AN AWFUL FATE.

Sable Island Adds Another to the Long List of Casualties—Only One Survivor.

A Halifax despatch says: The Dominion Government steamer Lansdowne returned from Sable Island last night. She was out in the great gales of Friday and Saturday, and Captain Guildford says he never saw worse weather during his half century's experience on the coast. He brings intelligence of the wreck of the brig A. S. H., of St. Malo, France, Capt. Lemarchand, owned by Omegers & Co., of St. Pierre, Miquelon, and from that place to Boston, with fish. The vessel left St. Pierre on December 15th. The gales of the 17th, 18th and 19th drove the ship near Sable Island. The west end lighthouse of the island was lighted. At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, the 19th, a heavy snow storm prevailed, and the wind was blowing a hurricane. A few minutes after land was made out and the vessel was driven on a sand-bar with great violence and immediately began to break up. She had a crew of seven men. The thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero, and the sufferings of the men had been terrible. They were frost-bitten, cut, bruised, thoroughly disheartened, and death was a welcome release. Three of the crew were washed overboard when the ship struck, and although there was floating debris, made no effort to save themselves and were drowned. The steward, preferring death to any further misery, ran to his berth, took a razor, cut a terrible gash in his throat reaching from ear to ear, jumped into the surf and disappeared. His body was found in the sand the next day by coastguardmen. Captain Lemarchand, his first mate, and a sailor managed to get on a sand-bank by a floating spar, but only escaped the terrors of the deep to encounter the more frightful terrors of the frost king. They could faintly discern the glimmer of a lighthouse three miles across the sand-bar, and set out in the darkness to reach it. The sand was being driven with blinding force by the gale, and each grain dashed against the faces of the exhausted men like hailstones. Finally the captain succumbed, lay down and despite the efforts of his equally exhausted comrades was frozen to death. The chief officer and sailor then pressed on, but within half an hour the sailor too lay on the sands a frozen corpse. The chief officer, a powerfully built man, then pushed on to the light house, the only survivor. After six hours of almost indescribable suffering from frost and the dashing sands, he reached the light-house, the last quarter of a mile on his hands and knees, and told a terrible tale of wreck. It was then 2 o'clock in the morning. Everything possible was done to relieve his sufferings. Next morning officials started for the scene of the disaster. They found the bodies of the captain and sailor and interred them in the sand. The vessel had been smashed to pieces and the debris covered the surf-beaten shore. The survivor came up on the Lansdowne.

THE FAITH CURE FAILS.

Death of a Woman Who Prayed Instead of Taking Medicine.

A Philadelphia despatch says: The death of Emma Kittsmiller, which occurred at her home, No. 1,315 Davis street, on Sunday, was investigated by Coroner Powers. The woman had been a firm believer in the "faith cure," and had refused to receive medical treatment during her illness. Howard McKnight, a brother of the dead woman, said that he was a firm believer in the "faith cure." They had prayed together, and she had told him that she did not want a doctor. George McKnight, another brother, said he was not a believer in the efficacy of prayer in driving away disease. He had called on his sister, and she had replied in answer to a question: "No; I have no doctor. I have Jesus Christ. He is my only physician." He had left the house in disgust and had asked Dr. Lehman to call on his sister. Flora McKnight, a sister of the dead woman, had prayed with her, and was a believer in the "faith cure." Mary Gardner, the next witness, said that she was a "missionary of the faith." She talked rapidly and incoherently. The gist of her evidence was that she believed Jesus Christ could do all things, and she didn't believe it right to take anything out of His hands. Mr. Kitzmiller was then permitted to make a statement. He said he had not objected to Dr. Lehman prescribing for his wife, but before having the prescription filled he had asked her, "Would you take your life out of the Lord's hands and trust it to a little powder?" She replied: "We will pray to God and ask permission to take it." They had prayed and she had concluded to take the powders. He secured the powders at a drug store. "On my way home," he continued, "the Lord revealed to me that I was doing what I had sworn never to do—and that was using a little faith and a little medicine. When I got home I said: 'Mamma, shall we trust in God or medicine?' She took only one powder, and after that we trusted to God. When I awoke on Sunday morning she was dead."

A Desperate Deed.

A last (Wednesday) night's Parkridge (N.J.) despatch says: Last night Abraham Gurnee, a wealthy merchant, having grocery stores at this place and Mount Vale, was counting his money at half-past 9 o'clock, when a negro named Sisco entered and wanted to be shown some boots. Gurnee, knowing the negro well, had no suspicion of evil intent, and left his seat, leaving the money on the desk. When the boots were brought Sisco dealt him a terrible blow on the forehead with a heavy piece of wood or lead. A struggle ensued, during which the negro drew a pistol and shot Gurnee in the back of the head. The negro then made a rush for the money, Gurnee fighting him with all the strength he possessed. Sisco fired another ball, which entered Gurnee's back. The murderer then fled without booty. Mrs. Gurnee and her father-in-law, who reside in a house opposite the store, entered in time to see Gurnee in his last struggles. He told with his dying breath who his assailant was. It is supposed the murderer has gone to New York. He is 30 years of age; his victim was 52.

The Niagara Park Commission say that Goat Island is worth $1,400,000, and will recommend that New York pay that sum for it.

DIABOLICAL DEED.

Inhuman Monsters Torture a Man Within an Inch of his Life.

A Wheeling (W. Va.) despatch says: At 8 o'clock last night at the residence of Elias Marting, a rich bachelor living four miles east of this city, three masked men entered the house by force and bound Mr. Marting. Searching the house they found nothing of any value, and then proceeded to deeds that would disgrace an Indian. Marting was stripped of all his clothing, and red hot pokers were laid to his back, while the fiends laughed at the screams and the agony of their victim, whose yells filled the house. Shovels of red hot coals were tossed upon him, and his hair was burned off his head. All the time he was exhorted to tell where his wealth was hidden. He told them where to find about $1,000,—all he had in the house. He was not believed, and the thieves again began their devilish work. Pans of hot grease were set on the floor, and Marting was made to stand in them until his flesh peeled from his feet. He fainted, but was restored only to undergo new tortures. A straw bed was emptied of its contents, which were piled around the man and then fired. The flames completely enveloped him, and he was horribly burned. About midnight, believing him to be dying, the robbers fled. At 10 o'clock this morning Marting was found unconscious by two neighbors, who went to the house on an errand. Medical aid was summoned, and he was revived sufficiently to tell the story of his tortures. A *posse* is in search of the thieves, and if caught they will be hanged on the spot. Marting is highly connected in the city.

THE INFIDELS THIS TIME.

An Infernal Machine Sent to the Tract Society's Office at New York.

A last (Friday) night's New York despatch says: A box containing an infernal machine was brought by a boy to the American Tract Society's office, 50 Nassau street, this morning. It is believed the intention of the sender was to kill Anthony Comstock. The boy said the man, whose description he gave, had paid him 10 cents at the corner of Leroy and Hudson streets to deliver the package. The machine consisted of a spring, parlor matches, and broken glass, a four-ounce bottle of powder and a phial of nitric acid. The package was addressed "Bookstore, 150 Nassau street." Comstock said he did not think it was designed to reach him. He inclined to believe that it was of infidel origin, and designed to harm the American Tract Society and the Bible Society. When the box was brought in Comstock was called and took charge of it. The box had formerly contained collars, but had been altered into a modern infernal machine of the most approved pattern. Comstock moved the cover from the box, creating a stampede in the store, and then took the box and the boy to the police station. Two policemen were detailed to accompany the boy to the place where he said the package had been given him.

UPHEAVAL IN SPAIN.

An Earthquake Lasting for Nearly a Minute—Damage and Loss of Life in Granada and Malaga.

A Madrid despatch says: The details of the earthquake of Wednesday night show it was more disastrous than was at first anticipated. One shock lasted fifty seconds and was felt throughout Spain. In Andalusia a number of towns suffered severely. At Granada houses rocked violently and the earth trembled beneath the feet of the inhabitants as they fled to the fields. Some were wounded by falling bricks and cornices. At Malaga many houses were wrecked and a number of the inmates were buried in the ruins. Many persons were killed and a large number wounded. Those who escaped camped in the open squares and in the fields. The weather was cold and the refugees had to build bonfires to keep themselves warm. Fainter shocks occurred at intervals during the night, which increased the alarm of the people. Already a number of bodies have been recovered. The Government has sent provisions, clothing, etc., for the sufferers. In Madrid the damage was slight, but the shock frightened the inhabitants, and places of amusement were quickly emptied. Shocks were also felt at Gibraltar, and were severe in the southern provinces. They caused great alarm among the people at Granada. At Malaga only two persons were killed by the falling walls.

THE BOERS

To be Taught a Lesson by Sir Charles Warren—Bismarck's Trick.

A London cable says: The latest news from the Cape indicates that Sir Charles Warren will have some heavy fighting. The Boers are thoroughly aroused, and nothing short of a severe defeat in the field will teach them their proper place. England's magnanimity after Majuba was mistaken for cowardice, and the subsequent policy of indecision strengthened them in this idea. There is little doubt but Germany has a hand in fomenting the disturbance in Bechuanaland. A German organ in Cape Town, *Die Patriot*, recently published a very inflammatory editorial. It asks if the Boers will sit still and wait till hundreds of "British scum" are sent out. Rather, it invokes them to force England to understand that it will be very risky to send "those murderers" through their country. It is expected that Sir Charles Warren will quickly teach the Boers the character of the "scum" he has in his command. The *News* yesterday criticized the Ministerial policy on Cape affairs, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has a slashing article, in which it refers to the Foreign and Colonial Departments as "The Dawdle and Circumlocution Offices."

A Dog Caught in a Clock.

A Trenton, N. J., despatch says: The big clock in the City Hall failed to strike last night. The janitor could not understand why the striker failed to work. On investigation this afternoon, it was discovered that the janitor's dog was imprisoned in the box that incased the striking weight. When the canine was released the clock resumed its regular functions.

A popular item is now going the rounds of the papers entitled "How to Cook a Christmas Turkey." It ought to have been preceded, these hard times, by a piece headed "How to Get a Christmas Turkey."

COWBOYS ON THE RAMPAGE.

A Drunken Gang Capture a Passenger Train and Make Things Lively.

A last (Wednesday) night's San Antonio, Tex., despatch says: Yesterday evening, as the eastbound passenger train on the Southern Pacific Railroad was nearing a bridge crossing the Pecos river, a number of torpedoes exploded on the track, causing the engineer to stop the train. Six cowboys boarded the train, and with drawn revolvers compelled the conductor to stop at Langtry, the next small station. At Langtry twenty more cowboys boarded and took possession of the train. They were all more or less under the influence of liquor and amused themselves by shooting out all the window lights and lamps, terrorizing passengers generally. As the train passed small stations, the cowboys would shove their heads out of the windows and shoot and yell. A passing freight train was saluted in a similar manner. Several hundred shots were fired and the roofs of the cars were riddled. They robbed the train boy of a stock of peanuts and candies, but so far as known no one was shot. The gang left the train after riding 60 miles.

STRANGE SUICIDE.

A Newspaper Man Suicides with Rat Poison.

A Scranton (Pa.) despatch says: A gentleman of pleasing address, though shabbily dressed, about 72 years of age, registered at White's hotel on Tuesday as H. S. Ball, Ohio. He claimed to represent the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, the New York *Tribune* and the Boston *Pilot*. On Thursday he ate a hearty dinner and remarked, "I never want to see another Christmas." He did not eat any supper, but retired to bed about 8 o'clock. Not coming down to breakfast the clerk went into his room and found him dead. He had suicided with rat poison. From his conversation with the guests it was learned that he lived at Oswego, N. Y., and was a lawyer, and that he had studied under Chief Justice Chase. It is said he came here to write up the locality for the *Inter-Ocean*. Want and family troubles are the supposed cause of the suicide. A number of manuscript sermons found in his possession indicate that he was a Free Will Baptist Minister.

A FRENCH TRAGEDY.

A Married Woman Defends Her Honor with a Revolver—She Fatally Shoots a Libertine.

A Paris cable says: A tragedy similar to the Hugues-Morin affair has occurred at Tonnerere. An architect, named Brisbard, visited the house of a merchant named Francey, and soon afterwards rushed from the house, pursued by Madame Francey. Blood was streaming from his body, and Brisbard fell shrieking and exhausted. Madame Francey fired two shots into the prostrate body, crying that she had been insulted long enough. She then gave herself up to the police. Brisbard is dead. He was a bachelor, 40 years of age, and reputed to be a libertine, and that he devoted his time to forcing his attentions upon married ladies. Madame Francey is a fascinating woman, 25 years old. Brisbard a short time ago visited Francey's house and awaited the return of the latter from the theatre. Madame Francey showed him the door and threatened, if the visit was repeated, she would shot him. On his second visit, which was also made during the absence of her husband, Madame Francey shot him.

NO DISTURBANCE.

The Harbor Grace Orangemen Have a Quiet Parade.

A last (Friday) night's St. John's, Nfld., despatch says: A despatch from Harbor Grace states that the Orange demonstration passed off quietly. The procession was composed of 1,000 persons. It passed through the principal streets unmolested. The Riverhead men with their green flag held their own citadel, and the Orangemen abstained from intrusion on Catholic ground. The bloody memory of last St. Stephen's Day, reinforced by a war-ship and a formidable police force, effectually prevented any hostile demonstration. Shortly after the procession passed through Pippy's lane, the scene of last year's sanguinary conflict, the Riverhead men, numbering some hundreds, followed, but Inspector Carty, with a large body of mounted infantry and police, kept a safe interval between the antagonistic parties until the Orangemen reached their hall. The city at present is tranquil.

Murder in the Far West.

A last (Friday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: Intelligence has been received of a shooting affair near Golden City in which one man was killed and another wounded. Three men were proceeding from Golden City to Columbia on ponies, riding in single file a little distance from one another. They got some distance beyond Johnson's ranche, about twelve miles from Golden City, when a shot was fired by some one in the bush. The second man dropped dead, shot through the heart. The first man spurred his horse and made his escape. The third, finding his horse too slow, jumped off and ran back towards Johnson's ranche. While doing so he received a shot in the leg, but succeeded in reaching the ranche. It seems that the murderer, finding no money on the body of his victim, gave chase to the horse, caught it, cut open the pack, and took from it $4,500, and then made good his escape.

The body of a man named McIntosh has been found near Beaver Creek, Man. He was probably murdered and robbed, as he was known to have $1,300 on his person when he left Beaver Creek.

In the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Dr. Klein says that 67 per cent. of Jewish physicians occupy professorships in the medical colleges, and 36 per cent. are medical authors.

The New York *Star* "Man About Town," says: "The professional lady diner-out is coming to be recognized as a regular 'institution' among a certain grade of New York society men. She is usually a woman of considerable loquacity, self-confidence, and just old enough not to be considered dangerous, with sufficient left of her former beauty to make it attractive by the aid of a little patching up."

TOLLED BY A DOG.

A Faithful Animal who Tried to do His Dead Master's Work.

"A man can get along without friends if he has an intelligent dog," said a Jackson street bookkeeper, yesterday, as a *Day* reporter entered his store. The bookkeeper touched a fur rug at his feet, which got up and shook itself. "Dinner time, old fellow," he said, pointing to a low table standing under a peg in the wall. "I shall never forget," said the bookkeeper reminiscently, as he buttoned his coat and shook himself into shape for lunch, "that old New England village where stood a gray, moss-grown stone church, and by its side a little weather-stained cottage. A lonely old man, the sexton, lived there. He had outlived the hopes and friends of his youth, and was utterly alone but for the companionship of a noble dog. It was a familiar sight to see him hobbling back and forth to the cottage, always accompanied by his faithful companion. The old man could often be heard muttering fragments of talk as he went his slow, unsteady way as if in conversation with his dumb friend, who never left his side, but gazed with a look of human intelligence in his master's face at the least sound of his voice. At the village the sexton would exchange a quiet word with a friend, and making little purchases for himself and his dog set out for the cottage, his basket upon his arm. But even here the dog would relieve his care and urgently but firmly take the basket in his mouth, trot on before with an air of joyous satisfaction. He seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in the ringing of the bell of the church, and was always with his old master when he summoned the people to holy service. Once when the bell-rope broke he climbed the stairs of the old bell tower with the sexton and repeatedly watched him ring the bell from the loft. But one day the old sexton was seized with his last illness, and in spite of the anxious solicitations of the dog, could not ring the bell the following Sunday and soon after passed quietly away, his hand resting on the head of his poor follower whose mourning was inconsolable. The dog was visibly affected by the tolling of the bell. From the grave the faithful creature had to be taken by force, and would return there immediately on being released. One day he was observed to go to the church and soon after was seen in the belfry where his master had for a time rung the Sabbath chimes. Here he appears to have reached the bell with his paws and to have swung it, for it tolled out a single mournful note as of sorrow and despair. Immediately after the dog was seen to look down from the tower into the churchyard, where his master lay buried. Then with a low, mournful whine, reaching slowly forward, he suddenly leaped out into the air and fell a lifeless mass on the mound. As sure as man ever did he died of grief, feeling with unerring instinct that life without affection is worse than death. So, you see, I take my friend to lunch and he keeps my feet warm and soothes my perturbed spirit by the intelligent sympathy of his eyes. I tell you a man—a lone man—without a dog is a subject for pity."—*St. Paul Day.*

DEFRAUDING THE CUSTOMS.

Capture of a Gang of Canadian Smugglers by a Buffalo Detective.

A Buffalo despatch says: For some time past the United States officials here have been making strenuous efforts to capture a gang of smugglers who have been operating between Black Rock and Fort Erie, but their efforts were futile until last night, when by an accident Detective Lynch, of the 3rd Police Precinct here, captured them. While passing Chippewa market about midnight he was attracted by the strange action of three men who drove up to the saloon of August Utrick, and after rousing the proprietor began to unload the contents of a waggon. He placed the men under arrest, and an investigation disclosed the fact that the waggon contained 1,500 pounds of butter, 60 pairs of woollen mittens, 50 pairs woollen socks and 65 pounds dressed chickens which had been smuggled. They gave their names as Frederick Lint, John Buckner and James O'Hara. The men gave away another of their confederates, William Cramer, who with O'Hara, brought goods across the river in a rowboat, the other men, who claim to be Canadians, assisting them on land. Their operations have extended over a considerable period, and they made a large amount of money, as they could always find purchasers for goods at Chippewa market. The men were turned over to the United States authorities, and will be tried on Friday.

A Man Forges a Note for $500 on His Aged Mother.

A Lancaster, Pa., despatch says: The latest phase of Forger Herzog's rascality came to the public ear yesterday afternoon, when it leaked out that he had forged a note for $500 on his aged mother, now 70 years old, and the owner of but a small property. The mother will not prosecute, but she has engaged counsel to protect her interests. The directors of the several national banks of the city met in the morning, but are reticent as to their action. Enough is known, however, to indicate that they will treat all the notes as genuine, and fight for their payment. Interesting developments, promising an entirely new phase to the affair, are looked for in the near future.

Escaped Convicts Captured.

A Reading, Pa., despatch says: The sheriff and a *posse* surprised a gang of escaped convicts in a hay shed, near Avon, yesterday morning. The criminals have been guilty of a great deal of crime in the Lebanon valley since December 16th, when they cut their way out of Lebanon jail. On Thursday night they broke into a store at Prescott, gutted the place and had a Christmas jamboree. They were tracked to the hay shed, when it was resolved to wait until the desperadoes were asleep. They continued their orgies nearly all night, but were surprised and captured before dawn.

A Bill is pending before the Alabama Legislature compelling persons carrying concealed deadly weapons to designate the fact on their persons by wearing a badge inscribed "I am armed."

The snow is so deep in northern Arizona that stage drivers refuse to drive between Prescott and Phœnix.

FARMS NO EYE HAS SEEN.

Eastern Oyster Beds and the Method of Planting and Harvesting the Crops.

Oysters are raised by cultivation, just as fruits and vegetables are. They are found in all seas in from four feet to six fathoms of water, and never at a great distance from the shore. They are most abundant in the quiet waters of gulfs and bays formed at the mouths of larger rivers. The principal sources of supply for the United States are the Chesapeake Bay, New Jersey coast, and Long Island sound. Formerly the northern beds were almost wholly kept up by re-stocking with seed oysters from Chesapeake Bay and the Hudson River, but of late the oyster reapers have secured the seed, or spat, as the fishermen call it, during the spawning season, and new grounds have been utilized until the area of the oyster beds can be measured by townships, and is constantly extending.

Although there is no such thing as buying the beds of any of the public waters, yet oyster grounds are, in a manner, bought and sold in this way: A man or a company will clear up a new place and begin raising oysters. If these men wish to go out of the business they sell their squatter's right to their bed. The right is recognized in the business, and such a sale holds good by common consent. The spat gathered in the spawning season is scattered over the beds from which oysters have been gathered, or on newly-prepared ground, as the case may be. Here it lies from one year to five or six years. Rockaways lie about one year, and sounds from three years to five years. The increase is from three to six baskets for every one of spat. The chances, as a rule, are in favor of a good crop, but the oystermen have many things to contend with, so that it sometimes happens that when they go to gather the oysters they find either dead ones or none at all. The oyster has its natural enemies, such as the drumfish and starfish, which destroy a great many, and in the second place the ground sometimes proves unsatisfactory. Sometimes a heavy weight of grass grows fast to them, and, pressing them down into the mud, smothers them, or, when they are on sandy soil, a storm will occasionally cover them entirely with sand. However, with the constantly improved methods of cultivation, means are being continually devised for the better protection of the oyster.

Two-thirds of the oysters now brought into the New York market during the summer and autumn come from the lower bay, and are called sounds. The remainder may be said to come from Rockaway, Blue Point and the East River. The winter trade depends more or less on the supply from Chesapeake Bay, although large quantities taken in the New York waters are stored for winter use.

Down on West street, a few blocks north of Canal street, a little fleet of oyster boats, packed together like sardines in a box, may be seen any day delivering their cargoes. How one ever gets out is a profound mystery. The boatmen themselves say it often takes half a day to get one clear of the rest. They are small, single masted and each carries a jib. They vary in length between thirty and forty feet long. They cost between $500 and $2,000 apiece, according to the size and the manner in which they are fitted up. There are also a great many steam tugs engaged in the business. Each boat usually carries five men. The wholesale dealers, who have their houses upon rafts along the dock, own or have an interest in most of these boats. One dealer will often own a number of sailboats, or an interest in several, and perhaps a number of tugs as well. There are, however, many boats that are owned by the men who sail them. The boats usually stay out a week or six days. Each is provided with an oyster tongs and dredge. At first, while the oysters are thick, the men use the tongs. Afterward they finish up by raking over the ground with the dredge. The dredge is an iron rake in two sections. It has a bag hanging from the back of it, made of iron links. This is always held open by an iron frame. The oysters, as they are raked up by the teeth of the dredge, are shoved back into the bag until it is filled, and then it is raised and its contents are emptied on board. It is either dragged by the sailboat with spread canvas or worked by steam.

When a boat has a load of oysters, which is from one thousand to six thousand, according to the size of the craft, it carries the oysters to a water-logged crib. This is done in order that the oysters may drink, and thus gain a fine, plump appearance for market, and also supply themselves with a circulating fluid to stand long transportation. They are usually put in the crib at ebb tide, as it is only then that oysters open. After this other boats deliver them to the wholesale dealers. Oysters are classified according to their size, as extras, box, cullins and cullentines. Some of the dealers open the oysters they handle, while others simply deal in them in the shell. The openers get $1 a thousand for opening the oysters, and one man can open from three thousand to six thousand a day.—*New York Sun.*

Scottish Songs instead of Tobacco.

Professor Blackie recommends Scotch songs as a substitute for tobacco. This suggestion was made in the course of a concert lecture he delivered at Manchester: "How people," he said, "can get through their idle hours, I don't know. In railway coaches and other places, I see a number smoking what they call tobacco. Well, whatever may be said about that, it is not an intellectual or moral stimulant, and the flavor of it is not at all like the rose or any poetic thing I know. It is essentially a vulgar sort of amusement. My amusement is to sing songs. At home I am always singing Scotch songs, and abroad, when those wretches are smoking, I hum to myself, 'Scots wha hae,' "A man's a man for a' that,' and songs of that kind." Professor Blackie then advised his audience "to do the same." Their souls, he informed them, would by this means become "singing birds, and the devil won't get near them."

A newly imported bush fruit from South America is being introduced among the fruit-growers of Los Angeles, Cal. It is called the melon shrub. It bears a luscious fruit about the size of a goose egg, and produces fruit all the yearround.

A Virginia walnut tree was recently sold for $600. It was so big that the purchasers made money by the transaction.