# DASHED TO DEATH.

## The Terrible Railway Holocaust in Vermont.

## SIXTY PEOPLE BURNED TO DEATH.

### Heartrending Incidents and Horrible Death Scenes.

A last Saturday night's White River Junction (Vt.) despatch says: At half-past 2 o'clock this morning the Montreal night express on the Vermont Central Railroad went through the bridge at Woodstock, some five miles north of here, and fell 70 feet into the White River, causing a terrible loss of life, the disaster being the most appalling that has occurred in the history of New Engiand, and rivalling the famous disaster at Ashtabula, which it resembled in many respects. The train consisted of an engine, baggage, postal and smoker, two ordinary passenger coaches, and two Pullman sleepers, the "Pilgrim" and "St. Albans." The train, with the exception of the last Pullman, left Boston at 7 p. m., its usual time, arriving here at 12.30 a. m., when it was connected with the sleeper "St. Albans" from Springfield, containing passengers from New York and the West who had come to Springfield via the Boston & Albany, and the New York, New Haven & Hartford road. The Boston sleeper "Pilgrim" was full, as the night was cold, and those passengers who could afford it preferred a bed with covers to the chilly passenger cars. The Springfield sleeper was about three-quarters full, and the whole train contained some

NINETY TO ONE HUNDRED PASSENGERS.

In the passenger coaches were most of the local passengers, while in the sleepers were the through people for St. Albans and Montreal, most of the latter being *en route* for the coming ice carnival. The train reached here on time, but was delayed waiting for the Springfield car, and it was exactly 2.10 a. m. when it pulled out of the depot. It had to pass a freight at South Royalton, twenty miles north of here, and so ran ahead of schedule speed to make up for lost time. At what is known as Woodstock, an old abandoned station, the high bridge, a Howe deck structure some 200 feet long by 50 to 70 high, was reached, and here by some means the cars left the track while on the bridge. All that portion of the train behind the postal car plunged into the river, two cars breaking through the ice and being partially submerged. The forward part of the train passed over in safety. The forward coach left the rails first and dragged the others after it, the shock of striking the bare ties breaking the coupling between the postal and the coach. George Parker, a rear brakeman, was going from one Pullman to another, when he heard a great crash and the cars trembled. He jumped to the step, and giving a glance ahead saw the coach going down through the bridge. Without waiting he leaped off, striking the frozen snow and rolling 30 feet down an embankment. He was terribly bruised, for he says the train was going 40 miles an hour. One side of his face was badly torn and his right arm broken. When he got to his feet he says

A FEARFUL SIGHT

met his eyes. The cars all mixed up, some on their tops and others on their sides were lying on the ice, while a bright flame was leaping up from different parts of the wreck. The cries were terrible, but not minding them, and knowing that the engine could not recross the shattered bridge, he ran to a farm-house some rods removed from the bridge and kicking at the door awoke the owner, Thomas Pingree, and told of the accident. Pingree got him a team and, wounded as he was, Parker drove at breakneck speed through the dark all the way here and gave the alarm. The station agent found Dr. Ira Chase, of Bristol, at the Depot Hotel, and with a number of citizens with linen and brandy started in a box car for the scene. Before they had left the depot a bright light in the northern sky too plainly told the horrible scene that was being enacted at the fatal bridge. The relief party reached the scene one hour and fifteen minutes after the accident, and by that time the bridge was one mass of flames, and nothing was left of the cars but glowing frames and redhot iron braces Stretched out upon the ice were a number of

BLACKENED, BLEEDING FIGURES,

covered up with what could be snatched from the broken cars, and, assisted by some dozen country people, the trainmen were carrying the wounded to the house of Pingree and the postal car, which was being extemporized as a hospital. Your correspondent was one of the relief party, and can say that the sickening, terrible sights cannot be described. The wounded, most of whom were suffering from horrible burns, were writhing and twisting upon their beds, while shriek after shriek would be given out by what seemed but a bundle of half burned rags. Every few moments some tortured victim, while being assisted up the bank, would break away from the helpers and rush screaming, half-naked, across the frozen snow. One young woman, scarcely 18, who lives near Quebec, and who was said by a trainman to have entered the train wearing a magnificent fur robe to keep her warm, stood crying on the ice with nothing on but a pair of stockings and a chemise. She refused to budge when assistance was offered, and she had to be carried by force to Pingree's house. The smoking ruins of the burnt cars gave forth a sickening

ODOR OF BURNT FLESH,

which made the small band of helpers ill and faint. It was a remarkable feature of the accident that not one of the passengers who went over the bridge escaped scot free. All were injured, and, to show how fast the flames spread, only those survive who were got out of the cars ten minutes after the first crash came. Most of the fortunate ones were taken from the sleepers, all those on the two forward cars, with few exceptions, having been killed outright at the outset by the heavy sleepers falling upon them and grinding them to pieces. The rescued number 30 all told, and deducting this from the low estimated number of 90 on the train, leaves 60 victims who met a dreadful death.

THE FATALLY WOUNDED

were: F. L. Wesson, of Springfield, son of the famous arms manufacturer; E. F. Dillon, of Dartmouth College; Henry Tewkesbury, of Randolph, Vermont, and Smith Sturtevant, the conductor, who was taken from a burning car half roasted. All these died soon after being taken from he wreck.

THOSE WHO SURVIVE

are: J. H. Cushing, of Middleboro', Mass, back injured; A L Abouef, of Lynn, Mass, legs broken; Miss Lovell, of Montreal, sister-in-law to Mr. Wesson, back injured and dangerously ill through nervous prostration; O. Boisvert, Angelina, Que., internally injured; L. Combremont, New York, hip and back bruised; Mitchel Lacaillaide, Lawrence, Mass., head, chest and back; Moses Paulet, Quebec, right leg broken and head wounded; Mrs. W. S. Bryden, Montreal, contusions on back; George Gennett, Syracuse, N. Y., head cut open and back wounded; Horace Juean, East Pepperell, Mass., face, back and legs bruised; Anna Murphy, 116 Prince street, Boston, right cheek badly cut open and back bruised; Mrs. Charles Kaster, Boston, contusion on back and limbs; Katy Kahl, Boston, severe scalp wound; J. C. Hutchinson, Montgomery, Vt., spinal column injured; Joseph E. Jacques, Fitchburg, Mass., contusion over the eyes, and hips and legs bruised; Henry Mott, a hay dealer from New York State; Andrew A. Wheeler, Fitchburg, Mass., cut over the eyes and face burned; Mrs. John Graham, Medford, Mass., ankle sprained and spinal column injured; James Kiley, Burke, N. Y., left arm fractured and head bruised; C. M. Hosmer, Lowell, Mass., legs and body bruised; Joseph Maignet, Three Rivers, Que., body wounds.

THE SLIGHTLY INJURED

are: George Parker, brakeman, St. Albans; Fred. A. Fisher and Howard F. Smith, Gloucester, Mass.; Miss Maria Sadler, Ormstown, Que.; Polly Aril, Chicopee, Mass.; Herbert Cushing, Middleboro', Mass.; Andrew A. Wheeler, Fitchburg, Mass.; Napoleon Rosseau, of Les Trappeurs Club, Montreal; Edward Bangs, brakeman, West Lebanon; S. S. Westcott, Burlington, Vt.; Cephas Mills, Iroquois, Ont.; Charles Kastner, Boston, contusions of back and limbs, and Lee, of Burlington, Vt.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Besides those who died it is known that the following perished in the flames: The two colored porters of the sleepers; W. E. Adams, of St. Albans, Vt.; Euclid Chagnon, of Manchester; Charles W. Sandford, Boston; Drummer Bousiequet, of Attawagan, Conn., with his sister, his wife Mary and two children; Conductor Burgess, of the sleeping car, and B. Atkinson, of Lowell, Mass. All the bodies recovered were burned beyond recognition, and it was past mid-day before they could be identified. So far what are supposed to be the remains of forty individuals have been brought here and laid out. The *debris* of the burned cars is full of pieces of bones and charred flesh, which is being carefully picked out and assorted. The two forward cars have broken through the ice, and it is supposed that some of those there were drowned and have been washed out by the water. If so, they may be carried down the Connecticut River under the ice and never recovered. The death of the man Bousiequet was

PARTICULARLY SAD.

He had gone to the rear of the car to get a drink, when the crash came, and was separated from his family who, being in the forward part of the car, must have been killed instantly. He was pinned down by a seat, but managed to get his head through a window, when he shrieked at the top of his voice, "Mary, Mary," for fully five minutes. Mr. Lee, one of the survivors, tried to rescue him, but he only asked where his wife was. Before any answer could be given the fire reached him, and crying out "dead," he deliberately threw himself on the floor into the fire. Those who were able to speak from experience say that it was simply an inferno. Frank Winch, a New York drummer, who was on the postal and escaped, was seen en route for Boston this afternoon, and he says the only name given for the burning wreck was "Hell." During the day great crowds of people arrived on the scene, coming from all sections by trains and sleighs. They all were willing to help and many were put into service. All who were on the sleepers agreed that those in the upper berths perished by the beds closing up when the cars turned over and holding the occupants fast. Mr. Charles Hosmer, of Lowell, had his friend and travelling companion burned to death before his eyes by being in an upper berth. When the two entered the car at Lowell they tossed up for the berth and Mr. Hosmer won the lower one. Mr. Hosmer says that out of five ladies in his car only one escaped.

LOOKING FOR THE DEAD.

Early this afternoon Walter H. Wesson and his son, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Eustis and an undertaker, reached the scene looking for young Wesson's body. Miss Lovell insisted, ill as she was, in helping. They at length decided that a terribly disfigured mass of flesh, minus head or arms, was that of the unfortunate man and took it away. Miss Nancy Dunbar, of Somerville, is supposed to have been lost in the accident. She was in the sleeper. Her brother is looking for her remains. Ed. Brocklebank, a brakeman, is also among the dead. The accident and burning of the bridge have blocked all traffic, and trains have to be run around by the way of Well River. The ice on the White River is three feet thick, which prevented the rescuers getting water when the wreck took fire, and the flames had it all their own way. There is a great difference of opinion as to the cause of the disaster, many contending that it was a broken rail, and others that it was due to the iron framework of the bridge contracting by the intense cold, the temperature being some 20° below zero when the disaster occurred. A broken rail some little distance back from the bridge is given as the real cause of the train leaving the track, and it is supposed that the jarring of the wheels over the bridge ties started the under supports and caused them to give way.

Of those collected twenty-five are minus head or limbs, and it is almost impossible to distinguish the sexes. The company will open the baggage in the baggage car and learn, if possible, the names of those who were on the train. The wounded are being brought to this place as rapidly as possible, and are doing quite well. Some ten of those who are under physicians' hands are not expected to live. The railroad people are thankful that the accident did not occur to-night, which, being Saturday, the traffic would have been twice as heavy. The railway does not consider itself accountable for the disaster, but its officials are very uneasy over the probable magnitude of the damage suits growing out of the affair, especially as the financial affairs of the company are not the best just at present.

HORRIBLE INCIDENT OF THE WRECK.

One of the first passengers to escape from the burning wreck was Joseph Maignet, a French-Canadian boy. He was with his father, David Maignet, on their way from Holyoke to their home in Shawenegan, Quebec. The boy sat three seats behind his father in the third car from the rear. He was dozing in his seat when he felt the car shiver. This motion was kept up for a few seconds and then the car dashed over the bridge upon the ice. By hard work the boy succeeded in getting out of one of the windows. He at once went in search of his father, and discovered him by the light of the burning wreck just above him, pinned down by a part of the top of the car, which had fallen directly across his chest and legs. The old man was as firmly held as if in a vise. Joseph was the only one who escaped from the car, as he says.

HE RUSHED TO HIS FATHER'S ASSISTANCE,

and spoke words of encouragement to him. The father was very cool, and told his son to help him out as soon as possible. The boy seized his father, and struggled with all his strength to extricate him, but in vain. The flames were approaching rapidly. "Joseph," said the father, "run and get an axe or a saw," but the boy could not find either. "Pull me out then," said the father, "even if you have to break my legs to do it." Joseph tugged away with all his might, but could not stir his father an inch. With wonderful coolness the father then gave himself up to his fate. "It's no use, my boy," he said, "there is no hope for me. Remember the dying words of your father: Always be a good boy. Farewell, my son, I will meet you in the other world." The flames were then so close that the boy could remain no longer. He left his father and got out of reach of the flames, and watched his father slowly burn to death in the flaming *debris*.

MRS. BRYDEN'S ACCOUNT OF HER ESCAPE.

A Montreal despatch says Your correspondent has just seen Mrs. W. S. Bryden, wife of Mr. Bryden, of Pillow, Hersey & Co., of this city, who had a miraculous escape. She was in the last Pullman car near the front end. She was awakened from sleep by a crashing sound, and found herself pinned down and almost suffocated. She had presence of mind enough to husband her strength until she heard parties outside. She then freed one arm and by knocking with her hand, on which were her rings, she attracted attention from outsiders, who chopped a hole through the roof of the car. When they attempted to move her she found she was hemmed in, and with remarkable presence of mind she asked them for a penknife, with which she cut her clothes free from around her body and was pulled out. She was wrapped in a blanket and laid in the snow, whence she was removed three times to get her out of reach of the flames. She says the whole four cars were burned up inside of twenty minutes, and when she was rescued one end of the car she was in was already in flames. She was saturated with coal oil from a lamp that had burst. She was removed to a farm house.

PLACED AMONG DEAD AND DYING.

She says the scene was an indescribably pathetic one. A poor little boy, who could not speak a word of English, was alone, having lost both father and mother. Mrs. Bryden says most of the people seemed to be French Canadians coming to friends in this city. The whole thing happened so quickly that there was no time to do anything, although one old farmer living near did some heroic work. Mrs. Bryden herself seems to have but slight injuries to her back. The thermometer was at zero when she lay on the ice with nothing but a Pullman blanket around her, and she burrowed a hole in the snow and kept herself fairly comfortable. While Mrs. Bryden lay on the floor several persons died in the room, among whom was Mr. Wesson, of Smith & Wesson. Mrs. Bryden's pluck and presence of mind saved her life.

CONSUMED BEFORE HIS BROTHER'S EYES.

Mr. Mills arrived here to-day. He was travelling with his brother, who was in the next berth. After getting out he worked away frantically to rescue his brother, and was just getting him out when the flames rushed on him, and he had to retreat and gaze on the horrible picture of his brother being consumed under his eyes and within reach of his hands.

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### She Thinks Prayer Saved Her.

An Adrian (Mich.) despatch says: Mrs. Walter S. Mead, aged 29 years, has suffered two years with an abscess in her side, and for the past few weeks has been confined to her bed. On Sunday she was very low, and up to Monday night doubts were entertained whether she would live. Yesterday the physician found his patient dressed, sitting up and eating with fair relish. She said last night the Lord, in response to her prayers, healed and restored her strength. A reporter who called later found the woman firm in the faith that she was cured. Medical men are puzzled.

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At Prof. Proctor's dancing academy in Washington, seven of the girls displeased several of the boys by occasionally refusing to dance with them. Thereupon a boycott was laid, and at the next meeting of the class the seven offending girls were horrified to find that not a single young fellow asked them to dance, and they sat the whole evening out without dancing and without partners.

THE *France* publishes some statistics relative to the number of Germans in Paris. It says there are 45,000 in the city, among whom there are between 9,000 and 10,000 belonging to the German army. The German colony there is, the *France* affirms, composed chiefly of young men. On the other hand, according to this journal, there are not more than 1,800 Frenchmen in the whole German empire.

## A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

### Two Trains Collide on a Trestle Eighty Feet High.

Mr. W. H. Wadland, cousin to Mr. Wadland, of the Bell Telephone Company, had a thrilling experience on the C. P. R., which he describes in a letter (dated at Schreiber, Algoma,) to a relative as follows:

DEAR BROTHER,—I write you this time to tell you of my wonderful escape yesterday morning. We had a terrible collision. Our train and another freight met on a trestle 300 feet long and 80 feet high, and we did not see each other until we were both on the trestle, as there is a sharp curve at each end. We were both running about 15 miles per hour. You cannot imagine our feelings when we saw ourselves running into the jaws of death, as we supposed; my first thought was to jump over the trestle, but knew that was as good as death; my mate went to jump too, but ran back in the cab again just as they struck, and he went head first against the boiler and the coal on the tender on top of him; something caught his coat and tore it nearly off his back and to-day he is going around with a swelled nose, sore side and bruised foot. The engineer and fireman on the other engine were both hurt, but not seriously. The fireman got his eye cut and some thing struck him on the back. The engineer was as black as any darkey you ever saw. The steam escaping on the coal flew all over him. He struck against the levers and hurt himself. You will want to know where I was all this time. Well, I got down on the step of the engine and held on to the hand rail and just as the crash came, it shook me off, and I fell right beside the driving wheels. One foot slipped between the timbers which kept me from falling off. The other engine was on top of ours. I could not tell or describe the scene. Big heavy irons were bent like wire; the smoke stack of ours is lying at the bottom of the trestle. Two cars went over our tender and down the trestle. I could hear them rolling over my head; one stood on end. Our old engine stood it better, but it was badly broken. On the other one the cab was knocked off and mounting broken which allowed so much steam to escape that you could not see your hand before you. The accident happened about eight miles west of Schreiber at a little after 9 a. m. The conductor and engineer of the other train are to blame. They had orders to keep clear of us, but came right along. I never got a scratch or hurt in the least, but I felt as sure that I was gone as I am writing at the present moment. Every person considers this the greatest collision that has happened and no person killed, not for the speed we were running but to happen on such a high trestle. This makes the sixth serious accident that I have passed through and only got hurt to amount to anything once and that was when the boiler bursted last winter. I was on engine 134, the one that run into us was 263; I have 262 now, will be glad when my own 232 is repaired again and get on the express again.

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### Some Singular Accidents.

Ebert, the 4-year-old son of Dr. Spicer, of Acton, Ind., swallowed a copper cent about two weeks ago, and is rapidly wasting away in spite of all that can be done for him, the physician having failed to give relief.

Little Willie, the son of an Omaha man, swallowed a silver dollar when he was 3 years old. The coin remained in his stomach for two years, but was finally extracted. The boy now has symptoms of blood-poisoning.

Freeman Arrington, of Augusta, Ga., attempted to fix the electric light in his billiard hall recently, when his hands came in contact with both carbons of the lamp and a strong current of electricity passed through his body. He will recover, but his tongue and throat are paralyzed and he is unable to utter a word.

A merchant of Florence, Ala., named Barber, was approached by a friend from the rear who threw his arm over Barber's neck, drawing his head downward and bringing his right eye in contact with a lead-pencil which his friend had in his pocket. The lead poisoned the optic nerve, the brain became affected and he died insane.

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### Changing a Farthing.

A little man, with the inappropriate name of Charles Gross, announced to the Police Magistrate yesterday that the case in which he was charged with having assaulted his wife had been amicably settled. His wife had gone off to Hamilton with another man—probably to see the carnival—and the charge against him had been withdrawn. Mr. Gross seemed quite happy at his relief from both charges at one and the same time, and was not envious of his successor in the affections of Mrs. Gross. A little inquiry, however, brought out the information that Mrs. Gross wore her title as matron by courtesy only, having never abandoned her own name as Mary Farthing while she remained with Gross. The companion of her flight to Hamilton, however, married her before leaving for the Ambitious City, and thus made change for a Farthing.—*Toronto Mail.*

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### Sugar in Court.

"Now, young lady, you may take the stand," said the lawyer in a case in one of the justices' courts the other day. "Yes, sir," she replied with a beaming smile. "That does me up!" whispered a man on one of the benches; "I'm her husband, and she's 49 years old, but the sugar on that lawyer's tongue will cost me $30 for millinery before the 1st of May."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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On the outer door of the law office of Briggs & Clark, in Battle Creek, Mich., is posted this: "Briggs in Washington, D. C.—direct in care of Grover Cleveland; Clark in Marshall—direct care county jail."

A Philadelphian tells of a sentimental parent by the name of Rose who named his baby girl "Wilde." The combination worked well until she grew up and married a man by the name of Bull. Then the name wasn't a bit nice.

An Ionia (Mich.) man owns a turkey which has been trained to draw a sled.

## HOW EYE DISEASES SPREAD.

### Towels and Spectacles Help to Carry Contagion.

To mention a few of the modes of contagion I have to speak, in the first place, of towels, especially of that abominable institution known as the roller towel, which has been used so much in asylums, where forty, fifty or more children use the same towel, whether they have granular lids or not. True, in a great many of these cases the existence of granular lids was not known, but even in cases in which the existence of the disease was evident, the ignorance or carelessness of the persons in charge has allowed transmission by means of towels to be one of the most frequent sources of contagion. As a carrier of contagion the horse-fly plays an important *role*, especially in case of young children who are not able to protect themselves against the visits of this little animal. Attracted by the sweetish odor of the discharge, it will settle upon the eyes of children affected with the disease, especially infants, and carry the contagion in its claws to the other eye or the eyes of sleeping infants. Spectacles may be the carrier of the contagion. I remember the case of a young lady who could not explain satisfactorily how she came to have granular lids. Upon her return to school she mentioned that she had granular lids, where upon one of her classmates said: "Why that is the disease which I have been suffering form the last six months." This classmate was near-sighted and used glasses. My patient was also near-sighted, but had not used glasses, and whenever she wanted to see anything at a distance she was in the habit of borrowing the spectacles of her friend, and there is no doubt in my mind that this was the means of carrying the poison from the classmate's eye to my patient's eye.

Children with granular lids are very apt to rub the eyes, because the secretion, as it begins to dry on the edge of the lids, causes an irritating, itching sensation. They will now play with other children, and from their hands transfer the poison to the hands of the other children, and these latter, rubbing their eyes, contract the disease. Handling objects which have been used by persons with granular lids may be the means of carrying the contagion. A young lady who volunteered to teach children with granular lids that had been isolated from other children in a certain institution was warned to be extremely careful with regard to using handkerchiefs, towels, or anything belonging to the children. She was well aware of the danger and promised to be very careful. She handled nothing whatever, she said, that belonged to the children, left her cloaks outside, and in the class room kept away from the children a distance of five or six feet. But upon examination of her eyes 14 days after she had taken office, it was found that she began to suffer from granular lids. Upon inquiry I found that she had been taking the copybooks and slates of the children for correction, and in all probability she got the poison from the slates and books on her hands and then conveyed it to her eyes. A teacher of another section in the same institution was more careful; she simply walked into the class room, did not touch anything belonging to the children, and for two or three months during the duration of the epidemic she was not affected by the disease. The atmosphere had evidently not been the carrier of the contagion in the first case.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

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## NO MORE USE FOR HIM.

### A Divorced Catholic Excommunicated in Louisville, Kentucky.

A Louisville, Ky., despatch says: The facts in a case which illustrates the rigid rules of the Catholic Church concerning divorced people have been made public here. Michael McCoy, a grocer of this city, has been excommunicated from St. Patrick's Catholic Church owing to his marriage with a Miss Emma Long after having secured a divorce from his wife. Miss Long lived next door to the McCoy family, and Michael became infatuated with her, so much so that he is accused by his neighbors of having mistreated his wife in order to compel her to secure a legal separation from him. On the night of his nuptials with Miss Long his neighbors and his former church associates surrounded the house and threatened him with violence until quelled by the police. In reading McCoy out of the church Father Lawler denounced him and the marriage, and declared that he would not tender the man his services though he were upon his dying bed. He also forbade any of the members of his church to speak to or in any way recognize McCoy.

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## WHAT ALEXANDER MAY BECOME.

### Prince Alexander's Different Prospective Positions of Honor and Trust.

A London cable says: Owing to the friendly reception accorded to Prince Alexander, late of Bulgaria, while here, some of the continental papers contain the wildest rumors. One journal announces his impending appointment by the Queen as viceroy of Her Majesty's Provinces of the Oriental Indies, while another asserts that Prince Alexander is to be appointed Governor-General of Egypt by the English Government in the place of the Khedive, who is to be deposed. A well-known Moscow paper informs Russia that the Battenberg Prince will shortly become the husband of Queen Victoria, while several German papers predict his union with Her Majesty's widowed daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany. The real fact is that Prince Alexander has gone south for the benefit of his health, which has suffered both physically and mentally by the events of the last six months. He contemplates a visit to the United States in the autumn.

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In clearing away behind the Temple of Hadrian, at Athens, the foundations of a temple to Pluto have been discovered in the rock of the Acropolis. Three natural caves have been found, and in them three fine sculptures. One is a statue of a draped man with a bare breast and long flowing hair. Another, about three feet long, consists of two reliefs, one compartment showing Pluto and his wife in Hades seated at table. The third piece is a fragment containing well-carved heads of the sacred deities.

A doctor at Ignace, Mich., is also an undertaker.