BIRTH AND DEATH OF ANARCHY.

How the Verdict on the Socialists was Received—The Prisoners' Astonishment—More Arrests Contemplated—What the "Zeitung" Says.

A last (Friday) night's Chicago despatch says: After the Anarchist prisoners had remained in the "cage," where they had been taken from the court-room, nearly two hours, Fischer said to a reporter, "You can say that this only begins the fight against the system. It is the birth of anarchy." Spies, as he shook hands with his counsel, said, "Gentlemen, we did not expect it." Parsons was almost equally calm. The twain consulted with Black and Foster, while Neebe, Fielden and Lingg hovered at their elbows. Salmon in another corner talked with the gaunt, wretched-looking Schwab, who, with his lank physique, unkempt full beard, staring spectacled eyes and battered slouched hat, presented the ideal appearance of a demoralized convict. Engel and Fischer were being talked to by Attorney Zeisler, who grew decidedly emphatic, and expressed himself in language which sounded strangely like sympathy for the Anarchists' cause.

It is rumored that the police have a list containing the names of nearly 300 men who were engaged in the Anarchist conspiracy and that wholesale arrests will follow. It is reported that Mrs. Lucy Parsons and Mrs. Lizzie Holmes are among those for whom warrants have been issued.

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* appears this afternoon with the following headlines: "Shameful!!! Seven of the accused condemned to death and Neebe to 15 years in the penitentiary. Motion for a new trial made." Commenting on the verdict, the paper says: "The news which is conveyed in the above headlines was communicated by Osborne, the foreman of the jury, to Judge Gary. The 'spotters' who mingled among the crowd in the street broke into a hurrah when the announcement was made, but the judge became quite pale. Not even he himself had quite expected it. Grinnell awaited it openly. Presumably he had his reasons for so doing. Marshal Field and men of his stripe have much—unlimited—money. What do the people say to the verdict? We could not believe the first news till it was confirmed later. Captain Black at once moved for a new trial. Grinnell did not object, and Judge Gary will hear the motion at the September term. Should he refuse it then there remains nothing but the appeal. We are, ourselves, too much excited to say more to-day."

The *Times* to-morrow will say: "The execution of the death penalty upon the Socialist malefactors in Chicago will be in its effect the execution of the death penalty upon the Socialist propaganda in this country."

TRIPLE DROWNING.

Three Young Men Lose Their Lives While Fishing in Orr Lake.

A Hillsdale despatch says: A very sad drowning accident occurred on Monday evening last at Orr Lake, about three and one-half miles north of this village, by which three persons lost their lives. Their names were Thomas Taylor, William Taylor (brothers), and John Hamilton, a lad about 14 years of age, son of Mr. James Hamilton, 1st con., Fios. All three went out fishing in an old rickety boat early that evening. His son not having returned during the night, Mr. Hamilton became alarmed, and at daybreak started to search for him. Inquiring at some of the houses near the lake, he found the three had been seen making for the south shore about half past 7 the previous evening. Procuring a boat, Mr. Hamilton struck out for the spot indicated, but had not gone far before he saw a fishing rod sticking up out of the water, which he at once recognized as his son's. Standing straight up in the water and grasping the pole, with the line wrapped round his limbs, was the body of William Taylor. Procuring help, Mr. Hamilton conveyed the body to the shore, and then began to search for the others. Thomas Taylor being found shortly afterwards within twenty feet from where his brother was discovered. The search for the body of young Hamilton was a prolonged and anxious one, he not being found until 7 o'clock in the evening.

HIS THROAT CUT BY A BARBER.

An Insane Hairdresser Kills the Man He Was Shaving.

A Providence despatch says: This afternoon Patrick H. McCarron, aged 26 years, a hairdresser, of 336 Atwell's avenue, cut the throat of James Crosby, 41 years old, a grocer, while shaving him. Crosby ran into the street, and died on the sidewalk. McCarron has been subject to fits of dementia since an accident eleven years ago, when his skull was trepanned. A physician last month advised that he be taken to an asylum. He had a return of the fits on Monday night, and committed the deed while deranged. He was taken into custody.

Latest from the Northwest.

Mr. Ducker, of the C.P.R., is preparing the Northwest exhibits for the Toronto and other fairs. Mr. L. A. Hamilton is preparing the British Columbia exhibits for the Toronto and Dominion exhibitions.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade will give a banquet to Mr. Egan on his retirement from the General Superintendency of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The City Council this afternoon attended in a body the funeral of the daughter of Mayor Westbrook, whose remains were brought from Detroit.

The Government telegraph line in the Northwest is being extended to Saddle Lake.

An effort is being made to secure reduced fares for the Provincial Exhibition from Ontario.

The Manitoba rifle team left for Toronto to-night. The team consists of Messrs. Gillies, Mitchell, Buchan, Graburn, Doidge, Macklin, Barnhart, Bruce, Balfour and McDiarmid.

A meeting is being held at Portage la Prairie to consider the financial situation. It is believed the action of the corporation officials will have a bad effect on Manitoba securities in England.

The Directors of the Manitoba & North-Western Road are considering the question of releasing the debentures given by Portage la Prairie to the road, and extending it to Winnipeg.

Sir John Macdonald and his party reached Moosomin yesterday. He will be in Portage la Prairie to-day, proceeding thence to Silver Creek, returning the same night, and arriving in Winnipeg on Sunday morning.

The Mounted Police this morning captured near Elkhorn, Man., one of the highway robbers who robbed the mails on the Prince Albert trail. He was identified by having in his possession a watch stolen from one of the persons robbed. The Mounted Police also this morning captured nine men who burglarized a farmer's house near Regina. The burglars who stole $300 and horses from settlers are at large, but the Mounted Police are on their track.

Threw Carbolic Acid on Her Husband.

A Plymouth, Ind., despatch says: Mrs. V. P. Kirk, who has not been living with her husband for some time, thought she saw him with another woman, and, becoming insanely jealous, bought a bottle of carbolic acid and attempted to throw it in his eyes. During the struggle part of the acid went into his eyes, part on her hands and part over their son John. Mr. Kirk will lose one eye and Mrs. Kirk and her son John are badly burned about the face and arms.

A GHASTLY SIGHT.

The Faithful Engineer at His Lever at the Bottom of the River.

A Brattleboro despatch says: A visit to the scene of the sad accident of last night at West River bridge shows a terrible wreck. The river at this point is about 150 feet wide and was spanned by an iron and wooden structure resting upon stone abutments, to the north side of which extended a trestle work about fifty feet in length. One end rested on the north stone pier and the other upon the bank. Below this trestle, which is about forty feet high, there is at present no water, while between the piers of the main bridge, which are fifty feet high, the water is from eight to fifteen feet deep. Here lie seven cars and the engine of the train. The engine lies upon the tracks covered by only about two feet of water, through which at an early hour this morning could be seen the ghastly face of Engineer Smith, though dead still at his post. His body was so thoroughly held down that it could not be secured until power was obtained for the removal of the engine. Of the three remaining cars one, a freight car, is resting against the stone pier, standing on end. J. Worthen, the conductor, was seen at his house on Platt street. He was suffering from his wounds, which consist of a broken ankle, a sprained right foot and other bad bruises. He says: "At the time of the accident I was sitting on the top of the rear freight car next the passenger car. I heard a crash, and looking ahead saw the front part of the train sinking. I made a jump for the brake and remember clinging to it, and that is the last I remember until I was found by Superintendent Brooks, who had come from the station with medical aid. I was carried on a door to a house near by and from there to my home. I think I must have lain on the platform 10 or 15 minutes."

TEMPESTUOUS STORMS.

Much Loss of Life and Property on the Newfoundland Coast.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch says: Accounts of the destruction caused by the recent gale are fast coming in. The storm that swept over St. Pierre on Wednesday night was the fiercest storm for a quarter of a century. Buildings were blown down in every direction and considerable damage was done to shipping. Two vessels were driven ashore and wrecked, several men being badly hurt. Dog Island is strewn with wrecks of fishing vessels, and grave fears are entertained for the safety of the Grand Banks fleet. At Black Island a fishing skiff drove on the rocks and all hands perished. Five Freepassay skiffs are missing, and in all probability they were lost with all hands, as they drove to sea in the gale. At Bird Island Cove great havoc was caused by the storm and tumultuous sea. Five fishing vessels were there. The fishing stages were wrecked and blown into the sea. At Old Perlican a fishing vessel was swamped and all hands perished. Two crafts drove ashore at Lead Cove; one man was drowned and several seriously injured. At Bacalieu, where a large number of vessels were fishing, it is feared the loss of life and property is great. The banker J. K. Mundell was driven ashore at Biscay Bay and wrecked. The ship's side was broken in; and such was the fury of the sea that the crew with difficulty clung to the bottom of the wreck all night, being surf-washed till 9 o'clock the next morning, when they were rescued. It is feared the fishing fleets on the Labrador coast have suffered heavily.

THE PORT OF BATOUM.

Lord Rosebery's Energetic and Emphatic Protest Against Its Being Closed

A London cable says: Lord Rosebery's despatch of July 13th to the Russian Government, relating to the closing of the port of Batoum, is published. The despatch says in substance: There is one direct, supreme and perpetual interest at stake in the transaction, namely, the binding force and sanctity of international pledges. England is always ready to uphold this principle, and it will not palter therewith in the present instance. Therefore the English Government cannot recognize or associate itself in any shape or form with this act of the Russian Government, which is a violation of the Treaty of Berlin, and which will tend to make the conclusion of similar treaties in future difficult, if not impossible, and cast doubt at least upon those already concluded. The other Powers must judge how far they will acquiesce in this breach of international engagement. M. De Giers, the Russian Foreign Minister, in reply, expressed himself as painfully surprised by this despatch. He maintained that the Russian Emperor's promise was not equivalent to an obligation. Russia, he states, was still anxious to contribute to the consolidation of the general peace, and he expressed the hope that the Powers which fixed and guaranteed its basis would themselves respect them. M. De Giers displays throughout much irritation, and his tone is decidedly menacing.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

With Her Trusty Rifle She Rescues Her Two Children From the Jaws of a Large Panther.

A Tolono, Ill., despatch says: A large dun-colored panther, which for several weeks terrorized the people about Bouse's Grove, eight miles southeast of here, was killed yesterday afternoon by a woman, who thereby saved the lives of her two little girls. The plucky woman was Mrs. Montcalm, who was on her way from the Indian Territory to her former home near Cleveland, O. Some years ago she and her husband went west, where the latter was killed. Left with two little children, the woman loaded her goods on a waggon and started on the long journey to her Ohio home. The travellers reached Bouse's Grove yesterday and Mrs. Montcalm stopped and proceeded to get dinner. The children wandered off into the woods, and when the mother called upon them to come to dinner she received no answer. Fearing something was wrong, she took her rifle from the waggon and started for the wood near by. Before going far a moving branch of a tree attracted her attention, and on going nearer she discovered a large panther preparing to spring on her children, who were lying asleep at the foot of the tree. Mrs. Montcalm at once drew a bead on the brute and shot him through the body. She then removed the pelt and took it with her on her journey.

LIKE A HUGE SPAR.

Some Gloucester People See the Serpent Basking on the Waters.

A Gloucester (Mass.) despatch says: The sea serpent was again seen off Gloucester this morning by a sailing party. When first seen the monster was only 300 feet away and looked like a huge spar nearly 100 feet long, lying upon the surface of the waters, rising and falling with the waves. As the boat drew nearer, its huge head was raised six feet from the water, and two glittering eyes were plainly seen. It then quickly disappeared, but soon came to the surface some distance away. Another brief glimpse of the monster was obtained, but it quickly passed out of view and was not again seen.

A Big "It."

"If it wasn't for one thing, boys," said an old farmer, as he got down from his waggon, "I'd bet enny amount o' money on thet bay colt o' mine trottin' a mile in 2.16¼. I'd bet $1,000,000 of I had it."

The crowd laughed derisively.

"What is the one thing?" asked one of the crowd.

"The distance is too fur for the time."—*Life.*

CAST AWAY IN THE PACIFIC.

A Poor Italian Who Was for Many Years a Slave Among Cannibals.

The crew of the barque Rambler, which returned to London late in May from a trading trip among the islands of the Western Pacific, reported having seen in a crowd of native New Britainers the unfortunate Italian of whom sailors have now and then brought tidings. As far as known no attempt has ever been made to restore him to his native land. For years he was a solitary captive among the fierce natives of Bougainville, one of the largest islands of the Solomon group. He was starved, maltreated and overworked. His sufferings made him almost an imbecile. Twenty years of life among the worst savages of the Pacific so changed him that he is hardly recognizable as a man of European origin. The crew of the Rambler say he is as big a cannibal as any Polynesian, wears one long lock of hair in a coil on the top of his head, is dressed in native bark cloth, will not visit the vessels that at rare intervals cast anchor near the tribe with whom he now lives, and will not open his lips to white men, except to ask for food.

When Mr. Romilly was cruising in the western Pacific in 1881 he saw a man and tried unsuccessfully to talk with him. His name, it is said, was published years ago, but every recent writer who has mentioned him seems to have forgotten it. He was a member of the celebrated expedition which the Marquis de Ray sent to New Ireland. This large party of French and Italian colonists, deceived by the glowing accounts and richness and salubrity of the country, left their homes to settle in the new El Dorado. They were landed on the most inhospitable coast of New Ireland, and the ship sailed away, leaving them to their fate. Some of them died of hunger or fever. Others were lost while making their way to other islands in small boats. A few were eventually rescued. The last relic of this melancholy enterprise is the Italian whose wretched existence is still prolonged. With five comrades he rowed 200 miles to Bougainville, where, as soon as they touched the shore, his companions were killed and he was reserved for a more terrible fate. He was sold as a slave to a bush tribe in the interior. Years of captivity so completely changed the man that when he was offered to a Queensland labor ship for two tomahawks the trade was made. His new owners thought he was a native, and expected to make a fine profit by disposing of his services to some Queensland planter. They discovered, however, after a few days that he was nothing but an unfortunate Italian, and so they shoved him ashore on New Britain as an object of no commercial value. There he still lives, a miserable remainder of the most unfortunate party of Europeans who ever went to the Western Pacific.

A number of white men long held in captivity among savages are known to have been greatly weakened in mind by their cruel experiences. Joseph Forbes, a young English sailor, was a prisoner on the little islands of Timor Laut, northwest of New Guinea, for seventeen years. When he was rescued, in 1839, he could not talk to his rescuers nor even understand a word of English. The knowledge of his mother tongue, however, rapidly came back to him as he improved in mental health. He died only a few years ago in Australia.

HE HAS THREE WIVES.

The Latest Exploit of a Man with a Decided Fancy for Matrimony.

Charles Suesser, a young music teacher, was married a year ago to Miss Lizzie, a young and beautiful girl. They went to housekeeping at 154 West Monroe street, and took for a boarder a young man named Frederick Good. Good was a smooth-talking fellow, and Mrs. Suesser soon began acting in a way that excited the young husband's jealousy. Mr. Suesser insisted on a change of residence, but his wife refused to move unless Good should be taken as a boarder. A couple of months ago a child was born to the Suessers, and a week ago Mrs. Suesser eloped with Good, leaving her babe behind her.

Good is said to have three wives in different parts of the world. Nine years ago he married the young daughter of a farmer near Leeds, England. He took her to London and a couple of years later deserted her and her infant son, coming to America. In Philadelphia he married a young girl, but soon tired of her and went to Boston, where he again married. He left his wife, who followed him here and is now living at 629 West Indiana street.—*Buffalo News.*

A Pig Wins a Race.

There was a queer pig and horse race recently at Burlington, Vt., the result of a bet. The pig's backer trained him by putting him at one end of a 100-yard lane, and at the other end was a trough in which would be dumped the corn. The moment the corn was placed there the pig would be let go, and he would at once proceed to the trough. After he got the time of eating down fine he would run faster, until in two weeks' time he would make the 100-yard dash in several seconds. Every day the trough was moved further away, until it got the required distance. The pig was kept half starved, and as soon as he saw the corn and was let go he gave a grunt and then dashed forward. This kind of practice was kept up for three weeks, and at the end of that time he made the distance with a Maud S. gait. When the race took place the pig was in good condition and very hungry. The horse and pig were put side by side; they started; the porker got under the horse's legs and rather embarrassed him. He then dashed ahead and reached the end forty seconds ahead of the horse.

Married at 70.

A Providence (R.I.) despatch to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: A wedding like that witnessed by twenty people in Johnston, last evening, is rarely seen. The contracting parties were Mrs. Sarah Lee, who is over 70 years old, and Deacon David Wilbur, who is nearly 70. They had been schoolmates and lovers in early youth, but were separated by a quarrel, and were both bound by other ties for more than forty years. She lived in New York State then. On returning to Rhode Island she met the friend of her youthful days, for whom her affection still remained strong. Their love-making was renewed, and pledges were exchanged which led to last evening's marriage. The ceremony was held at the residence of Franklin A. Steere, on the old Killingly road, Mrs. Steere being a niece of the bride. Red fire and Chinese lanterns made the grounds gay.

China Wants Amoor Back.

A Chinese army of 40,000 men is said to be quartered on the Sougari River, in Mancheoria, near the Russian boundary. Mancheoria is an extensive region of Eastern Asia, with the Russian territories on the west and the Russian Amoor provinces on the north and east. These provinces were acquired by Russia from China and Japan in 1858, and are very fertile. But whether the Chinese could wrest them from the Cossacks, who inhabit them, remains to be seen. Still, the movement, the Philadelphia *Record* thinks, is another indication of the disturbed condition of the east, and of the war fever which seems to be affecting both barbarian and civilized dynasties.

Bob Ingersoll is growing fat. He isn't any balder than formerly, for that is impossible. His eye glasses have changed to spectacles, and his chubbiness is turning into fleshiness. His years are beginning to tell, but his smile and twinkling eyes are the same. Ingersoll has a habit, when interviewed, of writing out both questions and answers, and reading them over before the reporter goes.

IRISH LAND QUESTION.

Henry George Talks to a New York "World" Reporter.

DAVITT THE FUTURE LEADER.

New York City Compared with Ireland.

(New York World, Aug. 18th.

The masterly address of Michael Davitt to the assembled Irish societies at Chicago last Saturday has aroused the enthusiasm of Henry George, the scholar and political economist. To his mind Davitt is the greatest leader in the Irish cause. Mr. Davitt, like Mr. George, advocates the nationalization of the land. Mr. George believes that the recent elections in England will have the effect of uniting the democracies of the two nations, and that the day of triumph for Ireland is near at hand. He also believes that the Land Bill was the bugbear which frightened the English and brought about the defeat of the Home Rule measure. All the Irish people had to do now was to preserve their equanimity and continue the good fight. Coercion might be tried by a Tory Government to test their fortitude, but it would fail as signally under Salisbury's administration as it had under Gladstone's.

"Davitt," said Mr. George to a *World* reporter, "is entirely right in his position. The policy for which he has contended has at last prevailed, and the mass of the English people are in a temper to learn to do justice to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone's change of front was perhaps too sudden to carry the first election, but it must be remembered that all the opposition to him did not come from those who objected to Irish Home Rule. Many Englishmen who have been in favor all along of conceding to Ireland the fullest measure of Home Rule found fatal objections to the details of his proposed Bill, and many others opposed him because they considered the Land Purchase Bill a part of his scheme."

"What really is the objection in England to the Land Purchase Bill?"

"On the part of Englishmen, who believe as Mr. Davitt and I do that the land is the common property of the whole people, and who look forward to the resumption of the land of England by the nation, there is an inflexible objection to any proposal to buy out the landlords. They look upon the Irish Land Purchase Bill as setting a precedent that the people should be compelled to pay for what is rightfully their own. To buy out the Irish landlords would be to establish a claim upon the English, Scotch and Welsh landlords to be bought out when their time comes. And on the part of those who have now gone thus far there is a very natural indisposition to make the English nation responsible for a large sum of money to pension off a body of men whose greed and tyranny have kept the two peoples in hot water. Nothing can be better calculated to throw into strong light the essential injustice and absurdity of private property in land than the proposition to buy out the landlords in a body. When a man goes to buy a piece of land he does not do so without asking by what title it is held, and when the proposition is made that a people should buy the land of the country from some of their own members, it is but natural that the question of the title should come up, and that men should ask by what right some men can claim to hold as their own individual property the land of the country. Mr. Gladstone will now doubtless abandon his land-purchase scheme, and this will bring to his side many of those who opposed him in the last election, while the irresistible growth of radical opinion on the land question will tend steadily to strengthen the most radical party."

"What will be the tendency in Ireland on the land question?"

"More and more to the position that the land of Ireland belongs of natural right to the whole Irish people and should be treated as the common property of the nation, all land-owners being merely tenants. The day, I believe, has long gone by when any scheme of peasant proprietors could even give a halt to the Irish land movement. If the English people were willing to buy out the Irish landlords and leave the land question to be settled by an Irish Parliament, I don't think the Irish would much care, but it is certain that the bulk of the people will never consent to buy out the landlords at their own cost, nor to deem the Irish land question satisfactorily settled when the property of the present proprietors had been divided among a larger number of smaller proprietors."

"Mr. George, would you explain the difference between landholding in America and in Ireland? Many sympathizers of Irish landlords upon this side of the water ask why the landlords in Ireland have not the same right to possess property as those upon this side of the Atlantic."

"There is no difference between landholding in Ireland and landholding in America. The landlord in America is even freer to evict a tenant than a landlord in Ireland, and the system is fully as bad here as there, the only difference being that our population is not yet as dense as that of Ireland, and we do not realize its effects as clearly, but I know of no part of Ireland where the absurdity and injustice of treating land as the private property of individuals can be seen more clearly than in this very city of New York. There is no part of the world where people are packed more closely together and larger sums are pocketed by non-producers as a tribute from labor for the use of natural opportunities, to which one citizen has manifestly as good a right as another. We, too, have our absentee landlords, our back rents and our evictions, and here, too, we may see in chronic poverty and growing pauperism the inevitable results of allowing some people to claim as their own what nature has provided for the use of all. It is not only the sympathizers with English landlords who think the landlords of Ireland have as good a right to what they are pleased to call their property as have the landlords of America. I certainly hold that view, and I hardly think the Irish landlords would count me as one of their sympathizers."

"But was not the property of Ireland acquired by conquest while that of America was gained by peaceable means?"

"That makes no difference. Whether my great-great-grandfather was forcibly made a slave or whether he voluntarily accepted slavery for himself and his descendants makes no difference to me and cannot affect the title of any man who claims a right to the produce of my labor without giving me anything in return. The right of a man to himself is an inalienable right inherent in man, and can no more be void by purchase or grant than it can by conquest, and this right involves the right of every man to a foothold in the world. The inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness involves an inalienable right to an equal share in the natural elements necessary to the maintenance of life. The true doctrine is that declared by Thomas Jefferson, that the land of the country belongs in usufruct to the whole people of that country, and that our generation can have no right to grant or deed away the birthright of future generations. Every child that is born in this city of New York comes into the world with the equal permission of the Creator, and equally entitled to all that nature has provided for the enjoyment and sustenance of man. Yet under our system some of the children born here acquire, by virtue of their birth, the legal right to more land than they can by any possibility use, while the great majority have no legal rights whatever in the land of their birth, and are forced to buy permission to live in this world from those who are legally the owners of this part of the planet. This is the foundation and beginning of that monstrous injustice in the distribution of wealth, which is producing on one side the millionaire and on the other the pauper. The Irish land question is simply the land question of the whole civilized world."

"Do Messrs. Davitt, Parnell and the other Irish leaders hold such extreme views as you do upon the land question?"

"Davitt, I think, does, and so do numbers of other influential men, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and such men as Patrick Ford in this country. So, too, do some of the Irish members of Parliament, but Mr. Parnell, who is himself an Irish landlord, and the leading members of his parliamentary staff do not. They represent the political aspirations of the Irish people, but Davitt represents as well the social aspirations. Parnell and his coadjutors must, however, either drift along with the current or finally be overwhelmed by it. The moment the political side of the Irish question is settled the movement for the nationalization of the land will flame up, not in Ireland alone, but in Great Britain as well."

"Don't you think that fear of the realization of such a scheme will frighten away from Mr. Gladstone's support the British middle classes and others besides the nobility who believe in the rights of property and defer the day of Home Rule for Ireland?"

"That is precisely the difficulty which now makes those classes loath to accede to any settlement of the Irish question that would conform to the wishes of the Irish people. The real fear they have is as to what would become of the Irish landlords; not so much that they have any sentimental regard for the Irish landlords, but that they know that the overthrow of Irish landlordism would be but a prelude to the overthrow of British landlordism."

Mr. George was sanguine that the time was not far distant—in fact, within the next generation—when these great truths would be fully established. A century and a quarter ago people doubted that monarchical form of Government would disappear from France; that the greatest republic of ancients or modern times would spring from the Western Atlantic and that Slavery would meet its doom. But all these events happened and he had not the slightest doubt that the land question would be solved in the near future.

DYSPEPSIA MADE HIM DESPERATE.

After Trying Almost Everything Else, He Says, He Tried the Pistol.

A New York despatch says: An elderly man, well dressed and sickly-looking, registered at the Grand Union Hotel a little after 10 o'clock on Thursday night as Marshal J. Hillman, of Barre, Mass. He carried a parcel and a costly travelling satchel. He had evidently arrived on the Boston express, due at that time. Hillman was absent from the hotel yesterday until 5 o'clock. A short time after his return pistol shots were heard in his room. Hillman was found sitting on a chair with his head thrown forward on his chest. Blood trickled through his hair from three wounds in his head and blood from a wound in his throat. Three bullets were afterwards found in the ceiling. Beside the chair on the floor was an old-fashioned Smith & Wesson 22-calibre pistol. Hillman faintly told Police Captain Schultz that he had suffered as long as he could remember from dyspepsia. He said he had tried everything to cure him, and now he had tried the pistol. He said he had a son-in-law whose name was F. J. Barrett, and that he was with the Boker Fertilizing Company.

The wounded man was taken to Bellevue Hospital. Two of the bullets had made only scalp wounds, one was embedded in and had fractured the skull, and one had gone through the throat to the spinal column. At 9 o'clock last night Hillman was sinking, and Coroner Levy was summoned. Before he arrived Dr. Mitchell decided to perform trephining and tracheotomy. The two operations are seldom performed at the same time. Coroner Levy will take Hillman's ante-mortem statement this morning. Hillman has about one chance in five of recovering.

WORCESTER, Aug. 20.—Marshal J. Hillman is the senior member of the firm of Hillman & Williams, who keep the country store in Barre, twenty miles from this city. Hillman was born in New Hampshire about fifty years ago, and has lived in Barre about twenty years. He is a man of steady habits, but has been subject to fits of dementia. These were never violent, and his friends never sent him to an asylum, though they have talked of it.

NEXT!

A Lancaster Cooper Going Over the Falls in a Barrel.

A Lancaster despatch says: Jacob Schamber, a cooper of this place, is building a barrel to go through the Rapids and over the Falls. Mr. Schamber is about 32 years of age. He expects to start from Tonawanda, sail down the river over the Falls and through the Whirlpool. He says he can do this and expects his barrel done in about two weeks. It is believed the swell on the sides and the ballast of lead in the point will keep the barrel upright. The manhole extends 27 inches above the top proper to supply air. The barrel will be of 2½ inch staves, and will be 3 feet 2 inches wide at the centre.

The Old Bridge of Ayr.

An act of unpardonable vandalism is going to be committed if, as report says, the old bridge of Ayr is to be demolished. If when Burns wrote on the bridge of Ayr he could talk of the "poor narrow footpath of a street, where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet," it is not surprising that the stones are now dropping from their places, and that the auld brig is considered unsafe for traffic. But for close on 650 years it has done its work, and that surely is long enough to have earned the repose not of annihilation but of an honored national monument. The "conceited gowk," the new bridge, is still quite capable of carrying all who wish to cross the Ayr, and it is difficult to understand what imperative reason there can be for destroying the "brig of ancient Pictish race, the vera wrinkles Gothic in his face." And, besides its commemoration by the Ayrshire poet, the bridge has a romantic interest of its own, having, like the pyramid of Rhodopis, been built at the sole expense of a single lady, though tradition variously describes her motives.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Contrite Dakota Editor.

By an unfortunate typographical error we were made to say last week that our distinguished townsman, Professor Kennedy, was about to rig up a nobby baboon for the comfort and enjoyment of his daughter on her wedding trip over the prairies. What we meant to say was a nobby balloon. We write this with our left hand, while lying on our spare bed, with one eye entirely closed and the other hand-painted, and an inverted chair across our stomach for a writing table. The extent of our regret for the blunder may be measured by the difficulties we have surmounted in penning this explanation.—*Exchange.*

A new and plausible explanation of the destructive fires occurring in pine forests is offered. The pine resin exuding from the trees is often of lens shape, and before it thoroughly hardens frequently of crystalline clearness. It is surmised that while in that condition a resin lens may focus the sun's rays upon some white twig or resinous point and so start a blaze that quickly eats up a forest.

AT A COUNTRY STORE.

A Slow and Careful Way of Transacting Business.

n elderly woman, with keen gray eyes loAing sharply through steel-bowed spectacles, enters and casually examines several bolts of lawn lying on the counter.

"Ah, good day, Mrs. H——," says the proprietor, coming briskly forward, anticipating a sale; "looking for lawns?"

"No, I dono as I was," says the possible customer, guardedly, "I was just noticing these."

"They're pretty patterns. I just got them in."

"They're all so light."

"Light colors are all the rage this summer. But here's a black and white piece that's just the thing for you. Now, isn't that neat?"

"Yes, rather; but it an't just what I like. How much is it?"

"Fifteen cents a yard."

"An't that dreadful high for lawns?'

"Not for lawns of that quality. Just see how fine it is."

"Yes; but they're selling lawns ev'ry mite and grain as good as that in the city at 8 and 9 cents."

"Impossible, Mrs. H——!"

"Indeed, they are! And one of my neighbors got a good piece for 7 cents."

"They are not such goods as this."

"It's pretty nigh the very same thing. I hadn't calculated on giving more than 10 cents."

"Why, Mrs. H——, this cost more than that at wholesale!"

"Oh, I guess not. Anyhow, I can't give but 10 cents a yard."

"I can't take it."

"I won't give any more."

"Well, just examine that lawn closely, now."

"It looks well enough, but I ain't at all sure that it won't fade."

"I'll warrant it not to fade. It's a standard make and fast colors."

"Well, how many yards are there in the piece?"

"Thirteen; just a good full pattern."

"Eleven would be a great plenty for me."

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you have the piece for 14 cents a yard, seeing as it's all I've got left."

"Can't you say an even 12 cents to an old customer like me?"

"No, really, I couldn't."

"Fourteen cents is too much for lawn that's selling ev'rywhere for 10 cents."

"Oh, I think you're mistaken."

"Well, see here, I'll give you 12½ cents a yard for it."

"No, I couldn't go below 13 cents, and wouldn't let anybody but you have it for that."

"Well, I'll give you 13 cents if you'll call it twelve yards."

"But there's full thirteen yards in the piece."

"Well, call it twelve and I'll take it."

"Can't do it."

"I reckon you'll throw in thread and buttons and waist-lining?"

"Couldn't do it for that money."

"Well, say thread and buttons then?"

"I'll throw in a spool of thread."

"And a card of hooks and eyes?"

"Well, I don't know—yes, I will."

"Now, why can't you say buttons, too?"

"I really cannot; I'm losing money now."

"And you can't make it 12½ cents a yard?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I won't take it. I ain't needing a lawn dress this summer, anyhow."—*Youths' Companion.*

HIS LAST DRINK.

An Unknown Toper Gulps Down a Pint of Cheap Whiskey With Fatal Results.

On Wednesday the police were notified that a man was lying in the alley between State street and Wabash avenue on Thirty-first street in an unconscious condition, where he had been for several hours. The police found him still in an unconscious state when they arrived, and removed him to the county hospital. There was nothing in his possession whereby he could be identified, but it was thought to be a case of alcoholism, and he would revive in time. He never recovered consciousness, and died early yesterday morning. Upon investigation it was learned that he had been in Patrick Clabby's saloon, at No. 3,029 State street, Wednesday morning with several other men drinking, and a dispute arose among them as to the quantity of whiskey a man could drink and not show its effects. The deceased man loudly boasted that he could drink half a pint of whiskey and a glass of beer immediately after if some one would pay for it. One of the party agreed to do this, and the liquor was furnished. It was at once gulped down by the boastful toper. In a short time he asserted his ability to repeat the dose, and once more a foolish companion agreed to pay for it. Again the liquor was swallowed, and this time with deadly effect, for in five minutes the young man fell senseless to the floor, and his companions carried him out into the alley, where he was found. The men who bought the whiskey and the saloon-keeper have not yet been arrested. The body of the foolhardy unknown lies at the morgue awaiting identification. His clothing consisted of a dark suit of brown cloth goods and a linen cap.—*Chicago Times.*

Poor Outlook for Hops.

There is no change in the hop prospects in Madison County. But very few growers will place hop boxes in their yards, and the few who may will be awarded only with a few vermin-eaten, juice-extracted quality not worth the money it required to harvest them. The published estimate, placing the product of Franklin County at 4,000 bales this year, against 16,000 last season, is erroneous and calculated to mislead. From trustworthy sources, says the Oneida *Union*, we are in receipt of information to the effect that the county referred to will not produce 200 bales of merchantable hops. In Lewis, Oswego and Oneida Counties the outlook is still less promising and it is too late for the vines to rally, even should honey-dew and lice disappear, which there seems to be no prospect of so long as there is anything in the shape of a hop left to pray upon. Old hops are held firmly in view of the prospect, and but few transactions take place, either in the country or city market.

During Senator Cochrane's recent visit to British Columbia he was walking along the track one very dark night and suddenly stepped into a cattle guard, striking his nose against the timber. He lost a quantity of blood, but succeeded in getting out of the cattle guard by himself, after which he fainted on the track, where a switchman shortly afterwards found him in time to rescue him from the express. He was taken to a hotel and medical aid summoned, and although for some time in a very precarious state, he was found to be sufficiently recovered to be removed to Calgary. Besides the injury to the face, he received some very severe bruises about the body, but will in a short time be around again as usual. Had the accident occurred to a less rugged man than the Senator it would likely have proved fatal.—*Calgary Tribune.*

Deacon Skuller—Good mawain, parson; I'se been 'pinted a committee to find out when 'twould be 'venient for de bredren en sisters ter gib you a 'sprise party. Parson Holdback—'Bout fohty yeahs from no', Brudder Skuller, 'bout fohty yeahs, o'hile. It well tek 'bout dat time for me ter revamp from de las' one.—*Judge.*

Lawrenceville, Ill., a strong prohibition village, is considerably agitated because its Town Board has granted licenses for two saloons at $1,000 each. Threats are made that the saloon keepers will not have an easy time of it.

THE TIRELESS TRAMP.

Indiana Monomaniac Who Has Walked More Than Sixty Thousand Miles.

Several months ago we chronicled for the *Enquirer* an account of one John Owen Snider, who at that time had been walking at least eighteen hours a day for eighteen months, and travelling at the rate of five miles an hour, or eighty miles in twenty-four, says a Hartford letter. Now it is over two years since he commenced his tireless tramp, and, instead of resting from his unparalleled walk, on he goes, and instead of slacking his speed he has increased it, until he is as fleet of foot as a deer. Over two years ago he was seized with the hallucination that three layers had suddenly and as mysteriously formed on the soles of his feet, and he reasoned in his diseased mind or imagination that no remedy other than walking would ever remove them. He at once took up the line of march in the rear of his dwelling—on his farm, seven miles southeast of this city—walking in a circle from right to left. At first he walked with measured tread, and would converse with neighbors and friends rationally upon any topic except the mania that had taken possession of him, and no advice, device or restraint could be brought into requisition to induce him to forego his tramp. As time went on his speed was accelerated, and the hours of tramping increased, until eighteen hours of every twenty-four found him walking about his beaten track. His meals were handed to him, and he ate as he walked. He never removed his clothing, but about 2 a.m. he occupies a chair near his circle provided for him, and at once falls asleep.

At 5 o'clock promptly he is again upon his tireless round. A room has been provided for him for use in colder weather, and he walks about his apartment, or rather runs. It is asserted by his friends that he walks about while sleeping so soundly that his snoring is audible in another apartment of the dwelling. In summer and fall, in all kinds of weather, however inclement, he may be found out of doors, going about the circle long since established, at a rate of speed that is marvelous. His mind is clear upon all subjects but the strange hallucination that has warped and dwarfed his better judgment.

After having tramped about for a year or more he conceived the idea that 50,000 miles of travel were necessary in order to relieve him of the peculiar malady that afflicted him, but now he has travelled nearly 60,000, and his speed is quickened, his pace accelerated and hours of walking increased. His disposition is melancholy in character, yet at times he enjoys the jokes and jests of friends who call upon him. He was sent to the asylum a year ago, walked all the time while on the cars, continued his tramp during his stay at the asylum, and when returned home as harmless made the same journey as going. During his stay in this city waiting for the train he walked about the court house yard. Hundreds of citizens were attracted to the scene to witness the strange procedure. When restrained from walking his feet alternately were lifted from the ground. He avers that if he would stop walking his limbs and body would fly into a thousand fragments. He never seemingly grows hungry, never asks for food or drink, and eats and drinks whatever is given him uncomplainingly, all the time continuing his endless round. His limbs are as firm as iron and the tendons like whipcord. He is a man of more than ordinary intelligence. His domestic relations are such as to preclude the idea of his malady originating from domestic difficulties, and no assignable cause is known for the strange and unaccountable freak that has come over him. He seems to be gifted with powers of divination, and can accurately foretell coming events with a precision and correctness that bring to him many who wish to be more fully informed as to their future "weal or woe," and just now the score or more of candidates are seeking his knowledge of their future success or defeat. The rapidity of his movements is such as to warrant the assertion that he can make more miles in twenty-four hours than the best trained equine of the world. His powers of endurance and rate of speed are past comprehension, almost beyond conception, and lead those who are not conversant with the facts to suspect the statements about him to be greatly exaggerated. Just when his journey's end will be reached none can divine. His physique is good—digestion perfect. Every physical condition points to long life. The