THE ANARCHISTS' AVENGERS

Captured by the Chicago Police While Maturing Their Plot.

THOSE WHO WERE TO BE DYNAMITED.

A Chicago despatch says: A dynamite bomb factory was discovered by the police yesterday morning in a small frame building at Ashland avenue and Thirty-third street. The owner of the place, an old Anarchist, was arrested with two accomplices. A conspiracy of long standing, the object of which was the murder of Judge Gary, Judge Grinnell and Police Inspector Bonfield, was about to be put into execution. Twelve dynamite bombs, a revolver and a dagger were found in the den. Inspector Bonfield is reported to have said that the plot was a well arranged one. About twenty determined murderers were in the conspiracy, and they were to be at a certain hour last night at the houses of Grinnell, Gary, Bonfield, Frank Walker, Gen. Stiles and others prominent in the prosecution of the Anarchists. Dynamite was to be placed beneath the houses of these and the explosive was to be touched off simultaneously. The Board of Trade was to be blown up at the same time, and a wholesale reign of terror inaugurated. Before making the first arrest Inspector Bonfield had the house surrounded by five picked officers. Just as daylight was breaking the inspector was joined in the vicinity by a stranger, and a few minutes later a man emerged from the house. The stranger nudged Bonfield, and an order was given to the men, who closed on the man. He made a desperate fight, but was quickly overpowered and placed in charge of two of the officers. Bonfield and the other officers then rushed into the house. They were met on the stairs by a woman, the wife of the man who had been captured, but she was brushed aside and the police, guided by the stranger, entered a hall bedroom, where hidden in a corner the inspector found a dozen dynamite cartridges wrapped in brown paper. A further search of the rooms disclosed hidden in the bed a dagger and revolver. Some bundles of letters and other papers, which were also taken care of by the police, were found. Then a patrol waggon was called and the prisoners were taken to the station. The officers next went to a house some distance away. Here two other arrests were made, and all three captives were taken to the Central Station.

Almost immediately after the execution of the Haymarket rioters the Anarchists reorganized into groups of three, and it is one of these groups that were arrested to-day. To them was committed the task of revenging the execution of their comrades and their duty was to blow up the residences of those who took a prominent part in the conviction of the Haymarket rioters. Inspector Bonfield to-night, in a modest way, told the story of the plot and capture. Said he: "A week or ten days ago a gentleman drew my attention to the fact of a conspiracy which included an attempt on the lives of Judge Grinnell, Judge Gary and myself. This came to the gentleman's knowledge from a Bohemian on the west side, whose name I decline to give. Investigation satisfied us that a conspiracy had been formed. We found that three men had been to Aldine square. Judge Grinnell lives on Aldine square, and Judge Grinnell had noticed them there. The cowardice of one of the men finally brought him to give up the secret. Late last night I procured warrants for the three. Besides Lieut. Ellicott and four of his men we had two officers along who could speak Bohemian. The first place we went to was 292 Farrell street, where the chief one of the trio lived. We arrived there about 4 o'clock in the morning, but having been informed that he had revolvers, dynamite and daggers, poisoned perhaps, we concluded not to enter but to wait developments. The fellow came out about 7 o'clock. We arrested him without difficulty, he being taken by surprise. We searched the house and found a small portion of dynamite. It was the Ætna No. 1, but we also found a lot of bombs, not those manufactured for the purpose, but those pressed into service. There were some half dozen of them, about four inches long, of cast iron. Lieutenant Mahoney was then telegraphed to and he arrested Frank Chapek at 498 Twentieth street." The inspector declined to state whether the fact that no search was made at Chapek's indicated that Chapek was the informer or not, as rumored. "Chebowa," continued the inspector, was then arrested by our party. In his custody was found eight half-pound packages of dynamite labelled Ætna, and some bombs same as those found on Farrell street.

STEWED CHINAMEN.

How the Bodies of Deceased Celestials are Prepared for Shipment.

A New York telegram says: The remains of sixteen dead Chinamen packed in tin barrels were shipped by the National Express to-day for Cathay, China, where they will be deposited in the flowery burying grounds of that place. A firm of celestial philanthropists assembled together some time ago and made a tour of the States to collect the bones of their deceased compatriots and ship them back to China. They started from San Francisco, some months ago, in search of the heathen dead. They went to Los Angeles, to Denver, Kansas City, Wheeling, W. Va., Pittsburg, Beaver Falls, Philadelphia and New York, and collected in all 215 bodies. In each city they first located the graves of their friends and carefully exhumed them. Buried as the bodies were in ordinary Caucasian coffins, the difficulty of transporting them seemed large and the expense appalling. Some proposed to ship all the boiled flesh in one barrel and the bones in a packing case, but the idea was scouted on account of the difficulty that would attend the division of the material among mourning relatives at home. So it was agreed to stew every man separately and to boil him down to the smallest possible space imaginable so as to set in a jelly when cold. Square tins suitable for holding one boiled body each were obtained and the remains were cooked so as to fit exactly. It was found that a Chinaman's corpse could be boiled down so as to average about 33 pounds, and that is what was done with all of them, big and little alike.

A PLUCKY PREACHER.

He Tackles a Burglar and Gets the Best of Him.

A Minneapolis telegram says: Early Thursday morning a Minneapolis preacher had the physical courage to tackle and the strength to conquer a would-be burglar. Wednesday night the Rev. W. T. Chase, of 1,413 Harmon place, retired at peace and harmony with all the world. About 4 30 Thursday morning he was aroused by a premonition of danger. He opened his eyes and was startled by seeing a strange man leaning over him. His first thought was that of a burglar after something, and he determined to prevent him. Springing up he grasped the fellow with both hands, and then began a rough-and-tumble fight. It was first preacher, then burglar on top. At last Dr. Chase got the fellow to the top of the stairs, and then, using all his strength, he hurled him head first down the steps. The fellow landed in a heap at the bottom, but gathered himself up before Mr. Chase could reach him and ran to a side window, rolled out, and started on a run for the park. Mrs. Chase heard the noise and rushed out from her room just in time to see the wrestling match. "Let him go, father! Let him go!" said she; but her husband hung on and proved that he could handle a terrestrial devil as well as a spiritual one.

"A Worm in His Little Inside."

A Vincennes, Ind., despatch says: For five years James M. Crow, a prominent merchant of Booneville, Ind., has been an invalid, and he became a mere shadow of his former self. To relieve the extreme nausea in his stomach he took a powerful emetic the other day, and soon after he brought up an animal six inches long, an inch in diameter and of a pink color. It had one well-developed eye, a broad mouth and a stomach. It is not described in any medical work. Mr. Crow feels greatly relieved. The curiosity is on exhibition in Dr. Park's office in Booneville.

An Uncommon Accident.

As Mrs. Hazard, an old lady, living at 156 Richmond street west, was walking along Queen street near Bay, a big dog came bounding down street and collided with her, knocking her over and breaking her leg above the ankle. After her injuries had been attended to she was conveyed to her home in the ambulance.—*Toronto Empire.*

At the Brink of the Grave.

In a cemetery—And so you have come to your doctor's funeral! That is as it should be; grateful patients are rare."

Oh, you mustn't praise me too much. I am thankful because it was the doctor who died."

ANOTHER TORONTO SCANDAL.

A Married Woman Elopes With a Former Lover—Are Both Arrested in Cleveland—"Fashionable" Society Shocked.

A last (Monday) night's Cleveland despatch says: Four weeks ago a stylishly-dressed man and an equally well-dressed woman came to Cleveland and secured apartments on Franklin avenue, the fashionable street of West Side aristocracy. They lived there quietly as man and wife and conducted themselves in a refined manner. On Saturday night just before midnight a police detective and two officers aroused the inmates of the house and searched it. They had a warrant for Geo. J. Jarvis and Mrs. Magdalene Campbell. The officers waited patiently till they had dressed themselves, then they were taken to the central station in a hack and locked up on a charge of adultery. They remained in prison until Monday morning, when they revealed their identity to the police and caused a big sensation at the same time. Mrs. Campbell, looking neat and trim despite the fact that she had lodged two nights on a bare board, was discovered to be the wife of Allen Campbell. George J. Jarvis, her companion, is a son of the late Sheriff of Toronto, and both were taken into the Judge's private office, where they told their stories. Jarvis announced that he was married and had two children. About a year ago he left his wife and settled $35,000 on her. He had been intimate with Mrs. Campbell, who is the daughter of a deceased army officer, and was living in Toronto with her mother. Jarvis a short time ago went to Europe, first arranging that she should marry Allen Campbell. This scheme was successfully carried out, and when Jarvis came back he found his former mistress living quietly as Mrs. Campbell. Thing went on until Jarvis, who had lots of money, got on a spree, and then he immediately hunted up Mrs. Campbell and persuaded her to run away with him and she consented, apparently without much hesitation, and they at once came to this city. Campbell, who knew nothing of his wife's former intimacy with Jarvis, immediately instituted search through Attorney Ingalls, of Buffalo, with the result given above. A singular thing is that Jarvis, Campbell and Ingalls were all schoolmates and intimate friends. Mrs. Campbell was finely attired, and her diamonds sparkled strangely in the dark prison. "Of course I lived with George as his wife," she said. "It was wrong, but I love him as I never have, and never can, love Allen. When George came for me I could not resist." She states that she married Campbell in April last, and Jarvis announced that they were in this State with the ultimate object of procuring respective divorces and then being married. Jarvis carried himself easily and jauntily. He has plenty of money and soon had a lawyer. The latter tried to have the Court accept the plea of guilty on the charge of adultery and then get the prisoners released on the payment of a fine. This the Court refused to day and set the trial for Wednesday. A saloon-keeper was finally found, and for a money consideration he went on the bail of the couple and they were released until Wednesday. The aristocratic people who received Jarvis and Mrs. Campbell in society are badly shocked.

SENSATION AT HALIFAX.

Reported Elopement of a Baptist Clergyman and a Leading Belle.

A Halifax despatch says: Halifax society is greatly excited to-night over a sensational story of the reported elopement of Miss Gertie Smith and Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, a Baptist missionary recently returned from India. Mr. Hutchinson is about 35 years of age and has a wife and a family in St. John. A year ago he returned from India and took a special course at Acadia College, Wolfville. Three years ago Henry Smith, an Irish landlord and ex-British officer, finding it necessary to retrench, came to Halifax with his wife and three daughters. He became a member of the Halifax Club, and the family was almost immediately admitted to the best Halifax society. Miss Gertie Smith, aged 21, his brightest and prettiest daughter, a most accomplished musician, became a special favorite and was much admired by a large number of gentlemen. A few weeks ago she went to Wolfville with some lady friends to spend a short time. While there she became acquainted with Rev. Mr. Hutchinson. Each fell desperately in love with the other. Their unusual attentions excited much comment, and Mr. Smith promptly returned to Halifax with his daughter, while the clergyman and his family proceeded to St. John. Mr. Smith was greatly displeased with his daughter for receiving Mr. Hutchinson's attentions. On Saturday morning Gertie Smith rose at 7 o'clock and left the house, saying she was going to do some marketing, but not returning at 10 o'clock suspicions were aroused and it was discovered that several of her dresses were missing. The father, aided by Mr. Dakin, of the New York Mutual Life, and the police, instituted inquiries and satisfied themselves that the girl had left on the morning train. Telegrams were dispatched to the St. John Chief of Police to arrest the girl on complaint of her father that she had run away with a married man, but the St. John police made no discovery. An unsigned telegram was received from Boston this morning, stating that she was in that city with a companion, and her friends here profess to entertain no doubt but that her companion is Rev. Mr. Hutchinson.

MERCY FOR A MURDERESS.

Pearl Eytinge's Eloquent Appeal on Behalf of Chiara Cignarale.

An Albany, N. Y., despatch says: Pearl Eytinge pleaded with Governor Hill yesterday afternoon for the life of the murderess Chiara Cignarale. She presented an introductory letter from Senator Cantor, and made her plea in a most dramatic manner. In a trembling voice she thus addressed the Executive: "Mercy for poor Chiara Cignarale! Oh, sir, we pray thee give one kindly thought to that poor dying creature, driven to despair by the cruelty of one who had broken his altar vows, forgotten his faith in God, dishonored the name of man by striking to earth the pale, weak, hopeless mother of his children. We implore Your Excellency to consider that dread disease has already fastened upon her poor, frail form. We have seen her upon her prison couch with great, sad, yearning eyes, from out whose dark depths sorrow and repentance are shadowed forth; we have watched her wan lips moaning in ceaseless supplication; and we beg you to grant her the blessing of Executive clemency. Exercise that grand official power and with one stroke of thy mighty pen spare poor Chiari's life, and send her that blessed reprieve wherein to save her soul and make her peace with God."

Governor Hill heard the plea patiently, though his thoughts were plainly on the big bunch of letters which had accumulated in his absence. He said he was familiar with the case, and that the newspapers had prevented a life sentence by charging the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Howe, with abandoning his client. He consulted a few moments with the Pardon Clerk, and then courteously assured Miss Eytinge that he would consider the case very carefully.

It is believed that the commutation of sentence, for which the Governor's fair visiter pleaded so earnestly, may possibly be granted.

Revolting Treatment of a Boy by a Woman.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Emma Carleton, a determined-looking woman of 40 years, was convicted before Recorder Smith in General Sessions yesterday of whipping Albert Bowker, aged 14 years, with a shawl strap on June 17th. She tied his legs together and whipped him with the strap until the boy was covered with red welts an inch broad. In some places the skin was broken. The boy declared that the defendant beat him for fifteen minutes without ceasing. The jury found her guilty of assault in the third degree, the punishment for which is not more than $500 fine and a year's imprisonment.

A Balloonist's Narrow Escape.

A Cincinnati despatch says: At Coney Island, ten miles up the river from Cincinnati, last night at 7 o'clock, Samuel Young made an ascent of 1,000 feet in a hot air balloon, and let go to make a descent in his parachute. The parachute did not open for 900 feet, and he went down into the river and sank twenty-five feet to the bottom. When he came up he was rescued by boatmen unhurt. Young is partner of the aeronaut who recently went up in Hamilton and jumped with his parachute.

One of four tramps arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., for vagrancy and immorality was a woman dressed in men's clothes. She said she had been a tramp for a long time, and had served terms in prison.

BATTLING WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Young Lady's Fearful Struggle and Narrow Escape.

A Pittsfield, Mass., despatch says: Miss Gertrude Clapp, a young and wealthy society lady who lives in this city, was brutally assaulted and robbed by some unknown man on Gold avenue last night at about half-past 9 o'clock. She was walking alone from Mrs. Allen's, on Pomeroy avenue, to Mrs. Hubbard's, on Gold avenue, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. When she reached a dark place where the electric light is almost shut out by the thick foliage of shade trees a man leaped over the hedge directly in front of her and in a hoarse voice demanded her money. Miss Clapp is a very muscular young lady and not easily frightened. She refused to give him her pocketbook, but he stepped up to her and took her roughly by the arms and told her he must have her money. She gave him a blow over the head with her umbrella, which he snatched away from her and grasped her by the hair. She then struck him a vigorous blow in the face with a large glass smelling bottle. This made the scoundrel very angry, and with a terrible oath he told her to give up her money or he would murder her on the spot. He had pulled much of her hair out by this time and struck a blow in her face. She called for help and the man caught her by the throat and threw her to the ground, holding on to her throat tightly and demanding her money. In her desperation she handed him her pocket-book, which contained about $20 in bills and some gold pieces, in all about $30. The desperado now relinquished his hold of her throat, and having possession of her pocket-book started away a few steps.

Miss Clapp now shouted "Stop thief!" and he returned to her and choked her till she came near fainting. Her situation was now very desperate, and she struggled hard with the villain, who had succeeded in throwing her upon the ground. The struggle lasted for some time. The man continued to curse, and as no one approached he grew bolder. Miss Clapp found that she would soon become exhausted, and she summoned all her strength, and as he relaxed his hand from her throat she shouted as loud as she could and the villain ran away. Miss Clapp feared he would again attack her, and she ran as fast as her weak condition would allow her, and reached Lawyer E. M. Wood's residence, about twenty rods away on Gold avenue, in a very exhausted state. There were wicked marks on her throat, but no other serious injury had been done her.

The assault took place when the wind was blowing very hard and just as a heavy thunder shower was coming on from the northwest. The vivid flashes of lightning revealed the man's features and dress. Miss Clapp thinks he was between 25 and 30 years of age, of medium height and of a powerful frame. His eyes looked like those of a madman as she caught glimpses of them by the lightning flashes. He wore dark clothes and a derby hat. Every effort has been made to pay by the police to find some trace of him, but all efforts have thus far failed.

LET THEM GO.

More Whirlfools Who Are Anxious to Go Over the Falls.

A Niagara Falls, N. Y., despatch says: Reuben Adams, of Oshawa, Ont., has been visiting this town, studying the Falls, with the idea of going over them. His plan, he announces, is to come down the river in a small boat of the scow pattern, in which he will have a gun and a parachute. As he nears the edge of the cataract he will fire the gun, the recoil from which he expects will send the boat out quite a distance from the edge, when he will raise his parachute and "gently descend" to the foam tossed river below.

Arthur Stanley, who claims to have dropped from the Clifton suspension bridge in England, also wants to go over the Falls. He, too, has a parachute. Describing the method by which he proposes to accomplish his object, he says: "I have a patent parachute. I also have a Brussi suit of rubber and cork, which I intend to use in connection with the parachute. My plan is to start from the third Sister Island or other advantageous spot and float down stream. My only danger would lie in striking sunken rocks, but if you will permit me to use a cable and boom, I can get a start out in better water and then avoid the danger of cutting my suit. I would raise my parachute before I reached the brink of the Falls, and then I would gently descend. On striking the water I would let go the parachute, and my suit would buoy me up till I was picked up, or I might continue on down through the Whirlpool to Queenston. My suit is heavily padded, and could withstand any amount of tossing about. I think my plan is novel and would draw crowds. There is no great danger."

Wm. Richardson, a saloon-keeper of Syracuse, has signified his intention of riding over the Falls in a big rubber ball, and a second Syracuse man has a project for navigating the Whirlpool rapids without a boat, and assisted only by a very simple apparatus. The last candidate is named Bruening, and he has fixed August 15th as the date of his venture. Bruening's apparatus consists of two bladders, held in place under his arms by an ordinary strap. Bruening then proposes to tie a weight to his feet and peacefully glide through the turbulent waters of Niagara's whirlpool and the rapids adjacent. Bruening's friends are all bidding him good-bye. They have no faith in the success of the foolhardy plan, but Bruening insists that he will go through all right.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

An Englishwoman's Sad Experience—Her Husband Betrayed and Murdered—Her Son Lost and Herself a Castaway.

A Chicago despatch says: A woman giving her name as Elizabeth Turnbull Rutler, formerly from England, was picked up in the streets apparently fainting from hunger. She claimed to have had nothing to eat on a four days' trip from Ogden, on her way to England. She told the story of her terrible experience among the Mormons. Her son, she stated, had been induced against the wish of his parents to join a party of emigrants organized by Mormon missionaries in England. Not hearing from him, it was learned he had been prevented by the elders from writing. The father, frantic with anxiety, followed to Utah. He found employment with a Mormon farmer named Joseph Holbert, but was unable to save enough to continue the search until pretending to join the Church, when Rutler got money and sent some to his wife, but all his letters, telling of the condition of affairs in Utah, were intercepted and others substituted, urging her to come to Utah with the missionaries. She obeyed, and she states the women in the party were subjected to fearful indignities *en route* by the elders. Rutler was murdered shortly after she joined him. He had inadvertently given a young woman an inkling of his plans to find his boy and escape. The Mormons asserted that Rutler's death was accidental. The woman was defrauded out of her husband's savings, but fleeing to Ogden she earned enough money by working in a hotel to pay her passage home. The amount of railway fare was larger than she expected, but sooner than delay longer, she deprived herself of food on the way to Chicago.

Full and Empty Churches.

The Rev. Mr. Halsey bemoans the unwillingness of people to go to church. "Our religious progress," he said, "is not keeping pace with our material progress."

That is a very large-sized fact. One difficulty is that we are a hard-working people, and by Saturday night are glad to look forward to a day of rest at home, or a quiet and refreshing trip to the country or sea shore.

Another difficulty, however, is that a majority of the clergy are rather behind the times, perfunctory, slow and—pardon us—sometimes awfully dull. Talmage, Behrends, Taylor, Hall never complain of small congregations. They have large churches and they are always full. Why? Oh, we must avoid criticism, and simply remark that whenever and wherever there is a pulpit on fire the people always go in crowds to see it burn.—*New York Herald.*

The Higher Education.

"What did your daughter graduate in?" asked a friend of another. "White silk, with a satin corsage and elbow sleeves," was the prompt answer. "I mean what branches," said the startled guest. "Oh, her—her—why, the usual studies, I suppose," answered the perplexed mother.

Kurkowski, the Polish patriot, who died last month, was with Kosciusko when "freedom shrieked," in 1794, served Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, and was prominent in the Polish insurrection of 1830-31.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

Crossed in Love a Young Girl Marries in Pique and Dies in a Poorhouse.

A Middletown, N. Y., despatch says: The death of an inmate of the Chenango county almshouse brings to a close a very strange and interesting life story. The name of the deceased was Amanda Townsend, and she was born and reared in New York city, where her nearest of kin, the Townsends and Colgates, are people of wealth and high standing. While she was yet in her teens her hand was sought in marriage by a young man whom she favored but who failed to be acceptable to her parents. She was sent to Richfield Springs to spend the summer, and probably also to separate her from her lover, and while there was informed that he on whom she had fixed her affections had proved faithless and renounced her. She laid the blame of her disappointment in love on her parents and friends, and in a fit of anger and spite she eloped with and married an ignorant and uncouth young fellow named Harvey Deyo, who had been doing menial jobs around her boarding-house at the Springs, and with whom she had struck up a chance acquaintance. The elopement made a stirring sensation at the time. The ill-matched pair went to the vicinity of the husband's native place in Chenango county, and in a lonely spot on the side of the mountain between Oxford and Coventry they built a small rude cabin which they occupied for nearly a score of years thereafter as a home. At first the young wife's relatives used every possible inducement and entreaty to persuade her to forsake her spouse and coarse and uncongenial surroundings and return to a home of refinement and ease, but all efforts in this direction were unavailing and were ultimately abandoned. Whatever may have inspired her course, whether conjugal affection or pride or resentment at supposed wrongs, the educated and refined woman accepted isolation and poverty and stuck by the side of the uncouth rustic she had chosen for a husband to the last. The final separation came in the county almshouse, to which the pair had been removed in a sick and helpless condition from their cabin on the mountain side. Her kindred in the city, shocked to hear that she had been a charge upon public charity, visited her and renewed their offers of a home with them, but she still declined to be parted from her husband. She died one day last week in the alms-house, and an undertaker commissioned by her relatives gave her remains respectable and fitting burial in the rural cemetery at West Coventry.

CHICAGO'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Weird Tales of Ghosts Have Frightened Tenants for Many Years.

A Chicago despatch says: A curious example of how the popular superstition that a house is haunted ruins the name of the property is shown by the destruction of the handsome two-story brick house at No. 126 Langley avenue. This residence is in perfect repair, and were it not for the fact that it is known as a haunted house the workmen would have no reason for disturbing it. But the weird tales of what the spookies do when in the midnight hours have frightened all tenants away, and the house has been an unprofitable property ever since the ghosts moved in.

It is in a fashionable quarter of the city, and ten years ago its occupants were three maiden sisters named Trowbridge—Elizabeth, aged 43; Anne, aged 40, and Nora, a half-witted woman of 25. They lived modestly, dressed well and had some property. In the morning of July 21st, 1879, a policeman was summoned to the house. He turned the slide in his lantern and led the way to the second floor, where, hanging in the archway of the folding-doors, they saw the bodies of the oldest sisters, each suspended from a hook that had been screwed into the woodwork. Within a week a sign "For Rent" was put up on the house, but letters passed by on the opposite side of the street and pointed out where the tragedy took place. Soon strange stories began to circulate about the neighborhood. Servant girls going to early mass asserted that they saw the ghosts of the "old maids" moving through the deserted rooms, while some insisted that they heard shrieks and moans. People of intelligence laughed at the tales of spooks, yet, in spite of the fact that the house had been put in thorough repair, it remained without a tenant for several years. Finally a family from the East who had heard none of these stories moved in. Within a week they were occupying another house, and the sign "For Rent" was again put up. Their domestic said that every morning the furniture would be arranged differently from the way it was the night before, while after midnight the sound of feet was plainly heard pattering around in the hallway and on the stairs. Since then several tenants have lived there, but only for a short time. They all laughed in a half-hearted way at the ides of the house being haunted, but nevertheless they could not be induced to stay.

The double suicide of years ago and the stories of the revels of the spooks have cost the owner many thousand dollars. He is now tearing the house down and will have it rebuilt from the very foundation.

FED THROUGH PORES OF HER SKIN.

The Peculiar Method by Which a Kentucky Girl Was Kept Alive for Some Months.

Miss Annie Cole, a young woman living on Clay street near Jefferson, died this morning after a protracted illness, having been nourished for several months preceding her death through the pores of her skin. The case is an unusual one, and has elicited considerable attention. Some time ago, when it was found impossible to administer nourishment to the invalid through the usual channel, every device was resorted to that her life might be saved from a death of starvation. The stomach rejected all food, and even the liquid gruels and other substances which were introduced did not remain in the stomach long enough to impart nourishment. Miss Cole was emaciated and on the point of death when the attending physician noticed that the action of the pores of the skin was normally healthy. As half of the digestible matter is emitted through the pores of the skin an effort was made to introduce nourishment in that way. A mixture of oil and grease was composed and applied externally. The heated skin rapidly absorbed the nutriment and the patient showed signs of renewed vigor. After each of these applications the skin was carefully cleaned, and in this way Miss Cole lived until to-day, when she died. The case has rarely been duplicated in the history of medical science.—*Louisville Special.*

No Baths for Him.

"I am going to stop bathing," said a friend of mine, of good habits, this morning. The statement staggered me, for I knew he did not belong to the "great unwashed," nor was he in any way retrograding toward that bathless class, the tramps. He proceeded to explain. "You see, my wife's brother is a young physician and my wife's father is an old physician. My own father reads medical works and talks a great deal about them. A near neighbor of ours is a rising young doctor, and through him a number of medical men have visited us, and we have met the M.D.'s also at his house. Now in such an atmosphere of wisdom you would think me safe. But I feel I am not. About everything I do from the time I get up until I retire, in the way of eating, drinking, washing, riding or bathing is dangerous! I say 'dangerous' because that is the term they (the doctors) use. I am most alarmed about bathing. My father has found it in the books that it is dangerous to bathe while warm. My wife's father says it is dangerous to bathe while cold or chilly. Her brother asserts that only the strongest persons dare bathe on arising without first taking food. The same wise young doctor says it is dangerous and debilitating to bathe just before retiring. They all agree that it is dangerous to jump into water just after eating heartily. Nothing has been said about getting up in the middle of the night and taking a light lunch and a bath, nor about leaving business in the middle of the afternoon and going to a bathing house for an hour, but as both these times are very inconvenient for me to indulge in ablutions, I have decided on the only other alternative, not to bathe at all."—*Chicago Journal.*

Worth Winning and Keeping.

Says one of Atlanta's most lovable young men: "I find more pleasure in a quiet, intellectual conversation with my mother than in the society of any young lady that I ever saw." Now such a boy as that is worth winning, and when won worth keeping.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.*

Jay Gould has in his conservatories at Irvington probably the largest and most varied collection of valuable plants in America.

HEREDITARY CRIME.

The Remarkable Record of Thirty Families.

MISAPPLIED BENEVOLENCE CONDEMNED.

A Buffalo despatch says: The report of the Committee on Organization for the next Conference of Charities and Corrections was adopted to-day. Bishop Gillespie, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was elected as President; Dr. O'Reilly, of Toronto, and four other Vice-Presidents were named. The next conference will be held in San Diego, California. One of the most interesting topics of the conference was discussed to-day by Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, of Indianapolis. He presented as his contribution, "The Children of Ishmael, a Study in Social Degradation." Mr. McCulloch had upon the stage with him an immense diagram showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations, embracing 1,692 persons. The paper read upon the subject was one of the most interesting of the whole conference. The history of all these had been people followed up, covering a period of fifty years back. That history was one of the most startling nature, and covered 7,000 pages in the records of the charity organization at Indianapolis. There had been 121 prostitutes in the lot, and the illegitimate children were very numerous. The name Ishmael was chosen, as that family was the most central. One man had a family of eleven illegitimate children. There had been several murderers in the group, and thieves without number. They did not work, but they lived by begging and petty thieving. They are generally diseased. The children die young. Licentiousness characterizes all the men and women, and from this results mental weakness and general incapacity to work, and this is all met by the benevolent public with unlimited public and private aid, encouraging them in an idle and wandering life, and in the propagation of similarly disposed children. These and other grim facts were presented and deductions drawn from them. General unchastity characterizes them, and their instincts are as low as brutes go. The speaker believed that public relief was in a large degree chargeable with the perpetuation of this stock, and what public relief fails to accomplish private benevolence supplements. The so-called charitable people who give to begging women and children have a large sin to answer for. "It is from them," said Mr. McCulloch, "that this pauper element gets its consent to exist. Charity, so-called, covers a multitude of sins, and sends the pauper out with the benediction, be bountiful and multiply. Such charity has made this element; it has brought children to the birth, and ensured them a life of misery, cold, hunger and sickness. So-called charity joins public relief in producing still-born children, raising prostitutes, and educating criminals." Out of all these 1,692 persons, Mr. McCulloch said he knew of but one who had risen from them and had become an honorable man. The force of inherited parentism or pauperism drives them on with irresistible force. "What can we do?" said the speaker in conclusion. "First, we must close up official outdoor relief; second, we must check private indiscriminate benevolence or charity, falsely so-called; third we must get hold of the children."

Latest from Scotland.

Up to June 29th the Glasgow International Exhibition had been visited by 1,456,149 people.

Annie S. Swan, the popular authoress, is married to one of the assistants to the professors in Edinburgh University.

The Greenock folks are actively exerting themselves at present to erect a worthy monument to James Watt on the site of the house in which he was born.

Rev. James Overend, rector of St. James' Episcopal School, Edinburgh, died suddenly recently from the bursting of a blood vessel while engaged in the work of the school.

A beautiful window has just been erected over the altar in St. Ninian's Church, in memory of Captain J. S. Crawfurd Stirling Stuart, of Castlemilk and Milton, by his children.

The agricultural area of Ayrshire is 317,000 acres. It occupies third place in Scotland, Aberdeen having 613,000 and Perth 348,000. The total acreage in Scotland is 4,861,000.

The death is announced of Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., London, in his 85th year. Mr. Anderson unsuccessfully contested Falkirk in the Liberal interest in 1852 and Ayr Burghs in 1868.

Mr. J. W. Malcolm, jun., of Poltalloch, M.P. for Argyllshire, is at present suffering from ill-health, and has been ordered by his medical advisers to take the baths at Marienbad, in Bohemia.

The negotiations between the Edinburgh and Leith Corporations and the Edinburgh & Leith Gas Company, with reference to the acquisition of the Edinburgh and Leith gas concern, have now been amicably completed. The gas shareholders are to get an annuity of 9¼ per cent. and £11,000 in cash—the former being equal to a payment of £14,000 a year.

Mr. Colin M. Langmuir, General Manager of the City of Melbourne Bank, has been elected President of the Victorian Institute of Bankers. Mr. Langmuir, who is a native of Aberdeen, received his early training as a banker in the Union Bank of Scotland. He joined the City of Melbourne Bank as accountant in 1876, and was appointed General Manager in 1880.

A young man from Edinburgh had been addressing a prayer-meeting somewhere in the North, and after the address was over he said he would give out a hymn. "Na," said an old elder, "we maun hae a psalm." "No," replied the young man, "I'll give out a hymn; I can't get a psalm to meet my case." "What's he speakin' about?" said an old wife who was sitting near. "Oh!" answered the elder, "this lad says he canna get a psalm to meet his case." "Weel, weel," said she, "I doot the lad hasna a case at a' if he canna find it in the psalms."

Two splendid albums have been presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales as souvenirs of their recent visit to Glasgow. One is bound in green leather, and contains a series of photographs, on satin, of the Exhibition and of the principal buildings of the city; the other is bound in blue plush, and in it are thirty-water-color sketches by members of the Glasgow Art Club. On the covers are electro-plate reproductions of old Indian plates in the British Museum, and the hinges and clasps are also of chaste electro-plate, with the Royal arms.

A cat, the property of Mrs. Simpson, Abbey street, Melrose, wandered into a neighboring house some time ago, and, the tenant leaving for a fortnight, the animal was inadvertently imprisoned in one of the rooms. It was not discovered till the lady's return at the expiry of that time. Pussy was in a famished state, and had given birth to three kittens, which were alive when discovered. In her endeavors to escape the cat had torn part of the plaster off the wall.

Three little girls were amusing themselves one day recently in the Blackadder, in a shallow part of the river above the "Keil-holes," at Berwick, when the youngest of them, a child 3 years of age, daughter of Mr. J. Broomfield, painter, fell, and was carried by a sharp current into one of the pools below. Her sister—a girl about 5 years of age—seeing the child's danger, went to her assistance, boldly wading into the pool till the water reached her neck, and succeeded in getting hold of her clothes, as she was floating about, and brought her to land in a state of great exhaustion, just in time to save her from drowning.

An Eastern Calamity.

The Hong Kong *Daily Press* gives a most doleful account of the ruin and misery wrought by terrible weather, in the East River district especially. Such rains have not been known for more than 100 years. Unquestionably the rainfall has been of a most unprecedented character. The town of Shashung, the chief sugar mart of the Province, has several times been flooded and many persons have been drowned, while from all parts of the province comes tales of ruin and disaster in some form or other.

In 1837, according to an autograph letter lately sold in London, Disraeli wrote to Mrs. Bulwer: "It is odd that my electioneering struggles should terminate in being M. P. for Maidstone. As I am already a believer in destiny, it required not this strange occurrence to confirm me in my Oriental creed. * * * But we are the children of the gods, and are never more the slaves of circumstances than when we deem ourselves their masters. What may next happen in this dazzling farce of life the fates only know."

Barrie *Advance:* The continued drought is doing great damage to crops up north.

THE LATEST MECHANICAL WONDER.

A Figure that Pulls Out Its Watch and Tells One the Time.

Professor Charles Richel, the inventor of the flying machine which created so much interest a few years ago, is just completing a mechanical wonder which is an astonishing piece of mechanism. It promises to create a great furor throughout the country. He has been over a year experimenting with it, and has at last achieved results which at the outstart seemed impossible. He was given *carte blanche* from a watch manufacturing concern to get up the novelty, time and expense being a secondary consideration. Professor Richel has kept the matter secret, and has permitted no one to enter his study excepting one or two intimate friends. A reporter was given a private view last evening. The entrance to the studio is by way of a dark staircase on John street. Double doors, a screen and a heavy curtain shut out the daylight. Electric lights are used to work by. There are all sorts of grotesque heads, arms and bits of plaster anatomy hanging around the room, and upon the work bench are brass molds and a variety of fine tools for the purpose of working in steel and brass. The new wonder is a life-sized youth of perhaps 16 years of age. He is a fine-looking lad, in perfect imitation of the average boy of the present day. The figure stands upon the floor, and is attired in Knickerbockers and laced shoes, vest, coat, etc.—to all appearances a living boy. Professor Richel did not approach the figure, but spoke to it, saying, "Good evening, Bobby; what time is it?" The figure turned its head and bowed slightly, and with its left hand pulled back the coat. The right hand, which had been hanging at the side, was lifted up to the vest pocket and drew out a watch. The watch was then carried up to the ear, at the same time the head turned so as to bring the ear down in a listening attitude, while the eyes closed. When the silent youth was assured that the watch was ticking the hand dropped slightly forward; the head turned so as to bring the face to look full at the watch, the eyes opened and a pleased smile spread over the features. The head was then thrown back, the hand which held the watch between the thumb and index finger returned the watch to the vest pocket and was then gracefully swung back into its resting position by the side. The mouth opened, and with a pleasant laugh the figure said, "It's just half-past 8, gentlemen."

So naturally was all this performed that for an instant it seemed as if the figure was an actual living being. There was no jerky movement, nor the slightest jar or noise. The eyes opened and closed, and the head moved about to all appearances like a living one. Professor Richel laughed and said, "What do you think of it?" and then proceeded to explain how it was operated. Inside the figure is an electric motor. This had been set in operation by touching a concealed button in the floor several feet away from where the professor had been standing. Afterwards he opened the chest of the figure and exposed where the cams, springs, weights, balances, spirals and levers which had caused the arms and head to move. The cleverest parts are those which cause the wrist, thumb and fingers to move. The articulatory mechanism is very similar to that employed in a phonograph.—*New York paper.*

Mental Effects of Hot Weather.

One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his personal discomfort. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or genial diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot he is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without intending it is generating his own discomfort within others. On the other hand, the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal conditions on a hot day. He purposes to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare that it is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his coolness.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In this busy season hundreds of Canadian farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted from the roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day he invariably replies with drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of on the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promise of good crops. What is true of man is true of beas