THE DARK SECRET AGAIN.

Capt. Andrews and His Little Dory Pushing Across the Atlantic.

A New York despatch says: Captain Andrews, who sailed from Boston, July 4th, in his little dory, the Dark Secret, on his perilous and adventurous voyage to Queenstown, was seen Aug. 1st by the people on board the steamship India.

Capt. Jameson, of the India, reports that he spoke the Dark Secret on the morning of Aug. 1st, about 864 miles out from Boston. Her position when last seen was a little to the southwest of the great banks and, as pleasant and favorable weather has prevailed since the India passed the dory, Capt. Jameson considers it most probable that he has succeeded in passing this region of dangerous mist in perfect safety. The India is the third transatlantic steamer that has spoken the Dark Secret since she started.

Captain Jameson, when he arrived yesterday, gave a *World* reporter the following graphic account of his passing Captain Andrews and his little stanch craft:

"It was," he said, "about 7.30 on the morning of August 1. The previous night had been very stormy, but when the morning dawned it began to clear, and the sun slowly crept through the vapory mists. All was quiet and placid, the sun shining brightly on a smooth and almost unruffled sea, when Second Officer Kean, who was in charge of the bridge, directed my attention to what he thought was a small ship's boat some distance off on our starboard side. I slowed down and waited the boat's approach. As the little latten-rigged boat, its mutton-leg shaped sail closely reefed, came skimming along, mounting the billows, I soon perceived that the lonely occupant was not a shipwrecked mariner and that he did not wish any assistance. Wrapped in his oilcloth suit, holding the tiller of his little dory, the sole occupant of the boat, his eyes bright and cheerful, a ruddy, healthful-looking glow suffusing his whole countenance, looked 'monarch of all he surveyed.'

"When I hailed him he replied: 'This is the Dark Secret, Captain Andrews, from Boston to Queenstown. I am well. Please report me when you arrive in New York.' I was astonished at his courage and daring, and before I had time to say anything more the Dark Secret and its bold commander was continuing on its long voyage. Captain Andrews was in the best of spirits, and, judging from his looks and actions, has not suffered any hardships, although he is making but slow progress. He has plenty of provisions—at least he did not wish any from me. Although I saw the captain but for a few minutes, I can tell his friends that he is still strong enough to shave himself. He was perfectly clean of all beard and had the appearance of being shaved but a short time previous to our meeting him."

DINING WITH THE LORD MAYOR.

Lord Salisbury Speaks of Ireland, Egypt, Bulgaria and Peace.

A London cable says: The Ministers were banquetted by the Lord Mayor last evening. Replying to the usual toast, Lord Salisbury said the great curse of Ireland was poverty. The Government, he said, was not able to diminish poverty or to enrich men, but they could enable men, without interference, to enrich themselves. The Government had been successful in lessening the tyranny which an association had exercised over the Irish people, and had increased the sanctity of contracts. If the Government of Ireland, he declared, was administered with the same judgment and firmness as now for a few years longer, the liberty and prosperity of the country would be restored. In Egypt, Lord Salisbury said, the expectations of the Government have been exceeded. When Egypt should be able to deal with her foes without help Great Britain would gladly leave that country absolutely. As to Bulgaria, he hoped that the statesmen of the Continent were being convinced that it would be best to leave her to herself. He believed that the Emperor of Germany appreciated the value of peace, especially to Germany. Nothing, he believed, was more desirable for the peace of the world than that the policy of Russia should become more parallel with the policy of Great Britain. All that occurred in Europe recently had been in the direction of peace, and England's efforts were always in the same direction.

The Great Lone Land.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Private advices received in the city to-day from Edmonton, N. W. T., state that James Hyslop and E. Nagle, who wintered on the Athabaska River about 30 miles south of Chipewayan, arrived at the Landing on July 13th. Lord Lonsdale was at Chipewayan on May 22nd, going north. Last winter was very severe at Lake Athabaska, stormy and cold, at times forty below, with a hurricane blowing. On account of the severe weather the Indians were frequently unable to hunt, and as rabbits were remarkably scarce they suffered greatly from hunger. Nineteen out of one camp of twenty-three Indians died of starvation at a point about four days' travel northeast of Chipewayan. The Hudson Bay Company sent out provisions to the camp and brought in the survivors. About fifty Indians, so far as heard, starved to death in this district last winter. Two wood buffalo were killed at about sixty miles off Chipewayan. The band out of which they were killed numbered about sixty. Buffalos are also found on the Birch Mountains, west of Fort McMurray, on Salt River and near the Great Slave Lake. The beaver are reported to be dying off in great numbers in the region from Fort McMurray southward, from causes not given.

C. P. R. surveyors are in the vicinity of Battleford, spying out the land. It is not known what their intentions are, but it is generally thought the company intends building a branch from the main line to the North Saskatchewan.

"Since I broke my funny-bone my arm has filled with humor," wrote a patient to his doctor the other day. "How would you treat it?" "As a joke," answered the doctor, facetiously.

London has fewer inhabitants to the house than any other of the great cities of Europe. Vienna has the most persons to the house, having five times as many as London.

THE RED FLAG.

Collisions With the Police and Military and Riotous Demonstrations at Paris.

A Paris cable says: Fifteen thousand persons marched in front of the hearse bearing the remains of General Eudes, the ex-Communist. They wore bouquets of red immortelles. M. Basley, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was present, and he and M. Rochefort were greeted with cheers and shouts of "Vive la Revolution" and "Vive la Commune." The procession started at 11 o'clock. The pall-bearers were MM. Vaillant, Lefrancois, Arnold, members of the Commune of 1871, and M. Ostyn. Louise Michel marched after the hearse. A brigade of police headed the procession. Large bodies of workmen and strikers followed quietly. The waiters and hairdressers in the line were noisy and demanded that the red flags which were carried covered be unfurled. The crowd along the route shouted "Vive la Commune" as the hearse passed.

When the procession reached the Boulevard Voltaire three red flags were unfurled. A commissary of police attempted to seize one, when some one in the crowd fired a revolver at him, but the bullet went wide of its mark. Another commissary was beaten with sticks. M. Rochefort was set upon by an Anarchist, who handled him quite severely. The police seemed powerless before the menacing attitude of the mob. The gendarmes made a charge in front of the Prince Eugene Barracks, striking in every direction with the butt ends of their muskets. They succeeded in releasing the police who had been surrounded by the mob, and captured the red flags. When the procession arrived at the Mairie of the Eleventh Arondissement a revolver was fired and a bomb thrown close to the police station, but the bomb did not explode. The police reserve left the station and charged upon the crowd with drawn swords, wounding and taking into custody many persons. The procession continued on its way to the cemetery, but grew smaller as it progressed. A number of orations were delivered at the grave amid cries of "Vive la Commune," "Vive la Revolution." The gathering then dispersed. The police did not oppose the display of red flags in the cemetery.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL WAR.

The Sandfly Surprises a Cunarder and Captures Her.

A London cable says: The British squadron off Bantry Bay and Queenstown harbor is causing much excitement. The fast cruiser Sandfly, 5,255 tons burden and 300 horse-power, belonging to the British squadron, which escaped from Bantry Bay to this harbor, proceeded to sea yesterday morning, and after capturing two steamers, sighted the Cunarder Samaria from Boston with 107 passengers aboard, about four miles southwest of the harbor. Immediately the Sandfly dashed at full speed at the liner, steaming at the rate of 21 miles an hour. Attacking the liner, she fired at her repeatedly, and at length succeeded in capturing the steamship after a hard engagement, causing great excitement among the passengers of the liner, who knew nothing of the naval mobilization. The Allan liner Caspian, from Liverpool, *en route* to St. John's, with 200 passengers, was also captured of the port, after which the Sandfly returned into harbor, and is now making preparations for the capture of the Britannic and Nevada, both due off the coast to-morrow from New York.

LUCKY EXCURSIONISTS.

A Michigan Central Train Wrecked and Nobody Hurt.

A Detroit despatch says: About 12 o'clock yesterday a train of nine cars from Columbus, Ohio, bringing about 450 excursionists to Detroit, jumped the track, about 20 miles from the depot. It is thought a loose rail was the cause. The engine went off, taking with it the tender and three or four cars. The first, a baggage, was turned on its side in the ditch. The next, a passenger coach filled with people, was completely upset. The end and platform were smashed, but luckily not a soul was seriously hurt. Several were scratched considerably and all thoroughly scared. Those in the rear cars were quite badly shaken up. It is a strange thing that there was not a terrible loss of life, as the train was well under way and every car was filled with people. Those in the first coach were piled in a promiscuous heap. Word was sent to Detroit from the nearest station and a train sent to bring the passengers up, after a delay of six or seven hours. The wrecking train is at work at the scene of the accident.

A Very Clever Trick.

A saloon-keeper tells this story: A neat trick was played on me the other day by an old toper. The old fellow brought in a black bottle and called for a pint of whiskey. I filled the bottle and kept it while he went through his pockets for the change. Presently he put on a look of dismay and said he had lost his money. "All right," says I, and, turning out the whiskey, gave him the bottle. He took it and went away, saying he would come back after the liquor presently. He did not come, however, but five minutes later I found him sitting on the stoop around the corner poking in the bottle with a stick, and after every poke turned out a thimbleful of whiskey into a cup. I seized the bottle and made an investigation. What do you think I found? Why, the old rascal had forced a sponge as big as my fist into it, and this had soaked up a good glassful of my whiskey when I filled the bottle.

Sound Rules for a Woman's Life.

A New Hampshire woman, who recently celebrated her 80th birthday, having prepared every article of food with her own hands, upon being asked how she kept herself so vigorous, replied: "By never allowing myself to fret over things I cannot help; by taking a nap, sometimes two, every day of my life; by never taking my washing, ironing and baking to bed with me, and by oiling all the various wheels of a busy life with an implicit faith that there is a brain and heart to this great universe, and that I could trust them both." Sounder rules could not be framed. Many a woman would be happier and live longer through adopting them.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

A temperance advocate says: "Avoid alcoholic drinks and be cool."

A FIENDISH ASSAULT.

Brutal Villains Horribly Mutilate an Old Woman Whom They Hated.

A New York despatch says: A case in which the most fiendish brutality is exhibited was unearthed by Detective C. A. Oliver, of New Brunswick, N. J., at South Amboy yesterday.

The detective was engaged in picking up clews in the Griffin murder case, when he incidentally learned of a horrible assault having been committed upon an old Polish woman, Rosella Wysocks, by George Grabosh and Abraham Snyder, in a disreputable quarter of the old town. He found the apartment of the woman, where a horrifying spectacle met his gaze.

The woman lay upon a ragged pallet breathing faintly. Bending over he was startled upon beholding that her lips had been torn from her mouth, and that the teeth of both jaws were visible where the cheeks had been torn in a horrible manner. Her gray hair was matted with blood, and several gory wounds appeared in the skull. She was unconscious. From the Poles living in the neighborhood a reporter learned the story of the crime.

Some days ago Mrs. Wysocks, who is a widow 50 years old, incurred the enmity of Grabosh and Snyder, the latter being her stepson. On Monday, while the old woman was alone, these men entered the dining apartment with the evident intention of murdering her. Grabosh seized a hammer and beat her over the head, while the brutal stepson fastened his teeth to her lips, biting off one at a time, and ejecting them upon the floor, where they were subsequently found lying beside the blood-stained hammer. Although the outrage was known at South Amboy within half an hour of its occurrence, there was not a physician who would volunteer to go to the victim's aid. The county physician, who lives at Milltown, a suburban village of New Brunswick, took the case in charge, and found her in almost a dying condition. He said last night that she might recover with careful nursing, although it was not probable.

After a search Dectetive Oliver succeeded in capturing the fiends who committed the outrage. They were handcuffed and taken to New Brunswick, and finally committed for trial. When the full details of the crime were known at South Amboy there was some talk of lynching the brutes, but they were then far out of the reach of an angry mob which had clustered about the house of the unfortunate woman.

BRUTE BOHAN'S VICTIM.

The Rockaway Beach Sufferer Nearing her End—Peritonitis has Set In.

Mrs. Kate Bohan, of Fairview avenue, Rockaway Beach, lies at her home hovering between life and death. Her brute of a husband, William Bohan, who plucked both her eyes out, will be brought before Justice Healy at Far Rockaway to-day. Mrs. Bohan, who is suffering intense agony, is under the treatment of Dr. Philleo, who said yesterday that peritonitis had set in, and that he was afraid it would soon reach the brain and cause death.

On the strength of this statement Cronin took the poor creature's ante-mortem statement, which is horrifying in its details. She said she was married to Wm. Bohan, her second husband, on December 9th, 1883. He time and again assaulted her, and two years ago plucked out her right eye. When she returned from the hospital she wore spectacles, but her husband used to hide and break them. He frequently threatened to kill her. On July 30th he succeeded in gouging out her remaining eye. "I think it was with his thumb, I am not sure."

"I screamed," continued Mrs. Bohan, "and the cook came in and took my grandchild, who was in my arms. Then I felt something on my cheek and I could not see. I asked the cook what was on my face, and she said blood. Then I said, 'My eye is gone.' Then I felt my eye lying on my cheek. I was in such a condition I don't know whether my husband said anything or not. I think I felt something touch my eye when he put his hand on my face."

The attention of the Grand Jury, which meets in September next, will be called to the case. Justice Healy to-day will undoubtedly hold Bohan to await the action of the Grand Jury.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HYPNOTIC HALLUCINATION.

The Result of an All-Absorbing Expectation.

One of Charcot's disciples in France, Dr. Luys, writes W. A. Croffut in the "North American" for August, has experimented with medicines with hipnotic patients, and has caused much excitement by his proclamation that medicines would operate without being administered at all. He declares that a corked vial of laudanum laid upon a patient's neck induced sleep, although the patient did not know what it was; that a vial of valerian, similarly brought in contact with the person, was followed by deep dejection; that hasheesh caused hilarity and buoyancy, etc. I have repeated these experiments, but do not obtain any of the alleged results. If the responsive does not know what is said to be in the vial, no result whatever follows; and if he knows or believes some particular medicine to be in the vial, and knows the effects which follow the use of that medicine, he will have those external symptoms, whether that medicine be actually there or not. Hypnotic hallucinations are the result of an all absorbing expectation. If the responsive thinks he is drinking too much whiskey, he will become helplessly inebriated; if he thinks he is at sea in a storm, he will be afflicted with violent nausea, enough to convince any sceptic of the genuineness of the emotion; if he thinks he has swallowed laudanum, he will fall into a sleep. How far this delusion will go in physical repairing or impairing I do not know, but I should not like to give a gum drop to the most sensitive of mesmerized ladies, and afterward tell her that she had swallowed strychnine

Miss Frances Wetmore, who has been appointed Government Physician for the Island of Hilo, makes her visits on horseback and answers every call.

Queen Victoria has invested in an Italian villa, having purchased the villa Palmiero, at Florence, which she once occupied, paying for the property £24,000.

THE CORPSE RAN AWAY.

Henry Graham's Great Act in Running Away After Having Been Hanged.

That the bodies of the dead, even a lon time after the moment of death, do perform actions which have all the appearance of volition are instances familiar in literature. Physicians, it is true, assure us that in these movements volition does not enter; and they have given to this muscular movement the name of "reflex action," and this, apparently, we are expected to accept as a perfectly lucid explanation of a phenomenon which without the name would be obscure. Enlightened by the term "reflex action," it must be discontented and exacting curiosity that would not rest and be thankful.

At Hawley's Bar, a mining camp near Virginia City, M. T., a gambler named Henry Graham, but commonly known as "Gray Hank," met a miner named Dreyfuss one day, with whom he had had a dispute the previous night about a pack of cards, and asked him into a bar-room to have a drink. The unfortunate miner taking this as an overture of peace gladly consented. They stood at the counter, and while Dreyfuss was in the act of drinking, Graham shot him dead. This was in 1865. Within an hour after the murder Graham was in the hands of the vigilantes, and that evening at sunset, after a fair, if informal trial, he was hanged to a limb of a tree which grew upon a little eminence within sight of the whole camp.

The original intention had been to "string him up," as is customary in such affairs, and with a view to that operation the long rope had been thrown over the limb, while a dozen pair of hands were ready to hoist away. For some reason the plan was abandoned, the rope was given a single turn about the limb at a suitable distance from the noose, the free end made fast to a bush and the victim compelled to stand on a horse, which at the cut of a whip sprang from under him, leaving him swinging. When steadied his feet were about eighteen inches from the earth.

The body remained suspended for exactly half an hour, the greater part of the crowd remaining about it. Then the judge ordered it taken down. The rope was untied from the bush, and two men stood by to lower away. The moment the feet came squarely upon the ground the men engaged in lowering, thinking, doubtless, that those standing about the body had hold of it to support it let go of the rope. The body at once ran quickly forward toward the main part of the crowd, the rope paying out as it went. The head rolled from side to side, the eyes and tongue protruding. With cries of horror the crowd ran hither and thither, scrambling, rolling over one another, cursing. In and out among them, over the fallen, coming in collision with others, his direction governed by blind caprice, the horrible dead man 'pranced,' his feet lifted so high at each step that his knees struck his breast. The deepening twilight added its terror to the uncanny scene, and brave men fled from the spot, not daring to look behind.

Straight into the confusion from the outskirts of the crowd walked with rapid steps the tall figure of a man whom all recognized as a master spirit. This was Dr. Arnold Spier, who, with two other physicians, had pronounced the man dead, and had been retiring from the camp. He moved as directly toward the dead man as the now somewhat less erratic movements of the latter would permit, and seized him in his arms. Encouraged by this, a score of men sprang shouting to the free end of the rope, which had been drawn entirely over the limb, and laid hold of it, intending to make a finish of their work. They ran with it toward the bush to which it had been fastened, but there was no resistance; the physician had cut it from the dead murderer's neck. In a moment the body was lying on its back, with composed limbs and face upturned to the kindling stars in the motionless rigidity appropriate to death. The hanging had been done well enough; the neck had been broken by the drop. Dr. Spier knew that a corpse which, placed upon its feet, would walk and run, would lie still when placed upon its back. The dead are creatures of habit.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Drop in a Nickel and Then Talk.

Glasgow has a system of automatic telephone call boxes. There are seventy-five of the boxes scattered throughout the city, and every subscriber has a key to them. A non-subscriber wanting to use them must first ring up the exchange and ask if the connection he desires can be made. If it can he drops the fee, which is either three pennies or six, according to the distance he wants to talk, into a hole in the box. The pennies as they fall break a circuit and ring a bell at the central office. When the bell has rung the required number of times the central office marks the connection. At the end of three minutes allowed for conversation the connection is broken automatically. The average time to put two persons in telephonic communication in Glasgow is 35 seconds; in Birmingham, 40; in Liverpool, 33, and in Dundee, 20. This was ascertained from the results of 10 calls in each town.

She Bites Her Finger Nails.

The wife of a very well-known iron operator of Pennsylvania is now stopping at a fashionable hotel near Long Branch, says a correspondent of the New York *Sun*. She is beautiful, witty and accomplished, but she bites her finger nails. She says she cannot help it. She acquired the habit in childhood, and has tried every means to break it up, but without success. At times she succeeds in resisting the inclination until all her finger nails are triumphantly long, but invariably they disappear as if by magic the first time she is disturbed, annoyed, or rendered nervous. She does not know when she bites them. She suddenly finds them all gone. Her doctors tell her the habit is incurable except for very strong-willed, phlegmatic persons.

This is the time of the year that a woman packs her husband's coat, containing the book of tour tickets, in the bottom of the trunk that starts just ahead of them.

It is announced that the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria will meet at some point on the Austrian frontier in the autumn.

HOW FREAKS ARE MADE.

Manufactured by Wholesale from Various Commonplace Materials.

"Did you know that the finest artist in the world in the manufacture of freaks and curiosities is an Alaskan?" asked an expert in the show business of a New York *Graphic* reporter. "It's a fact. I was surprised myself, for I always supposed that he would be a Yankee. He was away when we called, but his assistant was there. They were making Egyptian mummies that day, a full line of them for a museum in Paris. They are made of plaster of Paris and boiled in tobacco juice, and they are stunners when they are done. It is a curious yarn how the reporters got on to his place. He occupies a place under the roof and dries his curiosities on the flat roof in the sun. The elevated railroad pushes along over the city here, and some travellers by the morning train saw a curious sight out on one of the roofs. It looked like a collection of dead bodies drying in the sun, and a conglomeration of hideous monstrosities and blood-curdling freaks of nature. Of course somebody investigated it, and as a result the birthplace of the freak was found.

"I wish I could give you that Alaskan's name, but I can't. It's a stunner in length, and he is an artist of as distinguished talents as his name is long. He made the man-ox that struck the professors of anatomy everywhere. He drew the skin over the ribs so adroitly that there seemed to be absolutely no fault in it, and it puzzled the scientists as well as the common people. There are two or three other freakmakers in the Bowery that we called on, but there are no others that approach this fellow. He is a jim-dandy, and no mistake. A mermaid is nothing at all for him. He can draw a chicken's skin over the skeleton as handily as you can draw on your glove, and no man can swear that it is artificial."

"Are none of these freaks genuine?"

"Mighty few that I know anything about are very genuine. Most of this man-ox, man-horse, mermaid, sea serpent, Egyptian mummy, royal anatomical marine museum stuff is manufactured. Of course, there are some freaks of nature in the way of monstrosities that are genuine. The India rubber man is a freak of nature, and I was in to see the centaur of a man-horse at the dime museum. That's genuine if you like it. It's a coon with his legs twisted out of shape. The poor cuss was marked in birth, and can't walk upright—a dead give-away of a fake that don't excite any particular interest. 'Australian children' are idiots. Circassian women can be made with ease and celerity. Bearded women can be found anywhere. The country is full of Albions, and if it were not, they can be manufactured to order any time.

"Do you remember that sea serpent that we exhibited at the State fair a year or two ago? It was 20 or 30 feet long, and was the queerest looking thing I ever saw. It had big chunks of bone on the side of it, and had a mouth big enough to take in a long boat. Well, this Alaskan made that. How did he make it? Blamed if I know. He's ahead of me on that. It was a good job. He made a sea serpent lately for Dr. Dee, and I ran across it at Exeter. One of the professors at Phillips' Academy went in and looked it over. He said he had doubts about its being genuine.

"Ha! ha! Well, I don't blame him. I had my doubts, too, but they were based on a different foundation—the difference between theory and fact, you see. The doctor had a mighty good lecture to go with his museum. He had one or two mermaids, and one of them he considered a particularly valuable specimen. He never failed in the course of his address to relate that this was positively the only mermaid ever captured alive. He said that she seemed to mourn for her home at the bottom of the sea, and to continually utter plaintive cries, and sung in a mournful heart-breaking key. They fed her everything in the line of fresh fish, but she pined away and died, and thus ended the existence of the only mermaid ever captured alive.

"The doctor had a bang up show on the outside. His pictures were very gorgeous and true to fact. In front of his mermaid he had a large patch of green grass and the green waves curling up.

"One day an old chap, with his town meeting hat on the crown of his head clear to his ears, came up and looked at the mermaid as she fluttered in canvas true to the picture of her home beneath the wave.

"As he gazed at her in rapt suspense and noticed that she was the only specimen ever captured alive, he looked up to the orator at the door and said, 'Say, mister, what do you feed her on?'

"There may have been truth as well as poetry in the reply of the doctor as he looked down and said: 'My dear sir, we feed her entirely on suckers. She has to have something very fresh.'

"By the way, you may quote mermaids this season as very cheap—anywhere from $5 to $35.

"I notice that our friends are from the suburbs to-day, getting their systems charged with electricity. Well, it's a good point. It won't hurt 'em any if they don't work the racket too strongly. This plunging at the electric battery to see how much you can stand don't pay for a cent."

"They Skun."

The story the other day about the pious little boy who tried to walk on the water in the bathtub recalls another of an equally pious little girl. She was eight years old, and lived in the country; she had started one day rather late for school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glimpse of a clock dial through an open door; it lacked five minutes of 9.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the pious little girl, "it's five minutes to 9, and we'll be late to school."

"I'm afraid we will."

"Jennie," said the pious little girl, impressively, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray that we won't be late!"

"H'm!" said the other, "I guess that we'd better skin right along and pray as we go!"

They "skun," and got there.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did you ever go to the circus, Jim?" asked one small urchin of another. "Not a real circus," said Jim, reflectively, "but I've seen my mother water the garden with the hose."—*Somerville Journal.*