GORDON IN KHARTOUM.

He Stays There Because There is no Way Out—On Tenter-Hooks of Anxiety—Making it Right with the Black Ladies—Government Funds Captured—A Modest Request in Regard to Decorations.

Among the batch of letters to and from General Gordon in the Soudan, published by the English War Office, are the following of more than usual popular interest:

GENERAL GORDON TO SIR E. BARING AND NUBAR PACHA.

KHARTOUM, July 30, 1884.

Your telegram of the 5th May, 1884, received. Thanks for kind expressions. Nile now high, and we hope to open route to Senaar in few days. We have had no serious losses. Stewart was slightly wounded in arm near Palace; he is all right now. Be assured that these hostilities are far from being sought for, but we have no option, for retreat is impossible unless we abandon civil employees and their families, which the general feeling of troops is against. I have no advice to give. If we open Senaar and clear Blue Nile we will be strong enough to take Berber—that is, if Dongola still holds out. As for Mahdi, he will not send succour here. Not one pound of the money you gave me got here; it was captured at Berber. We want £200,000 sent to Kassala. The expenses of these garrisons must be met. Khartoum costs £500 per diem. If route gets open to Kassala, I shall sent Stewart there with journal—that is, if he will consent to go. You may rely on this, that if there was any possible way of avoiding the wretched fighting I should adopt it, for the whole war is hateful to me. The people refuse to let me go out on expeditions, owing to the bother which would arise if anything happened, so I sit on tender-hooks of anxiety. If I could make any one chief here, I would do it, but it is impossible, for all the good men were killed with Hicks. To show you that Arabs fire well, two of our steamers received 970 and 860 shots in their hulls respectively. Since our defeat on the 16th March, 1884, we had only thirty killed, 50 or 60 wounded, which is very little. I should think we have fired

HALF A MILLION CARTRIDGES.

The conduct of the people and troops has been excellent. I was thinking of issuing a proclamation liberating the slaves of those in arms, but have deferred doing so for fear of complication. I have great trust that God will bring us out triumphantly, and with no great loss on either side. We have queer stories as to the fall of Berber. Arabs captured there all Stewart's Hussar uniforms, and my medals, etc. It may be bad taste to say it, but if we get out of this give Stewart a K.C.M.G. and spare me at all costs. You will thus save me the disagreeableness of having to refuse, but I hate those things. If we get out it is in answer to prayer, and not by our might, and it is a true pleasure to have been here, though painful enough at times. Stewart's journal is copious. I only hope it will get down to you when I send it. Land mines are the things for defence in future; we have covered the works with them, and they have deterred all attacks and done much execution. Since the 30th March, 1884, date of your Cairo despatch, we have had no news from you. Seyd Mahomet Osman, of Kassala, ought to be the route for your despatches, and you ought to give him a present of £500, for he saved Kassala. We have made a decoration with three degrees, silver gilt, silver, pewter, with inscription "Siege of Khartoum," with a grenade in centre. School children and women have also received one; consequently I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum. We have issued paper notes to the amount of £26,000, and borrowed £50,000 from merchants, which you will have to meet. I have sent in addition £8,000 paper notes to Senaar. What Kassala is doing for money I do not know. Of course, we only get taxes paid in lead, so you are running a good bill up here. The troops and people are full of heart; I cannot say the same for all the Europeans. The Arabs are in poor heart. I should say that about 2,000 determined men alone keep them in the field. I expect it will end in

A TERRIBLE FAMINE

throughout the land. Spy yesterday stated the Queen of England had arrived at Korosko. Perhaps it is a steamer. The only reinforcement the Soudan has received since 27th November, 1883, date when Hick's defeat was known at Cairo, is seven persons, including myself, and we have sent down over 600 soldiers and 2,000 people. The people here and Arabs laugh over it. I shall not leave Khartoum until I can put some one in. If the Europeans like to go to the Equator I will give them steamers, but I will not leave these people after all they have gone through. As for routes, I have told you that the one from Wady Halfa, along right bank of Nile to Berber, is the best, and this, had not Berber fallen, would have been a picnic. The other route is from Senbit to Kassala, and Abou Harazon Blue Nile, which would be safe up to Kassala, but I fear it is too late. We must fight it out with our means. If blessed by God, we shall succeed; if not His will, so be it. The main thing is to send money to Kassala. Where is Wood? Kind regards to him and Generals Stephenson and Graham. Why write in cypher? It is useless, for Arabs have no interpreter. You say your feeling is to abandon Soudan; so be it, but before you do that you must take down Egyptian population, and this the Arabs do not see. According to all accounts, 5,000 men were massacred at Berber. All is for the best. I will conclude by saying that we will defend ourselves to the last; that I will not leave Khartoum; that I will try to persuade all Europeans to escape; and that I am still sanguine that, by some means not clear, God will give us an issue. What was the result of your negotiations for opening road Suakim to Berber? The Arabs captured the money (you gave me) at Berber, but it is the only money which the Egyptian pachas have ground out of the Soudan since their occupation.—(Signed) C. G. GORDON.

P. S.—July 31, 1884.—Reading over your telegram on the 5th May, 1884, you ask me "to state cause and intention in staying at Khartoum, knowing Government means to abandon Soudan," and, in answer, I say I stay at Khartoum because Arabs have shut us up and will not let us out. I also add that even if the road was opened the people would not let me go, unless I gave them some Government or took them with me, which I could not do. No one would leave more willingly than I would if it was possible.—C. G. G.

GENERAL GORDON TO SIR E. BARING.

KHARTOUM, July 31st, 1884.

We continue, thank God, to drive Arabs back up Blue Nile, and hope to open road to Senaar in eight days or less, and to recapture small arms lost by Salsh Bey. We then hope to send an expedition to surprise and recapture Berber. It is a *sine qua non* that you send me Zebehr, otherwise my stay here is indefinite. And you should send £50,000 to Dongola, to be forwarded to Berber if we take it. River begins to fall in, say, four months. Before that time you must either let the Sultan take back the Soudan or send Zebehr with a subsidy yearly. (D. V) We will send down to Berber to take it with the Egyptian troops here, so that they will be on their way home, and I shall send Stewart. We hope (D. V.) to recapture the two steamers which were lost at Berber on its fall. The Equator and Bahr Gazelle provinces can be (D. V.) relieved later on, and their troops brought here. As to Darfur, it must be afterwards thought of, for we do not know if it still holds out. As for Kordofan, I hope and believe the Mahdi has his hands full. I could vacate Senaar if it was possible, but I do not think it is, and also the moral effect of its evacuation would be fatal to our future success, while we have not food to feed the refugee people who would come here. You will see if we open road to Senaar from here we cut the Arab movement in two by Blue Nile. I repeat I have no wish to retain this country. My sole desire is to restore the prestige of the Government in order to get out garrisons and to put some ephemeral government in position in order to get away.—(Signed) C. G. GORDON.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.

Graphic Description of the Condition of the People by a Correspondent.

A Paris correspondent, who went on an exploring tour yesterday morning on a number of narrow streets where the cholera has been, says: "While giving the authorities all the credit their good intentions deserve, I am bound to say that the uncleanness of these populous quarters make them a very hot-bed of disease. A person can hardly realize the condition of the rookeries in which thousands live, work, eat and sleep, with totally inadequate supplies of air, water and light, and an utter disregard of the elements of cleanliness. A journeyman cabinetmaker, when asked whether the absolute stench of the court in which he dwelt was not worse than usual, replied that he did not discern anything unusual and all he complained of was the insufficiency of water, which he had to carry from a fountain in the Faubourg St. Antoine, about 300 yards from the entrance to the alley. The house in which he resides is four stories high and gives shelter to some fifty persons, including women and children. The rooms are small and badly ventilated and the inhabitants work and sleep in the same room. The staircase is dark and the sanitary arrangement of the place is simply shocking. The leaden hue of the men's faces and the attenuated frames of the children tell their own tale. Having been assured that a man living in the Rue Montreuil had been attacked to-day by cholera, I went to the house. When I arrived there I found the house extremely dirty and impregnated with bad odors. On reaching the second floor, I found several men and women standing on the small landing between two open doors. From the consternation written on their faces, I saw at once I had been correctly informed. Indeed, they were too alarmed to answer my questions, and merely pointed to the room where the man lived. I stepped in and found some police officials disinfecting the unwholesome abode. I will say nothing more than that it smelt horribly. The police stated the man had been removed to the Hospital St. Antoine."

The Exchange Bank.

A Montreal despatch says: In connection with the petition presented the court for the removal of two liquidators of the Exchange Bank, Mr. A Campbell in his evidence filed the following statement of the position of the bank's affairs at the present time: Liabilities, head office—Current accounts, $54,252; deposit receipts, $379,000; savings bank, $312 438; outside cheques, $24,690; C. and D. Savings Bank, $250,000; Dominion Government, $290,840; Provincial Government, $75 000; Alliance Bank, England, $83,432; total, $1,469,655. Bedford Branch—Deposit receipts, $46 195; savings bank, $49,425; total, $95 620. Hamilton Branch — Deposit receipts, $7.410; savings bank, $29 861; total, $37,222; grand total, $1 602,497 Besides this there is $40,000 of circulation yet to be redeemed. The assets are $500,000 in cash deposits to the credit of the liquidators, and some $300,000 yet to be collected. The assets were being quickly realized, and he thought the creditors would receive 50 cents on the dollar.

Big Colonization Scheme.

A Quebec despatch says: Monseigneurs Lorrain, of Pembroke; Duhamel, of Ottawa; and Bouillon, of Boston, are in Quebec interviewing the Provincial Government in reference to a big colonization scheme which their lordships have on foot. They intend, if possible, to secure some concessions from the Quebec and Dominion Governments for the purpose of colonizing a large track of valuable land in the vicinity of Lake Temiscamingue, on the upper Ottawa. They propose erecting a tramway along the rapids on the River Mattawan, to be utilized for portaging, and they also intend to place two steamers on the northern lakes in order to convey the host of settlers, which they anticipate will take advantage of the newly acquired lands, to their destination.

Covington, Ky., has a dog detective, whose business it is to hunt up missing pets. He knows all the dogs in town and is on friendly terms with them all.

Cuba has imported an American baseball club, by way of preparing for annexation. Cuba should be a paradise for the devotees of this noble sport. They can play there all the year round, and never need wear any other clothing than their professional uniforms.

A BELGIAN EMBEZZLER.

Strange Adventures and Arrest of the Criminal.

A London cablegram says: A Belgian named Bisch has just been arrested at Dover after a remarkable series of adventures and sent to Belgium to answer a charge of embezzling about $20,000. Bisch is quite a young man, and was a commercial traveller and collector for a wholesale wine dealer at Brussels. Last March he found himself in possession of more than 100,000f. of his employer's money, and he absconded with it. He fled to England and landed in Dover. Thence he proceeded by easy stages to Liverpool, spending money lavishly along the way. He never made use of any public conveyance, believing that a watch would be kept upon railways and their passengers, and it is said that he walked all the way from Dover to Liverpool. He took the journey leisurely and lived riotously all the time, stopping at different public houses as he came to them and indulging without stint in every form of dissipation. When he reached Liverpool he had only a few pounds left, and he spent his last shilling in buying a steerage passenger's ticket and outfit on a steamer bound for New York. He went across the Atlantic, but being a pauper, he was not allowed to land at New York. He was brought back on the same steamer by which he went out, and was turned adrift at Liverpool. He wanted to return to Belgium, and having no other resource, he tramped back from Liverpool to Dover, begging his way at the places where a few weeks before he had spent money like a prince. He arrived at Dover, ragged, famished, foot-sore and crazed by his sufferings and exposure. He was arrested as an insane vagabond, and at the police station it was noticed that he answered the description of the embezzler Bisch, who had been wanted by the police for eight months. He did not deny his identity, and has been sent to Belgium, where he will be placed in a lunatic asylum.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

Extraordinary Adventures of a French Woman—The Wife of an Ontario Chief.

An Erie despatch says: In the spring of 1882 a party of Indians came to Erie from Canada to play lacrosse on William L. Scott's property. Among them was Chief Juanita. The Countess was present at the exhibition and sought an introduction to the chief. She dazzled him with her bold and brazen beauty, and although he was old enough to be her father she accepted his attentions and consented to become an Indian bride. She disappeared at the time the Indians left, and, as it now appears, she was wedded by Indian rites when the party returned to Canada, she being gayly attired as an Indian princess. Having succeeded in getting the chief to convert his property into cash, she left him a much poorer man than she found him. Under the name of Madame Barabo she taught French in the Erie Academy while Judge Albion W. Tourgee was its principal. Barabo departed, and she married Andrew Johnson, a wealthy gentleman, 80 years of age. He left her on the discovery that she was not a French countess as she had claimed. An Indian troup came along in 1882 and the Madame linked her fortunes to Chief Juanta, an aged Mohawk chief from the Province of Ontario, yet gay and full of lucre. 'Tis said that after getting most of her Indian love's money she deserted him at Stratford, Ont., and departed for California. There she began the practice of medicine under the title of "Sayonna, an Indian Princess." Henry Martin, the chief's son, followed and tried to secure the money taken from his father. Not succeeding, he wrote a letter demanding $100, or promising to expose her life. He has been arrested for blackmail. Sayonna has a daughter at Erie, Pa., and another at Titusville.

MORE DYNAMITE.

A Toledo Nitro-Glycerine Factory Blows up—Property Destroyed — Canadians Thought It Was an Earthquake.

A yesterday's Toledo, Ohio, special says: At 10.30 this morning Toledo was startled by a terrific shock, which shook the buildings and shattered glass, and created a panic in many of the schools. It was caused by the explosion of the nitro-glycerine factory and storehouse of A. J. Rummel & Co., of Toledo, located about four miles up the river, outside the city limits. Five men were at work in the establishment at the time, and, singular to relate, none were killed, but all more or less injured. There were 20,000 pounds of dynamite and 3,000 pounds of gunpowder stored in a magazine. Rummel & Co. lose about $10,000. No insurance. The damage throughout the city will amount to many hundreds of dollars. The result of the explosion in its vicinity was simply terrific. Large trees were twisted off the ground and torn up, and everything presented a deplorable scene. Windows were shattered in the House of Refuge near by. In Perrysburg, five miles distant, windows were broken, the school house walls cracked, blackboards thrown to the floor and everybody rushed out of the building. The shock was felt at Detroit and various Canadian towns across the lake, and even as far east as Cleveland. At each of these distant places it was supposed to be an earthquake shock.

Temperance Colony.

Mr. B. W. Clarke, agent at Moose Jaw for the Temperance Colony, arrived in the city on Saturday *en route* to Toronto. He reports everything in good order at the colony and the settlers generally contented. A large quantity of ploughing has been done for next spring's seeding, and the prospects for a good increase in settlers for another year are exceedingly bright. Mr. Clarke leaves to-night for the east and will return again next spring.—*Winnipeg Times.*

A craze for flats has sprung up in San Francisco, and as fast as the buildings are finished they are filled up with tenants. The demand for apartments in them this fall is very great. There are now several hundred of these houses in the city. They are mostly of two stories, the style of enormously high buildings prevailing in the eastern cities being avoided.

Of the twenty-seven translators of the new version of the Old Testament twelve died during the work.

BUTCHERED IN BURMAH.

The Frightful Massacre in a Burmese Jail.

Details have been received of the massacres in the jail at Mandalay, by which, it is said, over 300 men and women lost their lives. It appears that the King had given orders that some half-dozen famous dacoits, or gang-robbers, confined in the jail, should be executed. The men, hearing this, attempted to escape, when the royal troops surrounded the prison, shooting down every one who attempted to get out. Non content with this, and as the majority of the prisoners preferred to remain inside rather than run the risk of being shot down, the King's ministers gave orders to set fire to one end of the jail. The miserable wretches confined in the jail had only two courses open to them, one of which was to be burned alive and the other to run into the hands of the troops. They chose the latter, and were shot down or hacked to pieces indiscriminately without reference to sex or age. The scene was awful in the extreme, and the screams of the poor wretches who in their endeavors to escape the fire found themselves face to face with their butchers were fearful. Among the slain were two royal princes and a famous dacoit, who some time ago was liberated from prison on account of his skill and pluck to go and fight the Shans, but was reincarcerated because he went pillaging on his own account. After the prisoners had all been disposed of the troops, excited to madness and thirsting for blood, attacked numbers of peaceable inhabitants, and altogether Mandalay was in a most terrible state. The heads of many of the slain prisoners were stuck on bamboos and paraded about the streets, while the bodies were allowed to rot for two or three days, and then were carted away to the cemetery, where they were buried four or five together in a common grave only a foot deep. The King and Queen meantime were, it is said, well pleased with this work of blood, and organized feasts and processions and indulged in general rejoicing.

Evening Papers in England.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a Scottish American citizen and a very powerful factor in English politics. Besides being a man with many millions of dollars and at the head of huge manufacturing establishments in commerce, he is the owner of seventeen Liberal newspapers in Great Britain. In a recent interview he expressed his opinion of evening papers as follows:

"We have found that all classes of English people, from the artisan or laborer up to the lords, read their evening papers more carefully than they do the morning journals. People do not have time to read in the morning, but they take their afternoon paper to their homes and read it carefully. The papers which will have the greatest political influence are of this class. They are the ones which are the best mediums for reaching the people in every country, consequently they are the most valuable to advertisers and politicians. Compulsory education and the spread of knowledge have all been favorable to newspapers in England, and the circulation of the half-penny evening issues among the artisans and the poorer classes is wonderful. We can afford to engage the best writers in the country, as the same men write for all our papers, and the result has been striking. We have introduced some bright American features, such as humorous columns and department of news for the household and for ladies. All our papers printed the parody on the Queen's book, which was published in the New York *Life*, and it made a big hit. Our coalition is chiefly owned by Mr. Storey and myself. I am the only American in it. Our property has increased amazingly in value. We reach two millions of people a day, and our circulation has grown 25 per cent. since we took it. I would not sell out at an increase of 30 per cent. on what I paid for the papers. The *Echo* was bought for $375,000, and I would not sell it to-day for $500,000. Some of our papers pay us 40 per cent. We intend to increase the number of papers owned by us as opportunity offers, and will invest the profits from year to year in new journals, until we have one in every important town in Great Britain."—*American Journalist.*

Brigandage in Greece.

An Athens cablegram says: The brigandage which so disgraced this country a few years ago, and was suppressed by the energetic action of the authorities, has again broken out, and reports are received almost daily of attacks upon travellers by these knights of the road. On Friday two officials of the French Laurium Mining Company, under the protection of a small escort, left the city with 20,000 lire ($4,000) to pay the workmen in the mine. They were attacked by a large party of brigands, who were armed with revolvers and opened fire on the party. The fire was returned, but in the confusion and fright without effect. The brigands, who had the advantage of ambush, killed two of the employees, when the rest surrendered, and the brigands possessed themselves of the money as well as the horses of the mine officials, and rode off. The Frenchmen had to return on foot to the city, where they reported the robbery. The authorities are in pursuit, but as the brigands have had a start of several hours their capture is very improbable.

Not Worth Mentioning.

"I guess I will have to say good night," remarked Mrs. Smith, and she left the parlor, leaving her daughter and young Featherly there alone. "Your mother is not looking well," said Featherly concernedly; "is she in poor health?" "Oh, it's nothing serious. We have been without a servant for a week; poor mamma is a little tired, that's all. You will make one of us, of course, at the theatre party to-morrow evening, Mr. Featherly?"

Mary Garfield Larrabee, a sister of President Garfield, died at Solon, Ohio, last Monday, at the age of 60.

The room used by the Arbitration Congress assembled in Geneva in 1872 is preserved unchanged, with table and chairs as left by the delegates in commemoration of the first official effort to settle international quarrels without resort to the sword.

Seven women have perished since 1878, in Los Angeles, from using coal oil in lighting fires.

WRECKED IN MID-PACIFIC.

The Romantic Adventure of Some Castaway Sailors on Fanning Island.

A representative of the *Alta* yesterday gained information that the schooner Malolo had arrived at this port with the captain, second mate, steward and four of the crew of the schooner Premier, long since supposed to be lost. The reporter found the second mate of the Premier, who said: "So you want to know something of the Premier and her crew, eh? The Premier left Eureka, Humboldt county, some time in 1883, with a cargo of redwood, which she discharged at Sydney. On the 25th of January of the present year she sailed from Newcastle, N. S. W., loaded with 350 tons of coal, to be landed at Eureka. On March 11th it was discovered that she had sprung a leak. For twenty-two days we worked like madmen, scarcely taking time to eat of our poor and meagre rations. One day, while drifting about, we sighted what we supposed to be an island, but upon coming nearer we discovered that it was nothing but a barren rock. With saddened hearts we tacked about in another direction. On the twenty-second day after we discovered the leak we saw ahead of us what looked to be quite a large piece of land. When about entering a harbor we struck upon a coral reef. We were at once discovered by natives of the island, and upon making inquiry were told that we were in English harbor, a little inlet in Fanning Island. This island is a good many miles south of the Hawaiian Islands, and is owned by a Scotchman named Gregg, who was shipwrecked about twenty-three years ago, and who found his way to that place. He married a native woman, and has had seven children by her. One is a beautiful girl of 17 years. She was educated at the Sandwich Islands, and has travelled extensively in Europe and the United States. She seems to like her island home. In fact she has often told me that she would not exchange it for any other in the world. One day whilst Capt. Gregg was on his way to Honolulu the first mate of the Premier, who had been making love in a surreptitious manner to this daughter of the sea, proposed to her, was accepted, and in the presence of all the inhabitants of the island they consented to take each other as husband and wife, with a proviso on the part of the young woman that the mate never return to his native country to live. Fanning's island is nearly seven miles long and about four in width. There is much guano upon it, and cocoanuts and bananas are also abunpant. Capt. Gregg is the possessor of considerable wealth, acquired through the sale of cobra and guano. There are a number of chickens upon the island, as well as goats and milch cows. Capt. Gregg is the owner of a nice barque, which he uses to ply between his place and the Sandwich Islands. He was extremely kind to us and, I must say, has but one fault, and that is the appetite for alcholic liquors. He thinks nothing of drinking half a gallon a day. After we ran upon the reef it was necessary to get rid of our cargo, which we did with the assistance of the natives, and that's saved, at any rate. We remained upon Fanning island for about six months. On the 11th of September the Malolo stopped there for a cargo of cobra. On the 13th she went to Washington island, returned to Fanning island, and left there with the crew of the Premier on the 25th—that is, all save the first mate, who remained to pursue his honeymoon and look after the damaged schooner. The Malolo arrived in this port yesterday.—*San Francisco Alta.*

One Kind of Christianity.

On a holy-day not long since a lady belonging to our "upper ten" went to Trinity Church, and seeing a lady alone in a favorite pew went forward and entered the pew. The occupant looked up from her prayer-book and said: "This is my pew; and if others come there will be no room for you." The lady in question bowed and left, and on seeing only one person directly in front of the seat she had just left stepped into the pew. At the same moment the first Christian (?) leaned forward and spoke a few words to the second, who said to the stranger: "I think friends may come, who will require these seats" Upon which the stranger left the second pew; and while standing for a moment in the aisle, wondering if she could have made a mistake in the church, an old friend and one of the most distinguished members of the congregation opened his door, inviting her to enter. After the service he told her that she "would be welcome to a seat there at any and all times." The two Christian women were evidently surprised at the stranger's friendly reception, and afterwards expressed their chagrin, particularly as their not recognizing the thought-to-be intruder was a reflection upon themselves. Should this meet the eye of either of those ladies it is to hoped at another time they may consent to be more courteous and more worthy to be numbered among Phillips Brooks' flock.—*Boston Courier.*

The Tariff Question.

"I should like to discuss the tariff question with you."

"I have got four reasons for not discussing the tariff question with you."

"What are those reasons?"

"Well, in the first place, I am a perfect ignoramus on the subject, and in the second place you don't know half as much about the tariff as I do, and thirdly, if you did know anything on the subject, you have not got sense enough to express yourself intelligibly, and in the fourth place such discussion creates unfriendly sentiment."

It took four men to separate them.—*Texas Siftings.*

Lace is lavishly worn again, but in this century the demand for it is confined to women, whereas in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries men, too, expended huge sums on ruffles and wristbands. In 1690 the expenditure of William III. for lace was $8 015; in 1694, nearly $10,000; in 1695, $12,000. Queen Anne also lavished money on Mechlin and Brussels.

Among the odd foreign facts mentioned are these: The English people use $2,800 worth of blacking annually. There are 7,000,000 cats in the United Kingdom. The Countess of Desmond was killed in her 146th year by falling from a cherry tree. Mme. Fresobaldi, of Florence, had fifty two children. Great Britain makes 330,000,000 pins weekly.