

## OVER A PRECIPICE.

A Pleasure Party Carried Down Two Hundred Feet.

### FOUR OF THEM KILLED.

(Sacramento, Cal., Union.)

On Saturday morning, on the road from Santa Cruz to Felton, and about three miles from the latter place, a heavily laden coach and four horses were thrown from the mountain road with fatal consequences to several of the people on the vehicle. The party were returning from Santa Cruz to Camp Felton, and were residents of San Francisco. The moon was shining brightly and the party was a gay and joyous one, but its pleasure was marred by a nervous feeling occasioned by the carelessness of the driver. Some of the party tried to get him to relinquish the lines to a former driver, who had driven the party to Santa Cruz on a hay wagon, which had become disabled, and for which the coach was substituted. Between tunnels Nos. 5 and 6 on the narrow gauge railroad, and at about 12.30 o'clock, a point 200 feet from the track was reached, when the stage suddenly went over the grade and rolled over and over until it struck the track below, a complete wreck. Three out of the company were killed in the descent, and one died in an hour after. Two others were seriously wounded, and the rest escaped with bruises and scratches. One young lady who was killed was badly bruised, cut about the face, and had severe injuries on other parts of the body. Her body, after striking the cliff above the railroad track, must have struck with terrible force, or been carried thither by the coach, as it was found on the other side of the track. At that point the bluff is about 50 feet in height and 200 feet on an incline from the scene of the accident. A boy of 17 years had a terrible fate, as his skull was crushed in and one of his legs broken in three places, and his spinal cord broken. The driver, when he got free from the wreck, exclaimed: "Oh, God, forgive me! I am the only one to blame, as I did not know the road, and had no business to drive over it." He said that the bank caved away, but witnesses deny this, and say that he drove near the outer edge when he had 5 feet inside room, and continued to do so though remonstrated with about it. Where the coach went over the road was 12 feet wide. Marks show that for 75 feet before that the coach had been driven on the outer edge of the road. An examination of the road showed that two heavy pine boards, 2 feet apart, projected over and beyond the road on the outside for a distance of 3 feet. The front wheels of the omnibus running upon this, passed in safety, but the hind wheels broke the boards off short, while at the same time, while the leaders were on the road, the wheel horses were plunging and rearing at the edge of the precipice, and with the coach rolled over and over to the bottom. Two of the horses were killed by the descent and one died afterward. The search in the wreck, the bushes and the rocks for the dead and wounded is described as most agonizing. Mr. Cowdery arrived from Felton before the body of his daughter was found, and was the first to discover it. She had been dashed over a second precipice to a creek 300 feet further down.

### A Jilted Widow Sues a Man of 72.

In the Superior Court for Kennebec county on Monday the breach of promise case of Elizabeth Perkins against Curtis Higgins came to trial. Both parties reside in Belgrade. The plaintiff is a blushing widow of 68, with children 40 years old, while the defendant's hair is silvered by the frosts of 72 winters, and his youngest son is a sturdy young man of 24. Mrs. Perkins claimed that her feelings were lacerated to the extent of \$1,000 by the faithlessness of the gay widower. In September, 1881, the tender passion was kindled in the susceptible breast of Mr. Higgins, and he approached the fair Elizabeth with proposals of matrimony, it is claimed. At first she rejected his suit, but the swain was not easily discouraged, and continued his attentions until she finally consented to name the blissful day. All went smoothly for a while with the lovers, and their engagement was announced in the grocery stores, and discussed over the tea-tables in the goodly town of Belgrade. The time for the nuptials approached, and in anticipation of a serenade, Mr. Higgins purchased a peck of peanuts, and instructed his intended to lay in a supply of Porter apples with which to "treat" the young man who should make the air of night vocal with their roundelay. But, alas! for man's inconstancy Elizabeth began to notice a growing coolness in her lover's attentions. His affection gradually became estranged from her, and centered upon another tender widow named Maria Brown, and Mrs. Perkins, in part compensation for this havoc with her affections, brought suit against the trifle. Mr. Higgins claimed in rebuttal that the children of his intended bride objected to the match; that he didn't want to marry into a family quarrel; and that lately having come into possession of some \$1,000 or \$1,100 pension money, Elizabeth was animated not so much by affection for him as by mercenary motives. Able counsel argued the case on both sides, and the jury, after due deliberation, brought in a verdict of \$25 damages for plaintiff.—Augusta (Me.) Journal

Gen. Garibaldi is to have the posthumous honor of a boulevard named after him in Paris. We were much more appreciative, and characteristically so, in England, of the Italian hero. We named a biscuit after him whilst he was alive!—Figaro.

It is proposed to honor the memory of Garibaldi by changing the name of his old home from Isola di Caprera to Isola di Garibaldi, and by building there a hospital for invalid soldiers, who shall be the guardians of his tomb, and a lofty lighthouse, which all mariners on the Mediterranean will know forever as the Garibaldi beacon.

Miss Mary Anderson will play in none of the smaller cities this season, and will play no "return engagements." "Mary Stuart" will be her principal role this year.

—Toronto will put down fifty miles of cedar block pavement.

## A REAL, LIVE PRINCE

He Promised to Marry a Philadelphia Girl, but Failed,

### AND HAS NOT BEEN HEARD OF SINCE.

A telegram from Philadelphia (Pa.) says: Quite a flutter has been caused in the circles of high society by the postponement of the wedding of Miss Allie Bouvier and the Prince Valleri. The lady is well known, and comes from an old Philadelphia family. Her sister is the wife of the banker, Frank Drexel. As the story goes, while Miss Bouvier was travelling abroad a short time ago she met the Prince, who was engaging in his manners, and is said to be of the Italian branch of the Legitimists, his mother being a Bourbon. The Prince and Miss Bouvier met each other frequently, and finally it was decided they should get married. Then the trouble began. The Prince did not desire to get married in France because of the troubles with the law, but was willing to come to America for the wedding. So it was decided that the ceremony should take place in this city. The fact that the wedding was to occur in this city caused considerable talk in society circles, and the young lady was congratulated upon all hands for her good fortune in having captured a real, live Prince. The most elaborate preparations were made for the event, and the invitations were prepared. The Prince promised when he left his inamorata in Paris to follow her to the United States as soon as he settled up some small business matters. As the day for his arrival approached there was considerable anxiety of the young ladies to catch a glimpse of the Prince. A relative went to New York, but the Prince failed to arrive on the steamer, letters and telegrams failed to reach him, and nothing has been learned of the whereabouts of the Bourbon since. The wedding has been consequently postponed until the Prince is found, and Mr. Dickson, a relative of the young lady, has been dispatched to Paris to clear up the mystery, and, if possible, find the Prince. The family and friends of the lady believe that some accident has happened to the fiancee, and, until apprised otherwise, they will be loth to believe anything else.

### Spoopendyke Starts a Fire.

"Mr. Snoopendyke!" called Mrs. Snoopendyke from the head of the stairs the other morning after the sardines had been disposed of. "Mr. Snoopendyke!" she called in a shrill falsetto. The only answer from the bed was a loud snore.

"Well, holler again!" yelled Snoopendyke, springing up in bed. "What ails you? Think I'm deaf out of one ear and can't hear out of the other? Think I—"

"Why, no, my dear, but I thought you might be asleep. You know I called you twice before you answered. I didn't think you heard me."

"Did hear you, too, but I thought it was a fishhorn. All it would take to make a steam-whistle of you would be a locomotive to put on you. Do you want anything?"

"The fire in the furnace has gone out," said Mrs. S.

"Oh, has it?" yelled Mr. S. and laid his nose against the cold wall. "What has it gone out for—to take a walk? 'Spose I'm going to get up and start it at this time of night?"

"But it's 6 o'clock, and I've been up an hour."

Mr. Snoopendyke bounced out of bed, caught up his coat and tried to get his feet into the sleeves.

Mrs. S. went downstairs to get the kindling. Presently Mr. S. came down and stalked to the woodshed. A few minutes after he called to his wife to know where she kept her saw.

"Why, where did you put it when you had it last?"

"Oh, I dug a hole in the garden and buried it, then I planted a cabbage over its grave. Don't think I swallowed it, do you? Oh, you've got it, have you? Where did you find it? Here, give it to me," and he grabbed it and sawed his fingers across the teeth to see how sharp it was. Every tooth left its mark. He dropped it on his toes with a yell of despair, and howled and danced around the room as if he had a small dog at his heels.

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?" asked Mrs. S., sympathetically.

"No, of course it didn't hurt. I'm just dancing to keep warm, just trying to work off my spirits, you know."

And with a terrible grin he grabbed the saw and started to file it. Just as the family was sitting down to breakfast Mr. S. walked in with a basket of charcoal and his saw.

"Come into breakfast," said his wife; "I have started the fire."

"Why, have you, my dear? Where did you get the kindling?"

"I split a board I found in the barn."

"The deuce you did; you'll ruin me yet. Did you know that was black walnut, and I paid a dollar for it? Oh, you ought to have been a business man! All it would take to make a Jay Gould of you would be a hatful of U. S. bonds and a few railroads."

And Mr. S. helped himself to a plate of beefsteak, and let the food stop his mouth.

### Set on Fire by the Sun.

A few days ago a singular circumstance occurred on a farm belonging to Mr. S. B. Petit, in Windham. At noon Mr. Thomas Barnes, who has the farm rented, noticed that smoke was issuing from the side of the woodshed, and on proceeding to investigate the cause found the boards charred and just bursting into flame. He hurriedly dashed a quantity of water on the fire and put it out. He then found the cause, which was singular. A large tin milk can had been placed beside the building to air; the reflection of the rays of the sun was thrown from the can on the boards and had thus set them on fire.

Daniel De Foe was the son of James Foe, a butcher of St. Giles, London. The son prefixed the "De" to the name.

Alexander Dumas recently testified before a commission of authors, to which an infuriated scribbler had summoned him, that his adversary had handed him a manuscript to revise, and that he had accordingly revised it to the best of his ability, leaving in it only forty lines of the original.

## WHAT TO DO WID DE LIAR.

Bro. Gardner's Discourse in the Lime Kiln Club.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Who am a liar?" asked the old man as he rose up in his usual place and glared around him.

Pickles Smith, Trustee Pullback, Samuel Shin and Evergreen Jones started and turned pale, and there was a death-like silence as Brother Gardner continued:

"An' what shall we do wid him—wid de liar an' de liars? De liar am wid us an' of us an' among us. He gits up wid us in de mawnin' an' he lies down wid us at night. Go to de grocery, an' de grocer smiles an' nods an' lies. Go to de dry goods man, an' he has a welcome an' a lie. De tailor promises a suit when he knows he can't finish it. De shoemaker promises a pair of bates for Saturday when he has three days' work on de nex' week. De ice man charges us wid twenty-five pounds an' delivers sixteen. Our carpets am warranted, an' yet they fade. De plumber plumbs an' lies. De painter paints an' lies. De carpenter planes an' saws an' cheats. De dressmaker not only lies but steals de cloth. We all lie like troopers fifty times a day, and de man who won't lie doan' stan' any show."

"An yet, my frens, whar will we bring up in de eand? When Waydown Bebee axes me fur de loan of a dollar till Saturday, he lies. He knows he can't pay it back under fo' weeks. I know he knows it, an' I lie. I tell him I jist paid out de last shillin' fur a wash-bo'd an' can't possibly raise no mo'. If I ax Judge Hostetter Jackson to sign a bank note wid me he lies when he says he promised his dyin' gran'mudder nebber to do so. We lie when we w'ar better cloze dan we kin afford—when we put on airs above us—when we put on our backs what orter to be fodder fur our stomachs. We has become a red hot, go-ahead, dust-around' nashun, but we has also become a nashun of liars, cheats and false pretenders. We adulterate our goods, cheat in weight, swindle in measure and put on broadcloth coats to hide the absence of dollar shirts. Our society am full of false pretenses, our religion furnishes a cloak for hypocrites, an' our charity am but a high soundin' name fur makin' a dollar bring back ten shillings. I doan't know what de principal wickedness of Sodom consisted of, nor wheder de folks in Gomorrah tole lies or pitched pennies, but if either one could beat an American town of de same size fur lyin' an' deceivin' dey mus' have got up werry airly in de mawnin', an' stayed awake all night long. We lie an' we know we lie. We play de hypocrite, we cheat an' deceive, an' yet we want de world to pick us out as shinin' examples of virtue, an' we expect our tombstones to bear eulogies georgious 'nuff fur angels. Gentlemen, let us kick each odder into dein' better! Let de kickin' begin jist whar it happens, fur we can't hit anybody who doan need it!"

### Canning Fruit and Vegetables.

Having the cans, or jars, the operation is simple. The fruit, whatever it may be, in a syrup just strong enough to properly sweeten it, is brought to the boiling point, and when the air has been all expelled from it, it is at once placed in the jars, previously warmed with hot water, and when these are well filled, the cover is screwed down tight. Good jars, well filled with boiling fruit, and promptly covered by screwing down the caps, will insure success. Many years ago, when canning was not so general as it is now, we showed how any common wide mouthed bottle could be used, but at present, jars made up for the purpose are so cheap, that it is not necessary to resort to any make-shifts. Among the first things to be put up in this manner is rhubarb. This, as shown in April last, can be readily canned, and green gooseberries may be treated in the same manner. Strawberries and raspberries come next, and are better preserved in the same manner than by any other, but these, especially the strawberry, while vastly better when preserved thus than in any other manner, come far short of retaining their original flavor. Peaches are easily preserved thus, and are nearly perfect, as are pears, especially the Bartlett apples and quinces. One who has put up the quince in this manner will never preserve it according to the old pound to pound method. All the highly flavored apples, preserved by canning, make a finer apple sauce than can be produced in any other manner. The usual process is, to cook the fruit, of whatever kind, in a syrup made with four ounces of sugar, to a pint of water. When the fruit is cooked tender, transfer it at once to the jar, and add the syrup to fill up crevices, if there are bubbles of air, aid them to escape by the use of a spoon; see that the jar is solid full of fruit and syrup, and up to the top before the cap is screwed on. While fruits are easily preserved in the family, vegetables are more difficult. We have many inquiries about preserving green peas, green corn and tomatoes. Those who make a business of canning, find green peas and green corn among the most difficult things to preserve. They can only be put up in tin cans by long boiling processes, not practicable in families. If any of our readers have found a method by which either corn or peas can be preserved by any process practicable in the family, we ask them to communicate it, for the benefit of others. Last autumn we made an experiment with tomatoes. Thoroughly ripe fruit was cooked as for the table, omitting butter and all other seasoning, and put up in ordinary fruit jars. About 3 out of 12 failed, but those which succeeded were vastly better than the tomatoes purchased in tin cans.

### How to Get Rid of an Unwelcome Visitor.

"Rheumatism," says Mr. A. McFaul, proprietor of the City Hotel, Kingston, "is to hold its own pretty well, but 'de days of that here are o'er.' St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, has completely conquered the rheumatism, and no man need suffer from it longer. I had it badly until a short time ago, but I used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured, and so can any one be cured in a similar manner."

We are in receipt of the first copy of a new monthly journal called *Man*. It is devoted to "progress and reform." The journal is valuable in one respect: it obviates the necessity of leaving the office in order to "see a man."

## AN EGYPTIAN PRISON.

The hideous Scenes Encountered by a Benevolent Englishman at Cairo.

We were in a sort of ill-paved, ill-looking, ill-smelling square, on each side of which was a large door, now thrown open, displaying an inner door of cross-barred, wooden grating, and behind row upon row of miserable, hopeless faces. Already the old folk and children who had followed us had begun to pilfer from the bread panniers, and as soon as the prisoners caught sight of the food the horrid clanking of chains grated on my ears, loud cries and howls came from the gratings, and the faces at the apertures multiplied threefold. I could see the poor wretches struggling with one another for a place in front, the weakest, of course, going to the wall, the greediest and strongest crushing forward. And such faces! Most of them were revolting enough in themselves, and could well have spared the loathsome environment that made them worse. On some, indeed, the scourge of the East, leprosy, had left its mark; some were merely ill and hungry-looking; the better-favored seemed to stay with their chains behind, for shame perhaps. All the foremost cried out for the bread they saw, and scrambled and fought like wild beasts for such of the round cakes as escaped through the bars without being torn piecemeal in their passage. One or two of the officials volunteered to help us to distribute our doles; and, of course, inviolable Eastern custom demanded that a little of the sorry stuff should disappear by the way into their own capacious pockets. I tried to get one of the fellows—Jusef, as I had heard some of the prisoners call him—to deal out the bread in something like order, but order seemed impossible; official authority stopped short outside the bars of the prison-house, while inside I could see some sturdy ruffians dealing blows to their fellows with rude whips and sticks, and even with their chains, driving them from the raised step that led to the door, cursing loudly. And while this din was in our ears, and we were feeding the wretches inside the bars, the unfortunates outside, who had followed us closely to this very holy of holies, were pining as fast as hands, big or little, could help them. Yes, big or little. One tiny child, about 5 years old, stole three cakes before my eyes, was cuffed, hustled away, and returned in a minute to steal a fourth from my left hand, while her mother was snatching from my right. The cigarettes produced almost equal excitement, and were hugged by the happy possessors almost as eagerly as the bread. And now that my stock of provisions was exhausted, I thought I had seen enough for once, and proceeded to make my way out of the vile den. As I was moving off one of the officials blandly asked for backshish, in reply to which I used all the few Arabic indignant epithets I know, and failing that, French, and when that also came too slowly for my indignation, I found relief in native English.

I heard subsequently that "the Khedive"—i. e., I suppose the Government—sends daily supplies to the prisons to the extent of three of those small round cakes for each person in confinement, but they only get one, and some who had tasted the sweets of this same prison-house assured me that they often get none. Where do the rest go? What man who knows Egypt knows not this too?—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

### Give the Baby a Drink of Water.

A city physician, says the *Scientific American*, attributes a large part of the excessive mortality of children in hot weather to the failure of nurses and mothers to give them water; indeed, more children are said to die (directly and indirectly) from deprivation of water than from any other cause. Infants, he says, are always too much wrapped up, and in any case would perspire very freely. The water lost by perspiration must be supplied. As Dr. Murdoch stated in his paper on cholera infantum: "The child is thirsty, not hungry; but not getting the water, which it does want, it drinks the milk, which it does not want." The consequence is that the stomach is over-loaded with food which it cannot digest, and which soon ferments and becomes a source of severe irritation. Then follow vomiting, purging and cholera infantum. To prevent this, the principal source of infancy, the doctor says: "Have water without ice—accessible to the child, who will then refuse sour milk and will eat only when hungry. Water is the great indispensable article for the preventive treatment of children in hot weather. It is important enough to nursing children, but is life itself to those reared on the bottle."

### A Witness with Ears.

In an assault and battery case before a Wayne County Justice the other day, the prosecution introduced a blind man, who had to be led to the witness-box. "Is this a legal trial or a farce?" demanded the lawyer for the defence, as he sprang up. "This is a legal trial," replied the other lawyer. "And you want a blind man sworn to tell what he saw, do you?" "I don't claim that I saw the fight," replied the witness as he turned around. "Then what do you know about it?" "Well, sir, I'm going on the stand to swear to what I heard. I've been blind and lame and had corns and boils for the last fourteen years, but when I hear the splinters fly from a rail fence I don't want any eyes to tell me whether the plaintiff hit the top rail with his head or feet. I heard the 'kerchug' of the blow, and when the plaintiff came down and hollered, 'Oh, lands, but I'm a hoked man!' I knew by the way he hung to his words that he'd lost half his front teeth. I'm ready, your Honor."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Show me a man eating lettuce," said Lord Beaconsfield, "and I will tell you what manner of man he is." The highest episcopal authorities all agree that to cut lettuce is to ruin it.

Certain changes are to be made in Upper Canada College. Messrs. Wm. Wedd (Classical Master), James Brown (Mathematical Master) and Thompson are to be retired and superannuated. The old commercial department will be revived.

Mr. Richard Meecham, the veteran G. W. R. conductor, has resigned his position on the line, and removed to Dakota to assume a more lucrative position.

## A LAKE IOEBERG.

Exciting Encounter on a Canadian Inland Sea.

### AN ICE JUNE TRIP.

The steamboat Princess, of the Northwest Navigation Co.'s line, left Winnipeg on Friday, June 9th, for the first trip of the season to Grand Rapids, with through freight and passengers for the Saskatchewan district and Edmonton. The Princess is a snug, well-built craft, and is considered to be well adapted to the waters of Lake Winnipeg. She was built last summer, and made one trip to Grand Rapids towards the close of last season. The weather continued beautifully calm and mild, with refreshing breezes from the south, and about noon we arrived off George Island. Lake Winnipeg (writes a correspondent of the *Winnipeg Free Press*), where a supply of wood was taken on board. At this point traces of winter still remained, quantities of ice and snow being visible along the shore. At 6 o'clock in the evening we again started northward, and expected to arrive at Grand Rapids early the following morning. But the fates willed it otherwise, and we were destined to witness a spectacle which would be to most of us a new and novel sight. At about 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning the passengers were awakened by the stopping of the engines, the noise of dropping the anchor, and making fast the barge. On looking out there appeared to our astonished gaze a vast field of ice, stretching away farther than the eye could reach. Everybody hurried out, but a moment's contact with the wind sent them back for overcoats and mufflers, and even the protection thus afforded was not sufficient to withstand the chilling effect of the stiff breeze blowing off the ice. In an hour or two it became evident that the ice was slowly and surely closing in upon the vessel, and the necessity of escaping from its threatening grasp grew every moment more important. In front and on either side no opening in the ice could be discerned, and our only chance was to put back, and run for the clear water to the south. We had hardly escaped immediate danger from the ice when a dense fog surrounded us, and rendered further progress dangerous. Soundings of the depth of the water showed that we were shoaling fast, the depth decreasing in half a dozen boat lengths from ten and a half to five fathoms. Orders were given to cast anchor, and we lay to all day. About noon the fog lifted enough to show us land about two miles ahead. This proved to be Long Point, and we were within twenty miles of Grand Rapids. The fog again settled down on us, and in the middle of the afternoon a heavy rain came on, lasting about an hour. The captain sent out a small boat to explore our surroundings. It returned with the information that a huge iceberg, thirty feet in height and about three acres in area, was drifting within a quarter of a mile of the boat. A dead calm prevailed at the time, and no trouble was anticipated from that quarter. It was exceedingly fortunate that the weather during the whole voyage had remained fair and calm, as a heavy wind during the time we were in the ice or while surrounded by the fog would have proved disastrous to the boat. The passengers accepted the situation very philosophically, and not a sign of concern or distress was observed. Early on Wednesday morning the sky cleared, and at 9 o'clock we steamed up the mouth of the Saskatchewan and landed at Grand Rapids.

### On a Snapping Turtle's Back.

A snapping turtle was caught in the Passaic River at Paterson (N. J.) that weighed a little over thirty pounds. A man weighing 160 pounds stood on its back while it crawled rapidly over the floor, apparently without trouble. In the body were found 199 eggs, with shells as hard as hens' eggs. They were about an inch and a half in diameter, nearly circular, and as white and translucent as porcelain.

—McGill University museum (Montreal) has received from Lieut.-Col. Grant, Hamilton, Ont., a collection of fossils from Niagara formations.

## WEATHER--OR NOT.

We admire the philosophy of the unfortunate man, who, when everything had been swept away, said: "Well, there'll be weather and taxes left, at any rate." Alas! weather is the "yellow dog" of all subjects; everyone thinks it his special right to try to better the weather, and huris his anathemas against "Old Probabilities," and all who endeavor to assist him in regulating the weather. The following communication is from Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, Mo., the renowned meteorologist and weather prophet of the West. It does not discuss the weather, but something surely of more importance to those who suffer with that painful malady he speaks of: "The day after concluding my lectures at Burlington,



I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 25; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours, I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil, with good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.