THE MURDER OF A FAMILY.

Strange Fatality Connected with the Crouch Tragedy.

The New York *Sun* publishes the following in regard to the murder of the Crouch family in Michigan some time ago:

The extraordinary fatality which seems to follow nearly everybody connected with the Crouch murder case has often been remarked. The prosecuting attorney died the other day, and now a witness has made an effort to kill himself which may prove successful. After the Crouch family, consisting of the old gentleman, his daughter, Mrs. White, and her husband, and the stranger who stopped with them, were found murdered in their beds, suspicion fell upon a son-in-law named Daniel Holcomb and a son named Jud Crouch, who lived close by. Mrs. Holcomb, old man Crouch's eldest daughter, was immediately prostrated by the tragedy and the hints that were thrown out of her husband's guilt, and one day she was found dead in bed. Many wild rumors were put in circulation as to the cause of her death, but a coroner's jury decided that it was the result of heart disease. Soon after this Holcomb's hired man, named Foy, began to talk a good deal about the murder, and appeared to have a very minute knowledge of how the crime must have been committed. Certain circumstances caused the detectives to believe that the murder was committed by Holcomb, Jud Crouch and Foy for the purpose of getting rid of the old man, who was rich, and at the same time disposing of Mr. and Mrs. White, to whom it was feared he intended to give all his money. When Foy began to talk he became an object of great interest to the detectives, and they laid many traps for him. Holcomb did not seem to pay much attention to him.

After a while a newspaper published in an adjoining town mentioned Foy's loquacity, and hinted that he was suspected of complicity in the crime. Foy thereupon took the cars for the place indicated, and with a revolver made a desperate assault on the editor, not injuring him fatally, however. It was eighteen miles overland from the scene of the affray to Holcomb's farm, but Foy went the entire distance on foot. As soon as he reached the house he lay down on the lounge, and a few moments afterwards was found dead, with a pistol lying on the floor by his side and a wound in his head, which physicians say he could hardly have done himself. The coroner's jury refused to declare it a case of suicide, though Holcomb insisted that it was. The death of Foy destroyed almost the last hope of the detectives, and they have been able to find no satisfactory clue since. It had been arranged to arrest Foy and put him through a mock lynching for the purpose of forcing a confession from him. Soon after Foy was buried one of the detectives was riding on the highway just at dusk near the Crouch homestead, when some one fired upon him, inflicting an almost fatal wound. The detective is positive that his assailant was Jud Crouch, but cannot swear to his identity. The theory worked up by the State seems a very enticing one to the detectives, but it has had very little direct evidence to substantiate it. According to this theory, the murders were committed by the heirs who were anxious to divide the old man's fortune, and who were fearful that if they waited much longer his affection for his youngest daughter and the babe which she was daily expecting would cause him to overlook them entirely. In support of this it has been shown that the Holcombs and other relatives were continually in trouble with the old man, and most of the time in debt to him, and that the only thing stolen from the house on the night of the murder was a box containing evidences of these debts and other family notes and mortgages, which would have to be taken into account in a settlement of the estate. Besides this, it has been proved that the bullets used were of 38-calibre, and that both Holcomb and Foy had purchased weapons of that kind a few months preceding the tragedy. One man had seen Holcomb shooting at a mark, and another had sold Foy cartridges which the latter was particularly anxious should shoot strong. On the outside of a window on the parlor floor of the Crouch house was the print of a rubber boot, and other marks of a high heel led to an open field, into which they were traced for some distance in the direction of Holcomb's farm. It was found that Jud Crouch had a pair of rubber boots corresponding with the tracks, and he is lame and wears one boot with a high heel. A servant girl in the employ of the Holcombs testified to finding some clothing belonging to Foy with blood on it. On the other hand, Holcomb has an *alibi* for himself and his men. His brother, who lives nearer the Crouch homestead than he does, swears that on the night of the murder he heard three pistol shots in rapid succession. The night was violently stormy and pitchy dark. He got up and made a light, and on retiring again noticed that it was 1 o'clock. Before Mrs. Holcomb died she said that her husband was up during the night and went out to the barn to fix the door, as it was slamming. The servant girl also swears to the same thing relative to Foy and Jud. She slept in an adjoining room to the one occupied by them, and she says when the storm awoke her she sat up and looked out. Presently she heard Foy and Jud going down stairs, and in a few moments they returned. She was wondering what time it was, when the clock struck 1. The next day she learned that they had been out to the barn to see what was the matter. Thus, if any Holcomb heard the shots at 1 o'clock, it is certain that his brother and Foy and Jud were not the ones who fired them, as the Crouch place was more than a mile from their house.

Various other circumstances are urged against Holcomb. One of these is that the servant girl who worked for Crouch, and who was not murdered, but who heard all that was going on, and, half crazed with fright, hid herself until morning, was followed for weeks with offers of employment, and in one case by a proposal of marriage, all presumably instigated by Holcomb, who wanted to get her out of the way of the detectives. Another is the mysterious transaction between Henry Holcomb and a well known crook in jail here, by which it is alleged Holcomb endeavored to secret some of Crouch's papers in the prisoner's cell for the purpose of fastening the crime on him. In the prosecution's theory, also, the death of Mrs. Holcomb and of Foy, and the mysterious assault upon Detective Brown, are all explained in the most terrible manner and receive the deepest significance.

That the State has been unable to make its chain of evidence complete, and has been compelled in many cases to resort to mere assertion, surprises no one. Daniel Holcomb has borne himself well during the trial, and has stoutly protested his innocence. He positively denies the purchase of the revolver, and swears that on the night of the murder he was not out of his yard. Strong as the suspicion is against him, he has much sympathy from those who believe he is only the victim of circumstances, and his acquittal is considered certain. The entire absence of a motive for anybody else to do the murders makes it improbable that the detectives will continue work on the case if they cannot fasten the guilt on Holcomb and Jud Crouch. Taken all in all, the tragedy is the most absorbingly interesting of any that every occurred in the West, and Michigan, in particular, has been horrified by the shocking developments and the resulting crimes.

ANOTHER CLUE.

Dynamitards Said to be Discovered by English Detectives in Pennsylvania.

A last (Wednesday) night's Greensburg, Westmoreland Co., Pa., despatch says: A rumor is current here to-night that English detectives have obtained evidence that a powerful secret society of dynamiters exists within the boundaries of this county, and that the society is directly responsible for the recent explosions and assassinations in England. Detectives have been on the track of the society for several months, and found it well and thoroughly organized, somewhat on the plan of the Mollie Maguires. Some of the recent explosions have been traced directly to this county, as well as a number of assassinations committed in England. The headquarters of the brotherhood is suggested to be at Irwin, a small mining town west of this place. Resident Irishmen have been shadowed to England and return by detectives. It is ascertained that a large number of tickets have been purchased to and from Europe during the past year at Irwin. It is said these secret spies have mingled with the suspects for a year, and become, so to speak, of their number. Agents have departed with the evidence for Washington, where they will lay the facts before English authority. It is claimed that evidence in possession of the detectives will show beyond a doubt that citizens of this county have been and are now engaged in sending to England trusted men with large quantities of dynamite, and men who have nerve to use it after it is there. Several Irish-Americans were seen to-night, who hooted at the idea. They say such a thing would be impossible here.

A MUCH MARRIED MAN

Rolled in the Snow by Neighbors Till His Hands and Feet are Frozen.

A last (Thursday) night's Buffalo despatch says: Prentiss Ross, of Edinburgh, Pa., is 80 years old, and has been five times married, three times to one woman, and and all his wives are living. He married his first wife fifty years ago, and lived with her until 1870, when she obtained a divorce for cruelty. He then married a young woman, who was divorced from him two years later for the same reason. He induced her to marry him again two years later. She again got a divorce from the same cause. A year afterwards he paid her $1,000 to marry him again. In 1880 he became jealous of her and got a divorce himself. In 1881 he married another young woman. Lately she complained to the neighbors that Ross was starving her. She demanded better treatment, and Ross drove her from the house with a butcher knife. Yesterday, early in the morning, four disguised men called Ross to his door in his night-clothes, took him out, and rolled him in the snow for an hour. His hands and feet are so frozen that amputation is necessary, and he may not recover. No arrests have been made, though it is said the four men are known.

JAPANESE STUDENT

The Victim of a Practical Joke Which Nearly Ends in His Death.

A Boston despatch says: The *Journal* says the facts have just been made known of the terrible experience of a Japanese student in September while on his way to Massachusetts to study textile machinery in the mills of the State. He came from Troy over the Hoosac tunnel route. Several young men on the cars made him believe he had been put on the train for Canada, and that he was to be made a slave in the Dominion. The Jap became desperate and jumped from the flying train near Concord Junction. He lost consciousness on striking the ground, and remembers nothing until he regained his senses in a hut in the woods, some tramps having found him and taken him to the den. They robbed him of his gold watch, money and jewellery, and beat him until they supposed him dead. They then threw the body into a thicket. How long he lay there he does not know. When he regained his senses he dragged himself out and succeeded in reaching the house of a farmer, where he was cared for. He has not yet entirely recovered from his injuries.

An Odd Greeting.

One thing that surprises the stranger greatly in Mexico is that nearly every man you meet makes you a present of a residence. He grasps your hand with ardent cordiality as he leaves you and says: "My house is yours; it stands Numero tres—Calle," and so on, "and is at your service." The next man tells you that your house is such a number, and he shall be angry if you do not occupy it. As neither of them has enjoyed the honor of your acquaintance for more than five minutes, and both are casually introduced, this excessive generosity is quite embarrassing. An English lord now staying here says he met fourteen men at the Jockey Club one evening, and was presented with thirteen houses. The other man lived in Cuba. But it is only the Mexican way of saying, "I am pleased to meet you."

New York city had four Mayors within twenty-four hours, allowing that everybody claiming to be a Mayor was one.

FIFTY BELOW ZERO.

How Winter Weather is Enjoyed 200 Miles Northwest of Winnipeg.

[Birtle (Man.) Observer.]

For more than a week the mercury has been unusually low, ranging from thirty-five to forty-five below zero, or about that. Things go on much the same as before, teams are on the road and on the streets, men are cutting firewood or are otherwise employed. There is some difference in the appearance of animals which are exposed to the air, horses and oxen are almost white; the moisture from their breathing gathers around their bodies as they advance, and is at once converted into hoar frost. Men have a strong desire to practise quick motions, and seldom stand still when outside. The air is perfectly calm, the sun shining brightly, although very far to the south. Smoke from the chimneys disappears in a moment. When walking a man feels as if he was moving in cold water; this feeling is produced by the slight disturbance of the air by the body passing through the atmosphere. A stream of vapor proceeds from the mouth at every breath; it is astonishing how much breath a man has on a cold morning; it might be thought that every trotting pedestrian had burst his boiler. In the morning, fifty below zero and time to rise; the blankets are covered, outside, with hoar frost from the breath of the sleeper. A plunge is made into the cold air, which has the effect of causing a person to get into his clothes without any unnecessary delay, and he must be a good-natured man who retains his serenity at such a time, when he finds that, after he had gone to bed, his wife removed his trousers to replace a button and forgot to return them. The fire is to kindle, but the iron can no more be touched by the bare hand than if it was red hot; an old exchange, a few dry splinters of wood, plenty of dry poplar and a strong fire is blazing fiercely, but the air seems colder than before; presently the heat of the stove is felt, and by the time it is red-hot the room is warm. What shall we have for breakfast? The water-pails have solid ice to the bottom, the bread might be fired out of a cannon without losing a crumb, the roast beef feels like a solid bone; when struck with a sharp axe fat pork flies all over the house in chips. These inconveniences are soon overcome, the bread is placed in the oven of the stove with the beef beside it, the chips of pork are gathered up and put in the pan, a pail is taken to the spring and filled, there is no ice there, the limpid water feels warm. The man on the haystack, who is feeding his cattle, places his hand on his nose and says, "fifty below zero," it is suddenly remembered that our nose has been forgotten, but it is all right. In a few minutes a very good breakfast is served. By this time the town is astir, each is ready to attend to the duties of the day. It must be remembered that such cold times are exceptional and in houses provided with good cellars, but little inconvenience is experienced, nor is the cold much felt by those outside who are well wrapped up.

WHISKEY WAR.

Characteristic Kentucky Row.

A last (Wednesday) night's Livingstone, Ky., despatch says: There has been trouble in this county recently between whiskey dealers and officials. To-night Deputy-Sheriff White went to arrest James and Henry Burton, brothers, charged with aiding Gaff, said to be engaged in illegal whiskey traffic, to escape from officers who had him under arrest last night. The Burtons barricaded their saloon, and with friends on the inside defied the arresting officers. A posse of fifteen men summoned them, and the Burtons surrendered. While on the way to jail James Burton tried to escape and was killed by the posse. Burton's friends, ten in number, then attacked the posse, and firing became general and continued for two hours. Particulars of the affray are meagre. Several men are reported killed and wounded, among them Judge Bullock, wounded in the arm.

Latest from Ireland.

The death is announced of Mr. Gould Adams, J. P., Limerick, who was agent of Lord Donoughmore.

John Lynn died last week at his residence, Bellgrove, Palmerstown, county Dublin, aged 101 years.

On December 12th were consigned to the grave in Castleragan churchyard the remains of Mr. James Reilly, of Lismeen, parish of Lurgan, who had passed his 115th year.

The body of the late wife of Col. Hellier, ex-Inspector-General of Police, Lismore, county Waterford, was on December 22nd dragged from the family vault and thrown into a river some distance off.

Rev. Wm. Magill, D.D., has presented to the trustees of the Presbyterian Assembly College at Belfast a cheque for £400 for the purpose of founding a bursary for the culture and production of pulpit eloquence.

On the 26th ult., at Londonderry, Rev. Professor Given, of Magee College, in that city, was choked by a piece of meat at luncheon. As soon as the occurrence was observed, his wife rushed forward and extricated the meat, but notwithstanding this he died immediately afterwards. It is believed that during the accident the action of the heart had been interfered with. A medical gentleman was at once in attendance, but all was of no avail. Dr. Given was Professor of Oriental Literature and Hermeneutics. He was an accomplished linguist and an acknowledged scholar.

Beecher's Words Trite.

At the last Plymouth Church prayer meeting in Brooklyn, Mr. Beecher expressed in a very pathetic manner his sorrow that the meetings recently had not been well attended, and particularly that the deacons were conspicuously absent. He said that, although nearly 72 years of age, his health was never better than now, that he had never been better qualified physically and mentally to perform the duties of pastor, but his words had become trite.

The Japanese girl, when she goes into company, paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate-colored spots on her forehead.

CORRESPONDENTS IN EGYPT.

Some of the Disagreeables They Have to Endure.

The special correspondent of the London *Daily News* with the Nile expedition says that the lot of the newspaper correspondents in this expedition has been rather harder than that of the soldiers. A commanding officer may select a spot for camping on where his men are not likely to be affected by troublesome neighbors or noisome odors. We, less fortunate, have to make the best of such accommodation as the natives choose to provide for us. The best house we can hire for money is bad enough; and we can only make one stipulation—that is, when we come in they go out and trouble us no more until the term of tenancy expires. What they may chance to leave behind them we cannot guard ourselves against. No doubt it is pleasant enough to feel the breath of heaven playing freely about your temples through open windows, and to see the stars shining through holes in a roof of palm branches overlaid with mud; but when every gust stirs clouds of dust from the floor, bats come in as freely as the breeze, and scorpions find refuge in crannies innumerable, one begins to feel that the pleasure has some alloy. Every morning, long before daybreak, too, one's slumbers are disturbed by the weird discord of bugles and drums sounding the reveille for native troops. On the whole, our hut would make very tolerable stabling for an impoverished farm of fifty acres. Its only recommendation is its peaceful seclusion and privacy. Except by the bats and some bright little red finches—called by some people Java sparrows—that come to breakfast with us and twitter pleasantly all the while, we get no native visitor from without. Within our enclosure we live with our camels and horses, like a happy Irish family with its pigs.

WOLSELEY'S DASH.

Wolseley is 52, and some of his critics take satisfaction in the reflection that the Duke of Marlborough, who was 52 at Ramiliss, and Count von Moltke, who was 66 at Sadowa and 70 at Sedan, are the only generals who have become famous after 50. But the foundation of Wolseley's reputation was laid in the very first year of his service, when, a youth of 20, he fought with fury and was nearly killed in the conflict with the Sepoys in India. When Lord Beaconsfield said to him in 1879, as the clock was striking two, "I want you to take command at the Cape; when can you start?" he replied: "I will go by the 4.15 train." And he did. No fear need be felt that half a dozen years have exhausted the vigor of the dashing commander, and the march across the desert to Berber on the Nile will probably be accomplished if the achievement is humanly possible.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Latest from Scotland.

In Bo'ness Parish Church on the 14th ult. a tipsy man cried to the minister to "Speak oot," afterwards, "If you dinna speak oot, I'll gang awa hame," and soon left saying, "I'm awa noo, then."

The death has occurred of Major Johnstone, of Hallieaths and Broadholm, cousin of Mr. Robert Jardine, M.P. He was long master of the Dumfries Hunt, and well-known on the turf as a successful breeder of horses.

Mr. Armistead, M. P., in addition to treating the inmates of Dundee Poorhouse on New Year's Day, was to give a supply of provisions to the 650 outdoor poor.

Ann Rhind Heggie, Cupar, has got decree for £250 damages for breach of promise against John G. Simpson, draper's assistant, Dundee. Simpson has absconded.

In the Inverness Police Court on the 15th ult. the Superintendent of Police apologized for having called the Assessor a liar at a previous diet. The word, he thought, "was not proper for him or for the court."

A land farming company has been formed to farm a thousand acres on the Haulkerston estates of the Earl of Kintore. It is proposed to divide half the profits above 4 per cent. among the chief employees.

Mr. Robert Simpson died suddenly on the 16th ult. at Cobairdy. He was 84 years of age and was an estimable county gentleman, who for many years took a prominent part in the administration of local affairs.

Mr. Fraser Mackintosh has announced his intention not again to contest the representation of the Inverness District of Boroughs, but at the general election to come forward as a candidate for the county. There are therefore now four candidates in the field for Inverness-shire.

A woman named Christina Smith, aged 27 years, wife of a laborer in Musselburgh, cut the throat of her infant daughter, and afterwards cut her own throat, on Thursday night week. They were found dead on the kitchen floor by the husband. It is stated that the poor woman had been in ill-health for some time.

Sir Thomas Gladstone, of Fasque, the eldest brother of the Prime Minister, has no fewer than thirteen farms on his hands, extending to over 3,000 acres of arable land, and two more will be vacant at the next "term." Sir Thomas Gladstone owns 45,000 acres in Kincardineshire.

The general station at Perth, so well known to all travellers in Scotland, is to be enlarged and improved at a cost of £120,000. Perth is already one of the largest stations in the country. A suite of apartments for Royal travellers is to be provided, including dining, dressing, and bath rooms.

A hog was recently killed at Blooming Grove, Sullivan county, New York, and when dressed a thick wire fourteen inches long was found in the lights and pressed against the heart. Though twisted and coiled in different shapes and forced into the vitals, the hog was apparently as healthy as ever.

More suicides occur in San Francisco in proportion to its population, says the *Alta California*, than in any other city on the continent. The number of suicides in that city for the year ending with June last was over two and a half times as many as occurred in New York in 1880.

A lemon tree at Marysville, Cal., has on it buds just forming, buds partly formed, buds ready to burst with bloom and full-blown blossoms. Then comes a series of lemons, in regular gradations, from the tiniest up to a mammoth in size.

A wise man will neither speak nor do whatever anger would provoke him to.

A FATHER'S FOLLIES.

Experiences that are Duplicated in Many a Household.

Having settled themselves at a table in Tom's back room, the young man proceeded:

"I just had a rich time until that boy of mine was three weeks old. Then the nurse left and my wife said I could just as well help her as not, and I was only too tickled to be able to do something to make myself useful. We had no crib for the youngster then, and he slept with us, between his mother and me. I was cautioned not to roll on him in the night, and I tried hard to keep still, but I hadn't been asleep more'n a minute when my wife dug me in the ribs and yelled, 'Get up! you're lying on Adolphus.' I got up, moved over into my place and tried to sleep, but I got on baby again, and finally wrapped myself in a blanket and spent the rest of the night on the floor. The next day I got a crib. Then my real trouble began. The boy would be fed and put into the crib, and I'd turn in. My pleasant dreams would flee as the plaintive yell of that youth cut the air and struck me with the energy of a steam hammer. Aided by a gentle push from my better half, I'd climb out, pick up the boy, and, clad in the clinging folds of a night shirt and pair of slippers, I'd sit me down to woo the gentle god of slumber on my son's account. This attempt at wooing the gentle god is the direct cause of the ruin you see before you. Just the minute I picked the baby up from his bunk he'd stop yelling and look at me in wide-eyed surprise and seemed to say, 'Where in thunder did you drop from?' Then as I sat down and tried to get him comfortably balanced on one of my knees, he'd begin clawing the air and grunting contentedly. About this time I set my foot in motion, trot! trot! and accompanied it with a seductive 'sh—h—h—h, th—ere—a—' that I hoped would soon lull him to sleep. But nary lull. He'd look at me, smile—his grandmother says it's colic that makes him smile—and then take in the furniture piece by piece—and stare stupidly at the dimly-burning gas jet. He was perfectly cool about all this. Nothing was done in haste. Each picture, chair, ornament, would receive a minute inspection from those wide open blue eyes, and your humble servant kept digging away at the trot! trot! and 'sh—h—h' scheme all the while. Suddenly there would be a slow closing of the little white lids and the blue eyes were hidden. Aha! Now he was going to sleep. At last! And I'd work the trot! trot! with renewed vigor. Then he'd sigh a tired little sigh, and when I was sure he was fast asleep I'd start to lay him back in his crib. But just as I would lean over to lay him down he'd open his eyes, coo happily and seem to say: 'Oh, I'm not asleep; I was just having some fun with you,' and there was nothing to do but to take him back to the chair and begin the whole business over again. Another three-quarters of an hour would drag wearily by and a second time the baby's eyes would close and sleep appear to have come at last. How carefully I sneak over the crib and gently lay him on his little quilt. How tenderly I'd tuck him in and wish that he'd sleep for a week or more to give me a chance to catch up on what I'd lost. He doesn't move, and I tip-toe to the bed that had known so little of me for some time. I sneak in under the covers, stretch myself, think there never was anything quite so comfortable as that bed, and close my eyes to a refreshing nap, when there comes from the crib a suspicious grunt, followed by a string of spasmodic coughs, and an unmistakable yell. Painfully I climb out of the restful bed, snatch that infant from its downy couch, and quiet him with the same old trot! trot! trot! while the chill night breezes float through the open window, and play peek-a-boo with my modest knees under the flapping flap of my night-shirt. This has been my nightly programme for about two weeks, and you see the result before you. I haven't slept twenty consecutive minutes in twenty consecutive days. You said something about having comfort with that boy. I fondly hoped I'd get it. I'm still hoping." And the gloomy look again stole over the face of the happy father. His eyes gazed vacantly into space as he mechanically made his way to the door, and with a shuffling, uncertain step, he tottered away.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Manitoba and the Northwest.

The new English church at Birtle has been completed. The cost was about $2,300, all of which is paid except about $300.

It is confidently expected that the Manitoba Southwestern Railway will be extended next summer. The contractors are now busily engaged in figuring.

The extensive flour and grist mills at Dominion City, belonging to McKercher & Waddell, were burned this morning. The mill and stock are valued at $15 000; insurance $6,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

It is stated that all officials connected with the administration of public affairs in the Northwest Territories, except Lieut.-Governor Dewdney, have asked the Government to make Qu'Appelle or Calgary the capital of the Territories instead of Regina.

A last (Friday) night's Winnipeg despatch says: Dun, Wiman & Co.'s agency reports ninety-one failures in Manitoba and the Northwest in 1884, against 242 in the previous year, and a number of the 1884 failures should be attributed to the previous year. The estimated liabilities in 1883 were $2,147,000, against $786 000 in 1884, while the estimated assets were $1,079,000 in 1883, against $509 000 last year. The amount of capital invested by mercantile men here is $12,000,000, besides three millions of stock unpaid for. Two thousand nine hundred firms are doing business in Manitoba and the Northwest territories. The agency speaks hopefully of the future.

Virgil's birthplace, the little village of Pietole, in the Lombardy plain, about five miles from Mantua, has just inaugurated a monument to the poet. Close to the river rises a small hill, the Montbelli di Virgilio, and here, according to local tradition, stood the house in which Virgil was born.

Two lots of sheep, one numbering 2,700 and the other 3,600, were recently driven by trail from Washington Territory into Montana. The sheep sent eastward from the former territory this year greatly outnumbered those of former years.