

A MASSACRE OF YEARS AGO.

The Guilt of an Awful Tragedy Traced Home at Last.

Advice from British Columbia states that, after fourteen years' waiting, the authorities believe they have discovered and have in custody one of the participants in the massacre of the passengers and crew of the steamer G. S. Wright, which was lost on the down trip from Alaska in 1872. No authentic details of the casualty or of the fate of the unfortunate passengers and crew were ever known, as no white man lived to tell the tale. Authentic rumors, which were subsequently confirmed, were in circulation sometime after the catastrophe of the escape of a number of white people from the wreck and of their subsequent massacre by the Indians on the coast when they landed. The supposition was that the ill-fated vessel, during a snow storm, struck a reef when entering Queen Charlotte Sound, at the northern end of the island, the entrance to the Sound being dangerous in thick weather on account of the number of treacherous reefs. One of the firemen on the G. S. Wright was an Indian, who was snatched by others from a watery grave and then assisted by his brother to kill the unfortunate officers and passengers who escaped with him. It is now believed, beyond doubt, that an Indian named Komah, who is held in custody at Victoria, B. C., for having stolen liquor in his possession, is none other than the fireman of the ill-fated vessel who took part in, if he did not wholly instigate, the murder of the passengers and crew. The authorities are now working up the case, and from the evidence of several Indians from the vicinity of the wreck there is every probability that one at least of the guilty parties will be brought to justice, although fourteen years have gone by since the terrible deed was committed.

Trouble in Shantytown.

"Topav the marlin' to yer, Mrs. O'Tool! An' is this yer day for resavin', O'ld know?"

"O-o-o-o! an' is that you, Mrs. Garrity! Sit down an' come in! An' it's glad O'm am to see ye! Inade it is! An' how are ye, puttin' the climate this weather?"

"Oh! it's doin' O'm an' I! Phwat wid puttin' an' me Summer maalin' on Monday, an' shryin' to kape warm an' top av a red hot shrove an a Chewaday, and thin boyin' o'ice av a Wednesday, it's kill O'm intirely!"

"An' how's Dinnis, I'd know?"

"Dinnis is foimly; he's shtruck a job av wurk over to the wretimary an the Mount av Olives over fermin' Williamsburg."

"An' phwat's he doin' there?"

"Milkin' cows an' makin' butter and chese, I suppose."

"An' phwat's allin' the goat? Niver a wurst did he cfer to run at me whin O'm kim in?"

"Oh! he's bin stin' some doymnite catridges phwat they're after usin' down at the quarry, an' he's bin low in his mood, an' shryin' to kape warm."

"An' he's yer givin' him anything to also him lolke?"

"It's as dead as dix drinks O'm am."

"Och! I spakin' av shryin' reminds me that si-morrer is Washington's birthday!"

"An' Phwat are ye going to give him for a present?"

"Him who phwat?"

"Him as ye was spakin' av?"

"O' don't be a'fther knowin' him! Hewly mother! An' how long have ye been in the country that ye never heard av him phwat was the big market down beyant?"

"Phwat market?"

"Washington market, to be sure! I an niver a whoorer! I there! Sit up stin' me chese, ye bastion them days to run off, an' as the fashion them days to run off, an' get married young. People in high serdety like me nearly all done that then; but now things is changed altogether, and the young men nowadays hain't a bit better than they was when I was a girl."

Times Have Changed, but Young Men Haven't.

"Now, Mary, I want you to stop keeping company with any young man. Why goodness sakes! I just think of the idee of a young girl only sixteen years old a keepin' company! I'll not live it; and ye needn't set up a howlin' about it."

"Well, mother," said Mary, between sobs, "I think that's pretty hard on me, when I heard you telling Mrs. Combs that you run off and got married when you was sixteen."

"Yes, but times then wasn't like they be nowadays. Them was 'romantic times, and it was the fashion them days to run off and get married young. People in high serdety like me nearly all done that then; but now things is changed altogether, and the young men nowadays hain't a bit better than they was when I was a girl."

A Novel Weapon.

A few nights ago a gentleman was aroused from his slumbers by hearing a noise at his window. He immediately concluded that he was about to be treated to a robbery. Pistol or gun he had none, but he was determined to defend his little property with his life. Looking around he found a bottle of ginger ale. A happy thought struck him. As soon as the burglar's head came through the window he pushed the bottle close to his head, out the string and bang went the cork, followed by a silo of ice into the face of the man. He fell back yelling, and the gentleman ran out to find a companion who, belated, had gone around to spend the balance of the night, and thought he would enter without disturbing his friend. They swore screech, but the tale was too good to hold, and we give it to the public, withholding the names.

"Why are the works of a wetch like the flowers that bloom in spring?" "Give it up." "Because they've nothing to do with the case."

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIBELUNG," "THE RED SWORD," "THE RUSSIAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"We will find you another husband, my dear, when you present one and all other Ferinchee unbelievers have been driven into the sea. Know you not that the conqueror hath undispersed right to all the goods and possessions of the conquered, including his wives, his daughters, his sisters, his mistresses, and in short the whole of his woman-kind? Such is the custom of all Eastern nations, and it has been so throughout all ages. Your countrymen should not have come to us and so have made themselves answerable to our laws. Allah knows that they came uninvited, ill at ease, and with the sword of Egypt's plagues, but they will be soon got rid of, whilst you will remain behind."

"Rather would I perish than. Aye, a thousand times rather would I perish with them."

"Very probably; but you will not be allowed the option. Fate has decided that we both shall belong to the same man, but on account of my rank I shall take precedence of you, and as Valide Khanom, or head wife, be able to treat you as I please. You have a lovely white skin, I own it, but though your flesh be as snow it shall feel the sole of my slipper none the less frequently, and sometimes I will force you to eat stick."

"Oh, your highness, why do you feel this deep and terrible malignity towards me? How have I incurred it? I am innocuous of having injured you in any way," cried poor Nellie, as her countenance suddenly forsook her, and bearing off her green veil she cast herself on her knees before the Egyptian, her face bathed in tears.

"I will tell you how you have incurred it. You shall know how you have injured me and why I hate you. Your baby face won from me the only man whom I ever truly loved, he who saved my life at the risk of his own. That much love was born in a moment I am aware, but we Egyptians are warmer blooded than you Franks, and our race are as sudden in their loves as in their hates. I am aware, too, that never loved me in return, but I should have made him do so in time had not you altogether monopolized his heart, and as his wife I should have gone to Europe and seen the life of his city, and have been able to show my face unveiled and to win homage and admiration, as the Frankish women do, instead of being a prisoner inside the walls of a harem all my life through, which as maid, wife and widow is the Moslem woman's lot. This is how you have wronged me, and this is the reason that I hate you."

Nellie would have made some answer to this speech, but the princess was in no humor to listen to one.

Springing to her feet with the mingled vigor and grace of a tigress, she seized her lovely captive by an arm and dragged her across the room into another, and from thence to yet a third, this final chamber being supplied with an apparently stronger door.

Elina had bounded on in front to unlock and throw open the door, so that the enraged princess had only to thrust her prisoner into the room, which she did roughly enough, for she was possessed of great strength. But not content with this she dragged her up to the window (one that, alas, was strongly secured with iron bars) and pointing out she exclaimed in accents that rage had almost converted into a shriek:

"Behold at your very feet the sea that forms the highway to your distant home, yet a pathway that you are destined never to traverse. Behold, too, lying motionless upon its waves, the English ironclads that are meet emblems of the grip that your speculators and your extortioners think that they have fixed upon the head of the Pharaoh; but nearer still to us are the stone fortresses known, worked by patriots, with whom the destined hour arrives, sink them one by one at their anchorage. When that has been accomplished another than my imbecile brother will be the supreme lord of Egypt and I shall be his wife and you his mistress, for so hath he sworn unto me."

With these words she gave Nellie a shove that sent her reeling into a corner, and then leaving the little chamber she looked and bolted the door thereof in her rear.

"But, on the other hand, she could not see much as she hoped that he would relinquish his claim over her, especially that he was now the de facto ruler of Egypt and could do both European protest and interference."

Yet, if Providence did not occasionally interfere in her behalf she was convinced that she would shortly be the wife, mistress, slave, or at the best his third wife, of the prince, who had her so much, and she was his Valide Khanom, and she would even punish her, from hour to hour and from day to day as long as she lived.

Nellie pondered, mourned and fretted over all these several things whilst seated on a pile of cushions at the little orsbarred window looking out at the blue and tranquil sea, whose waves lapped the beach of the wall that constituted that side of her prison cell, and upon the three enormous ironclads, flying the bright Union Jack of old England, which lay some little distance off, but with steam up and the rapping mouths of her huge cannon to all appearances pointed directly at the palace.

So near were they that she could even read the great letters upon their prows and make them out to be the Alexander, the Sultan and the Superb, and whilst she abandoned to gaze a hand of mauls struck up about one of them, and the strains, mellowed by being borne across water, reached her with wondrous distinctness, but with the result of drawing another flood of tears from her eyes, for the air was "Home, Sweet Home," and of all airs, that was the one least adapted to cheer or comfort her on an occasion like the present.

So distressed indeed, was its effect upon her over-excited nerves that she threw herself down upon the floor, buried her face in the pile of velvet, gold-embroidered cushions and pushed her fingers into her ears, so that not a single note of the well-remembered and beloved strain should reach her, and thus and there she would leave the lonely and unfortunate girl, in the throes of her mental but silent agony, in order to return to the fortunes of her husband and his faithful dependent.

The speech of the cavalry officer stayed the murderous hands of the mob, and it is likely that its conclusion, which was to the effect that "in the end the two Europeans or no," had more weight with them than either the beginning or the middle of the harangue.

Be that as it may, however, Captain Donnelly, who had been felt to the ground, was raised to his feet again, whilst Pat Monaghan was also picked up and restored to his senses by a few hearty cuffs, and then the cavalry officer called up a few infantry soldiers who were lounging about doing nothing (they had shortly before been ordered to guard, passing whom and being conducted across a paved court to a large and barrack-like building they were admitted thereto, and presently found themselves in a bare, black looking room, as destitute of furniture as an empty barn, as well they saw many other Europeans in a similar state of affairs.

Ere Captain Donnelly could hold converse or compare notes with any of them the door had been opened (the room had two) and his minister, closely followed by two armed orderlies.

Arabi Pasha walked silently to and fro amongst the prisoners, as though looking for some one whom he expected to see there, and no sooner did his gaze rest on Captain Donnelly than, walking up to him, he said anxiously:

"How is it that you are alone? I have become of your companion, Miss Trezart?"

"You had best ask your eunuch agent that question, since 'twas at his instigation that your carriage was attacked, and 'twas he also who made away with her therein."

And here it may be observed that Frank Donnelly labored under this misconception because that he had heard Osman Ogden declare to the mob as they were attacking the carriage that his master was "the Saviour of Egypt and the Chosen of the Nation."

This answer to the war minister's question seemed, however, to puzzle that exalted personage immensely.

"Come with me into the next room," said he. "This is a matter that requires looking into, and the sooner that we understand each other the better, perhaps, for all parties."

With these enigmatical words he strode on in front, and turning a desk set by the many who would fain have held speech with him, he entered the inner room, closely followed by Frank Donnelly, who put constraint on his feelings because he had no word to vent them with.

He now looked round upon a room furnished in Egyptian official fashion, but hardly had he taken note of the many models of ships upon the walls when the war minister, who had thrown himself into a chair, said in cold, stern tones:

"You told me just now that Miss Trezart had been carried off by my agent, but that cannot be, because my agent and my entire harem remain at Cairo. How was this agent dressed?"

"Such was the tumult and confusion that I had to keep my eyes on those who were

not very appalling. Still my ears were at leisure, and I heard him declare that he was your agent."

"The rascal lied. But have you no idea whatever of his general appearance?"

"I caught a momentary glimpse of a huge head and a showy dress of scarlet and white."

"Maloom! Maloom! then is she by this time in the power of Princess Zesneh."

The war minister ejaculated the words above as though he was commending with himself that addressing Frank, and there was an expression of such keen anxiety upon his face that our hero, who had been sufficiently alarmed by his words, grew still more so by reason of his look, and impatiently broke forth with:

"In the power of that cruel and vindictive woman? As God is my judge, I would rather die than be in her power. I must go to her brother the Khedive at once, and draw out my money, and send a young officer moved toward the door as he spoke."

"It is looked by now on the other side and guarded as well," said the war minister coldly. "Besides," he added, "I can serve Miss Trezart better than you can, and as she is my affianced wife, it is more fitting that I should move in the matter. Had you not induced her to elope with you this misfortune would not have happened, and at this moment she would have been safe with her parents in my palace at Cairo."

"Her parents had no right to sell her to you against her natural inclinations, as though she was a mere bale of merchandise. We had loved each other for months, we were all in all to each other, we felt that death would be a hundred times better than separation, and for these reasons, rather than remain at Cairo and be coerced by her parents into marrying you, she dared a thousand perils to escape with me."

"The blood of youth is hot and the brain of youth is weak, on which account I forgive both of you," replied the war minister with a sneer. "But," he added, "I am from resign my claim to Miss Trezart, for it is a child's duty to obey her parents in all things, and in that point your Bible and your Koran are at all events agreed. That you have done wrong in this affair can therefore be proved out of your own Scriptures, and a few weeks of solitary confinement will give you an opportunity of studying the question therein and of convincing yourself that I am right. When at the proper hour I have the privilege of setting you free Miss Trezart will have become my wife and the most lovely inmate of my harem, and thus the matter will have been finally decided. For the present I go to set her free."

"Dare to move from that chair and I will strangle you. The lady of whom you speak is Miss Trezart no longer, but my lawful wedded wife, and I demand to be at once allowed to go to the Khedive so that he may force his sister to deliver her up to me."

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH MR. DONNELLY IS TURNED IN PLACED UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

Captain Donnelly's outburst of passion met with a similar one on the part of the war minister.

"Silence!—Infernal—unclean Kafir," he exclaimed, foaming at the mouth with rage and the while. "So you have dared to do this wrong to the girl in defiance of her parents and myself combined? You have taught me to regret the saving of your worthless life."

"The saving of my life! Your saving of my life! Your exclamation is pleased to be in my ears, and the dragon officer, in accents of fiery scorn, and then he quickly added: "It seems to please you also to make a merit of that which a dire necessity has driven you unto, the securing of a few Christian prisoners, so that the threat of hanging them in case the British fleets should open fire upon your forts may deter it from knowledge of the world, which by Allah and the prophet you either intentionally or through ignorance wrong me, you Kafir, for far from being afraid of the British fleet, or what it can do unto us, unless it shortly withdraws and permits Egypt to settle her own private business in the way best pleasing to the vast majority of her inhabitants, I shall remain upon my feet, and I firmly believe sink the huge ironclads at the moorings, and swear unto you that my sole object in troubling myself to make prisoner was to attempt to save as many of your unfortunate countrymen's lives as possible. To do this I had to win an excuse that would induce the enraged populace to spare them, and I could think of none better than the Khedive's death in a very prominent office in Governor Ireland's Cabinet and aspirer to become Governor of the State. The gentleman making the statement says:

"Detectives engaged on the case discovered the infidelities of Mrs. Phillips and a lady friend and that their partners were two important officers of the State of Texas, both married men. One of these men is the head of an important State department, the other is a clerk in that department and is a candidate for a State at the next election. As soon as it was discovered that these officers were implicated the large reward for the apprehension of the murderer was withdrawn and a police officer was dispatched to the principal witness to bribe her to leave the State; but the detectives kept watch on her movements and compelled her to attend the preliminary examination and testify. She was extremely cautious in her testimony; and, though she partly let the secret out, she artfully concealed the names of the principals. The State's Attorney refrained from cross-examining her as to who were the partners of the murdered woman, and did not call on such partner to testify, although he knew he could give important evidence. If the witness could have been kept out of sight Phillips, the husband, would have been discharged and the whole scandal suppressed. But now it cannot be done. While every effort is being made to shield these State officers, I hope the truth will out."

The *Figaro* editorially denounces these important officials, and demands the exposure of their gross immorality, so that they may be driven from their positions of honor and trust by the condemnation of an outraged public. The publication is the talk of the town to-day, and may lead to startling developments at Austin.

A MURDER MYSTERY.

Texas Officials Alleged to be Implicated—A Newspaper's Strange Story.

A despatch from San Antonio, Texas, says: A report of the brutal murder in Austin of Mrs. Eula Phillips on Christmas Eve, for the commission of which her husband, James W. Phillips, who was found unconscious in bed from a horrible wound inflicted at the same time, has recently been committed on preliminary examination to jail without bail, the *Figaro* of this city has produced a profound sensation by publishing the statement of a prominent citizen of San Antonio to the effect that the man who accompanied Mrs. Phillips in a close carriage from a certain house an hour before she met her horrible death is a very prominent officer in Governor Ireland's Cabinet and aspirer to become Governor of the State. The gentleman making the statement says:

"Detectives engaged on the case discovered the infidelities of Mrs. Phillips and a lady friend and that their partners were two important officers of the State of Texas, both married men. One of these men is the head of an important State department, the other is a clerk in that department and is a candidate for a State at the next election. As soon as it was discovered that these officers were implicated the large reward for the apprehension of the murderer was withdrawn and a police officer was dispatched to the principal witness to bribe her to leave the State; but the detectives kept watch on her movements and compelled her to attend the preliminary examination and testify. She was extremely cautious in her testimony; and, though she partly let the secret out, she artfully concealed the names of the principals. The State's Attorney refrained from cross-examining her as to who were the partners of the murdered woman, and did not call on such partner to testify, although he knew he could give important evidence. If the witness could have been kept out of sight Phillips, the husband, would have been discharged and the whole scandal suppressed. But now it cannot be done. While every effort is being made to shield these State officers, I hope the truth will out."

"A coat of paint," cried Mr. Dauber jocularly, speaking from the leader, "is the only coat you can put on without buttons." "Yas," replied the householder, dubiously, as he examined the work on the side of the house, "but I reckon you'll have to put the buttons on this one if you want it to stay on after it dries."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints.

A good mixture for chapped hands is composed of carbolic acid, fifteen grains; the yolk of one egg; glycerine, three drams. A little of this is to be rubbed into the hands several times a day if the skin is not broken.

Wash the nickel trimmings of your stove in strong soda water and wipe them off with a dry flannel or a newspaper; then wash the zinc with the same water.

Before sweeping a carpet sprinkle it with bran dampened with water. This absorbs the dust better than anything I ever tried.

Fernmangene of potash is not only a good disinfectant, but a small quantity of it mixed with the water for watering roses or other plants in pots or vases promotes luxuriance and health. Sprinkling the foliage with the same mixture drives away the green fly and keeps off mildew.

One word as to the healthfulness of dish-washing. There is no such certain cure for a poor circulation, the constant and varied exercise with hands in hot water, sending the blood to the extremities swiftly and freely, neutralizes will fly before it. A young lady who is an enthusiastic pianist tells me her fingers are never so supple as on Monday morning when she has a pan of hot water brought into the sunny breakfast room and makes Katie's place washing up the breakfast things. Do not be afraid of it, only let your dish-washing be done decently and in order.

Choice Receipts.

FRIED BEETS.—Peel two or three beets. Grate your frying-pan, slice the beets very thin into it. Add a teaspoon of water, let it cook out, then fry them a little. They are very nice.

BROWN BREAD (very good).—Two cups of Graham flour, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of oat flour, two cups of scalded milk, one and one-half teaspoons of soda or saleratus. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. It is very, very good. Sweeten with sugar or molasses, if liked.

BOILED BISCUITS.—Put a quart of good dried-apple sauce, prune sauce, or almost any dried-fruit sauce into a kettle and add two quarts of water. Drop into this a tinful of light bread biscuit and boil one hour. Serve hot with sugar and cream. Or you can spread a white cloth on the top of the sauce and lay the biscuit on it to boil.

BREAKFAST HASH.—Hash made of two parts potato, one part corn-beef, and one part beef is an appetizing dish for breakfast. The potatoes and beef should be boiled the day before, as it spoils their flavour to be chopped warm. Chop them and the beef fine; season with butter, pepper and salt, and some hot vinegar and mustard may be added if you choose.

BREAST-CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of three eggs, three and one-half cups of flour, one cup sweet milk, three teaspoonsful of baking powder. Bake two-thirds of the mixture on two round tins, and to the remainder add three yolks, three tablespoons of molasses, one cup of raisins, half a cup of flour, and all kinds of spices. Bake in one cake and place between the other two with jelly between. This is very nice.

BOSS BUNS.—Two cups of water, two cups of sugar, one cup of yeast, one cup of English currants, one cup of butter. Mix yeast and water with flour to make a thin batter at night, and let rise until morning; then add butter, sugar, currants, and any flavour you like, and sufficient flour to make a thick dough; let rise until light; then knead and roll in a sheet a little thinner than for biscuits, cut round or in squares, place in tins, and rise (again). Bake in a moderate oven to a light brown.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Into four cups of flour put one teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and a little salt. Heat one pint of molasses to the boiling point, and in it melt one soat cup of butter. Pour the mixture upon the flour and stir it well. Add one cup of sour milk in which is dissolved two teaspoonfuls of soda. Add two beaten eggs, mix all thoroughly, and put into the oven as soon as possible. It may be baked in ordinary cake pans, but is rather better suited for the very small tins, such as "hearts and rounds."

POTATO BISCUIT.—Eight potatoes of medium size mashed very fine, four table-spoonfuls of butter melted, two cups of milk lukewarm, one cup of yeast, flour to make a thin batter, two table-spoonfuls of white sugar; stir all the above ingredients together or except the butter, and set the sponge up light; four or five hours will be required; then add the melted butter, with a little salt and flour enough to make a soft dough, set this aside for four hours longer, roll out in a sheet three quarters of an inch thick, cut into cakes; let them rise one hour and bake.

BREAD JELLY.—Bread jelly is a simple delicacy which comes under the head of cookery for invalids, and is thus prepared: Take a French roll, cut it into thin slices and toast them on both sides to a golden brown, then put them into a saucepan with a quart of water (spring water, if it can be had) and simmer over a fire until they become a sort of jelly. To tell when this stage is reached take up a little on a spoon and allow it to cool. When done strain it through a thin cloth and flavour with a little lemon juice and sugar. A little sherry may be added if liked.

REEP CAKES.—Take some rare-cooked, cold roast beef and mince it very fine; then boil and mash some white potatoes and add them to the meat, making the mixture three-fourths meat and one-fourth potatoes. Now add a couple of sprigs of parsley, minced fine, mix all well together, and bind it with the beaten yolk of an egg. Form the mixture into cakes about half an inch thick and about as big round as a teaspoon, dredge them with flour, and fry until nicely browned in hot beef-drippings. When done serve garnished with fried parsley.

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