

Locals.

—Partridge shooting commences tomorrow.

—Snow fell at Calgary on Wednesday last.

—The centre of the Mormon church is to be established in Mexico.

—A deer was seen in a field of Capt. W. H. Stevens, Weldon, last week.

—The Massey Manufacturing Co. of Toronto, will remove its factory to the United States.

—The bark Enterprise, Capt. Calhoun, arrived at Preston, England, making the voyage in thirty days.

—The Albert Manufacturing Co's splinter mill has been shut down for ever a week on account of scarcity of water for boilers.

—R. I. McDonald and W. Rommel, of Alma, were out fishing at Livingston's lake last week. It is to be hoped they got a good catch.

—Onions Harvested—Persons having organs that need cleaning or repairing will profit by applying to Beaumont, Albert, who attends to this kind of work at low rates.

—Edward W. Stevens, of Salem, son of Harry B. Stevens, left on Saturday for Baltimore, Maryland, where he will pursue a course of study at the Baltimore medical college.

—William Preper, convicted of the murder of James Doyle, and who is serving a life sentence in the Quebec penitentiary, will be released after seven years' imprisonment.

—Quick passages—the scho. Wentworth, Capt. Parker, and Harry W. Lewis, Capt. Hunter, made the round trip from here to New York and back in sixteen days.

—The public and particular the musical public will be pleased to note that K. Beanson has secured the agency of the celebrated "Mendelssohn" Pianos. Those desiring a first-class instrument would do well to call on him or communicate with him in reference to price and terms. Read his "ad" in this issue.

A lodge of I. O. G. T. was organized at Berrington on the 8th inst. The following officers were elected—Pauzer Wilson, C. T. Geo. Milton, V. T. Laura Wilson, S. J. T. Charles Milton, Sec; Talbot Stevens, Ass. Sec; Martin Milton, F. S. Seymour Ricker, Treasurer; Carson, Chap. Robert Milton, M. Peter Leeman, D. M. Early Ricker, Guard; William Milton, Sentinel.

Hopewell Cape.

Welfare Marks of Grand Bay, St. John, recently visited the county.

Rev. Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes have returned from the Convention at Jemseg.

R. B. Bennett, barrister, of Chatham, is visiting his parents here. He rides a bicycle.

The Two Brothers is about ready for sea. Capt. Johnson's pleasant face will be missed.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley, of Moncton, visited the Cape on Sunday returning home on Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. Kaye of Moncton spent Sunday here. The "Rocks" were visited.

On the W. W. McLaughlin passed down the water to the old country on the quarter-deck.

Messrs. C. F. Dow, Aas Tarris and Wm. Pearson, of Harvey Bank, have been here for some days getting out and preparing some pieces of timber with which to make repairs on the ship T. H. Rand.

A number of the members of Undanet Lodge, I. O. G. T., made an excursion to Dorchester to visit a relative there on Monday afternoon, returning on Tuesday's tide. The sch. A. J., Capt. D. J. Christopher carried them.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Moncton, and his son, returned on Monday and on Monday evening a visit to the ship T. H. Rand returned the same afternoon. Master Wilson has just returned from a year's cruise to England and South America in the ship.

Capt. John Hunter spent Sunday here. He moves the "Harry" around pretty lively. The Sunday before he took dinner in New York and had returned loaded and was ready for sea the following Sunday. He has made three trips this season between the head of Bay Fundy and New York in fifty-two days.

Personal.

J. N. Wood, of Albert, was in town last week.

Dr. Hunter, of Kickapoo fame, arrived on Saturday.

R. B. Bennett, of Chatham, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. A. Sprone, of Eastport, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Rebecca Ried, of New Horton, is the guest of Miss J. Wallace.

John Calhoun, of Savannah, is visiting his uncle H. A. Calhoun.

Miss M. Marvon, who has been visiting at Alma, returned on Wednesday.

Robert King, B. A., editor of the Sackville Post, was here on Saturday.

Mr. White, of the firm of Warding, White & Co., St. John, spent a few days in our town.

Sold His Wife.

William Cardwell, an erstwhile Cherokee strip boomer, lived at Guthrie O. K., announced that he was going to sell his wife to the highest bidder, and the sale came off Thursday. There were half a dozen bidders present and as the woman was young and good-looking, bidding was spirited. John Insley, a grass widower of that city, secured the woman, bidding \$100 in cash, a colt, a horse and a lot of household furniture. The wife seemed to be wholly unconcerned about the matter and departed with Insley. The pair left for Texas in a covered wagon.

Albert.

The Fillmore family, who are all down with fever, are improving under the skillful treatment of Doctor Purdy. Crandall Prescott and wife returned home last week after spending a very pleasant visit among friends in St. John last week.

The concert given in aid of the Methodist parsonage on Wednesday was a grand success. Miss Purdy's piano solos and Miss Jump's readings were the attractions of the evening and both were enquired with great enthusiasm. The proceeds amounted to about \$175.00.

As men were laying on the shore of Germantown canal Saturday afternoon they noticed a body floating in stream; they procured the body, which proved to be that of a man about five feet ten inches tall, dark moustache and weighing about 180 pounds. "Coroner Murray was sent for, he ordered the body boxed and sunk in water until Monday, when an inquest was held. The man is unknown, but is supposed to be the man that escaped from a ship out of the Island about a fortnight ago.

"The Editor of the 'Maple Leaf' vainly tries to make a point in stating that there is a great difference between 'trying to write good sound articles,' and actually writing them." W thought and still think that a lenient public would appreciate an effort, though ever so weak and effeminate, whether "a good sound article" were the result or not. He unwittingly impales himself on one of the horns of a dilemma, either he has shamed the public when he states that they would appreciate my "squib" more than his "good sound articles," or he admits that my "squib" is of more interest than his "good sound articles." As regards the rest of his paragraph it is doubtful whether anything could prove of less interest or benefit than the editorials of the "Maple Leaf."

Pleasant Vale.

Mrs. E. P. Host of Moncton is visiting her relatives and friends here.

The potato digging has already begun and from all sections come the report of few and small potatoes.

Edgar Colpitts, son of F. C. Colpitts, is making preparations for a year of college life. He expects to leave in a short time to attend the Agricultural college of Truro.

Rev. R. A. Colpitts who has been laboring on Deer Island and Grand Manan arrived home on Monday. His physician has ordered him to take a few weeks' rest from mental work.

Never has a death been more universally felt in a community than that of Leveit Collicott which occurred here a few days ago. The deceased, who was eighteen years of age, was one of the most promising young men of our community. The hour of death often evokes many vain eulogies, but in this case it can be truly said that he knew his way to love and respect him. His whole life was marked by integrity and honor but for the last year he had sought more than ever to walk uprightly before the world and had been a constant member of the Baptist church. His religion carried him far above creed or sect, into that noble atmosphere where the one desire is to please God. We mourn the loss that we have all sustained and the relative sympathy of the community is given.

Hopewell Hill.

Mr. H. B. Peck returned to St. John last Thursday, after spending a week's vacation.

Miss Anderson, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Peck, returned to St. John on Thursday.

"Undanet" Lodge at the Cape, extended an invitation to Mount Pleasant which they accepted last Friday evening. The lodge is in a flourishing condition, the membership increasing every session.

The concert given in Oulton Hall was a grand success, Mrs. Harrison's singing captured the large audience, and was encored repeatedly. Miss Peck's and Miss Adelle Jump's readings were highly appreciated, Miss Jump's closing piece the "Slave's Lullaby" was heartily encored.

Stambuloff in Court.

SOFIA, Sept. 7.—Much comment has been caused by the behavior of ex-Prime Minister Stambuloff at his examination yesterday, when he was arraigned to answer a charge that he had insulted and calumniated Prince Ferdinand.

During the proceedings M. Stambuloff became indignant and the stifling magistrate and the Commissioner of Police with vengeance. He refused point blank to answer the questions put to him. The former Prime Minister was held in 5000 francs bail, which was furnished, for his appearance. As he was entering his carriage after leaving the court-room he was attacked by a man who struck him with a stick. It was then that the assassin was arrested by the police. The mob gathered and attacked M. Stambuloff and his friends with stones as they were driving away.

Dress Goods.

Our trade in this line is growing fast. We are getting many of the best cash customers in the city. We are gaining the trade of those most competent to judge of the real values. We have received some of our Fall Stock and find them great value. We have a line of Blacks and Plain Colors in All Wool Foules, double, for 25c a yard, the like of which has never been shown and are not to be seen elsewhere. They sell on sight every time.

J. FLANAGAN,
Central Dry Goods, opposite Market.

COOL HEAD AND STEADY NERVE.

How an Engineer Boldly Dashed Over a Car-Insider and Saved His Train.

Had it not been for the cool head and steady hand of Frederick Titus, engineer of Lehigh Valley freight engine No. 360, says a despatch from Wilkesbarre, Pa., to the New York Tribune, himself, his crew of six men, the engine and four freight cars would now be lying at the bottom of an old mine-hole. Titus found himself in a predicament so terrible that, were he to experience it again, he says he is afraid his nerve would fail. He was at the lever of the big engine as she rattled down the heavy grade on a long siding running towards Miners Mills, a small town near Wilkesbarre. He was pulling four empty freight cars, and going at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The track was wet from an early rain, and the big drive wheels of the engine slipped on the rails. Titus kept a sharp lookout ahead for danger, and stood ready to whistle down brakes at any moment. Suddenly, as he glanced down the track his attention was attracted by a disturbance in the roadbed only a few hundred feet ahead. He was surprised to see large holes appear, and as he looked the entire surface for a distance of several feet sank out of sight, and the edge of the roadbed, which had continued to crumble. He immediately realized what had happened. The place was honey-combed by old mine workings, and one of the gangways, hundreds of feet below the surface, was taking down the surface with it. The rails and ties alone remained straight and symmetrical, and the hole was all the time growing larger.

In less time than it takes to write one of these lines, all this passed through the mind of the engineer, and as it did he acted, intuitively, perhaps, for he said afterwards he had no time to think. Grasping the throttle, he threw it open, putting on a full head of steam, at the same time opening the sand tube to give the wheels a firm hold. The big engine sprang forward like a sprinter, and gaining speed with every inch of advance, shot across the engine swiftly and safely, but none too soon, for barely had the first car cleared the edge when the rails and ties fell with a crash into the big hole. After the train had been brought to a standstill, the crew hurried back to the scene. The hole by this time was fully thirty feet across and the bottom could not be seen. Titus said he knew there was no room on the down grade to stop the train before it reached the cave-in and he felt the only safety was in skimming across.

Row at Eastport.

EASTPORT, Me., Sept. 9.—A row occurred in the South end last night, the result of which may be the death of one of the participants.

Michael Hayden, 52 years old, and James Justason live in the same house. To reach Hayden's part it is necessary to go through Justason's house. Justason was in bed when Hayden and his friends began moving in some things. Justason got up and found fault with their movements. Blows followed words, and Justason hit somebody, supposing it was Will Laskey. Then somebody hit Justason and knocked him down.

When the row was over Hayden was unconscious, and Justason was in the right frontal bone, and to-day it is thought that he will die.

Tom Laskey and Justason are held pending the result of Hayden's injuries. Hayden has been taken to the hospital and has seven children by his first wife.

Domville vs. Peck.

Last week we reported a case where farmer Molatchy was successful in conducting his own case, with lawyer Dickson opposed to him. A few weeks since ferryman Domville had Herbert Peck brought before Justice Pip at Albert, charged with abusive language. Domville conducted his own case and lawyer Peck that of H. Peck, with the result that H. Peck was fined \$1, and costs. The Def. reserved his case before Judge Wells, at Moncton, on Friday last, when the application for review was dismissed with costs and the conviction affirmed, it appearing that the order for review had not been served on Justice Pip as required by the Summary Conviction Act. C. A. Peck for H. Peck and W. A. Trueman for Domville, of view. The laymen seem to have the best of it and beaten the lawyers in their cases.

Body Found.

On Saturday last the body of a man was found at the outlet of Germantown Lake, evidently that of a seafaring man. Dr. Murray, coroner of Albert, visited the remains, and supposing that it might be the remains of Engineer Mowry, of the ill-fated Maggie M., telegraphed to St. John. Mr. Mowry's brother, deceased and an undertaker visited Albert in response but failed to identify the remains as those of any of the Mowrys; it is now supposed the remains are those of a sailor who attempted to swim ashore from the ship E. Ring, in the Fire Fathom Hole, but was probably drowned. An inquest was held before Coroner Murray on Monday.

Representatives of the Pullman Palace Car Company have been in Union county, N. J., for the purpose, it is said, of selecting a site for an eastern branch of the car works.

J. M. Mann, the millionaire turfman of Portland, Ore., has mysteriously disappeared from here. He intended to enter liquor in the state fair races. When he left the track Tuesday he had several thousand dollars with him. It is feared he met with foul play.

HAYT'S LAST UPRISING.

President Hippolyte Wreaked Summary Vengeance.

New York, September 13.—Kingston, Jamaica, advises under date of September 4 give the following details of the recent uprising and attempt to assassinate President Hippolyte's daughter.

The long threatened attempt to overthrow the government of President Hippolyte has at last taken place and occurred in the capital. The streets were filled with armed mobs, one of which collected behind the Palace to the north of the city, while the main body congregated in the Market square, facing the harbor. It was the evident intention of the rebels who beleaguered the palace to shoot the President as soon as he should appear. Hippolyte was, however, confined to his room, and surrounded as he was with guards, would probably have treated the demonstration of the rebels with contempt, had not several rifle shots been fired at his daughter as she was proceeding along a balcony leading from one window of the palace to another. One bullet whistled close by her head and another passed through her skirts. On hearing of the attempt on his daughter's life the President insisted on leaving his bed and ordered his horse to be brought, vowing that he would wreak summary vengeance on the rebels. Before he could mount, however, his strength failed him, and he was carried swooning back to his chamber. The situation was critical, and had the rebels known of the condition of the President they would probably have been emboldened to make an assault on the palace. The gun's, however, were staunch, and instantly opened such a furious fire on the mob that they turned and fled in the utmost disorder, throwing away their arms as they ran. The guards, headed by the officers of Hippolyte's household, followed in pursuit, and succeeded in killing many of the mob and capturing many of the ringleaders. In the market place the main body of the revolutionists stood firm and greeted the soldiers with repeated volleys from rifles and pistols, killing one captain of the President's guard, and wounding several privates. The guards returned the fire and desultory firing continued till evening, when victory rested with the forces of the government. Business was stopped during the day, and when the streets had been cleared of the rebels guard were stationed at all the corners, with orders to shoot down any one who attempted to pass. Many of the people who were ignorant of this regulation are said to have been shot down. A single shot was the signal for volleys of musketry fired at random by the guards. How many innocent people who were ignorant of this regulation are said to have been shot down. A single shot was the signal for volleys of musketry fired at random by the guards. How many innocent people who were ignorant of this regulation are said to have been shot down.

The Japs' troops, however, had gained some advanced positions. The firing continued at intervals during the night and in the morning a cordoned area around the Chinese.

At 3 in the morning the attack was made by the Japs' columns simultaneously and with admirable precision. The Chinese lines, which were so strong in front, were found to be weak in rear, and here the attack was a perfect success.

The Chinese were completely taken by surprise and were thrown into panic. Hundreds were out and down and those who escaped death, finding themselves surrounded at every point, broke and fled.

Some of the Japs' troops, including European drilled troops through their ground and were cut down to a man. Fong San column swarming over the defenses in front completed the rout. Half an hour after the first attack was opened the positions at Ping Yang were in possession of the Japanese. It is estimated 20,000 Chinese soldiers were engaged in the battle.

The Japanese captured immense stores of provisions, ammunition of war and hundreds of colors. The Chinese loss is estimated at 15,000 killed, wounded and taken prisoners.

Among those captured by the Japanese are several of the Chinese commanding officers, including General Tuo Fung, commander-in-chief of the Manchurian army, who was severely wounded.

The Japs' loss is only thirty killed and 200 wounded, including 11 officers. Most of the casualties among the Japs occurred during the first day's fighting and very few were the result of the night attack.

The Japs' forces are in active pursuit of the fugitives, who have thrown away their arms and ready to yield themselves prisoners.

A desultory war may be carried on for some time to come, but unless Chims shall succeed in getting another army into the peninsula, Corea will undoubtedly remain in possession of the Japanese.

Despatches from Lombok Island say that the Dutch have occupied Paingbau, where the people of Mataram took refuge, after the bombardment began. The Dutch loss was small.

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Albert, N. B.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

A Japanese Victory.

LOSCH, Sept. 17.—A Central News despatch from Seoul, dated 6 p. m., Sept. 16, says a great battle has been fought at Ping Yang between the Chinese and Japanese troops, in which the former were utterly routed. On Thursday a Japanese column from Pung Yang made a reconnaissance in force, drawing the fire of the Chinese forts, and thus ascertaining their positions. The Chinese had utilized the old defenses at Ping Yang and had improved them with a new and strong position an exceptionally strong one.

The battle was opened on Saturday at daybreak by the Japs' cannonade of the Chinese works, which was continued without cessation till the afternoon, the Chinese responding.

About two o'clock a body of infantry was thrown forward by the Japs and maintained a rifle fire upon the enemy until dark. Throughout the day only the Pong San column was engaged.

The Chinese defenses have suffered greatly, but the losses on either side were small, both Chinese and Japs having taken advantage of all the shelter available.

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95 CENTS.

Ladies' Kid Oxford Ties Hand Sewed 75 cts. Worth \$1.25.

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THE ALBERT STAR, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1894.

At Thompson's Inn.

"What you need, Herbert Brent, my boy, is quiet and rest—mean, rest and quiet," said my old friend the doctor, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes which belied the genuineness of the advice.

and on. There seemed less sunshine streaming through the arches; the shadows on each side glowered more densely. I caught myself glancing hither and thither, and listening, not in hope, but in apprehension. "Well," I soliloquized, "it was about time that you to knock off, if your nerves are thus easily shaken."

Through the open window leading into the dining room I could see my good hostess busied, to use her own expression, "setting things to rights." She had already bestowed on several sympathetic and encouraging smiles, the merriment of invalidism; now she placed her fondling finger on her lips and shook her head significantly. What the duce could it all mean? Was that fair vision in truth one of the lairds of whom it is ill-hack to speak?

"I think you say that you were an author, Mr. Brent?" drawled Mercedes. "A newspaper man," I replied modestly. "All very much the same thing, I presume. See, Thompson, what a gift it is to have imagination. Through it our friend here has been able to transform a stout country wench into a beautiful young girl, and only a short distance back. I would ask no questions either, except of my bonny-faced landlady. This opportunity came shortly, when I sought her for my night lamp. We were standing together in the passage between the rooms where her cupboard was stationed.

"Why?" I asked with emphasis. "Mrs. Thompson, colored like a girl and glanced around uneasily. "She is not for you," she whispered. "Why?" I repeated with increased eagerness. "There, there!" she cooed, as she forced the lamp into my hand, which she patted soothingly. "Such a nice young man, so thin, so interesting! You must think of nothing but sleep and food and good fresh air. As for poor Miss Annabelle, she's not right here, and she tapped her brow. "Don't speak of her, there's a dear, let's her cousin and sensitive on the subject." The "she" in reference was clearly indicated by a nod toward the veranda, where Mr. Mercedes was still languidly smoking.

"I didn't think of sleeping when I went to my room. I thought of Annabelle—what a charming, what a charmingly appropriate! And the more I thought the more indignant I became; not toward my simple hostess; she had merely repeated what she had heard and believed, but toward this sleek, composed, and certain Mr. Mercedes, her cousin, if a snake may claim kinship with a dove! A snake! Aye, there was an explanation of her very words. It was the gold life irrefragably cruel in its contrast to their burden; for there, within arms' reach of my skill, floating among the lilies, with upturned face cooler and fairer than their bloom, was my Annabelle—alas! my Annabelle never to be, as she never had been, for the lily she exhaled in lovelessness was a dead one. Alas, alas! What shall I say? Her name was my Annabelle, my fierce malcontents, my output exertions—stronous, unnatural. I raised that dear body. I supported it somehow over the rail with its drapery evening decorously behind life ornaments. Through the sparkling ripples I rowed for the landing like Despair doggedly forcing a way through Merriment.

Mechanically I strove, with my eyes fixed on one heart-rendering object, a little bare hand on the throat, bedecked with rings which derided its lividness. Mechanically I approached, not noticing that here and there on the bank and from the woodland lights were flashing and harsh voices summing a gathering. As I touched the shore a crowd of fierce men, the half-civilized charcoal-burners, plunged into the water around me, some with their hands on my shoulders, others with singular tenderness uplifted my precious charge. The air hurried with vile imprecations, accusations, threats of vengeance; yet I uttered not a word, until the encompassing air itself I recognized the face of my landlady, pale and sympathetic.

"'Tis Annabelle—'tis Miss Hastings," I said breathlessly. "As you say," replied Thompson solemnly. "'Tis poor Miss Annabelle, sure enough; but how did you find her, lad, how did she come to her death?' She's been missing this twenty-four hours. Stand back, men, would you refuse him the chance of proving his innocence?" "Who dares to speak of innocence and this stranger?" asked a cold steady voice, and Mercedes stepped into the circle, as composed, as inexorable of men, as if God summoned to duty. "I accuse him of the murder of my cousin. You have all witnessed how he has looked on her, how he has invaded her privacy with his inquisitiveness. How does it happen that he has found her while we have failed? Because he knew where to look. He has killed her! Let us lower his body, and let the evil fascinations be brought hither from the city. Let us give him in turn the rough justice of our countryside. What would delay mean for such a heinous escape? Do you doubt? See in her very hand she holds the proof! And, stooping, Mercedes raised I know not how, nor from where, one of the gloves he had given me. There was one continuous row of rings, and a mad sweep forward to the edge of the woodland; when a sudden halt came, a spreading to either side of the man, and like a Queen through an aisle of

"DOMESTIC" The Star that leads them all.

Two Machines in one—Chain Stitch, Lock Stitch.

Pianos and Thomas Organs.

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MONOTON Steam Planing and Sawing Mill.

PAUL LEA, Proprietor.

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JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE STOCK of Paris Green.

W. E. DRYDEN, Agent for FROST & WOOD.

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ALBERT STAR \$1.00 A YEAR.

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