BATTLING WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Young Lady's Fearful Struggle and Narrow Escape.

A Pittsfield, Mass., despatch says: Miss Gertrude Clapp, a young and wealthy society lady who lives in this city, was brutally assaulted and robbed by some unknown man on Gold avenue last night at about half-past 9 o'clock. She was walking alone from Mrs. Allen's, on Pomeroy avenue, to Mrs. Hubbard's, on Gold avenue, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. When she reached a dark place where the electric light is almost shut out by the thick foliage of shade trees a man leaped over the hedge directly in front of her and in a hoarse voice demanded her money. Miss Clapp is a very muscular young lady and not easily frightened. She refused to give him her pocketbook, but he stepped up to her and took her roughly by the arms and told her he must have her money. She gave him a blow over the head with her umbrella, which he snatched away from her and grasped her by the hair. She then struck him a vigorous blow in the face with a large glass smelling bottle. This made the scoundrel very angry, and with a terrible oath he told her to give up her money or he would murder her on the spot. He had pulled much of her hair out by this time and struck a blow in her face. She called for help and the man caught her by the throat and threw her to the ground, holding on to her throat tightly and demanding her money. In her desperation she handed him her pocket-book, which contained about $20 in bills and some gold pieces, in all about $30. The desperado now relinquished his hold of her throat, and having possession of her pocket-book started away a few steps.

Miss Clapp now shouted "Stop thief! and he returned to her and choked her till she came near fainting. Her situation was now very desperate, and she struggled hard with the villain, who had succeeded in throwing her upon the ground. The struggle lasted for some time. The man continued to curse, and as no one approached he grew bolder. Miss Clapp found that she would soon become exhausted, and she summoned all her strength, and as he relaxed his hand from her throat she shouted as loud as she could and the villain ran away. Miss Clapp feared he would again attack her, and she ran as fast as her weak condition would allow her, and reached Lawyer E. M. Wood's residence, about twenty rods away on Gold avenue, in a very exhausted state. There were wicked marks on her throat, but no other serious injury had been done her.

The assault took place when the wind was blowing very hard and just as a heavy thunder shower was coming on from the northwest. The vivid flashes of lightning revealed the man's features and dress. Miss Clapp thinks he was between 25 and 30 years of age, of medium height and of a powerful frame. His eyes looked like those of a madman as she caught glimpses of them by the lightning flashes. He wore dark clothes and a derby hat. Every effort has been made to-day by the police to find some trace of him, but all efforts have thus far failed.

STEWED CHINAMEN.

How the Bodies of Deceased Celestials are Prepared for Shipment.

A New York telegram says: The remains of sixteen dead Chinamen packed in tin boxes were shipped by the National Express to-day for Cathay, China, where they will be deposited in the flowery burying grounds of that place. A firm of celestial philanthropists assembled together some time ago and made a tour of the States to collect the bones of their deceased compatriots and ship them back to China. They started from San Francisco, some months ago, in search of the heathen dead. They went to Los Angeles, to Denver, Kansas City, Wheeling, W. Va., Pittsburg, Beaver Falls, Philadelphia and New York, and collected in all 215 bodies. In each city they first located the graves of their friends and carefully exhumed them. Buried as the bodies were in ordinary Caucasian coffins, the difficulty of transporting them seemed large and the expense appalling. Some proposed to ship all the boiled flesh in one barrel and the bones in a packing case, but the idea was scouted on account of the difficulty that would attend the division of the material among mourning relatives at home. So it was agreed to stew every man separately and to boil him down to the smallest possible space imaginable so as to set in a jelly when cold. Square tins suitable for holding one boiled body each were obtained and the remains were cooked so as to fit exactly. It was found that a Chinaman's corpse could be boiled down so as to average about 33 pounds, and that is what was done with all of them, big and little alike.

A PLUCKY PREACHER.

He Tackles a Burglar and Gets the Best of Him.

A Minneapolis telegram says: Early Thursday morning a Minneapolis preacher had the physical courage to tackle and the strength to conquer a would-be burglar. Wednesday night the Rev. W. T. Chase, of 1,413 Harmon place, retired at peace and harmony with all the world. About 4.30 Thursday morning he was aroused by a premonition of danger. He opened his eyes and was startled by seeing a strange man leaning over him. His first thought was that of a burglar after something, and he determined to prevent him. Springing up he grasped the fellow with both hands, and then began a rough-and-tumble fight. It was first preacher, then burglar on top. At last Dr. Chase got the fellow to the top of the stairs, and then, using all his strength, he hurled him head first down the steps. The fellow landed in a heap at the bottom, but gathered himself up before Mr. Chase could reach him and ran to a side window, rolled out, and started on a run for the park. Mrs. Chase heard the noise and rushed out from her room just in time to see the wrestling match. "Let him go, father! Let him go!" said she; but her husband hung on and proved that he could handle a terrestrial devil as well as a spiritual one.

Times are tough on the poor of Russia. They have but little to sell. They are heavily taxed, and the London *News* says they are actually starving to death in great numbers.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

Crossed in Love a Young Girl Marries in Pique and Dies in a Poorhouse.

A Middletown, N. Y., despatch says: The death of an inmate of the Chenango county almshouse brings to a close a very strange and interesting life story. The name of the deceased was Amanda Townsend, and she was born and reared in New York city, where her nearest of kin, the Townsends and Colgates, are people of wealth and high standing. While she was yet in her teens her hand was sought in marriage by a young man whom she favored but who failed to be acceptable to her parents. She was sent to Richfield Springs to spend the summer, and probably also to separate her from her lover, and while there was informed that he on whom she had fixed her affections had proved faithless and renounced her. She laid the blame of her disappointment in love on her parents and friends, and in a fit of anger and spite she eloped with and married an ignorant and uncouth young fellow named Harvey Deyo, who had been doing menial jobs around her boarding-house at the Springs, and with whom she had struck up a chance acquaintance. The elopement made a stirring sensation at the time. The ill-matched pair went to the vicinity of the husband's native place in Chenango county, and in a lonely spot on the side of the mountain between Oxford and Coventry they built a small rude cabin which they occupied for nearly a score of years thereafter as a home. At first the young wife's relatives used every possible inducement and entreaty to persuade her to forsake her spouse and coarse and uncongenial surroundings and return to a home of refinement and ease, but all efforts in this direction were unavailing and were ultimately abandoned. Whatever may have inspired her course, whether conjugal affection or pride or resentment at supposed wrongs, the educated and refined woman accepted isolation and poverty and stuck by the side of the uncouth rustic she had chosen for a husband to the last. The final separation came in the county almshouse, to which the pair had been removed in a sick and helpless condition from their cabin on the mountain side. Her kindred in the city, shocked to hear that she had been a charge upon public charity, visited her and renewed their offers of a home with them, but she still declined to be parted from her husband. She died one day last week in the alms-house, and an undertaker commissioned by her relatives gave her remains respectable and fitting burial in the rural cemetery at West Coventry.

CHICAGO'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

Weird Tales of Ghosts Have Frightened Tenants for Many Years.

A Chicago despatch says: A curious example of how the popular superstition that a house is haunted ruins the name of the property is shown by the destruction of the handsome two-story brick house at No. 126 Langley avenue. This residence is in perfect repair, and were it not for the fact that it is known as a haunted house the workmen would have no reason for disturbing it. But the weird tales of what the spooks do there in the midnight hours have frightened all tenants away, and the house has been an unprofitable property ever since the ghosts moved in.

It is in a fashionable quarter of the city, and ten years ago its occupants were three maiden sisters named Trowbridge Elizabeth, aged 43; Anne, aged 40, and Nora, a half-witted woman of 25. They lived modestly, dressed well and had some property. On the evening of July 21st, 1879, a policeman was summoned to the house. He turned the slide in his lantern and led the way to the second floor, where, hanging in the archway of the folding-doors, they saw the bodies of the oldest sisters, each suspended from a hook that had been screwed into the woodwork. Within a week a sign "For Rent" was put up on the house, but renters passed by on the opposite side of the street and pointed out where the tragedy took place. Soon strange stories began to circulate about the neighborhood. Servant girls going to early mass asserted that they saw the ghosts of the "old maids" moving through the deserted rooms, while some insisted that they heard shrieks and moans. People of intelligence laughed at the idea of spooks, yet, in spite of the fact that the house had been put in thorough repair, it remained without a tenant for several years. Finally a family from the East who had heard none of these stories moved in. Within a week they were occupying another house, and the sign "For Rent" was again put up. Their domestic said that every morning the furniture would be arranged differently from the way it was the night before, while after midnight the sound of feet was plainly heard pattering around in the hallway and on the stairs. Since then several tenants have lived there, but only for a short time. They all laughed in a half-hearted way at the idea of the house being haunted, but nevertheless they could not be induced to stay.

The double suicide of years ago and the stories of the revels of the spooks have cost the owner many thousand dollars. He is now tearing the house down and will have it rebuilt from the very foundation.

Revolting Treatment of a Boy by a Woman.

A New York despatch says: Mrs. Emma Carleton, a determined-looking woman of 40 years, was convicted before Recorder Smith in General Sessions yesterday of whipping Albert Bowker, aged 14 years, with a shawl strap on June 17th. She tied his legs together and whipped him with the strap until the boy was covered with red welts an inch broad. In some places the skin was broken. The boy declared that the defendant beat him for fifteen minutes without ceasing. The jury found her guilty of assault in the third degree, the punishment for which is not more than $500 fine and a year's imprisonment.

The old man Zenug, sent up by Judge Rose at Brantford in 1884 for counterfeiting, has been released.

There is no doubt of Jay Gould being a sick man. He is suffering from nervous prostration. So bad is his condition that no person is admitted to see him on business. His family are naturally a good deal worried about his condition, but hope that a strict abstention from all business will in time effect a cure.—*New York Times.*

AMONG THE MORMONS.

An Englishwoman's Sad Experience—Her Husband Betrayed and Murdered—Her Son Lost and Herself a Castaway.

A Chicago despatch says: A woman giving her name as Elizabeth Turnbull Rutler, formerly from England, was picked up in the streets apparently fainting from hunger. She claimed to have had nothing to eat on a four days' trip from Ogden, on her way to England. She told the story of her terrible experience among the Mormons. Her son, she stated, had been induced against the wish of his parents to join a party of emigrants organized by Mormon missionaries in England. Not hearing from him, it was learned he had been prevented by the elders from writing. The father, frantic with anxiety, followed to Utah. He found employment with a Mormon farmer named Joseph Holbert, but was unable to save enough to continue the search until pretending to join the Church, when Rutler got money and sent some to his wife, but all his letters, telling of the condition of affairs in Utah, were intercepted and others substituted, urging her to come to Utah with the missionaries. She obeyed, and she states the women in the party were subjected to fearful indignities *en route* by the elders. Rutler was murdered shortly after she joined him. He had inadvertently given a young woman an inkling of his plans to find his boy and escape. The Mormons asserted that Rutler's death was accidental. The woman was defrauded out of her husband's savings, but fleeing to Ogden she earned enough money by working in a hotel to pay her passage home. The amount of railway fare was larger than she expected, but sooner than delay longer, she deprived herself of food on the way to Chicago.

Latest from Scotland.

Up to June 20th the Glasgow International Exhibition had been visited by 1,456,149 people.

Annie S. Swan, the popular authoress, is married to one of the assistants to the professors in Edinburgh University.

The Greenock folks are actively exerting themselves at present to erect a worthy monument to James Watt on the site of the house in which he was born.

Rev. James Overend, rector of St. James' Episcopal School, Edinburgh, died suddenly recently from the bursting of a blood vessel while engaged in the work of the school.

A beautiful window has just been erected over the altar in St. Ninian's Church, in memory of Captain J. S. Crawfurd Stirling Stuart, of Castlemilk and Milton, by his children.

The agricultural area of Ayrshire is 317,000 acres. It occupies third place in Scotland, Aberdeen having 613,000 and Perth 348,000. The total acreage in Scotland is 4,861,000.

The death is announced of Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., London, in his 85th year. Mr. Anderson unsuccessfully contested Falkirk in the Liberal interest in 1852 and Ayr Burghs in 1868.

Mr. J. W. Malcolm, jun., of Poltalloch, M.P. for Argyllshire, is at present suffering from ill-health, and has been ordered by his medical advisers to take the baths at Marienbad, in Bohemia.

The negotiations between the Edinburgh and Leith Corporations and the Edinburgh & Leith Gas Company, with reference to the acquisition of the Edinburgh and Leith gas concern, have now been amicably completed. The gas shareholders are to get an annuity of 9½ per cent. and £11,000 in cash—the former being equal to a payment of £14,000 a year.

Mr. Colin M. Langmuir, General Manager of the City of Melbourne Bank, has been elected President of the Victorian Institute of Bankers. Mr. Langmuir, who is a native of Aberdeen, received his early training as a banker in the Union Bank of Scotland. He joined the City of Melbourne Bank as accountant in 1876, and was appointed General Manager in 1880.

A young man from Edinburgh had been addressing a prayer-meeting somewhere in the North, and after the address was over he said he would give out a hymn. "Na," said an old elder, "we maun hae a psalm." "No," replied the young man, "I'll give out a hymn; I can't get a psalm to meet my case." "What's he speakin' aboot?" said an old wife who was sitting near. "Oh!" answered the elder, "this lad says he canna get a psalm to meet his case." "Weel, weel," said she, "I doot the lad hasna a case at a' if he canna find it in the psalms."

Two splendid albums have been presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales as souvenirs of their recent visit to Glasgow. One is bound in green leather, and contains a series of photographs, on satin, of the Exhibition and of the principal buildings of the city; the other is bound in blue plush, and in it are thirty water-color sketches by members of the Glasgow Art Club. On the covers are electro-plate reproductions of old Indian plates in the British Museum, and the hinges and clasps are also of chaste electro-plate, with the Royal arms.

A cat, the property of Mrs. Simpson, Abbey street, Melrose, wandered into a neighboring house some time ago, and, the tenant leaving for a fortnight, the animal was inadvertently imprisoned in one of the rooms. It was not discovered till the lady's return at the expiry of that time. Pussy was in a famished state, and had given birth to three kittens, which were alive when discovered. In her endeavors to escape the cat had torn part of the plaster off the wall.

Three little girls were amusing themselves one day recently in the Blackadder, in a shallow part of the river above the "Keil-holes," at Berwick, when the youngest of them, a child 3 years of age, daughter of Mr. J. Broomfield, painter, fell, and was carried by a sharp current into one of the pools below. Her sister—a girl about 5 years of age—seeing the child's danger, went to her assistance, boldly wading into the pool till the water reached her neck, and succeeded in getting hold of her clothes, as she was floating about, and brought her to land in a state of great exhaustion, just in time to save her from drowning.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest "creation" is a dress of salmon-colored satin, trimmed with silver passementerie.

HEREDITARY CRIME.

The Remarkable Record of Thirty Families.

MISAPPLIED BENEVOLENCE CONDEMNED.

A Buffalo despatch says: The report of the Committee on Organization for the next Conference of Charities and Corrections was adopted to-day. Bishop Gillespie, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was elected as President; Dr. O'Reilly, of Toronto, and four other Vice-Presidents were named. The next conference will be held in San Diego, California. One of the most interesting topics of the conference was discussed to-day by Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, of Indianapolis. He presented as his contribution, "The Children of Ishmael, a Study in Social Degradation." Mr. McCulloch had upon the stage with him an immense diagram showing the social condition of thirty families through five generations, embracing 1,692 persons. The paper read upon the subject was one of the most interesting of the whole conference. The history of all these had been people followed up, covering a period of fifty years back. That history was one of the most startling nature, and covered 7,000 pages in the records of the charity organization at Indianapolis. There had been 121 prostitutes in the lot, and the illegitimate children were very numerous. The name Ishmael was chosen, as that family was the most central. One man had a family of eleven illegitimate children. There had been several murderers in the group, and thieves without number. They did not work, but they lived by begging and petty thieving. They are generally diseased. The children die young. Licentiousness characterizes all the men and women, and from this results mental weakness and general incapacity to work, and this is all met by the benevolent public with unlimited public and private aid, encouraging them in an idle and wandering life, and in the propagation of similarly disposed children. These and other grim facts were presented and deductions drawn from them. General unchastity characterizes them, and their instincts are as low as brutes go. The speaker believed that public relief was in a large degree chargeable with the perpetuation of this stock, and what public relief fails to accomplish private benevolence supplements. The so-called charitable people who give to begging women and children have a large sin to answer for. "It is from them," said Mr. McCulloch, "that this pauper element gets its consent to exist. Charity, so-called, covers a multitude of sins, and sends the pauper out with the benediction, be bountiful and multiply. Such charity has made this element; has brought children to the birth, and ensured them a life of misery, cold, hunger and sickness. So-called charity joins public relief in producing still-born children, raising prostitutes, and educating criminals." Out of all these 1,692 persons, Mr. McCulloch said he knew of but one who had risen from them and had become an honorable man. The force of inherited parentism or pauperism drives them on with irresistible force. "What can we do?" said the speaker in conclusion. "First, we must close up official outdoor relief; second, we must check private indiscriminate benevolence or charity, falsely so-called; third we must get hold of the children."

MERCY FOR A MURDERESS.

Pearl Eytinge's Eloquent Appeal on Behalf of Chiara Cignarale.

An Albany, N. Y., despatch says: Pearl Eytinge pleaded with Governor Hill yesterday afternoon for the life of the murderess Chiara Cignarale. She presented an introductory letter from Senator Cantor, and made her plea in a most dramatic manner. In a trembling voice she thus addressed the Executive: "Mercy for poor Chiara Cignarale! Oh, sir, we pray thee give one kindly thought to that poor dying creature, driven to despair by the cruelty of one who had broken his altar vows, forgotten his faith in God, dishonored the name of man by striking to earth the pale, weak, hopeless mother of his children. We implore Your Excellency to consider that dread disease has already fastened upon her poor, frail form. We have seen her upon her prison couch with great, sad, yearning eyes, from out whose dark depths sorrow and repentance are shadowed forth; we have watched her wan lips moaning in ceaseless supplication; and we beg you to grant her the blessing of Executive clemency. Exercise that grand official power and with one stroke of thy mighty pen spare poor Chiara's life, and send her that blessed reprieve wherein to save her soul and make her peace with God."

Governor Hill heard the plea patiently, though his thoughts were plainly on the big bunch of letters which had accumulated in his absence. He said he was familiar with the case, and that the newspapers had prevented a life sentence by charging the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Howe, with abandoning his client. He consulted a few moments with the Pardon Clerk, and then courteously assured Miss Eytinge that he would consider the case very carefully.

It is believed that the commutation of sentence, for which the Governor's fair visitor pleaded so earnestly, may possibly be granted.

Improvement on an Old Sell.

A good story is related at the expense of a hotel proprietor at Tacoma, W. T. A stranger, who had been stopping at the house for a few weeks, asked the proprietor how far it was to Mount Ranier, which appeared to be only a couple of miles distant, although in fact it was nearly 100. The proprietor winked at the bystanders, and said that perhaps it was a mile away. The boarder said that he believed he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the "tenderfoot," who, after borrowing the proprietor's fine field-glass, immediately started. The joke was too rich for the hotel man to keep, and he treated all hands. But the pedestrian did not return. The landlord at last became suspicious, and found that the valise which the "tenderfoot" had left was filled with brick-bats, and that he had carried off 17 towels, and everything else that he could get into his pockets. Besides this he owed two weeks' board bill. He is probably still walking.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A PROFITABLE BARGAIN.

For a Glass of Beer a Drummer Gets Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

This may seem a large sum for a small article, but it was virtually paid by a man of great resources who had an ingenious expedient for saving the horseflesh of the world. About ten years ago a veterinary surgeon who was with the army in Bombay found that the excessive heat of that country caused the tops of the horses' necks to sweat freely and thereby produce sores under the leather collars. All the expedients that he could suggest were of no avail to remedy this state of things. One-fourth of the horses used for draught purposes were laid up by what is called "sore neck."

This "vet" in his younger days had studied chemistry, and he found that sulphate of zinc was the best and almost the only cure for horses' "sore neck," but the difficulty in applying this preparation lay in the fact that the horse had to rest during the times of the application, otherwise the collar would rub it off and there was no chance of the horse's recovery. A thought struck him that to make a zinc pad and put it under the collar would at any rate prove an ameliorative, and may be a cure. The man, though ingenious in his way, was much given to drink, and was looked upon by the officers of the army as a "ne'er do weel" with bright ideas. While this idea was simmering in his mind and before he had put it into an actual test he happened to be in a drinking bar. His finances were at this time at the lowest ebb, for his future pay was mortgaged for all it was worth and the publican refused to trust him with any more drinks. An American drummer happened to be representing a large leather house and knew a good deal of the difficulty with which the American farmers of the southwest had to contend. The two men got into conversation, and as a natural result the veterinary spoke of the idea that was uppermost in his mind and said that he thought he knew of a remedy of that most troublesome of complaints of which all horses in hot countries suffered. The American was perfectly convinced that he was talking to a man of good ideas, though bad principles, and asked what he would take for the idea.

"I am awfully hard up and can get no more drink on trust, so I will give you the idea for a glass of beer."

"Done!" said the other.

The American at once saw that there was probably millions in this and he conceived the notion that the matter oozing from the sores on horses' necks would corrode the pad and produce sulphate of zinc—thus the disease would provide its own remedy. He also saw that zinc, being a non-conductor of heat, would keep the parts cool. The more he thought of it the more he liked it, and although his business should have kept him in Bombay some months longer, he in a few days took the first steamship for Liverpool and then for Boston. Arriving at Boston he threw up his appointment with the house and started the manufacture of zinc pads, after obtaining a patent for the idea, and is now worth $200,000. These zinc pads are used in every country on earth and are the greatest blessings the farmer enjoys.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.

How Russell Sage Paid a Boy who Returned Lost Money.

Several days ago Russell Sage visited the Broadway (N.Y.) clothing establishment of Messrs. A. H. King & Co. for the purpose of rehabilitating his outer self in fashionable and seasonable apparel. After much discussion with the salesman as to the particular shade and fabric and an unsuccessful effort to effect a reduction in the price of a suit, Mr. Sage effected a deal by which his summer wardrobe was replenished by several suits of clothes at about the price that Berry Wall would expend for a fancy waistcoat. Shortly after the millionaire's departure from the realm of "bargains" in clothing a diminutive cash boy picked up from the floor of the store a small roll of bank notes containing $26, which, with commendable honesty, he carried to the cashier's desk, where it was placed in an envelope to await the probable call of the loser. Yesterday morning bright and early, Mr. Sage, attired in his newly-purchased garments, presented a worried countenance at the cashier's window in Messrs. King & Co.'s store. He had lost $26. His identification of the bills found on the floor was correct in every particular, and the money was immediately handed over to him, to his evident satisfaction. Mr. King beckoned to the little fellow whose integrity had rescued the railroad man from pecuniary loss, and said: "Mr. Sage, here is the boy who found your money."

"He has done his duty," said the man of millions, "and will find his reward in the future," and rolling up his wealth and carefully depositing it in his waistcoat pocket he took a dignified departure.

A Pretty Tough Place.

The editor of the Louisa *East Kentucky Magnet* must have run against something unpleasant when last in Cincinnati. He writes: "If we were called upon to point out a place filled with woe, sorrow, torments, tortures, doleful shades, wantonness, crimes of the blackest, horrors, murders, assassins, harlots, all concentrated in one vast, furious hell, we would unhesitatingly say Cincinnati. We are reminded of the sewers and slum holes of Paris, but we pass that by and give the answer, Cincinnati. The Eternal City under Nero, where men were tarred, placed upon poles, a torch being then applied, were used to illuminate the city, in the face of this we give the answer, Cincinnati. Jerusalem, with her hill of skulls, where Christ was crucified, with all these in our mind's eye we answer in favor of Cincinnati.

A Small Boy's Long Journey.

Little Willie Leonard, a 6-year-old boy, started off from Pittsburg last week on a 4,000 mile journey all alone. His ticket was bought for him through to Anthracite, a small mining village on the Canadian Pacific Railroad in British Columbia. The boy's father left Allegheny about one year ago and went to the west, and since that time Willie has been living with an aunt in Allegheny. Last week his father sent for him, and Thursday the child was placed in charge of the Ft. Wayne conductor, with orders to be passed along until he reached his destination.—*Detroit News.*