

IN FRIGHTFUL PERIL.

Narrow Escape of Six Men From a Sunk Caisson—Sixty Feet Under Water—Bravely Rescued After Several Hours of Suspense and Agony.

A Havre de Grace (Md.) despatch gives the following particulars of the caisson accident at that place mentioned in yesterday's Times: The outer shell or coffer dam of caisson No. 9, which is being sunk as the foundation for one of the piers of the new bridge of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, now in the process of construction, spanning the Susquehanna River at this point, gave way about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. The crib and air lock shaft were flooded and the working chamber rapidly filled. Most of the men got out safely before the accident occurred, but Patrick Killey and five of his men named Maguire, Shorodel, Dillon, Welsh and Connors were imprisoned in the submarine chamber. The caisson is larger than any of the others sunk for the bridge. It is sixty feet long and forty feet wide, and at the time of the accident the working chamber was sixty feet below the surface of the water. The entrance to the caisson proper is made through a perpendicular iron shaft about three feet in diameter, with foot and hand-holds on either side. It is divided into locks, each lock having a gate. When the men descend the lock-tender withdraws the air and the gate falls and the last man down lifts the gate. When the bottom gate is opened the air rushes in, thus holding the top gate in position. The same process is repeated until they reach the working-chamber, which is lighted brilliantly by electricity. The air in the chamber, beyond being a little oppressive, is said to be not unpleasant. The work of excavating is being vigorously pushed night and day, on Sundays as well as week days. Each shift is allowed twenty men and a foreman. The men were working under a pressure of twenty-eight pounds at the time of the collapse, and when the lock flooded the only entrance or exit to and from the caisson was cut off. The air apparatus, however, fortunately continued to work, and this was the men's only salvation. They remained in their prison helpless until rescued by the superintendent, John O'Brien, who conceived an ingenious plan about 11 o'clock, and quickly put it to practice. The outer lock was five feet under water, and the next lock, which was fifteen feet deep, was full of water. Mr. O'Brien made a coffer dam of boards and caulked it tightly with oakum and cement. Then he bailed out the water, descended and raised the flooded lock and bailed that out. In company with John Burns he descended through their rudely constructed shaft and amid the ringing cheers of excited and anxious spectators rescued the six men who an hour before were in such a perilous situation. The men were pale, haggard, exhausted and muddy. With the exception of one, whose head was cut by a falling spike, they were uninjured. This act of Messrs. O'Brien and Burns will not soon be forgotten, at least by any of the six who were imprisoned twelve hours in a submarine cavern. General William Hoy Smith, one of the contractors, and Colonel William Patton, the company's engineer, were there, and viewed the operations with anxiety. General Smith liberally rewarded the rescuers for their gallant conduct and the rescued for their endurance.

CURIOUS CASE OF BOYCOTTING

An Agricultural Fair Results in a Dismal Failure.

A despatch from London says: A curious illustration of the power of boycotting in the hands of the revengeful Irish peasants has just been furnished. In county Kilkenny for the past six years an agricultural fair has annually been held at Beesborough, near Piltown, under the patronage of the gentry and nobility of the neighborhood, of whom Lord Beesborough is the head. He is a somewhat active politician, is Deputy-Lieutenant of King's county, and stands high in the favor of the Dublin Castle authorities. His recent actions, however, have embittered the peasantry of his own and neighboring estates, and they determined to boycott the fair, as a measure of revenge. They posted notices throughout the district, menacing all who contributed to or attended the exhibition, and as fast as the notices were torn down they were mysteriously replaced by others still more threatening. Lord Beesborough pooh-poohed the notices, but the fair has proved a dismal failure. The tenants were frightened into non-attendance, and but few of the gentry made any entries, so that the old established institution has this year degenerated into an exhibition without exhibits and without spectators.

Seeking Thrifty Wives.

Castle Garden in New York, where immigrants are landed, is visited every day by men who are seeking wives, says the Philadelphia Times. Some of these men, strange as it may appear, find young women willing to marry them, although in some instances they scarcely know each other's language. Anybody might suppose that men in this country would not have to seek wives in that way. Everywhere there are marriageable young women. They are in such numbers that many of them hardly hope ever to get married. They cannot be ignorant of the reason—the men who seek wives do not seek them. Men who go to Castle Garden are not poor men and tramps whom no one wants to marry. They are in nearly every instance well-to-do farmers, who want wives to be of some assistance to them. They have no fancy for the merely ornamental girl. They want women who can make bread and perhaps look after the dairy. They therefore do well to seek them among the thrifty people who come from abroad. We raise cooks and dairy maids in this country in very rare instances. There are not enough of the domestic kind to supply wives to all those avaricious people who insist that a wife shall be no deadhead in the family enterprise. American girls make excellent wives in general and are not incapable of intelligent management, but they do not make good servants.

In a Sunday school the teacher had been explaining the text, "Let your loins be girded." Wishing to see if they understood the explanation, he said to a boy, "Well, tell me how and why we are commanded to gird up your loins?" "To keep up our breeches, sir," replied the youth.

A GREAT CAVERN.

A Cave that Runs Six Miles Underground.

A Pittsburg despatch says: For years the existence of a large opening in the hill-side near Dunbar, Fayette county, was known, yet nobody ever seemed anxious to explore it, probably on account of the cold water and narrow entrance one must pass through before getting into the main entrance. Yesterday morning a party of gentlemen from this city succeeded in passing through the narrow entrance, which is about fifty yards long. They were surprised to find themselves in a spacious cavern with solid limestone walls leading straight into the centre of the mountain. When they had followed this for a few hundred yards they came to a large room where the water was dripping from the ceiling and trickling down the sides of the room and had formed what is known as dripping limestone. These formations were hanging from the ceiling in long pointed sticks like icicles. Some were white as snow, some brown, some as transparent as glass. The sides of this room were decorated in every conceivable shape and form. The explorers declared the sight well worth the trouble and risk of getting lost in the numerous passages with which the hill is literally honeycombed. After wandering around for some time the explorers finally came to the main passage and went on and on into the centre of the mountain. They were determined to find the end of the line, and so pushed on until the sides began to narrow and the ceiling to slope until there was just room enough for one to pass through. There they gave up the search. When they returned to the mouth of the cavern the sun was sinking in the west, and they were surprised to find that they had been in the bowels of the earth the entire day. They think they must have gone fully six miles underground. The cave is a solid limestone rock, and the locality has been noted for the past few years as a summer resort on account of the cool refreshing water that flows from the cave in an ever-filling stream.

A PASSIONATE BARBER

Attacks a Man with a Razor and Gets Murdered.

A Calgary despatch says that Wm. Foster, formerly a barber in this town, had been murdered at End of Track, was the brief intelligence received here on Sunday last. From particulars we have since learned it appears that Foster was in the habit of moving forward with the C. P. R. men. On Friday last his outfit was being carried to the front on a train which was in charge of Finn. In unloading the effects a barber's chair was broken, which aroused Foster to almost an uncontrollable degree of excitement. After the matter had subsided Foster called Finn into his tent and commenced to abuse him shamefully. Finn retaliated, and Foster then rushed at the former with a razor. Finn recoiled until cornered, when he drew his revolver and fired four shots, three of which took effect. Foster died the next day. The victim was of a morose disposition, and regarded as a dangerous man. It is said that he shot a man in Montana, and that this was the fourth time he was known to have drawn a razor, in one case cutting a man seriously in the abdomen. Finn has been engaged on the C. P. R. construction some two or three years, and at the time of the shooting was foreman of the iron car. He is represented as being a quiet and inoffensive man, and was a favorite with the workmen, who believe the act was done in self-defence. Finn was arrested yesterday at Eldon by Constables Davidson and Gould, to whom he stated he was then on his way to Calgary to give himself into the hands of the police. He was brought to Calgary, but will be sent back to British Columbia, as Northwest magistrates have no jurisdiction in the matter.

"Tell" Kapelle.

Beyond the village of Kusnacht, on the road to Immensee, I found the "hollow path" of Schiller, where Tell placed himself to watch for Gessler's arrival, and then I entered the little chapel erected to mark the spot where the tyrant fell, struck down by the avenging dart that helped so much to free the Swiss. There was another "Tell's Kapelle" that I visited, the one on the lake shore erected at the spot where Tell leaped ashore from Gessler's boat and gave the signal for the revolt for national liberty. The walls are covered with pictures recalling the terrible acts of despotism committed by the ancient tyrants of this land. Here we have a nobleman putting out the eyes of an old man who looked at him too boldly as he passed; there a father's tongue is being torn out by the roots because he refused to betray the hiding place of his son, a reticence which does not seem to have been of much avail, for a little farther on we see the son being skinned alive for having resisted the hirelings of his lord. It would be hard to convey an adequate picture of the frowning, wild, savage aspect that the lake presents around here. On all sides tower up a perfect chaos of mountains, which hem in and here and there push forth their rocky spurs into the very bosom of the lake; black, smooth, steep, inaccessible rocks, against which the waves dash in heavy masses driven by gusts of wind that issue suddenly from some lair. There are some who pretend that all this story about Tell is legend and not a bit historical; for my part I prefer—si non a vero—to believe such stories. To me the heroic deeds of William Tell are a part of the history of this earth.—Correspondence Boston Herald.

A Prominent Englishman's Sad End.

A Fort McKinny (W. T.) despatch says the mangled body of Mr. Gillie Leigh, a member of the British Parliament, was found yesterday at Baz, a precipitous cliff in the Big Horn mountains. Mr. Leigh was here with a small English pleasure party. He left the camp on the 14th inst. for a stroll, and was not heard of till eight days' search revealed his body. His remains will be shipped to England.

Sabine Pass, Tex., is the great alligator market of the South. Last week 1,500 hides were sold at that place.

A pet bear broke his chain at Gainesville, Fla., and attacked a number of bathers in the water, so seriously squeezing one that he drowned before he could be rescued.

UNLUCKY GOLD FINDERS.

The Discoverers of Famous Mines Only Pointing the Way to Fortune for Others.

A San Francisco despatch says: The movement now in progress in this State to relieve the wants of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold on this coast, serves as a reminder that all the successful gold and silver hunters have failed most miserably in the race for wealth. Marshall never had anything. The crowds that flocked to California as soon as his discovery was announced swindled him until he was poor, and he has been poor ever since. Because he had found gold once people have seemed to think that he might do so again if he tried. He is now old and destitute, and unless something is done for him he will soon be in abject want.

The discoverers of the Nevada silver mines made nothing by it, and most of them have died penniless. Comstock, the original owner of the far-famed lode bearing his name, sold his property for a song, and a few months thereafter, when its value was known, killed himself as Bozeman in despair. Since his death, more than \$300,000,000 in silver has been taken out of the ground which was once wholly his.

Patrick McLaughlin, Peter O'Riley, E. Peirce and J. A. Osborn, other discoverers of silver in Nevada, sold their holdings at nominal figures, or were defrauded of them.

In the new gold country in the Cour d'Alenes the jumpers have taken every inch of property from Pritchard, the discoverer, who toiled their for months alone, and the courts in session at Eagle City have confirmed their titles. Pritchard is now a wanderer, and others are getting rich out of mines which his industry and perseverance revealed.

The discoverer of the richest mine in Leadville sold it for \$40,000, and in twelve months the owners had taken out more than \$1,000,000, while the original owner had lost his money in dissipation, and was back again looking for a "grub stake." From Marshall to Pritchard the record is unbroken. Not one of the men who have found the precious metals has profited by it himself.

A RELIGIOUS MANIA

Becomes Like a Roaring Bull and Thrusts for Gore.

A last (Thursday) night's Drifton, Pa., despatch says: John Berle, a miner, employed by Cove Bros. & Co., was returning from a mission service at the Roman Catholic Church yesterday, in company with his wife and sister, when he suddenly dropped on his knees and began praying; then, with a yell, he sprang up, tossed his hat into the air, pursued his wife into a neighboring house, and, in his maniacal frenzy, dashed headlong at a large mirror, shivering it into fragments and cutting his hand and arm severely. Still yelling and waving his hand, with the blood pouring from it, he tore frantically up the street. Everybody supposed he had murdered some one, and was brandishing the knife, eager for more bloodshed. Catching hold of his terrified sister, he flung her to the earth and attempted to choke her to death, but being pulled off turned upon the crowd that gathered and charged it, still waving his bloody hand and putting everybody to flight, calling out that he would kill them. They pursued him, and after a long chase he came up with Theophilus Gibbons, whom he grappled, tearing all the clothes from his body. Gibbons held on to him, however, and the others, plucking up courage, seized the maniac, and after a desperate struggle bound him, and he now lies there tied hand and foot under the charge of a physician, who pronounces him suffering from a most severe attack of acute mania, probably brought on by religious excitement.

Memories of American Men.

A visitor from the New World cannot but be struck with the absolute independence with which Englishmen live up to their own ideas, whether they coincide with the general current of opinion or not. On the other side of the Atlantic public sentiment rules with almost irresistible force; no erratic departures from the general law are tolerated; every man must conform to the rules of the majority. If you know one young man in the United States you know them all. They resemble each other with curious fidelity in dress, manner and appearance. Their very thoughts, raucy and original as they are, run in the same groove, and they give expression to them in the same crystallized forms of speech. This iron rule does not prevail to nearly so great an extent in Canada, but it exists with sufficient force to make the independence of the individual Englishman marked even to a Canadian. The old Indian generals who affect eastern modes of life in misty England, the retired sea captains whose talk is ever in nautical phrases of nautical matters, and other riders of hobbies innumerable, who have furnished materials to many authors, and amusement to many generations of readers, abound in England and help to render the land picturesque and attractive. All these harmless and amusing eccentricities are almost ruled down into a dead level of monotonous uniformity in the New World. Perhaps I should except New York from this general statement. This, the greatest city in America, is the most cosmopolitan in its character. Men of all nationalities go to make up its vast population; it is less distinctly American than Philadelphia or Boston. Its young men, whether intentionally or not, closely resemble young Englishmen; indeed, all classes exhibit their own peculiarities uninfluenced by the repressing tyranny of general habits or opinions.—Castell's Family Magazine.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

The most saline hot spring in the world has been discovered at Idaho Springs, Col. The boiling water contains from 34 to 40 per cent. of sodic sulphate, carbonate and other salts. It is so alkaline that it dissolves skin.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

A PRIZE FIGHT SENSATION.

Clever Capture of Some High-Toned Spectators.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable-gram says: The prize-fight at Epsom to-day between Jack Massie and Cuddy Middings has had some sensational results. Most of the aristocrats who witnessed the match escaped from the police in carriages or on horseback. Some, however, were less lucky, and one party of five was neatly captured. They were leading spirits in arranging the fight, and being very "fly" had taken remarkable precautions to hoodwink the police in case of a raid. They had engaged a large furniture van, and when the constables appeared upon the scene the five abettors of the manly art climbed into the van, bolted the doors on the inside and told the driver to drive with all possible speed to London. The van started off all right, but the extraordinary rate at which it went attracted the notice of the police, and a mounted squad was sent in pursuit. The constables overtook the van at Sreatham, and a short conversation with the driver convinced him that he had better direct his course to a police station. The five gentlemen who had imprisoned themselves in the van heard nothing of the conversation, and knew nothing of the change of destination which had been arranged. They laughed and chatted boisterously inside the van until it stopped. Then they unbolted the door, clambered down the back steps of the van, and each gentleman found himself in the grasp of a stalwart policeman. They were escorted into a police station, and made as comfortable as possible pending their removal for examination at Bow street. The inspectors at Scotland Yard lock upon this as a remarkably clever ruse. They say that if high-toned gentlemen will violate the laws of the land it is very considerate on their part to provide their own prison vans, and the example should be imitated. Detectives are scouring London to-night in search of other abettors of the fight, and the list of suspects includes at least one baronet.

EUROPEAN SHIP CANAL.

Proposed Connection of the Black and Baltic Seas.

A London despatch says: A very ambitious project for the improvement of the waterways of Europe is under consideration at Vienna and Berlin. The proposal is to connect the Black Sea with the Baltic by means of a canal, extending from the Danube to the Oder River. The proposed line of the canal is from a point on the Danube River, near Vienna, through Moravia, and Austrian and Prussian Silesia, to a point on the Oder, not far from Breslau, which is now the head of the navigation of that river. The distance in a straight line is about 200 miles, but the length of the canal would be largely increased by the natural difficulties of the country and by the necessity of making wide detours to find practical passes through the Seditous mountains. The estimated cost is 70,000,000 florins or about 100,000 per mile of completed canal. The canal would afford a water highway directly across the centre of Europe, thus cheapening transportation between the maritime cities of Germany and Austria. It would also, according to the statements of its promoters, traverse many districts which are rich in mineral deposits and make their developments easy and profitable.

On the Philadelphia Plan.

There are a great many young men in New York who manage to live well, enjoy frequent excursions and keep well in the amusement swing by conducting all of their entertainments on what is commonly known as the Philadelphia plan. They are the well-dressed, good-natured and jolly-looking men who are seen together in a box at the theatre, dining at a good restaurant, going to the races on a coach, or running off for two or three days' fishing on a yacht. Their bills are paid unobtrusively and quietly, but when the crowd is alone, a prompt settlement is had, and each man pays his own share. When a number of men "whack up" for a dinner it reduces the cost very much. They can eat a much better dinner, have more wine and a greater variety than when dining alone, and for less money. As a rule, the young men who go about town habitually are not overburdened with funds, and if any one of them attempted to entertain all his friends he would find it a serious drain on his purse. That is why the Philadelphia plan is resorted to. During the races at Jerome Park the hotel coaches are continually employed by crowds of men who go on this principle. The coaches have movable seats which can be arranged on top so that they look like veritable coaching-club drags, and when drawn by four spanking bays they make quite a presentable appearance. With a crowd of ten or fifteen men aboard, such a coach usually forms a very lively sort of a procession. The young men usually chip in from \$3 to \$10 apiece and make the solid sum with which they buy a horse for a winner and a horse for a place in every race. This keeps them interested all through the day, and when they go home they divide the winnings—if there are any. In the same way they arrange yachting trips and excursions to the country. It may not be a particularly aristocratic mode of procedure, but it certainly is much fairer to all concerned than the indiscriminate habit of treating, by which the poorest man in the crowd is usually impoverished—through the proverbial generosity of poor men—and the mean man has no end of fun without paying for it.—New York Sun.

The Antiquity of Advertising.

In all ages people seem to have needed a reminder of their wants and the advertisement enabled the busy or the lazy to supply them without extra trouble. We find no mention of the peripatetic advertisements which now greet our eyes on street corners, in various out and ridiculous garbs, but perhaps they may have had their origin from antiquity and the peripatetic philosophers, who studied and discussed their learned theories while perpetually perambulating the walks of the gymnasium.—Philadelphia Times.

Two fish factories at Crisfield, Md., employ eighty men, who daily catch on an average of 48,000 fish, mostly alewives. The oil derived from the fish is disposed of at 37 cents per gallon, and the scrap is made into phosphate, which brings \$26 per ton.

THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

Popularity of Liberal Papers—Ways of Suppressing Them.

It is a patent fact that our press is almost altogether Liberal and anti-governmental, writes a Russian correspondent to the London Times. This M. Katkov himself does not attempt to deny. The organs of reaction may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Most Russian papers are either frankly Liberal or shrewdly artful, alternating between servility to escape the censure and opposition to please their readers. For it is a significant fact that reactionary journals do not sell; even the Moscow Gazette, M. Katkov's organ, notwithstanding the value conferred upon it by its semi-official character, has not a third of the circulation of the Liberal Courier and the Vedomosti. The opportunist tendencies of the Russian press on the one hand, and bureaucratic obscurantism on the other, are leading rapidly to a collision which can hardly fail to be fatal to the weaker of the two forces. The history of the struggle between them—if that may be called a struggle in which one party can offer hardly a show of resistance—presents three distinct phases. The Provincial press was the first to suffer. Being under the preventive censure the administration had only to draw the bonds a little tighter in order to crush it utterly. Less known, having less influence and fewer readers, country papers may be treated with less ceremony than their contemporaries of the two capitals. Then, again, their conductors, having less fluency, and, perhaps, greater honesty than city journalists, are more outspoken in their language, more sincere in their liberalism, and consequently more liable to fall under the lash of the censure. Altogether, it may be averred without exaggeration that, notwithstanding its lack of literary polish, the part of our press the most sympathetic, the most devoted to the public weal and capable of promoting national well-being, were our country papers. But the tsaristovniks of St. Petersburg neither considered their usefulness nor respected their honesty. The spectre of separatism was summoned against them and they became the first victims of the reaction. The holocaust went on easily and quietly, without too much scandal, and was all but completed before the death of Alexander II. It required only a word to the censors, and the work was begun. One by one the best country papers, weary of the annoyance, the onianery, and the oppression to which they were continually exposed, gave up the struggle. Suppression by degrees was unnecessary, as they were worn out of existence by ministerial ordinances, each more impossible and absurd than the other. The Odessa Listok, a purely political paper, was ordered strictly to avoid domestic subjects. The Telegraph, a journal founded for the express purpose of defending Jewish interests, and promoting a fusion of the two races, was forbidden to make any allusion to the Jewish question. The expedients of the department were sometimes marked by a grim humor all its own. One was to appoint as special censor of an obnoxious print an official living at the other extremity of the empire. This involved the sending to him of every proof, both of comment and news, before publication. Hence the paper on which this practical joke was played could not appear until ten or fifteen days after its contemporaries of the same town or district. No journal giving news a fortnight out of date could possibly go on, and journals so treated rarely attempted to reappear. But as nobody could say that the Government had suppressed them, there was neither scandal nor "agitation of spirits." One more unfortunate had died a natural death—that was all. Dealt with in this way were the Novotcherkass Don, the Kama Gazette, and the Tiffin Obsor. They were ordered to send their proofs, not as usual to the local censors, but to the censor of Moscow, which is distant in time (including the return journey) from Novotcherkass seven days, from Kama ten to twelve, and from Tiffin twenty. The two first made no attempt either to comply with the order or to continue their issue, but Mr. Nicoladze, proprietor of the Obsor, in order to preserve the right of publication (which lapses if not used during a year), brings out his paper every January. The Obsor is probably the only daily paper in the world which appears once a year.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the department holds the letter of the law, loose as that is. The expedients I have described seem to be adopted out of a spirit of pure mischief, pretty much as a cat torments a mouse before giving it the coup de grace, for when the humor takes them the authorities do not hesitate to suppress by a stroke of the pen a paper which has been submitted to the preventive censure, and is, therefore, in a sense, dated by the administration. Thus were suppressed the Kiev Telegraph, the Odessa Pravda and the Smoleensk Messenger. I believe, too, that the Kiev Trona has lately shared the same fate. All these were under the preventive regime, which means of course that they were not allowed to publish a line unseen by the censor. In 1876 the Government, utterly regardless of the law, and without assigning a reason, suppressed an entire literature—that of the Ukraine. Except novels, it was forbidden to publish anything whatever in the language of that country—a proceeding absolutely without precedent even in Russia. Nearly all these measures were taken in the time of Alexander II. By throwing every possible impediment in the way of starting new journals, by having censors only in a few of the principal towns (which rendered it well-nigh impossible to conduct papers in any other town), the Government found no difficulty in practically extinguishing the provincial press. Hence Alexander III. had only to do with the press of the two capitals, and it must be admitted that in this contest Count Ignatieff and, above all, Count Tolstoy showed more discernment than was displayed by our generals in the war against Turkey—they attacked the enemy where he was weakest.

A young lady, in reply to her father's question why she did not wear rings on her fingers, said—"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but still, you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezing order."