three days," said Anderson, "I got along very well, but after that I began to want water badly. The fourth day when it rained I heard what I thought was water slowly dropping. Feeling around I found it, and holding my mouth open managed in this way to get about a dozen drops of water, which gave me much relief. I had no difficulty in breathing until the well below me came so near being filled by sand occasionally coming in, caused by the diggers above. I had breathed the air over so much that it had become impure, causing me to feel a smothering sensation, but about this time the rescuers got near enough to let in air from above.

"By having a good supply of chewing tobacco I did not suffer so much for food as might have been expected. From the beginning I could hear considerable that was said and done above. I heard the waggon when it started to town for lumber and heard some one say the man is dead and the order given to try and pull my box out. When they began to pull I knew there was great danger of the boards giving way and crushing me, and for my own safety and to give evidence of being alive, I cut the ropes and heard the exciting talk that prevailed when it was discovered that I was alive. It was music to me and from that time on I was hopeful of being rescued.

"About the sixth day I felt something crawling on my hand and found it to be a fly. I thought by this that an opening had been made from above. I was correct, for soon a wet rag was passed to me. In reaching it to me it became covered with sand, but no honey ever tasted better than that wet rag. Soon a bottle of water and a piece of bread were given me and I was truly thankful.

"From this time on I began to gain strength, and by helping my rescuers the time passed quicker than one would suppose. When my feet, which are badly swollen, are better, and I dare eat a square meal, I will be all right."

THE PARTHIAN'S PASSENGERS

Transferred and Sent to Boston From Cottage City.

A Cottage City, Mass., despatch says: The schooner which collided with the steamer Parthian was the Ayr, Captain Fowler, of St. John, bound for New York with a cargo of lumber. The weather at the time of the collision was foggy, and Captain Fowler, of the Ayr, mistook the position of the steamer when she whistled, and headed directly for her. The next instant the Ayr's bowsprit struck the steamer, snapped and fell off. The Ayr rebounded, struck again and again. At the third time she struck the Parthian just at the water line, making a ragged hole about four feet in diameter just amidships in the engineers' compartment. In a moment every one was on deck, and the wildest confusion reigned for a short time. Capt. Nickerson and First Mate Lane showed wonderful coolness, checked the prevailing excitement and controlled the crew. On their assurances of safety, the passengers soon calmed themselves, and nearly all had retired within an hour after the collision. Captain Nickerson headed for Vineyard Haven, where the Parthian was run aground about 11 o'clock. This morning at 10 o'clock the tug Confidence and lighter Oak, of the T Wharf Company, of Boston, transferred the passengers and baggage to Oak Bluffs wharf, Cottage City, and left here on the steamer Martha's Vineyard at 4.45 this afternoon.

It Was a Long Walk.

A Parkersburg (W. Va.) despatch says: It is rare, indeed, to record an elopement on foot, but such a case has just occurred in Jackson county. Miss Hester Tyre, 18 years, in spite of the opposition of her parents, decided to marry George Fincld, 19 years. He was a farm hand, and between them they only had $1.25. Last Friday they met by appointment and walked fifty miles to the Ohio River, taking three days for the journey. Crossing the river, a justice united them. The appearance of the groom and that of his blushing bride betrayed their poverty, and the justice declined the piece of silver offered as his fee, and gave the happy young woman a blessing, which he sealed with an official kiss, and bid them go, and saw that they were ferried back to West Virginia for nothing. When on this side, after another fifty miles' walk, the home of her parents was before them. They footed every step of the way, happy in their new relations, and reached the old homestead this morning to find father and mother, who thought their daughter lost, waiting a blessing and a welcome.

A New Sensation.

Milk Inspector (taking his vacation on farm)—"Ha! That's a fine drink Glorious! What is it made of, madam?" Farmer's Wife—"That's milk."

It is asserted that Edward Payson Roe often worked for 24 consecutive hours. A proper verdict would be: Died from overwork.

PALATE-TICKLING DAINTIES.

With a Pleasing Preliminary Pen-Picture to Warm the Imagination.

"How insignificant and tame," exclaims a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, "seem the entertainments of the present day in comparison with those of the past." Then he cites this curious example:

When Queen Elizabeth paid her second visit to the Earl of Leicester, in 1775, a temporary bridge of 70 feet in length and 20 feet wide was thrown across a valley to the great gate of the castle, and on each side stood columns hung with the offerings of seven of the deities to Her Majesty. Slyvanus offered two cages of wild fowls, Pomona two large silver bowls filled with apples, pears, oranges, lemons and pomegranates; Ceres presented two silver bowls containing barley, wheat and oats. Bacchus gave "two silver lyvery pots" filled with wine and grapes in clusters—both white and red—as his offering. Neptune presented a large plate strewed with fresh grass and containing various sorts of sea fish. Mars offered the habiliments of war, and Phœbus gave musical instruments of various descriptions. During the seventeen days of the Queen's stay at Kenilworth, to prove the Earl's hospitality "the clok bell sang not a note while Her Highness was thear; the clok stood also still with all; the hands stood firm and fast, always pointing at 2 o'clok," which was the banquet hour. It is impossible to describe all the festivities, but it may be added that the quantity of beer drunk amounted to 320 hogsheads.

There is much similarity between ancient and modern convivial customs; our manner of filling glasses, pledging present and absent friends, the distribution of different wines, do not differ so very much from the ancients. Generally at entertainments among the French wine has an admixture of water, excepting immediately after soup, when it is drunk pure. Liquors may be regarded as identical with the goblet or cup of sweet wine introduced at a Greek feast. Pineapples steeped in arrack impart an exquisite flavor to the spirit, and by age it becomes a delicious liquor, which is unrivaled for making nectarial punch. Little fancy biscuits—and their name is legion—such as wine, Zwieback, walnut, spice nuts, cream leaves, Brunswick and a host of others, are appropriate to serve with wines of all sorts.

One of the most important things in serving fish for the first course at dinner is to see that it is hot and served immediately when ready. The addition of salt to water in which fish is boiled seasons the fish and at the same time hardens the water so that it extracts less of the nutritious part of the fish. A baked salmon, trout or pickerel should be placed upon something raised from the bottom of the pan to prevent burning, such as a piece of perforated tin or muffin rings. Frequently fish is baked to form a ring, cooked slowly, and basted frequently with melted butter and a little water. A large coffee cupful of cream, adding to it two spoonfuls of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a little bouquet of parsley, must be stirred in, the whole heated together in a basin of boiling water, and then pour it over the fish which is in the hot dish. Served with lobster or shrimp sauce or plain melted butter with fresh sprigs of parsley boiled for a few minutes in it greatly adds to its flavor.

A marrow pudding is made with half a pound of lady's finger cakes, a quarter of a pound of beef marrow chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of well-cleaned currants, half an ounce of candied lemon peel, a little dash of nutmeg, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, and a wineglassful of wine or brandy; put these on a dish and fill up with custard, having previously put a border of paste on the edge of the dish. It will be ready to serve in half an hour.

For the dessert, fruits-frappes may be made of vanilla ice cream lining the mold. Fill the centre with fresh berries or fruit cut in slices, cover closely and put it in the freezer for half an hour, with ice and salt packed closely around it. Strawberries and ripe peaches are very good prepared in this way. The fruit must only be chilled, not frozen.

Coffee should always be made at home, if possible, meaning by this to grind it at home and keep it in a jar closely sealed. Soyer's method is excellent: To make a pint, put two ounces in a stewpan, set it dry upon a moderate fire, stirring with a wooden spoon continually until the coffee is quite hot, but not the least burnt. Pour over a pint of boiling water, cover close, and let it stand by the fire, not to boil, for five minutes; then strain it through a cloth or piece of thick gauze, rinse out the stewpan, place the coffee again on the fire, and, when nearly boiling, serve with hot milk, if for breakfast, but with a drop of cold cream or milk if for dinner. French fashion orders a pint of coffee made as directed, then add a pint of boiling milk, warm both together until nearly boiling, and serve. This is for breakfast. Black coffee without milk is preferred after dinner.

Royal Flushes.

The Queen of Italy on recent occasions received guests seated in the chair of state just under a picture of her husband, the king. She was dressed in a severe robe of black velvet, which showed off her magnificent pearl necklace to the greatest advantage.

When the Princess of Wales opened the royal naval and military bazaar she was dressed in navy blue silk, with three bands of scarlet on the bodice and some touches of red visible on the skirt. The young Princesses Victoria and Maud, simply dressed in brown tailor-made costumes, were with their mother.

On the recent 70th birthday of the King of Denmark his daughter-in-law, the Princess Waldemar, presented to him a piece of embroidery made by herself representing in heraldic fashion the coats of arms of the principal members of the imperial and royal families of Russia, England, Hanover and Orleans, who have become united to that of His Majesty.

The King of Sweden was on his last birthday the recipient of a pretty little letter from a Swedish girl 6 years of age, who, beginning her epistle "Dear King," informed him that as his birthday coincided with her own she had written in order to congratulate him, particularly as she "loved her dear king so very much." He wrote back: "I thank the little Miss S. A., 6 years of age, for her letter of congratulation on my birthday, which is also hers. May she become a good woman, and thus afford pleasure to her King Oscar." The letter was accompanied by a handsome gold bangle.

A curious story anent the Japanese Emperor's opinion of dancing is told by the Tokio *Dempo*. That journal relates that recently a minister of state, while in audience, touched upon the subject of dancing, whereupon his majesty expressed the opinion that the prevalence of such a voluptuous custom was a sure indication of the decay of the nation. The State Minister in question, hearing his majesty express such strong views on the subject, upon retiring from his presence immediately gave private orders to those engaged in the construction of the new palace to dismantle the dancing saloons in the new building, which was already completed.

All Americans Know Him.

"One of the most comical things I've ever heard was told me in the Caucasus," said Dudley Winston, the young man who accompanied his father on the mission to Persia. "It was in Tiftos, the capital of Georgia. You know, there's an American store there—a big place of business, where all sorts of 'Yankee notions' are dealt out at enormous profits to the natives. I dropped in there. One of the objects of interest to which the Russian salesman directed my special attention was a patent potato peeler. 'Dees instrument,' he said, 'ees medd by ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.' I was astonished. 'What house did you say?' 'Ze faymoos 'ouse of Pat Aug.' 'Never heard of it,' I said; 'I guess you are mistaken.' 'Meestaken? No sare. I have often heard of ze 'ouse, and I have often seen ze name of ze 'ouse. I vill show him to you now. Oh, it is a firm which enjoys great fame here.' And with that he looks for a specimen potato-peeler and brings one out. 'Zare, sare,' he says, 'ees ze name engraved in ze metal. See!' I burst out laughing until my sides ached. There was the legend, 'Pat. Aug. 17th, 1873.' And the 'Pat. Aug.' part of it he had taken to be the firm's name. I found that this potato-peeler was famous under the name of 'Pat. Aug.' all over the Caucasus."

Having But Little Fun.

Pretty Sunday-School Teacher (at picnic)—You don't seem to be having a very pleasant time, Mr. Sissy. You have sat here quite alone for a long time.

Mr. Sissy (in a low, guarded tone of voice)—Yes, Miss Maude, and I shall have to remain here until all have departed. I accidentally sat down on a custard pie.

"The Guest of the Evening."

Good actions are a fruitage ripe and rare
That bears not fingering. Let me then beware
To touch with venturous hand this curving branch,
Nor lean too heedlessly against the tree
Thus at its prime o'erladen heavily
With golden harvest of a stock so stanch,
Lest I by some rude shock at this light hour
Bring down the Virtues in a mellow shower.

To drop the figure, friends—let's be content
The guest shall fancy less than we have meant.
Speak not too closely of his special good;
That we are here tells more than trumpets could.
Our friendship holds its merits as the light
Holds the hid rainbow; storm that makes them bright.
The modest veil they wear I may not raise,
Lest he should blush to hear, and I to praise

A SOMNAMBULIST'S DEATH.

A Hamilton Man Walks Through a Window and is Killed.

Mr. Arch. Gillan, of Fingal, returned yesterday from Tilbury Centre, where he had been summoned Friday by a telegram announcing that his brother George was dying. The young man, who was about 20 years of age and belonged to Hamilton, arrived at Tilbury a fortnight ago on a visit to his brother Daniel, a blacksmith. Early Friday morning Daniel was awakened by hearing groans and upon going outside found George's senseless body lying on the ground. Investigation proved that the unfortunate young man had arisen from bed during the night, and while in a state of somnambulism had removed the sash of one of the windows and walked out. He alighted upon his back, and the fall injured his spine so badly that he lived but a few hours after the accident. The young man was well known in this vicinity and his sad death will be universally regretted.

Deceased had for years been subject to walking in his sleep, and frequently rambled all over the house. The sash which he removed he placed neatly alongside the wall before walking out of the window.—*St. Thomas Times.*

Latest Scottish News.

Very Rev. Prior Leo Lense has been appointed First Abbot of the Monastery of Fort Augustus.

School-wynd Church, Dundee (where George Gilfillan labored for 42 years), is to be re-seated at a cost of £650.

Four special trains, heavily freighted, were on the 17th ult. run from Aberdeen with herring for southern markets.

The proposed McNeill Tabernacle in Edinburgh is to cost £10,000 to £12,000, and will accommodate three or four thousand people.

The Duke of Argyll has aged considerably of late, and his long white locks and patriarchial appearance make him a very picturesque figure.

There were rejoicings at Auchindrane, Ayrshire, on July 18th, in connection with the 80th anniversary of the birthday of Sir Peter Coats, Paisley.

The other night in the House of Lords Earl Rosebery gave the Duke of Argyll a severe—indeed most unmerciful—castigation for assuming the part of censor in that House.

Perth county police are to be supplied with hydrophobia virus destroyer patented by Dr. T. Macall, Morecambe. The instrument is in the form of a pencil, and can be attached to a key ring.

On the 18th ult. Rev. William Mearns, D. D., was presented with a congratulatory address from the kirk session and parishioners of Kinneff, Kincardine, on the occasion of his jubilee in the ministry.

Rev. James Hunter, United Presbyterian minister, Stornoway, has received a letter from a lady in New South Wales offering to take 1,000 crofting families from the island of Lewis to that colony.

While a horse belonging to Mr. Brown, farmer, Twizell, Roxburghshire, was having a shoe removed recently a buttercup was found to have taken root between the hoof and the shoe, and was in full bloom.

Miss Ramsay, the "Lady Wrangler" and daughter of Sir James Ramsay of Bamff, is to be married soon to Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, Cambridge. He is a widower, aged 52, and has a family, and she is just 22.

While two ladies were sitting on the rocks by the Dee at Tongland, Kirkland-bright, the other day, a large grilse leapt onto the rocks beside them. They did not scream and run, but quietly killed and carried it home.

Sir J. C. McLeod, formerly of the Black Watch, has been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-General. He joined the 42nd Highlanders in 1846, and served with that corps until 1877, when he was appointed Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Edinburgh. He served with the old 42nd Highlanders in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny campaign and during the Ashantee war, when he was in command of the regiment. He was very highly spoken of by Sir Garnet Wolseley in despatches for his services in Ashantee, and was rewarded with the title of K. C. B. A year ago Sir J. C. McLeod gave up command of the troops at Ceylon.

Children Heard, Not Seen.

"Children," said a New Jersey school teacher, "always be cheerful. Whatever falls to your lot to do, do it cheerfully." "Yes, indeed, dear teacher," responded a bright little Rahway scholar, "even the 'skeeters sing when they are at work."

Old Lady—Little boy, do you go to Sunday School? Little Boy—Yes'm. I go to the Baptist Sunday School. Old Lady—You are the son of Christian parents? Little Boy—No, ma'am; they're Baptists just the same as I am.

Little Johnny was taken in to see his new baby brother. After a good look at him he asked: "Did baby come from heaven, mamma?" "Yes, Johnny; God sent the little dear to us." "Well," said Master Johnny, after another inspection of the bald head. "I wonder what kind of a barber they've got up there. He's given him a pretty close cut, I think."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Master Paul has a constitutional terror of dogs, which terror is well known to his family and neighbors. He has been lately attending a small Kindergarten school, and is in the habit of relating the doings of the day to his family at the tea table. The other day he told them that a great, black Newfoundland dog had entered the school-room and upset things generally during his stay. "And weren't you frightened, Paul," asked his mother. "Oh, no," replied Paul, valiantly, "I wasn't frightened one bit." "But what did you do when the great dog walked about the school-room; did you keep your seat?" "Oh, no, I just got up and stood behind Mattie," explained the little fellow stoutly.—*Boston Record.*

Infant Insurance and Its Effects.

It would be interesting to know by what process of deduction Mr. Waugh arrives at the precise number of 1,000 as representing the annual hecatomb of infants murdered in this country by their parents for the sake of their insurance. The number seems high, but there are many who think it might be put even higher. The leading case in connection with this kind of crime is that of Mary Anne Cotton, the West Auckland prisoner, who was hanged in Durham Jail some sixteen years ago. This woman had poisoned all her children, save the last, which was born in jail after sentence of death had been pronounced, for the sake of their insurance. She would probably have escaped scot free had she not poisoned first her husband and then her paramour with the same motive. This was too much, and the woman was hanged. Many who deserve hanging are still at large.—*London Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Thermometer No Use to Her.

Doctor (after giving some instructions to the lady of the house about the baby, turns toward Bridget)—Now, Bridget, be careful not to make a mistake with the thermometer while bathing the baby.

Bridget—What good is the themometer whin I know all about bathin' babies without it? Ef the baby gits red the water is too hot, an' ef the baby gits blue the water is too cold.

And She Does.

May—Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?

Jennie—Indeed I do! Who's been talking shop to you?

Mary—Oh, my young man. H... street car conductor, you know, and... every time he comes to see me... his shop talk.

Jennie—What does he sa...

Mary—Sit closer, pleas...

At Sar...

"Maw, how I pe...
"Dear me, Cla...
use that vulgar...
"Do you w...
"No, you...
say you...
thing...
got...

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